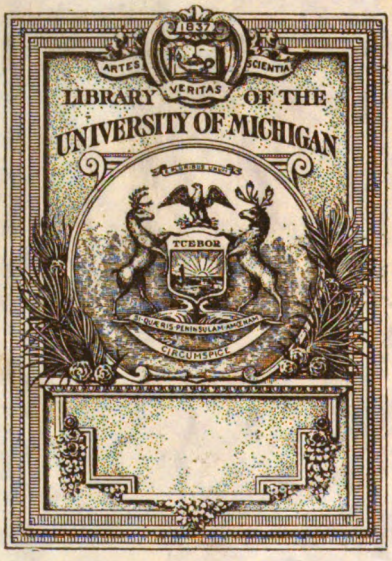

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

A STORMY MORNING.

By Eva Napier of Magdala.

CHAPTER I.

A SOUTH-WESTERLY gale on the west coast of Scotland towards the end of August, and a tall girl clad in rough gray tweed, preceded by a little Skye terrier, with his hair blown all the wrong way, hurrying before it.

A whirl of leaves, torn before their time from the trees of the avenue leading to the gray old house, accompanied their flying footsteps towards it. The hall-door was nearly wrenched from Betty Fitzhugh's grasp, though she held on to the handle with both hands; and the wind rushed roaring into the hall with her, peeling off and turning over the deer-skins with which it was carpeted, and greatly discomposing the old butler, who was arming himself with a weapon wherewith to smite the gong in announcement of dinner.

'It is five minutes yet to half-past seven, Reynolds,' said the young lady as she rushed upstairs to her room, Johnnie the terrier scampering after her as fast as his short legs could carry his long, heavy, little body.

'Will Miss Fitzhugh no' allow me to take down her hair?' said Betty's little Highland maid in an aggrieved tone, the dressing of Betty's beautiful hair being her chief joy.

'No, Morag; certainly not. No time. Give me that white rag,' pointing to a soft white gown spread out carefully on the bed. 'That goes on quicker than anything. You may stick three pins into my hair if you like.' And she brandished a silver hair-brush.

A slim, white-robed maiden emerged from her bower in very little more time than the said five minutes, and opened the door of the library, where her mother, Lady Fitzhugh, was sitting with her companion, Mrs Fletcher.

Lady Fitzhugh glanced sourly at her daughter, barely acknowledging her rather timid greeting.

The peal of the gong resounding through the house, a progress was made in the wake of her ladyship down the broad staircase to the dining-room by Betty Fitzhugh and the companion.

A dreary meal enough, in the dark-oak panelled room hung with dingy portraits of departed Fitzhughs and game-pieces of doubtful beauty, where dead hares, melons, lobsters, grapes, and a jewelled vase or bowl formed an incongruous and unpleasing whole.

Handsome silver cup trophies won by the late Lord Fitzhugh for yacht-racing, cases of beautiful old silver-handled forks and spoons, and finely chased silver salvers adorned the sideboard, and were the pride of the old butler and a triumph of plate-cleaning. Heavy crimson curtains almost black as night veiled the deep recesses of the windows, while the massive silver branches with their shaded waxlights in the centre of the table served only to make darkness visible.

Reynolds and a kilted satellite plodded methodically round the table, and dinner progressed in silence, broken only by Lady Fitzhugh's querulous complaints of the noise of the wind and of culinary errors—chiefly imaginary these last, for assuredly never was stalled ox better cooked and served.

Mrs Fletcher chimed in with a deprecatory assent, but she nevertheless found much that was worthy of more than passing notice as the varied dishes travelled their weary round.

Betty ate her dinner in silence, with a growing feeling of depression. However, all things come to an end, and the time arrived in due course for the ladies to migrate upstairs. Betty flew down a dark passage, nominally in quest of her 'work,' really for an interview with Johnnie, who lay sprawling his long length on the hearth-rug, enjoying a well-earned rest in front of a cheerful wood-fire in his mistress's room. Occasional spits and sparks from the sweet-smelling birch-logs disturbed his beatitude; but it was such that even the advent of his beloved mistress had only the power to draw from

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him a spasmodic wag of the tail and a quiver of the sensitive ears as he rolled his eyes round to look at her. The 'work,' however, stared Betty in the face; so, with a little sigh and a glance round the homelike room, she caught it up and proceeded to the library.

The old-fashioned, long-shaped room looked very comfortable in the lamp and fire light. Books lined one wall from floor to ceiling; and is there not an indescribable feeling of rest, comfort, and satisfaction in the presence of many books? The woodwork of the room was white. Heavy curtains of faded damask shrouded the windows, and on each side of the fireplace hung panels of tapestry almost covering the walls and concealing a small door which led into the disused drawing-room. Old-world chintzes covered the chairs and sofas, fresh and sweet-looking if also faded, and there were great Oriental jars of pot-pourri emitting sweet, faint odours of the long ago.

Lady Fitzhugh looked rather more genial after her dinner, and Mrs Fletcher purred an accompaniment to her looks.

Betty placed a cushion behind her mother's back, which was graciously received, and the three ladies settled themselves to their evening occupation of books, work, and newspapers, Betty bending her charming head over a huge stocking of intricate pattern, the pins glancing and flashing under her white fingers, and the evening wore on.

A preparatory grunt from the tall old clock in the corner, and ten struck drowsily. Shortly afterwards a diversion was created by the entrance of Reynolds, bearing a huge tray with the tardy letters, the post having a way of choosing its own hours of arrival in those rather remote regions.

An ominous orange-coloured envelope crowned Lady Fitzhugh's pile of letters, and was nervously clutched at and opened by her, as she ejaculated, 'I wish people would not send telegrams.' The discontented voice, however, took a pleasanter tone, though the words were coldly ungracious: 'A telegram from your brother, Betty, to say he arrives to-night at 11.30, posting from Dornie with his friend Mr Erle. He does not, I presume, expect me to sit up for him.—Tell Mrs Brown, Reynolds, that his lordship arrives to-night, and that a room must be got ready for Mr Erle. Bring the bedroom candles now. Such an hour to arrive!—Good-night, Betty,' with a cold cheek presented for the girl to kiss. 'You are not to sit up; I forbid it.—Good-night, Mrs Fletcher.'

'May I not come to your room, dear Lady Fitzhugh? I fear Joyce may not have come up from her supper yet,' said the companion, suiting the action to the word.

Betty stalked off down her dark passage and locked herself in her room.

In about half-an-hour a peremptory tap was heard.

'It is I, Miss Fitzhugh. I only came to say good-night.'

'Good-night, Mrs Fletcher,' said Betty without moving.

'Wouff!' said Johnnie, who hated her, as the silks rattled and rustled aggressively away. With a sigh of relief, the girl drew a big chair up to the fire, and was soon deep in the pages of a book.

'Wouff!' remarked Johnnie again an hour or so later, as the faint grinding of carriage-wheels was heard. There was a distant murmur, and the candles flickered as that unwelcome guest the wind careered round the draughty old house, and forced itself in with the young lord and his friend, who had just arrived.

A painfully suppressed clumping sound and a husky 'Betsy' at Betty's door. The door flew open, and brother and sister rushed into each other's arms.

'Well, old girl, how are you?' said young Lord Fitzhugh—Betty's adored 'Jack.'—'Johnnie, you little beast, come and say how-do-you-do;' and Johnnie waggled and squirmed and stretched himself.

'How's Cattleya been behaving?' ('Cat liar' being the boy's name for Mrs Fletcher). 'Is she still first favourite with mother, or is it beginning to tail off?'

'It is about the same; perhaps rather worse,' said Betty. 'I think she tries to interfere more.'

'Brute!' said her brother. 'You'll like Erle, Betty,' he continued; 'such a nailer across country, and never misses.'

Betty responded but faintly as the boy chattered on, pinching Johnnie's ears and pulling his tail.

In the long dreary days spent with her fault-finding mother and her toady Mrs Fletcher—whom the girl felt to be her enemy, depreciating her in a guarded way to Lady Fitzhugh, and drawing her attention to girlish shortcomings—Betty's one bright spot in the future had been the prospect of Jack in the autumn: Jack to herself; long days on the hill with Jack; sails with Jack in the little yacht 'clear away from it all.' The girl told herself, with a pain at her heart, now comes this hateful stranger to absorb Jack and keep her out of it. 'Of course I shall only be in their way shooting and fishing,' she thought. 'They won't want me. No one wants girls,' said she to herself bitterly.

But, with all a woman's unselfishness, she tried to hide her feelings as he rambled on sleepily, seated in her big chair, with his feet on the chimneypiece.

At last she packed him off, pointing to the little clock. With a heavy feeling of disappointment and chill, she laid her head on her pillow.

The storm had now spent its fury, and only an occasional gust shook the old house. The wind went sighing and moaning away over hills and sea with a sobbing sound, like a naughty child whose passion is spent but who still sobs in his sleep. Solemn silence fell, and gentle sleep, on just and unjust alike.

CHAPTER II.

A FEW words to explain our *dramatis personæ* to the reader.

Lady Fitzhugh, mother of the two young people Jack and Betty, aged respectively nineteen and eighteen, had lost her husband some two years or so before the opening of this story; a yachting disaster off the coast of Norway depriving her of the most amiable and long-suffering of husbands, and his children of the kindest and best of fathers.

Lady Fitzhugh was peevishly enjoying her yearly cure at a German bath when the news came, and fell an easy prey to a scheming widow, a Mrs Fletcher, who had been forming designs for establishing herself with Lady Fitzhugh for some time past, and by a thousand clever little manœuvres was making herself necessary to her.

She had achieved Lady Fitzhugh's acquaintance in London through some matters connected with charity (charity that covereth so much besides sin), which involved many interviews with various people, and much writing (which Lady Fitzhugh hated), and had followed it up by the bold stroke, and the sacrifice of some capital, of pursuing her quarry to her German bath, throwing herself as it were accidentally across her path.

Lady Fitzhugh was by no means a stupid woman, though intensely lazy and rather selfish, and in the back of her head she realised the widow's schemes; but as she found her useful and amusing, she allowed Mrs Fletcher to obtain a certain footing with her.

'I can always get rid of her if she bores me,' thought the lady complacently.

The bath was deadly dull, and it so happened that Lady Fitzhugh found neither friend nor acquaintance there that year, so she and Mrs Fletcher drifted together, drove together, and sat together a good deal. Mrs Fletcher collected anecdotes (whether true or false mattered not to her) of many of the frequenters of the bath, for the delectation of Lady Fitzhugh. She had a certain knack as *raconteuse*, and an acid humour, which attracted Lady Fitzhugh in a languid manner.

When the terrible news of Lord Fitzhugh's death came, Mrs Fletcher saw her opportunity, and implored to be allowed to accompany Lady Fitzhugh home.

Unfortunately there were no relations available, as is sometimes the case when their presence and help would be invaluable, and Mrs Fletcher threw herself into the breach, taking all trouble off Lady Fitzhugh's hands, writing, telegraphing, arranging, taking the initiative in everything, and trampling on the suggestions of Lady Fitzhugh's faithful maid, who would gladly have slain her; so the new-made widow slipped into the toils and the wily woman was established, day by day strengthening her hold on the prey she had stalked so successfully.

Poor Betty, with her heart aching for her lost father, whom she had loved beyond power of words to describe, and whose constant companion and pet she had been, had had a sad awakening indeed. When she could think at all after the awful blow, her one hope and dream, poor child! had been to become all in all to her mother, and to live for her entirely, devoting her life to Lady Fitzhugh.

A telegram had enjoined Betty to remain at Dunscaith, instead of meeting her mother in London; and the day arrived for Lady Fitzhugh's return to the dear old home now made desolate. The girl, with bursting heart, walked to the door to meet her mother, and beheld a stranger with her, fussing over her, possessing her!

'Your mother is so tired, Miss Fitzhugh, I must take her at once to her room,' said the strange woman; and Betty, turned to stone, saw them go up the stairs together, Mrs Fletcher fluttering, chattering, ordering glasses of wine to be brought to her ladyship's room 'at once,' and therein they entered and the door was shut.

Are there many who know how a woman of the stamp of Mrs Fletcher can creep into a home and poison its very springs? How happy-go-lucky are many of us in the choice of inmates of the governess and companion order! How almost criminally careless as to the true character of the woman who is to be with our children all day and every day, influencing them, teaching them, imbuing them with we know not what ideas! How we take Mademoiselle B., Fräulein C., Miss D. for granted! 'An excellent character, my dear; quite a treasure, I can assure you;' whereas, if the latter attribute were analysed, the chief virtue of the treasure would often be found to have been in that everything went smoothly under her rule, in that she had never been a bore or importunate or clamorous of interviews and consultations, and in her having made herself pleasant to the servants, who never 'complained of her.'

What indeed do we know of the antecedents of Mademoiselle B., Fräulein C., Miss D.—of their characters, minds, and lives—beyond the generally sketchy, sometimes gushing, references passing them on from one family to another?

We talk glibly of the 'dangerous classes.' Do we ever give a thought to the possibly enormously dangerous class in our midst, sitting at our tables, perhaps poisoning the growth of the young minds and characters of the rising generation? Creeping into homes as secretaries, governesses, *souffre-douleurs*, cringing, pandering, toadying, with but one object in life—that of self-interest and comfortable quarters.

Of course 'treasures' exist—good, dear, devoted women, giving of their best, which is good indeed; but their name is not legion in these ranks, and the tales that could be unfolded by, and of, some of the aforesaid tribe might well cause the hairs of many a careless mother and woman of society to rise beneath her auburn wig.

Children never tell. When she who told the following tale (which may serve as a case in point, and is a true one, moreover) was an old married

woman, she used to relate how her mother had engaged a charming young French governess for her daughter, with undeniable references, convent, *pasteur*, what not; how mademoiselle was so kind, and never gave disagreeable lessons, or made her pupil do sums; how their walks were so entertaining; how they were always joined by a kind gentleman who used to take them to his beautiful house, giving the girl bags and boxes of delicious bon-bons, and amusing books to look at, while he and mademoiselle used to go into another room to talk about the relations of mademoiselle, whom he had known in Paris, and how the intervening door was always locked.

This is perhaps a needless digression, but it has often seemed to me that foreign lands would hardly send us of their best, and that there is more difficulty in verifying Mademoiselle B. and Fräulein C. than Miss D., who may be run to ground, and that this fact should give us pause before we take them into our homes and warm them in our babies' bosoms.

I fancy many a French and German adventuress has crossed the stormy water, cheerfully facing *mal de mer* and *Seekrankheit* to plant herself in this comfortable and confiding little island, there to spend the remainder of her days with much comfort and satisfaction to herself, and with many a secret grin at the recollection of *La Belle France* or the *Vaterland*, as the case may be, that she has but little inclination to revisit.

Young Lord Fitzhugh was preparing for the army at a tutor's. A fine, handsome lad, warm-hearted as his sister, and high-spirited; but, as is so often the case with boy and girl of the same parents, with less backbone than she. Rather vain, he was easily led by flattery, and his high spirits and love of fun would probably lead him into many a scrape in days to come; generous to a fault, and with the hot, passionate temper that so often goes with such natures. A little of his mother's indolence; but his faults were all on the surface, and he was a most lovable creature.

Betty adored him. The two had always been inseparable, sharing alike in most things. All their amusements were in common up to a certain point. Being so alike, they quarrelled and fought, kissed and made it up again, loving each other always, and it would have been bad for any one who tried to come between them.

Now, poor young creatures, they dimly felt that they stood alone, with the world before them, and its troubles, like the oft-quoted young Bears.

(To be continued.)

UNCANNY TALES.

By MARGARET MACALISTER WILLIAMSON.

IF there is a life beyond, second-sight is not only possible but very probable; and it has often been said that the man who has no superstition is devoid of true religion, sustained thought, and judgment. By this it must not be understood that every one is capable of second-sight; neither must it be denied that a thing ever existed because it cannot be proved to demonstration.

Being connected with some of the oldest families in Skye (which place modern psychological societies look upon as their happy hunting-ground), and also having in the days of my youth spent many pleasant evenings with the crofters in their huts, I have had opportunities of hearing wonderful stories of second-sight, verified by facts, dreams fulfilled, death-warnings followed by their eventuating, and ancient prophecies coming to pass.

When a child, I used to sit on the floor in a circle with the crofters, a fire in the middle, a gipsy pot hanging above it, and the smoke going out at the roof; the only other light coming from a little oil-crusie nailed to the wall. The feast often consisted of hot boiled lobsters, oysters, or fish, which we ate with our fingers.

When Dr Johnson visited Skye in August 1773, he inquired if there were any remains of second-sight. Mr MacPherson, minister of Sleat, said he was resolved not to believe it, because it was founded on no principle. Dr Johnson replied, 'There are many things, then, which we are sure are true that you will not believe. What principle is there why a lodestone attracts iron, why an egg produces a chicken by heat, why a tree grows upwards when the natural tendency of all things is downwards? Sir, it depends upon the degree of evidence that you have.' Dr Johnson further stated in a conversation with Crosbie in regard to witchcraft, 'If moral evil be consistent with the government of the Deity, why may not physical evil be also consistent with it? It is not more strange that there should be evil spirits than evil men, evil unembodied spirits than evil embodied spirits. And, sir, you have all mankind, rude and civilised, agreeing in the belief of the agency of preternatural powers.'

The gift of second-sight is a comparatively rare one, and often runs in families, as will be seen from the following stories which I relate, all of which I can vouch for as being absolutely reliable.

I shall begin with a story told by my great-great-grandmother, Mrs M'Kinnon, daughter of Macdonald of Kingsburgh, who received Prince Charlie with Flora Macdonald, and sheltered him. She was twice married, first to M'Alister of Strathaird, and afterwards to M'Kinnon of Corry. At Corry she entertained the great lexicographer Dr Samuel Johnson and his biographer Boswell. 'Mrs M'Kinnon, who

is a daughter of old Kingsburgh, told us that her father was one day riding in Skye, and some women who were at work in a field on the side of the road said to him they had heard two *taiscks*—that is, two voices of persons about to die; and, what was remarkable, one of them was an English *taisck* which they never heard before. When he returned, he at that very place met two funerals, and one of them was that of a woman who had come from the mainland, and could speak only English. This, she remarked, made a great impression upon her father.' The above story is in Boswell's own words, and is taken from his *Tour to the Hebrides*.

The daughter of Mrs M'Kinnon of Corry, Mrs Macdonald of Scalpa, was a most charitable woman. She had one dependant on her charity, a Mrs Macdonald who lived at Fassifern. Mrs Macdonald of Scalpa died suddenly while on a visit to Inverness. On the night of her death Mrs Macdonald of Fassifern dreamt that she saw an opening in the clouds and the spirit of Mrs Macdonald of Scalpa ascending to heaven. She was awakened by loud knocking at the door, and on opening it she saw a man on horseback, who had been sent as an express messenger to announce the death to Mrs Macdonald's relatives, and who, knowing the affection and gratitude that Mrs Macdonald of Fassifern had for her benefactress, stopped to intimate the sad news to her.

Mrs Macdonald of Gillen, my great-grandmother (née Margaret M'Alister of Strathaird), sister of Mrs Macdonald of Scalpa, dreamt one night that our Saviour came to her bedside and asked her to show Him certain jewels which she possessed. She handed them to Him. He selected the most beautiful, and asked if He might take it. She acceded to His request. He took it, put it to His lips, and it seemed to her as though He drew all the essence and beauty out of it, and then returned her the husk. Soon afterwards her favourite little child, the loveliest of her children, died, and she assumed that if she had refused the jewel, perhaps the child would not have been taken.

Norman M'Alister (the brother of my great-grandmother), who afterwards became Governor of Prince Edward Island, when a young man went to London from Skye, a tedious journey in those days prior to railways. He went in the hope of getting a commission, but was disappointed, and had to return to Skye. One evening while in London he and a friend went to consult an old spaewife, and had their fortunes told. I quote her words to Norman M'Alister: 'You expect to get into the army, but you will fail to do so. It is a good thing, however, for the ship in which you would have to go to India will take fire and never reach there.' All happened as she foretold, the ship never being heard of. The fate he escaped then came upon him at last, for he was lost while returning to his native land, crowned with honours and riches. The ship he embarked in never reached its destination.

The nephew of Colonel Norman (my granduncle), Charles Macdonald of Ord, Skye, went into his drawing-room one day and saw the vision of a lady. He described the apparition to his wife, who recognised a friend from the description. A few days later this lady arrived unexpectedly, wearing the clothing described by my granduncle, even to the colour of the ribbon tying her bonnet. This he told me with his own lips.

My brother-in-law, Charles M'Alister Macdonald, bought the estate of Clayton, five miles from St Andrews, where I often visited him and my sister. One evening we were all three dining at St Andrews with General Briggs, whose grandfather had originally been the owner of Clayton. General Briggs, who took me in to dinner, and who could talk without taking the whole table into his confidence, said, 'What bedroom do you occupy at Clayton?' I indicated its position, and he said, 'That is where my uncle's spirit appeared, at the moment of his death on the battlefield in India, to my father. There is a vestibule at the door of that room, and a closet. My uncle stood there looking deathly pale, in full uniform. My father saw him, noted the time carefully, and it coincided with the moment of his departure from this life.' It was rather a weird room, with a large window to the front, and a rookery outside. I opened the door of the press in the little vestibule beside the bedroom-door, and found it bricked up. Probably this door led directly to the garden by a secret staircase. It is probable that Captain Briggs usually entered his room by this staircase, and his spirit came by the same way, and therefore they bricked it up! Fortunately for myself, I do not possess the gift of second-sight, and was therefore never disturbed by the spirit, though I slept many weeks in the same room. The room was certainly a weird place to sleep in, the moon casting cross-shadows through a fanlight above my bed.

I have contributed several well-authenticated stories of second-sight to the collection of Miss Goodrich Freer, a distinguished member of the Society of Psychical Research. When I was in Skye at the marriage of a relative, Miss Goodrich Freer happened to be in Portree collecting tales of second-sight, as also was Selous the great lion-hunter. The morning of the wedding, Miss Goodrich Freer told me she foresaw an accident at a certain part of the road between Portree and Skeabost. The marriage took place in the Scottish Episcopal Church at Portree, and we, the guests, had to drive six miles to the luncheon at Skeabost. At the very place where Miss Freer foresaw the accident one of the carriages broke down and the occupants were thrown out. As this carriage immediately followed the one in which I was driving, I can vouch for the prophecy being fulfilled.

The Braan seer's prophecy long ago of an earthquake at Inverness has come to pass. While the seventh bridge there was being built I was driving in Inverness. My coachman, a native of Skye, pointed it out, and said, 'There will be an earth-

quake when the seventh bridge has been erected.' Shortly afterwards a severe earthquake took place in Inverness. Inhabitants and tourists, fearing the buildings would collapse, left their hotels and homes, and spent the night in the open.

When visiting Culloden House during the lifetime of the late Mrs Forbes, who was an Englishwoman and free from Highland superstition, I questioned her as to the appearance of Prince Charlie's ghost at Culloden House, of which I had heard a rumour. I relate the story as told to me by her. 'One morning, in broad daylight, I entered Prince Charlie's bedroom, where he slept on the eve of the battle of Culloden. Everything in that room remains as it was in 1746. I saw a tall stranger with his back to me leaning his elbow on the high mantelpiece. I felt annoyed, imagining that the servants had allowed a strange tourist to come in. I at once went out of the room and told my niece to inform the stranger that it was not a show-place, and that the servants should not have let any one in. When she went to the bedroom no one was there, and no one could have passed out without her knowledge. I met this apparition of the Prince several times afterwards in the passage near his bedroom, and feel sure that if any place would be haunted by him, the vicinity of Culloden would.'

Miss Forbes, a lineal descendant of Forbes of Culloden House, told me the following story: A lady who owned an estate in Scotland, when dying, uttered the following words: 'Never sell the estate; never let the estate go.' After her death, her son, the heir, was killed in the Boer war. At the time of his death several of the tenants on the estate saw the apparition of his mother, who exclaimed, 'The estate may go now! the estate may go now!' I withhold the name of the estate and the owners, as I have no permission to give them.

It is said that prior to the death of the Earl of Airlie in South Africa, the funeral music of Airlie was heard by various tenants on the estate.

Once I had the pleasure of spending an evening at a friend's house where, amongst other distinguished guests, was Mr Bennet Burleigh, the celebrated war-correspondent. In the course of conversation he told me he would rather be in the midst of a battle than sleep alone in a tent in the desert. He also informed me that his mother was a Macdonald, and had second-sight. He himself must have inherited the gift, for he related to me that one night he slept alone in an Arab tent with his loaded revolver under his pillow. Suddenly he woke and saw a tall Arab gazing intently at him. He immediately fired; but the bullet went through thin air.

Sir William M'Kinnon, K.C.B., who eventually became head of the Medical Department in the War Office, told me he would rather attend the wounded under fire, as he has done in the Ashanti and Crimean wars, than visit a particular haunted castle. He was dining at a certain great house, where, as the precursor of a death in the family, a phantom carriage drives up to the door. During dinner he, as well as the host and hostess and guests, heard the rumbling of wheels and the prancing of horses, which stopped at the front-door. On opening the door no carriage was there. The phantom harbinger had melted away, and the demise of one of the family occurred shortly afterwards.

The Macleods of Dunvegan Castle, Skye, have a fairy flag said to be powerful when waved to avert any misfortune to the family. I have seen it, and the silk is certainly unlike any fabric I have ever known. Baroness Macleod informed me that in ancient times a fairy took the infant heir out of his cradle, blessed him, and sang a song. That fairy song is taught to each successive nurse in the family in order that it may be sung to the children, and is extant up to date. The fairy's blessing seems to be effectual, as the present chief is the twenty-second in direct descent from father to son. Near the castle there is a bridge called Fairy Bridge, and in its vicinity small carved arrowheads, which people call 'fairy darts,' are found. Since writing the above I have read a most interesting article in *Chambers's Journal* for May 1905 on 'The Home of the Pigmies,' by R. A. Gatty, from which I quote the following: 'What kind of people were these makers of pigmy flints? Were they a small race, the progenitors of the myths of dwarfs and fairies which delighted us in our childhood's days? . . . One of the minute tools used by the pigmies is so tiny as to weigh under half an ounce.' The fairy darts found in the vicinity of Fairy Bridge are beautifully carved, and appear to be made of jade.

I was much interested on seeing the pygmies in the Synod Hall, Edinburgh, lately. They are perfect in figure, and have splendid limbs, beautifully formed hands and feet, and walk and dance like tiny Highlanders. I examined their arrow-heads, and they resemble the so-called fairy darts found near Dunvegan Castle. Could these Central African pygmies be similar beings to those who made the flint arrow-heads found near Dunvegan Castle, or resemble the Brownie of Bodsbeck described by the Ettrick Shepherd, or the Brownie of Blednoch in Galloway, who did most of the housework, till a member of that family objected to his scanty attire, and suggested more modern clothing, when, in consequence of that suggestion, he struck work and disappeared for ever? The scanty costume of these modern pygmies resembles primitive kilts, their dance is similar to the sword-dance (minus crossed swords), and their step is like the strathspey step, their strut like pipers.

I lately visited an ancient manor-house undoubtedly haunted. In the time of Cromwell, when the house was besieged, the son and heir called out from a window in the gallery, 'I am for the King.' His uncle, in Cromwell's army, shot him right through this window. He fell mortally wounded, but managed to crawl into an old oak-

panelled bedroom, where he died. The blood-stains, like Rizzio's at Holyrood, still remain. I was told that while a lady was visiting that manor-house, her little boy slept in this panelled room. He was left alone during the evening, and his mother asked him if he had not been dull. He replied, 'No; a boy came to play with me.' His description of that boy coincided with a portrait still extant, which is hanging over the drawing-room mantelpiece. In another room of that same manor-house a valet stood on a rocking-chair to hang himself from the rafters of an attic. On the anniversary of his suicide there is heard the sound of a chair rocking. I heard it myself, but thought it was steam in the water-pipes, forgetting for the moment that in that manor-house steam was not used. A lady of title and an authoress, well known in London society and at all the European Embassies, told me that a friend of hers visited that manor-house. While sitting in the drawing-room, between six and seven at night, she saw a little old lady in gray, who remained for an hour quietly beside her, and it was not till afterwards she found the lady was an astral visitor. I sat often from six to seven o'clock, hoping to see the ghost, but she never came to me. A man who held a high appointment in Cairo visited that mansion with his wife. He woke at midnight and saw a little old gentleman, who seemed to emerge from the flooring. He had silvery-gray hair and a mild, benignant expression. He smiled sadly, waved his hand, and seemed to disappear into the flooring again. A second time the same old gentleman appeared to him. A spiritualist who had visited that manor-house for purposes of psychical research told me that she considered the ghosts there quite harmless, as they were the victims, not the perpetrators, of murder.

Some distance from Gretna Green is an old mansion-house which is certainly haunted. I, not having the receptive faculty, have seen no spirits, and have not been disturbed by them, though I have slept alone in the haunted chamber, with its immense antique furniture and tapestry. However, two of my brothers, my sister, and sister-in-law have all either seen them or felt their presence. My relatives left that house after six months' occupancy, although they had taken it for a much longer period. The house stands empty at present, in spite of its being a delightful residence, with its gardens and lovely scenery. From the drawing-room window there is an exquisite view of the river near which is the scene of Mrs Oliphant's *Madonna Mary*.

In India I slept in a reputedly haunted room. It was said that a native, who had been cruelly treated and murdered, haunted this room. The only alarming visitant I had was a monkey which had got free from his chain and hidden in the room.

A young cousin of mine living near Inverness was passing a certain road when she saw a man, strangely attired, suddenly appear. He jumped over a hedge and was lost to view. As she had never seen any one like this man, she felt curious to find out who he was. On making inquiries she found that a murder had happened near that place in ancient times, and the appearance of this man coincided with the traditional description of the murderer. This was told me by herself.

A cousin of my mother's and her husband, who owned estates in Skye, had a son of about seven years of age. His father always came to visit us when he happened to be in our vicinity. My mother met him on one occasion when he had not called on us, and said, 'Why have you not visited us this time?' He replied, 'I must hurry home, for I dreamt last night that some great misfortune has overtaken my boy.' We afterwards heard that his boy had stepped into a wagonette whilst, with a pair of horses, it stood at the entrance to the house, in the absence of the coachman. The horses dashed off to the shore, and the boy was thrown out, his head severely cut, and he had a narrow escape for his life. This event happened the day before the father was told it in the dream.

One of my earliest friends, who married a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, had one little girl. When this child was about eight years of age she was being taken by her grandfather by rail from Glasgow to visit her grandmother and her aunt at Bridge of Allan. The door having been insecure, the child fell out of the carriage and was killed. At the time this happened her grandmother was taking a siesta, and dreamt that a beautiful butterfly alighted on the strings of her cap, and that while she was admiring it, it changed into a hearse. When the aunt went to meet the train at Bridge of Allan she had the sad news communicated of the child's fatal accident, and was told that the grandfather had gone back by express to find the body on the line.

One morning at breakfast my mother said, 'I must go and see Mrs C. I dreamt her mother died last night.' Mrs C.'s mother was an old lady in ordinary health. She really died that night.

A farmer and his wife who lived in Skye possessed corn-fields and cattle. When the corn was ripe, the wife dreamt that the cows were approaching the open gate of the field. She awakened her husband and wanted him to get up. He would not. She fell asleep and dreamt again that the cows were getting in amongst the corn. She woke him again; still he would not rise. A third time she fell asleep and dreamt that the cows were devouring the corn. She woke her husband once more, and said, 'You may sleep on now, for the corn is trampled, eaten, and destroyed.' In the morning they found this had happened, and the farmer truly regretted not having taken his wife's advice, as the damage to the crops was disastrous.

The following story I had from Mrs Macdonell of Keppoch: 'It is a well-known fact that in the Highlands those possessed of second-sight cannot foretell what will happen to themselves. Before

the loss of a ferry-boat in a certain Highland district a man who possessed second-sight foretold the fate of this boat. He told the names of all the men in it who were doomed to be drowned. He added, "There is another man, who kept his face turned from me, and I cannot tell his name." The incident he described occurred, true to the letter as he had delineated. He himself also was drowned, and was the man whose name he could not tell.'

My grandfather, Captain Andrew Macdonell, of the Black Watch, and his wife died young, leaving a son and daughter of tender years. They were brought up by my great-grandmother at Gillen in Skye. One day the little boy was out for hours alone on the moors. When he came home he said that a beautiful lady with lovely clothing had come to him, and talked and walked with him the whole time. His description of her appearance coincided exactly with that of his deceased mother, and he was too young when she died to have any recollection of her.

At the moment of the death of an old lady in Glasgow, her eldest son and his wife heard a fearful crash during the night in their drawing-room in London. They got up to ascertain what damage had been done, but found nothing displaced.

One of my ancestors, a M'Alister of Strathaird, Skye, was in a hay-field one day when the reapers were doing their work. A crowd of girls amongst them were singing and laughing merrily. A person possessed of second-sight said to M'Alister, 'There is one among that group who need not laugh, for she will be dead in a week or two, and I can point out the men who will carry her coffin to the grave.' M'Alister requested the seer not to tell any one of his prophecy, fearing that the fright might kill the girl if she heard of it. He obeyed. In due time all happened as he predicted. The girl died of fever, and the men mentioned by the seer were proceeding to lift the coffin, when M'Alister, in trying to prevent the literal fulfilment of the prophecy, stepped forward to take the place of one of them, and a dog tripped him up and he fell, so that the six men indicated by the seer were the bearers.

There was a witch-like old woman who followed the humble and useful occupation of looking after the fowls at Grishernish in Skye. When young I was afraid to go near her, as I was told she had cursed a man and he died soon after.

A crofter in Skye who had not been of a devout nature died, and appeared to his wife in a dream, saying that he could get no rest in the next world as he had never asked a blessing for his food in this. He assured her he could be permitted to rest in peace if she began the function and continued it.

Highlanders believe thoroughly in the evil eye. I heard a story from an old woman whose husband was sore afflicted with that occult malady. He was afraid to enter his own byre and look at his cows, for the effect was fatal to them.

I was present when Mrs Besant, lecturing on Theosophy at the Dome in Brighton to a crowded audience, invited questions, and was asked, 'Can Theosophy and Christianity go on the same lines?' Her answer was, 'Where can greater instances of such phenomena be found than in the Bible?'

In *T.P.'s Weekly* of July 28, 1905, a subject is discussed which I have often tried to solve—namely, why ghosts appear not in clothing appertaining to the grave. I quote from it: 'All ghosts are not shadows. Most of them are as substantial and strong as the people of this world, and their clothes are as material as those we wear. I have many times handled and examined them. How they get them is another question. When asked, they say it is no use trying to tell us, as they could not make us understand, as we are yet in ignorance of the many changes that take place after the death of the body.'

In this twentieth century what formerly was looked upon as the superstition of the ignorant is made the research of scientific and cultured men and women. The interesting remarks of Dr Johnson certainly indicate that he was in advance of his time in this respect.

In a future paper I propose to deal with the subject of animals appearing as harbingers of good and evil.

Coming events cast their shadows before.—CAMPBELL.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—SHAKESPEARE.

ALTHEA'S LOVERS.

By JOHN FINNEMORE, Author of *The Lover Fugitives*, &c.

CHAPTER I.



HEN Lance Colquhoun was shown into the parlour of the finest suite in a great Odessa hotel, his first glance was at the stout, elderly gentleman who waved him a hand; his second shot round the room in search of another figure; and, as he did not find what he sought, a look of disappointment, quite involuntary, crossed his handsome face.

'So here you are!' cried Mr Locke. 'Getting pretty hot in Cairo, wasn't it?'

'Baking,' replied Lance, shaking hands. 'It's warm enough here. I thought you were going north before this.'

'Expecting to make a move every day,' returned Mr Locke, 'but the business of this grain syndicate has kept me kicking my heels here a full month longer than it should have done. Say, these

Russians are a sleepy lot! What they call a business man here couldn't earn enough in New York to buy himself collar-studs.'

Lance laughed. 'I've had something to do with them,' he remarked, 'and they take affairs pretty easy.'

'Easy!' snorted the American. 'That's putting it very politely.'

'But,' went on Lance, 'I thought you had a thoroughly capable man who was taking the work off your hands. You wrote to me of some one.'

'So I did, and so I had,' cried Mr Locke—'a fellow named Velinsky, who began to shape to the work in style. But of all the countries in the world, this beats the band. One fine morning Velinsky never turned up. I set on foot inquiries about him, and found he had vanished—dropped into a hole, as you may say, and never climbed out again.'

'H'm,' said Lance, who knew his Russia pretty fairly; 'sounds like a political business.'

'So they tell me,' rejoined Mr Locke. 'The police profess to know nothing about him; but his friends believe they've got him tight enough somewhere for all that.'

'Was he an Intellectual?' asked Lance.

'He never said a word to me about politics from first to last,' replied the elder man; 'but he was a long sight too wide awake to be satisfied with the way things go on in this God-forsaken country.'

'He must have been mixed up in the revolutionary movement,' said Lance, 'and the police have spirited him off.'

'And left me his work to do!' cried the American. 'When I lost him I made up my mind to see the deal through myself before we go north.'

The last remark was lost on Lance. He had taken a seat near one of the large windows which lighted the sumptuous room, a window looking into the large garden which lay behind the hotel. His glance quickened and his eye brightened as a beautiful girl dressed in soft white muslin came round a bend of the path, accompanied by a very tall man. Both seemed engrossed in an earnest conversation.

'I am glad to see that Miss Locke looks well in spite of the heat,' murmured Lance.

'Oh, she's there, is she?' said her father, strolling to the window. 'Yes, she's all right. Looks as if she were pumping Pavloff about his country. She can't hear and learn enough about Russia. It interests her more than any spot we've hit up to the present.'

'Pavloff!' murmured Lance. He was full of the uneasy feeling which holds an undeclared lover in its grip when his beloved is seen walking with one who may easily be another aspirant.

'Ah, Pavloff,' returned Mr Locke. 'Yes, you haven't met him. Well, he's the sort of fellow who gives you the idea that Russia hasn't lost her chances yet if there are many of his stamp to be found. Speaks all the European languages worth picking up, knows engineering work to the fitting of the last rivet, and seems as straight as a gun-barrel.'

'An engineer, is he?' asked Lance.

'Got some big works in Odessa here,' replied Mr Locke, 'but making money out of them seems to be the last thing he worries about. He's great on this Young Russia idea of uplifting the people.'

At this moment steps were heard outside, and Mr Locke became silent. Then Althea Locke entered the room. Lance sprang forward to meet her, and a frank smile broke over her beautiful face. As they shook hands the tall figure of the Russian appeared behind them, and Althea presented Lance to Serge Pavloff.

The Russian was a splendid fellow. Lance was tall and straight and broad, but Pavloff outmeasured him at every point, a true gigantic North Russian, with great blonde beard and moustache, fine dark-blue eyes with the dreamy Slav look in them, and a calm, resolute face.

He met Lance in the simple, brotherly fashion which gives so great a charm to the manners of the best Russians, and for ten minutes the conversation was general; then Pavloff took his leave.

'Say, Althea,' remarked Mr Locke when the Russian had gone, 'you seemed absorbed in your chat with Pavloff in the garden there. What was he laying the law down about?'

'Did you see us?' said Althea, with her frank laugh. 'He was explaining to me his views about profit-sharing.'

Mr Locke chuckled. 'Sounds a queer subject to amuse a young lady with,' said he; 'he might have kept that topic to enlighten me.'

'I'm glad he didn't,' replied his daughter. 'I was never more interested in my life. He hopes to educate his workmen greatly by a system of profit-sharing he has introduced into his works.'

'They need a trifle in the way of educating and uplifting,' said her father.—'Do you know anything of the Russian working-man, Colquhoun?'

'I've seen a good deal of him one time and another,' replied Lance, 'and if there's a more unlucky, down-trodden wretch under the sun, I don't know where to lay my hands on him.'

'Oh!' burst in Althea, 'it's dreadful the way the people are treated here. They are kept in the ignorance of beasts, and then crushed mercilessly if they lift a finger against the cruel conditions of their life. The working-men of America or England would not stand it for a single day.'

'No,' said her father dryly. 'I should like to turn the Knights of Labour just for a month on the Russian authorities. I don't love the Knights myself; I've run up against 'em twice and hurt myself both times. But I'd forgive them all that to see them at a tug-of-war with all these excellencies of one sort or another.'

'I think Mr Pavloff is on the right line,' said Althea; 'he is devoting himself entirely to the five hundred men who work for him. He is splendidly in earnest, and if he can succeed in

improving them he hopes that they will prove a leaven among their fellows.'

'All the same, Pavloff had better look out for himself,' commented Mr Locke. 'In Russia the powers that be don't believe in educating anybody. It leads to asking questions, and that's dangerous.'

'That's the cruelty of it!' cried Althea. 'To think that a man doing work for which he ought to be praised and thanked lives from day to day with the fear over his head that he may be punished for his goodness!'

'Say, Colquhoun,' broke off Mr Locke suddenly, 'you've come just in time for a little fandango we're getting up.—I guess we can find a knife and fork for him to-night, Althea?'

'Oh yes,' laughed his daughter. 'I'd forgotten that.—We're giving a dinner to-night to a few Russian friends. If you'll join us, Mr Colquhoun, we shall be very pleased.'

'I shall be most delighted to come,' said Lance, and the eager look in his dark eyes showed that the conventional words had this time more than their conventional meaning.

When Colquhoun left the hotel he strolled down the busy street in a deep abstraction which let the busy, lively tide of South Russian life flow by him without a thought.

'He's a confoundedly fine chap,' groaned Lance to himself. 'I know that type of Russian. They don't make a better sort anywhere, and Althea is a good deal more interested in him than I care to see. Hullo, I'm in for a fit of the green-eyed monster! Well, I don't know that I ever had a chance. I might have spoken before I went to Cairo, but it didn't seem to me that things were ripe. How was I to dream of such a fellow as this Pavloff turning up? There's no question as to what's the matter with him; I've been there, and know all about it.'

Lance had known the Lockes for nearly a couple of years. When the father and daughter—they comprised the whole of the family, Mrs Locke having been dead for some years—came to Europe they made a long stay at Edinburgh, and Lance had been thrown very much into their society. At first it had been his duty to deal with Mr Locke in the wide business transactions the latter had held with the firm in which Colquhoun was the junior partner; but later he had slipped into the position of friend of the family, squiring Miss Locke to garden-parties and concerts, and acting as guide to the romantic and legend-haunted spots of Auld Reekie. Little by little he had fallen deeply in love with the beautiful American girl, and he had had hard work to keep his feelings outside the frank and friendly comradeship into which she had received him. Many a time had he felt inclined to put his fate to the touch, and then had shrunk back, fearing to endanger the delightful and exquisite friendship which was his now, but which might be lost for ever if he failed to establish a closer tie.

When Colquhoun returned to the hotel in the evening, the waiter led him through the great entrance-hall to the beautiful gardens beyond. Here he found several of the party already gathered near a large arbour in which the dinner was to be served.

'This is Althea's notion,' said Mr Locke as he shook hands with the young Scotsman. 'She was dead against dining in a stuffy room this hot night. After all, this is pretty cheerful for a change.' As he waved his arm round, Althea came up and tapped it with her fan.

'A most charming and delightful idea to dine *al fresco* this evening, Miss Locke,' said Lance, taking her proffered hand, and bowing to Pavloff, who was walking with her, and had followed like her shadow.

'I thought it would be a success,' said Althea, smiling. 'It is delicious in these gardens after the heat of the day.'

Lance looked round and agreed with her. The soft, warm dusk was falling over the city, and the broad gardens were lighted by great Chinese lanterns swinging on the boughs of the trees. Here and there were tables and seats placed on the grass or in rustic arbours, where groups of guests were dining or seated with glasses before them, and the eternal Russian cigarette in every mouth. The table ready for the Lockes' party was near at hand, its glass and silver gleaming in the lights of softly-shaded electric lamps.

They chatted together for a few moments; then Althea was called away by her duties of hostess; and Lance, after being presented by Mr Locke to the guests who had already arrived, found himself alone with his host again.

'Say, that old lady's enjoying her smoke, isn't she?' murmured the American.

A short distance away, a stout, splendidly dressed old lady sat in a chair beside a small table. Between fingers loaded with twinkling diamonds she held a cigarette, and a delicate curl of smoke rose from each nostril as she inhaled, with every appearance of great enjoyment, the excellent tobacco.

Mr Locke chuckled, and Lance glanced at him to divine the reason. It was not because the lady was smoking, because in a country where the nurse-maid puffs her cigarette as she pushes the perambulator, one soon gets used to that.

'I know her,' murmured Mr Locke. 'She's a Countess Something-sky; I can't remember the name. She's staying in the hotel, and talks to me a lot at times. Last Tuesday I gave her a regular shake-up. She asked me where Althea was. I said she'd gone off with young Pavloff to see the mosaics in some old church or other. "Alone?" says she in a voice like a tragedy queen. "Why not?" says I. "Pavloff can't eat her." "But alone, my dear sir," she boomed out again, like a little fog-horn, and she gaped at me like a bull-frog going to sing.'

Lance nodded with a smile, but his heart sank.

Then Pavloff was taking Althea about Odessa as he (Lance) had once taken her about gray, windy old Edinburgh. His heart contracted with a sharp pain; how completely outside it all he felt.

'Say,' pursued Mr Locke, 'all these Dagoes are queer about their girls. They teach 'em to look at a man as if he were a sort of Fourth of July cannon —might burst at any minute and blow 'em into little pieces. I reckon our American and English plan is a long sight the best, where the girl 's equal to looking after herself.'

'Rather,' said Lance. 'A girl 's always with herself, but a duenna may be missing when she would be most needed.'

'Just so,' agreed the other. 'Hullo! the dinner's ready;' and he bustled forward with the eagerness of a hungry man.

It must be said at once that the Lockes' dinner was not a success. Althea made a most charming hostess, the service was faultless, and course after course testified to the fact that the hotel *chef* was a treasure. The blame lay entirely on the broad shoulders of Otis J. Locke, Esq., and his style of making conversation.

'Say, Mr Niloff,' he remarked across the table, 'these Cossacks of yours seem to be playing the very mischief in Warsaw.'

The Russian merchant addressed looked exquisitely unhappy. 'Pardon,' he said politely, 'I have heard of no disturbances in that city.'

Mr Locke looked at the Russian in surprise. He himself on that spring day of 1905 had received a letter from a sure hand painting a fearful scene of massacre and disorder in the streets of Warsaw. Supposing that he had the first information, Mr Locke launched into an animated description of the frightful events which had taken place in that city. His animation appeared to awaken no responsive feeling in the breasts of his Russian hearers. They listened in a polite and stony silence, and Niloff gently shook his head.

'I fear you have been misinformed,' he murmured. 'I have advices every day from Warsaw, where there is a large branch of my business, and the letters from my correspondents assure me that the city is perfectly tranquil.'

'Oh yes, perfectly quiet,' said Essen, another diner, who spoke with a strong German accent; 'it could not be otherwise. It would be against the wish of the Emperor that disturbances should break out.'

At this moment Pavloff struck in with another subject of conversation. It was of no particular interest, and had the air of being dragged forward by the ears; but the other Russian seized upon it and showed such lively interest in it that the topic of Warsaw and her troubles was crushed perforce. From this point conversation was made feverishly on the weather, on the theatres, on a new line of steamers running to a pleasure-resort along the coast, on anything and everything save on the fearful troubles of the hour, on the events which were tearing the vitals of Holy Russia.

When the dinner was over the guests showed an extraordinary alacrity in remembering other engagements, and slipped away until Lance and Pavloff were left alone with their host and hostess. They had left the arbour and taken seats around a small table set on the turf. The glorious moon of South Russia was swinging up over the trees and filling the gardens with a splendour of silver light.

'Say, Pavloff,' remarked Mr Locke, taking his cigar from his mouth, 'it seemed queer that Niloff knew nothing of the troubles in Warsaw. Did you believe his denial of it?'

'Oh no,' murmured the Russian, glancing round. 'He knew perfectly well all about it. We all know. It is a horrible and unhappy business. But he would never confess to his knowledge in public. How was he to know that the man pouring wine at his elbow was not a *tchinovnik*, a police spy?'

'Ah, I never thought of that,' said Mr Locke penitently. 'This country beats the band. I suppose if he spoke his mind about the massacre he might expect to see trouble.'

'The police would at once ruin him,' replied Pavloff simply. 'They would close his house of business, seize all his books and papers, and he would be a lucky fellow if he got off at that.'

'Are there many of these police spies about, Mr Pavloff?' asked Althea.

'Hundreds of them, Miss Locke,' replied the Russian. 'They especially abound among the waiters at hotels and restaurants, where they are most likely to overhear private conversation.'

At this moment the stout old Countess, the acquaintance of Mr Locke, passed their table, still puffing at her eternal cigarette. She stayed for a moment to exchange greetings, and it appeared that she was an acquaintance of Pavloff's too.

'Ah, Prince,' she cried in French, tapping his arm with her fan, 'when will you give up these foolish schemes of yours, this useless work among men who are incapable of understanding your Quixotic kindness, and return to live among us in Little Russia?'

'When I have proved them incapable, Countess,' replied Pavloff, with his slow, pleasant smile which showed a flash of white teeth under his great yellow moustache.

'You are mad, *mon Prince*,' she replied; 'they are beasts, and lower than beasts. They will repay your kindness by evil. Trust me, I know them.'

'And I am trying to know them too,' laughed Pavloff. 'When I have finished my studies we will compare impressions.'

'Bah! you are a foolish incorrigible,' said the Countess, and went her way.

Mr Locke took his cigar from his mouth and blew a long, thin column of smoke towards the glittering stars.

'Say, Pavloff,' he murmured, 'I didn't know you were a prince.'

The Russian threw back his huge blonde head

and laughed the laugh of a frank, jolly boy. 'I have never used the title,' he said; 'it came to me two years ago on the death of my cousin, together with the family money. I was very glad of the money, and set up my factory with it, and gathered my band of workers; but for the name I have no use at all.'

'Got any more titles up your sleeve?' pursued Mr Locke, on a note of deep relish. 'Any chance of being a king some day?'

'No,' chuckled Pavloff, taking him in the same vein. 'Our family fortunes do not range beyond a princedom.'

'Sounds gay, anyway,' said the American gentleman. 'Prince Serge Pavloff.' His tone of dry amusement greatly pleased Pavloff, who laughed again, and looked round at the others to share his entertainment.

'Oh,' said Pavloff, 'I have no romantic story to tell of why I dropped the title. It is simple enough. I had to think of my workers. They are so ignorant, and therefore so suspicious, that one must be very wary in dealing with them. I find it a tremendous piece of work to win a little, a very little, of their confidence by going among them as plain Serge Pavloff. If I went as Prince Serge it would be hopeless. They would go down before me to kiss the ground, and that is just what I do not want. I wish them to receive me as a brother among brothers.' He dropped his voice and glanced round cautiously. 'That is the only way in which we shall do service for our dear mother Russia.'

There was silence for a moment as the simple, earnest voice stopped speaking. Then Mr Locke took his cigar once more out of his mouth.

'Well, Pavloff,' he said, 'after all, it seems to me I can chew all the romance I want to out of that.'

Again the Russian laughed, but no one joined him. Certainly not Lance. The latter sat a little behind the others, and Althea's face was in full view of him. The girl's eyes were large and bright with unshed tears. The pathos of the situation had touched her deeply. The dropping of the voice, the cautious glance round lest he should be overheard by any but trusted friends, he whose only hopes were to raise the poor and down-trodden—these things went to the heart of the daughter of a free people, and she looked upon Pavloff with shining eyes. Lance Colquhoun, too, was touched. His was no mean or ignoble jealousy. He admired Serge Pavloff at the moment that he feared him terribly as a rival. All that happened seemed to set the Prince, as they now knew him to be, in a stronger and stronger position as a candidate for the favour of a true-hearted and noble-minded girl.

The Russian now swiftly turned the conversation aside to light and impersonal matters, and the others followed his lead. Althea glanced uneasily at all who passed, at a clump of laurels a short distance away. It seemed horrible to her, this utter want of personal freedom in speech and thought. The waiter who deftly brushed by the little party, the diner in evening-dress who strolled carelessly along with his cigarette, either of these might be a police agent, and the bushes might hold a spy.

Mr Locke finished his cigar and tossed the stump into the tray; the two young men got up to go, and made their farewells together. In a few moments father and daughter were left alone in the garden.

'A pair of fine fellows,' murmured Mr Locke. 'It's hard to say which is the better-looking.'

'The Prince is the bigger,' said Althea.

'That's true,' agreed her father. 'And the Prince, eh? Just fancy the thing slipping out like that. I'd no idea that he came of a big family. I thought he was one of those Intellectuals filled with Young Russia ideas of working for the people.'

'He is an extraordinary man,' said Althea, 'to have thrown himself into the work he has undertaken.'

'He is,' said Mr Locke. 'I've met two or three Russian princes, and their chief idea seemed to be to make themselves comfortable in Paris on the money wrung out of the peasants on their estates. Pavloff doesn't seem built that way.'

'I never met a man of nobler ideas,' declared Althea.

Her father nodded in silence. A thought struck across his mind and gave him a little shiver. He did not wish to leave his daughter behind in Russia, even if she became the wife of a Prince whose mind was broad and filled with noble ideas.

(To be continued.)

THE 'AULD LANG SYNE' SKETCHING CLUB, 1865-67.

By Martin Hardie.

THE various sketching clubs that have had their existence among the artistic circles of London have played no unimportant part in the history of art movements. For the most part their membership has been limited to some particular coterie of artists. At the meetings the ties of friendship have been knitted more closely, and the common influences that first brought the members together have found an opportunity to act and react with unceasing stimulus. Something of the social spirit that prompts the meeting becomes visible in the work produced, and in many of these clubs you see the gradual growth and formation of a school. In their history also there is displayed a warmth of human interest that fails

to appear in exhibition catalogues, in dictionaries of artists, or in official biographies. It is your privilege to obtain, as it were, a glimpse behind the scenes. You see the actors at their ease; wig and patches, and the stage declamation by which the public knows them, are laid aside; they become human beings, happy amid quips and cranks, jests and jollity.

Not long ago* I published some information as to a sketching club consisting of Scottish artists working in London during the early seventies. Its members had nearly all been students together at the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh under Scott Lauder. Among them were Orchardson, Pettie, MacWhirter, Peter Graham, Frank Holl, Macbeth, C. E. Johnson, and Colin Hunter. It was in the days when the lordly studios of St John's Wood and Fitzjohn's Avenue, with their tapestries and armour, and curios rich and rare, were undreamt-of castles in Spain; but the meetings helped to mould the men, and the sketches that were made often contained the first idea for pictures that have since become famous.

There has now come into my possession a minute-book of the Auld Lang Syne Sketching Club. Again the club consists of Scottish artists settled in London, working with the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* to set the Thames on fire; and it is the more interesting because it takes us some ten years farther back and gives the story of an earlier generation. The minute-book is a leather-bound, dumpy little volume, and the dealer who brought it confessed frankly enough that it had cost him the ridiculous sum of one penny at a bookstall in the north of London. He departed in happiness, having made many hundreds per cent. profit, while the purchaser could still pride himself on a bargain. A note on the fly-leaf by John Ballantyne, President and Secretary, gives in outline the early history of the club:

'Four members of the "Smashers" Sketching Club (instituted in Edinburgh, April 1848) having become residenters in London, it seemed good unto them to reconstitute the club in the new locality, and under a new title—namely, as the Auld Lang Syne Sketching Club. To this end a preliminary meeting was held at Mr Erskine Nicol's on Saturday, November 21st, 1863, the Smashers present being John Faed, Thomas Faed, James Archer, and John Ballantyne. Erskine Nicol and John Stirling were elected members. The club at that date, therefore, consisted of the above-named resident members, and of William Douglas and William Crawford, non-resident. Ballantyne was elected President, Secretary and Trustee; Archer, Poet-Laureate. Visitors might be invited to the supper by members. The club was to meet every alternate Friday at eight o'clock P.M.'

The meetings appear later to have become weekly, and a new and energetic member was elected in the person of Andrew Maclure, a landscape painter. The complete list is therefore as follows; and where dates of birth and death are uncertain, the first and last years of exhibition are appended:

Archer, James, R.S.A., 1822–1904. Exhibited at R.A., 1850–93. Came to London, 1862.

Ballantyne, John, R.S.A., 1815–97. Came to London, 1864.

Douglas, Sir William Fettes, *P.*R.S.A., 1822–91. First exhibited in London, 1862.

Faed, John, R.S.A., 1820–1902. Came to London, 1862.

Faed, Thomas, R.A., 1826–1900. Came to London, 1852.

Maclure, Andrew. Exhibited 1857–81.

Nicol, Erskine, R.S.A., A.R.A., 1825–1904. Came to London, 1862.

Stirling, John. Exhibited at R.A., 1855–71.

The last survivors of the original group of members were Erskine Nicol and James Archer, both of whom passed away at a ripe age during 1904; but among the guests one notes the names of some living artists of distinction—among them Mr Orchardson and Mr Peter Graham. It will be noted that most of the members of the Auld Lang Syne Club came to London in 1862. Thomas Faed was one of the first artists of the modern Scottish school to migrate to the south; and the departure of Orchardson and Pettie in 1860 marked the beginning of a regular exodus.

The book now before us contains records of the thirty-second to the ninety-second meetings of the club, dating from 5th May 1865 to November 1867. Reference, however, is made to 'the old minute-book,' which presumably contains the account of the first thirty-one meetings in London. Perhaps it still rests somewhere in the 'muniment-chest' provided for out of the club funds by decree of April 13, 1866. The genial character of the meetings and the manner of work done may be gathered from the following extracts from the minutes, which may now be left to speak for themselves:

'*2nd June 1865.*—The club met at Maclure's, 14 Ladbroke Square—present: John Ballantyne, T. Faed, John Faed, Nicol (Newlands and Monvelle, visitors)—upon which occasion great efforts were made to exhibit skill in tracing blindfold the peaceful outlines of the Porcine Contour, in which the non-professionals excelled those who get their living by so doing. The night was harmonious notwithstanding, if not brilliant. AND. MACLURE.'

'*Jan. 9th, 1865.*—Club met at Sussex Villas. Strangers present—Mr Macnee and Mr Graham. The night was a most brilliant one, thanks to all, but especially to Macnee.† It seemed like old times to have Douglas among us. "Time hath not tamed the Douglas blood." Absent—our President and Stirling. THOMAS FAED.'

* See *The Artist*, January 1902.

† Sir Daniel Macnee, *P.*R.S.A. (1806–82). It was on his death in 1882 that Sir W. Fettes Douglas was elected President of the Scottish Academy.

'*Friday, 30th June 1865.*—The club met at Maclure's, at Ladbroke Square, and the following members were present—viz. T. Faed, John Faed, Nicol, Stirling, Douglas, and self. The visitors were Macnee, Fraser, Peter Graham, and Orr. The night was tolerably uproarious. Macnee told good stories, and Peter sang divinely as usual, while the Orator distinguished himself in the usual happy manner, and the night ended peacefully, and no blood was drawn. AND. MACLURE.'

'*Friday, July 7th, 1865.*—Owing to the absence from London of the present writer, he has been deprived for some time of the pleasure of receiving the club at his rooms. It was, therefore, with unusual satisfaction that he found himself on this occasion in the midst of an uncommonly full meeting, and that he had an opportunity again of experiencing in the society of his honoured and beloved friends, at home, a felicity not always to be found in the cities of the foreigner. All the members were present, with the exception of the non-resident W. Crawford. To T. Faed the club was indebted for the presence as a guest of Mr Brodie, the distinguished professor of sculpture in the north. While there is much on which the club may congratulate itself, there is nevertheless to be regretted a certain falling off in industry during the sketching sederunt. However, on the appearance of the whisky the members woke up, and, as the philosophers say, became adequate to themselves and the occasion. The intellectual jollity characteristic of the club never flagged, and the exuberant genius of several members delighted to expend itself during the evening in various displays of oratory and vocalism. JOHN STIRLING.'

'*Friday, 5th Jany. 1866.*—The club met at 21 Phillimore Gardens (members absent—John Faed, Erskine Nicol), the first time it had met with me for above a year. I can't exactly tell why; but so it was, and despite that untoward sign, the good fortune with which I had hitherto been blessed in generally having a very pleasant meeting at my house returned at my beck "mair by gude luck than gude guiding." There was a generous and continuous flow of talk and toasting, with lovely break and link of a song from Maclure. There was the creation of a new post in the election of W. Douglas to the censorship. There was the wish expressed in an eloquent speech by the Orator to lay down his office in favour of one who, he said, could grace the dignified position better, but which too humble wish was met resolutely by the club with a dignified refusal to accede to his proposal, and with universal acclaim he was told he must still continue to hold office with all emoluments pertaining thereto, which honour he acknowledged in a speech proving his title. There was the drinking of the hostess's health, which touched her so much that she took the word out of her husband's mouth and replied for herself. There was a general feeling of heartiness and good-fellowship, which culminated in the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," with linked hands, and there was a feeling of regret on the part of the host that we had to part at all. J. ARCHER.'

'*Friday, 26th Jany. 1866.*—Club met at Sussex Villa. Subject given—"O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide." Sketches very good. A pleasant evening, and parted at the usual time. THOMAS FAED.'

'*Feby. 2nd, 1866.*—The club met at St John's Wood Park; the subject—"Saw ye my wee thing?" We had much laughing, and a late sederunt. JOHN FAED.'

'*Friday, 9th Feb. 1866.*—The club met at Langham Chambers. Subject given—a spasmodic one from Tennyson's *Maud*—the quarrel-scene in the garden. With stiff arguments, songs, and speeches, the evening passed off harmoniously. JOHN STIRLING.'

'*23 February 1866.*—The club met at my temporary residence in London, No. 2 Tor Villas, Campden Hill; and, with the exception of Maclure, all the members were present. It is now many years since the club met at my house, and the members were then denizens in a fairer scene. Now we have all been sucked into this cesspool of humanity—London, and it speaks well for the mental healthiness of the members that so little are they deteriorated by their Babylonish surroundings that I scarcely felt the change in the scene or the weight of the years which have pressed on and passed us.

'One change I did remark was that all seemed to have a sneaking tendency to Barnacle bearing; but this I attribute less to any deterioration in the eyes of the men than to the miserable deficiency in luminosity in the foul-smelling, dim-burning, inflammable stuff the Cockneys call gas, so unlike the gas we were all accustomed to in Edinburgh, and which I may truly call the light of other days.

'Another change in the feelings and practice of the club is the craving for office, which makes it, like the Irish Army, composed of Generals, Colonels, and Corporals, but not a single private. The duties of their various offices seem comprisable in three letters—N. I. L.—and they are most conscientiously performed. The Historian never rises above the level of the dreariest monkish chronicle. The Philosopher never even reaches the dignity of the low sublime of sophistry. The Poet—but the less said about him the better. His Pegasus is a low-backed Irish car, and he never mounts it; but mum is the word, and give place to the Censor, who alone has shown his fitness for office by writing these few, imperfect, but truth-beaming remarks, and subscribes himself as of old, WILLIAM DOUGLAS.'

'*March 2nd.*—The club met this evening in the Mall—all the members present, but no guests. The character of the meeting was decidedly conversational. There was only one speech and only one song. They both were good, and one was beautiful. The tone of the conversation was naturally artistic,

and many interesting and instructive facts were elucidated in its course. Many incidents respecting the career of J. Linnell were mentioned, and much critical acumen displayed in discussing the merits of his works. The Censor of the club sensibly incensed the sensoriums of the members by some censorious sentences seriously and insensately censuring that centre of sense and centralisation, London; and had it not been for some sensible and sensuous sayings of the Orator the members would have slid into senile insensibility.

'JOHN BALLANTYNE.'

'*March 9th, Sussex Villas.*—Club met here. Subject "Retribution." Sketches admirable. Stranger —Peter Graham. The Ladies graced us with their presence, and with such company who would marvel (except Douglas) at the success of our evening? Success is enough to express the quintessence of gratification, so I need say no more, but subscribe myself THOMAS FAED.'

'*Tor Villas, Campden Hill, 6 April 1866.*—The Secretary was desired to produce at the next meeting the old chronicles of the club, to gratify the curiosity of new members, and to recall to the old some details of their eighteen years of Friday night enjoyment. WILLIAM DOUGLAS.'

'*13th April 1866.*—The meeting was a full one, embracing all the members save John Faed, who for good and sufficient reason could not attend. The chronicles of the club were produced for the satisfaction of Crawford, and it was resolved that the President should be empowered to spend from out of the funds of the club in his possession a sum for a muniment-chest for their better keeping. The least said about the industry of the members on this occasion will be the soonest mended.

'ANDREW MACLURE.'

'*Friday, November 2nd.*—The first meeting of the third season of the club was held in the Mall this evening. All the members were present with the exception of John Faed, who is still absent from London. The subject given was "A Meeting," and the sketches were a good set, looking as if the members meant work this session. After supper the Poet-Laureate Archer read an admirable paper in the shape of an old Ballad travestied. It was full of point and delicate touches of humour, and the Secretary will have much pleasure in placing it in the club casket when such an article is *in rerum natura*. JOHN BALLANTYNE.'

'*Friday, Nov. 9th, 1866.*—Club met at Sussex Villas. Members present—Ballantyne, Douglas, Nicol, Archer, Maclure, Stirling, and T. Faed. Subject—"Desolation." Sketches admirable. The Ladies joined us at supper, when mirth, if not fast and furious, so shortened the hours that "the wee short hours ayont the twal" came all too soon. Music as usual had its full share in the success of the evening, not the less from the introduction of a brass band, conducted by the hands and lips of Maclure and Mrs Faed. THOMAS FAED.'

'*Friday, 22nd Nov. 1866.*—The club met at 1 Langham Chambers, for the first time, instead of as formerly at No. 5. A thin meeting, comprising, however, the illustrious names of T. Faed, Nicol, and Douglas. The subject given was "Fire." No one, however, attempted the proposed theme. T. Faed illustrating the antagonistic element, water; but his sketch formed perhaps a not unpleasing contrast to the evening's work, which was of a more feeble and desultory nature than usual.

'After tripe and onions, the conversation assumed a philosophical character. The Darwinian Theory of Development was discussed with much excellent display of *a priori* argument, though with a less abundant supply of facts. JOHN STIRLING.'

'*Friday, 30th November 1866.*—The club met at 14 Ladbroke Square, upon which occasion we had the pleasure of two of "the Ladies'" presence. The members present were Stirling, T. Faed, Archer, Nicol, Douglas, and the President. The subject was "Expectancy," but "Despondency" would have been better expressed, as the feeling that Douglas was to leave our brotherly association caused feelings of sadness. AND. MACLURE.'

'*2 Tor Villas, Campden Hill, 7 December 1866.*—This was the last time the members of the club would meet in my house here. The subject given out was "Return," and the sketches were kindly presented to me by the members to serve as a remembrance in my scrap-book of my stay in the great Metropolis. Tom Faed had the further kindness to produce and read some lines of poetical regret on my disappearance from the London boards and my return to the pleasantness o' Auld Reekie. W. DOUGLAS.'

'*Friday, 21 Dec. 1866.*—The club met on this evening at 21 Phillimore Gardens. The subject of the sketch was "A Situation." Two members absent on account of illness, Mr John Faed and Mr Maclure. As it was the last meeting of the club that Mr Douglas was to be present at (he going to Scotland next week), the host took the liberty of asking more than the allowed number of guests; but as they all belonged to the body of Scottish Artists in London (with one exception), he trusted that the appropriateness of their presence would cover his transgression. They were Mr Houston, R.S.A., Mr Pettie, A.R.A., Mr Orchardson, Mr Peter Graham, and Mr J. D. Watson. The usual toasts were proposed and drunk, and the non-presence of the absent members deplored. Mr Douglas' sad fate was bewailed, and a dirge sung on the occasion by the ladies. The host should mention that Mr Thos. Faed, in his enthusiasm for the club, having been ill all day, rose out of bed to be present! The meeting, he thinks, was successful, and separated at the usual hour. JAMES ARCHER.'

'*Jany. 18th, 1867.*—Met this evening at 38 St

John's Wood Park, and considering the inclemency of the weather and the especial bitterness of this night, the members turned out well, the only one absent among those in town being Mr Maclure. The subject for illustration was "The Laird o' Cockpen." The meeting broke up at a reasonably early hour. JOHN FAED.'

'*Friday, Feb. 1st, 1867.*—The club met at 1 Langham Chambers, the brothers Faed and Nicol being the only faithful found among the members. "General January" had done some execution on the club, and several members were invalided or missing. In order to stir up the imaginations of the forlorn hope, the subject given was a "Bacchanalian Procession." But, alas! not the subject, not even the prospect of unlimited whisky neat as imported, could awaken the languid fancy of the sketchers on this unfortunate evening. The teetotalism of the age had done its work even on the club, and faithful History begs to be silent on the sketches. Though the club refused to tread "the vine-leaves with Bacchus," it took more kindly to the national liquor. Let it not be supposed that the evening was devoid of pleasure, as it was not of song, for the mild spirit of social enjoyment sat on the meeting with her brooding wings. JOHN STIRLING.'

'*Feb. 15.*—The club met at 21 Phillimore Gardens; members present—Mr Thos. Faed, Mr Nicol, and Mr Stirling. The guest of the evening was Mr Orchardson. Although it was a small meeting the evening passed off very pleasantly, the salient point of it being a discussion on the shape and powers of the boomerang, each member drawing one on pasteboard, cutting it out, and sending it flying about the room with the firm conviction that his own idea of it was the only true one, even although it did not fly quite so well as his neighbour's. The subject of the sketch was "A Surprise," which nobody did. J. ARCHER.'

'*Feby. 22nd, 1867.*—Club met at Sussex Villa, all members that reside in London present except John Faed. Subject given, "Watch." Our supper was enlivened by Messrs Maclure, Peter Graham, and Orchardson. The evening passed pleasantly mid song, smoke, toddy, &c. Note, Nicol *was* present. THOMAS FAED.'

'*November 1867.*—The opening meeting of the session assembled at 9 Gordon Place this evening. The members present were T. Faed, Douglas, Archer, E. Nicol, Maclure, and Ballantyne. The sketching progressed with vigour. At supper the presence of the Epitaphamist of the club, Mrs T. Faed, was hailed with much pleasure by all the company. She produced an epitaph on the occasion, which, with her usual wit and subtlety of construction, she had so framed as to fit, like the regulation cap, all the heads of the members. It was accordingly adopted as the headpiece for the evening by all present. The presence also of one of the non-resident members, Douglas, was a subject of much congratulation, and many wishes were expressed that he should remain in the buzzums of his friends throughout the session. The Orator in the course of the evening surpassed even himself in the eloquence of his perorations, and all the members did their best—which was not bad—to enliven one of the pleasantest meetings which ever drank Whisky Toddy round the Presidential board. JOHN BALLANTYNE, *Prest.*'

'Whisky Toddy round the Presidential board'! It is the best possible ending for the last minute of a club of Scottish artists.

It should be added that the minute-book itself has now found a fitting shrine in the library of the Royal Scottish Academy, to which the late Mr James Archer, a few weeks before his death, presented some other records of a similar nature.

A JAPANESE SERENADE.

Across the rice-fields I have come, your minstrel-lover true,
Beneath your casement, love, to sing my nightly song to you.
Look down, in flowered silken robe, unfurl your dainty fan,
And greet my longing eyes to-night, sweet maid of fair Japan!
Ah, come, my lotus-lily! with your smile dispel the gloom,
Your cheeks are cherry-blossoms, and your lips a rose in bloom.
Ah, moon of my delight! shine forth, your lover's way to light,
And whisper that your heart is mine, as mine is yours to-night.

The plum-trees in my garden were in blossom as I came,
But, ah! sweet maid, your beauty puts their loveliness to shame;
Your robe is like the kaido-flowers that bloom in early May,
And deep your eyes as mountain-lakes I passed upon my way.
Ah, come, my lotus-lily! ere the breeze of morning blows;
Your cheeks are cherry-blossoms, and your lips are like the rose.
Ah, moon of my delight! shine forth, your lover's way to light,
And whisper that your heart is mine, as mine is yours to-night.

The nightingale is singing, but your gentle voice to me
Is sweeter far than song of birds in woodland minstrelsy;
Ah! look from out your casement now, with dainty, flowered fan,
And say you love me, ere I go, my maid of fair Japan!
Ah, come, my lotus-lily! with your smile dispel the gloom,
Your cheeks are cherry-blossoms, and your lips a rose in bloom.
Ah, moon of my delight! shine forth, to cheer your lover's way,
Beloved! say your heart is mine, as mine is yours for aye.

MARY FARRAH.

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'NORTHERN LIGHTS.'

IT seems an extraordinary thing that a little less than forty years ago there was still extant in out-of-the-way places in the north of England a class of clergymen who went by the name of 'Northern Lights.' In a parish where I served the first twenty years of my clerical life I came across some characteristic stories of a predecessor who was one of these worthies.

The village, which was nothing more than a hamlet, stood on the moor edges near the confines of Derbyshire, but it possessed a very remarkable church, spoilt and vandalised by the introduction of galleries and deal pews with doors in place of the old oak sittings which had been ruthlessly cast out. Beside the church was a public-house formerly known by the name of 'Heaven's Gate,' and here, no doubt, the rude forefathers of the hamlet drank and slept, for it was the custom of the farmers who came in from their distant homesteads to pass a week at a time drinking at the inn. The parish was nine miles one way and eleven miles the other, and the farms were scattered about from the bottom of the valley up to where the heather made its appearance on the hillsides.

The publican went by the name of Jerry. He was a dapper little man, who on Sundays and funeral-days always wore a wig, an old-fashioned tailed-coat, breeches, black stockings, and shoes with buckles. His custom was to direct the funerals and in his capacity as clerk to make responses in the service, and afterwards to provide the funeral-party with good cheer at his inn. His invitation was always given at the graveside in a high-pitched falsetto voice, and the formula ran in these words, and was never varied: 'Friends of the corpse is respectfully requested to call at my house and partake then and there of such refreshments as is provided for them.' The bracing air and long drive over the hills made this invitation always acceptable even under the most distressing circumstances, but unfortunately it led to a good deal of intemperance and disorder. An old song long preserved in the district depicts one of these funerals, which was by no means a one-day affair, but sometimes lasted several days together, during which the drinking went on.

The reference made by the clerk Jerry to the 'corpse' seems to have been a common expression on such occasions, for I remember once taking a funeral on a very stormy day, when the undertaker came up to me with the weeper round his hat blowing at right angles, and the rain streaming down his face, to say that corpse's brother wished to speak to me before the service began. The inn was an absolute necessity in such an out-of-the-world place, but it was unfortunately a great temptation to the inhabitants and the clergyman, who should have set them a better example. Here on Sundays, for instance, the parson sat between morning and afternoon service with a long clay-pipe in his mouth and a glass of whisky by his side. When the bells began to settle and the time of service approached, he would send Jerry to the church to see if many people had arrived. When Jerry replied, 'There's not many comed yet, Mr Nowton,' the latter would say, 'Then tell them to ring another peal, Jerry, and just fill up my glass again.'

When I took the living I found the Communion plate was kept at the public-house, and the churchwardens gave me a miserable account of what took place when there was a Communion, which was only three times a year. Four bottles of port wine was the allowance on each occasion, and after a fractional quantity had been consumed in the church, the rest was finished by the churchwardens at the public-house. 'I can remember,' one of them said, 'old Mr —— when he was churchwarden. He was a big man with a very red face, and in those days he was always present when we used to bait the bear at the top of the hill above the village. One day the bear escaped and ran on to the moor; everybody scattered away in all directions, and several dogs were killed before we managed to catch it. Mr —— used to drink a great deal, and in the end it killed him. One Sunday when there was a heavy snowfall we had the Communion in church, and afterwards the churchwardens went to finish the wine at the inn.

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I saw Mr —— when he came out, and I remember how red his face looked against the snow as he passed my window on his way to his farm. In a little while I saw a crowd of men coming down the street carrying somebody, and I went out to look, and saw they were bringing Mr —— back to the inn; but he was dead, and his face was as white as the snow itself.'

The successor of Jerry as clerk, but not as publican, was a rough, honest individual who was called Dick. When excited he had two oaths, 'By'r Lady!' and 'By the mass!' but as he always pronounced this last word *mess*, it was evident he did not understand the nature of the oath he used. He had a rough-and-ready way of doing things, and I have seen him, when handing out hymn-books during service, throw a book up to an applicant in the gallery to save the trouble of walking up the stairs in proper fashion. He talked the broadest Yorkshire dialect, and it was not always easy to understand him. This was particularly the case when, in his capacity as clerk, he repeated the responses at the funeral service.

We had a tremendous snowfall one winter, and the roads were all blocked. It was impossible for any one to go to church on the Sunday morning following the fall, as the snow had not been cleared away. It was necessary for me, however, to get there, as I had to read out the banns of marriage which were being published; so, putting on fishing-waders to protect myself from the wet snow, I succeeded with some difficulty in getting through the drifts. In the churchyard, standing before the church clock, I found Dick intently gazing at it, so I asked him if it was going. His reply was laconic: 'Noa; shoo's froz.' He and I then went into the church, and I read out in his presence the necessary publication of banns.

In those days it was necessary that the wedding service should be all over by twelve o'clock, and it was most important that due notice should be given of the date of the wedding, a matter about which Dick was sometimes rather careless. I had gone into Derbyshire for a few days to fish in the river Derwent, and one morning I left the inn where I was staying at an early hour and went a long distance up the stream. I was quietly wading my way, and throwing my fly over every likely bit of water I met with, when I heard my name called from the bank, and saw my servant running in my direction. I came out of the river and joined him, and found he had brought my trap to carry me back home, as a wedding was waiting about which Dick had forgotten to give me notice. We were ten miles at least from the church, and a rough road over the Derbyshire Peak range of hills was before us, with little over an hour to do the drive. I was encumbered with wet clothes, and the pony I drove was but small, and I felt the chance of getting home before twelve o'clock was a very remote one. However, we did the best we could; but by my watch it was certainly half-an-hour after the appointed time when we pulled up at the church-gates. I glanced up at the clock in the tower, and, to my astonishment, I found the hands pointing to half-past eleven. The situation was saved, the service was concluded within the prescribed time, and I then turned to Dick for an explanation. 'I seed yer coming over the hill,' he said, 'and I just stopped the clock a bit.' This was his method of correcting the mistake he had made in not giving me due notice.

One of the difficulties I had was over the proper warming of the church in winter, for at an altitude of nine hundred feet above sea-level we often had very severe seasons. At a great expense the old, ineffective warming apparatus was taken out and a new one put in by a London firm. I think the cost of this work was nearly two hundred pounds; but we got a very elaborate stove which was worked with dampers to control the draught. Dick had been duly instructed by the work-people how to manage this delicate apparatus, and he seemed to get on with it all right. There was a chamber outside the church under the tower where the stoking went on, and this, as it proved, was a very fortunate circumstance, or more might have happened. One night when there was very little wind, Dick stoked up, and finding there was a poor draught, he pulled out all the dampers and so left it and went to bed. In the middle of the night a gale got up and blew very heavily, and the next morning, which was Sunday, I was summoned to go and see what had happened to the apparatus. It was an extraordinary sight which Dick showed me in the stoking-place. The wind had blown the furnace to a white-heat, melting the iron doors and sides of the stove and completely destroying it.

There was another character in the parish quite as peculiar as Dick, and he was one of the principal singers, who sat in the west gallery. He had formerly played the clarionet, before an organ was put into the church. During service he always kept a red cotton handkerchief over his bald head, which gave him a decidedly comic appearance. I was not present when the following incident occurred, but the organist was there and heard it all. The clergyman gave out a hymn in the old-fashioned way: 'Let us sing to the praise and glory of God the twenty-first hymn, second version.' Up jumped the old singer and shouted, 'You 're wrang, maister; it's first version.' The clergyman corrected himself, when the singer again rose: 'You 're wrang agearn; it's twenty-second hymn.' Without any remark the clergyman corrected the number, and the man again jumped up: 'That 's reet, mon, that 's reet.' When the old singer died his widow was very anxious there should be some record on his tombstone of his having played the clarionet in church; so above his name a trumpet-shaped instrument was carved on the stone, and some doggerel lines were to be added below. I had great difficulty in persuading the family to abandon the lines for the text, 'The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised.'

It was always very difficult to get duty taken, as the parishes round lay far apart; but on one occasion the vicar of a neighbouring moorland parish undertook the services in my absence. He had formerly been curate in charge of my living, and was well known and respected by all the inhabitants. A very necessary reform had been going on in my church. We had taken out the galleries and unsightly pews, and a general restoration was in progress. As the new pulpit was not yet finished, the sermon had to be preached from the lectern. My neighbour was getting a very old man, and his sight was rapidly failing him from cataract. He loved to talk to the people whom he had known so well in former years, and Dick, who knew this, reminded him before the afternoon service that a funeral had to be taken at four o'clock. 'You must come into the church and tell me when it arrives,' he told the clerk, 'and I will stop my sermon.' It was the habit of my old friend to relapse into a strong Yorkshire dialect when speaking familiarly, and this will account for the brief dialogue which passed between him and Dick as he stood at the lectern. In due course the funeral arrived at the churchgates, and the first intimation the congregation inside the church had of this fact was the appearance of Dick, who noisily threw open the big doors of the south porch. He then stood and beckoned to the clergyman, but his poor blind eyes could not see so far. Dick then came nearer and waved his hat before him. This again met with no response. Then he got near enough to pluck him by the arm, which he did rather vigorously, shouting at the same time, 'Shoo's coomed.' 'Wha's coomed?' replied the clergyman, relapsing into his Yorkshire speech. 'Funeral's coomed,' retorted Dick. 'Then tell her to wait a bit while I finish my sermon;' and the old man went quietly on with his discourse.

Another instance of Dick failing to give me proper notice of a service was as follows; but on this occasion it was not really his fault. Some large reservoirs were being made in the parish, and we had nearly a thousand navvies employed on the works. These men were constantly coming and going, and very often they brought some infectious disorder which spread among the huts where they lived. One day a navvy arrived who broke out in smallpox of a very severe kind, and in a couple of days the man died, and the doctor ordered the body to be buried the moment a coffin could be got. It was winter-time, and I had ridden over to see some friends about ten miles away. As the afternoon advanced it began to rain very heavily, and I decided not to ride back home, but to sleep at my friend's house. About five o'clock a messenger arrived to say a funeral was waiting in the church, and I was to come at once. I started in drenching rain, which turned to sleet and snow as I approached the moor edges. It was pitch-dark when I got off my horse at the church-gates, and with some difficulty I found my way into the vestry and put a surplice over my wet garments. I could see nothing in the church, but I asked when I got into the reading-desk if any one was there. A deep voice answered, 'Yes, sir; we are here;' and I began the service, which long practice had taught me to repeat by heart. When about half-way through the lesson I saw a glimmer of light, and Dick entered the church with a lantern, which he placed on the top of the coffin. It was a gruesome scene before me which the lantern brought into view. There was the coffin, and before it, in a seat, four figures of the navvy-bearers, and Dick himself covered with snow and as white as if he wore a surplice. We filed out into the churchyard, but the wind had blown the snow into the grave, and this had to be got out before we could lower the body into it. The navvies, who were kind-hearted fellows, explained that they could give no notice of the funeral beforehand, and they quite understood the delay was no fault of mine or Dick's.

The dread of smallpox spreading in the parish caused the vaccination officer to take some very decided action, and he went round the parish strongly urging people to be vaccinated. This was by no means an easy task, for they had very strong prejudices against it. Dick's grandson was now acting as clerk. He was quite a young man, and I used all my endeavours to persuade him to submit himself to the doctor's lancet. I pointed out how he and I might any day have a smallpox funeral, and the danger he would be in, but all to no purpose. One day I was passing down the village with my fishing-rod on my way to the river, when I came across a group of parishioners who were listening to the doctor's exhortations. The doctor begged me to join him in his efforts to persuade these stubborn people, and then he asked me to set an example by undergoing vaccination myself. I took off my coat in the street, and the doctor used his lancet, and by this means I secured one or two candidates.

In a few weeks after this we had a smallpox funeral from another parish, and the only persons who attended were the brother and sister of the dead man and the driver of the small funeral 'bus. I took the funeral straight to the grave to avoid infecting the church; but the difficulty was in lowering the body without help, as no one would come near. I had to hold the rope to steady the coffin while the mourner and the driver let it down into the grave. The unfortunate brother caught the complaint, and died a few days afterwards.

I was very sorry when death overtook my old clerk Dick. In spite of his faults he was an honest, kind-hearted man. He died in consequence of a fall from a ladder, which was entirely his own fault. A tree of some size grew in his garden, and one of the branches was rather in the way, so he placed a ladder against the bough and commenced sawing it close up to the tree. Naturally, as the bough fell the ladder went with it, and Dick lay insensible for many hours without any one finding him. He lingered on for a time, but gradually sank under the shock and his own old age. On his deathbed he

sent for his favourite grandson, who succeeded him as clerk, and made this pathetic request: 'Thou'lt dig my grave, Jout, lad.'

I found one of my churchwardens had very decided views about church collections. 'I count the heads,' he said, 'and put them down at a penny a head. As a rule they run about eight and fourpence to the hundred.' When we had the yearly school sermons there was always a large congregation, and the young people for the most part preferred sitting in the galleries. I am afraid this was for no good purpose, as, hidden away in the high pews, they were not always as orderly as they should have been. The collecting-boxes were made of wood, half-covered so that you could put in a coin without its being seen, and they were furnished with long handles. When the churchwarden had emptied the coins out on the vestry table after service and separated them with his hand, I was amused to see him gravely pick out the various peppermint-drops and other sweets one by one and transfer them to his mouth! He then proceeded to count the money.

A sad event occurred one day at a farmhouse in the neighbourhood. The farmer had lost his wife, and his house was managed by an elderly housekeeper, who one day went up to her room and cut her throat. She had been despondent for some time. The following replies were given to the coroner who held an inquest on the body. The farmer stated that he was not in the house at the time the woman took her life, but that his son was there. 'Where was your son in the house?' asked the coroner. 'He were in the kitchen,' was the answer. 'What was he doing there?' 'He were donning hissen on th' 'arstone.' 'What do you mean by donning?' 'He were lacing his buits.' 'When you went into the house did you go upstairs?' 'Yah; I went up to her room.' 'And what did you see there?' 'Sho were sprottling on t' floor.' 'Well, did you say anything to her?' 'Yah. I says, "Thou'st made a pratty mess of theesen this time now, however."' It was not callousness on the part of the farmer which made him give this evidence, for he was greatly troubled at the sad event, but it was his way of describing what he knew of the circumstances.

One of the churchwardens had my orders to get an old sundial which stood over the church porch repainted and gilded. The motto below it was, '*Tempus fugit ut umbra.*' I never could ascertain whether it was a poor jest of the painter, who did his work in cold weather, or a genuine mistake on his part; but when I saw the dial after its completion I found the motto changed to '*Tempus frigit ut umbra.*' The badness of the Latin proved the man was no scholar.

A strange ignorance prevailed among some of the inhabitants regarding church ceremonies. I was asked one day to go a long distance over the moors to baptise a child. The mother was upstairs ill in bed, but a woman who was waiting on her brought the child into the sitting-room, and I christened it Mary Ann as requested. I had not gone many paces from the house when a girl came running after me to say that her mother had changed her mind, and she now wished me to alter the name to Amelia. Similar ignorance, only worse, was shown by a married couple who called on me, bringing two written agreements they had drawn up freeing each other from the ties of matrimony, and each giving the other permission to marry again. 'We thought,' they explained in answer to my refusal to have anything to do with the matter, 'that as you tied folks up at the church, you could untie them again if they were not satisfied.'

With Dick the last of the 'Northern Lights' flickered out. Nothing now remains in the village recalling those old times. The village inn has been suppressed, and the drinking-bouts are over. The old church has been entirely restored, and there is order and decency in the services. The strange thing is that it should have been possible that only forty years ago matters were in such a state of chaos and disorder and in such need of drastic reformation.

A STORMY MORNING.

CHAPTER III.

'AS lovely a morning as ever came out of the heavens,' thought Betty, as, arrayed in her favourite gray tweed and stout little buckled shoes, she ran downstairs and out of the hall-door next day, closely pursued by Johnnie, a few minutes before the breakfast-hour.

The wind had quite fallen, and the air was soft and warm as new milk.

A thick layer of luminous white cloud lay over the whole of the sky, broken here and there by lines and patches of faint blue-green. A little pungent smell came from the broken boughs and leaves of the old ash-trees which stood in a group on the lawn.

The sea-loch was perfectly still, only a long-drawn sigh from the heavy swell breaking the silence and causing the tangle to wave backwards and forwards in the surge. A bent old fisherman with a string of fish in his hand was coming up the approach, and in answer to Betty's kindly greeting and inquiry, explained that his catch would have been larger but for 'them crabs and dog-fish' that infested the point where he best loved to set his lines.

'And will ye no' be coming for a sail the day, Miss Elizabeth? And we will be trying the Cailleach

and Rhuhunish,' said he. 'I 'm thinking there will be a good chance the day, whatever.'

But Betty, suddenly remembering that she had not heard the breakfast-gong, and that it must be just the breakfast-hour, dismissed her aged admirer and rushed in.

Reynolds was hovering about the hall-door looking perturbed and put out, and on Betty's inquiry, told her that Mrs Fletcher had bidden him not to sound the gong, 'as it went through her 'ed,' and that Miss Fitzhugh would come in in a minute.

Betty, with her nose in the air, walked into the dining-room to find Mrs Fletcher seated at the head of the table, teapot in hand, with her head much on one side, smirking and smiling at the young lord and his friend, who were just entering the room by another door.

Jack rushed at his sister, introducing his friend; and Betty, stalking up to the breakfast-table, took the teapot from Mrs Fletcher's reluctant grasp, saying, 'Thank you, Mrs Fletcher; I will not trouble you,' and standing by until the widow was obliged to give up the seat she had so often tried to wriggle into—for this was by no means the first passage of the kind between the interloper and the daughter of the once great house.

Lady Fitzhugh never appeared on the scene before midday. A faint look of weary disgust settled on the girl's fair face, and Mr Erle's rather elaborate inanities and civilities met with little response, though she was too high-bred to be anything but courteous to the stranger under their roof.

Geoffrey Erle was rather a striking-looking man in his way: tall, well knit, and dark; bright beady eyes that were set closely together, and that nothing escaped; closely cropped black hair that still showed a wish to wave over the well-shaped head. The tell-tale mouth was hidden by a heavy black moustache; the chin and jaw were square—a gipsy, you would have said, the Oriental strain showing up in the vivid splash of colour given by his tie of scarlet and gold; well-cut clothes, too new; long, thin brown hands with many rings, a great ruby blazing on one finger; a little assertive air that you instinctively felt was assumed to conceal a want of ease and breeding. At times the restless eyes were downcast, and the whole man seemed to be pervaded by an infinite depression and a wish to be unnoticed. Probably a pose adopted for the purpose of evoking interest and sympathy; but a deceiving pose, and the man was a dangerous man: clever, shifty, unscrupulous, always on the watch, never losing sight of his own interests under any circumstances. A bird of prey, in fact.

He had made his way into a certain section of society, and was to be met with at many balls, luncheon-parties, race-meetings, and so on in the course of the London season. London is large, and there are many degrees. As young Fitzhugh had said, he was a magnificent shot and a fine rider, and various country-houses opened their portals to him, so he managed to make out his time pretty agreeably, not being too thin-skinned for his own comfort. He sang, too, and was good-natured about it; and he had found it a most useful accomplishment. No one seemed to know much about him—strangely little, in fact; and he was the last person who should have been asked to remote and beautiful Dunscaith, under existing circumstances, by heedless Jack.

Jack was enamoured of him, a very Admirable Crichton in his eyes; and Erle meant to work this vein for all it was worth, flattering and fooling the boy to the top of his bent. It was, 'I say, Fitz, give me your advice;' 'Don't you remember how you gave it to that chap, Fitz?' '"Not quite a match for Fitz," says I,' and so on—the boy in ecstasies.

It was an irritation to Jack that Betty responded but faintly to his extravagant eulogies of his friend; and for the first time in his life he was a little cool towards his sister, who was too honest to join in the absurd praise of his hero, whom she wished anywhere but at Dunscaith, absorbing her brother.

It was an exquisite autumn. The golden days chased each other with flying feet as week after week slipped by. The three younger people were much together. Lady Fitzhugh seldom stirred out of the house except to drive along the coast or wander round the lovely old garden; and Mrs Fletcher, who had by no means given up pretensions regarding the sterner sex, and who would fain have 'joined the dance,' had been obliged to retire from the field. Her well-curbed figure absolutely declined to face the stiff braes for the purpose of joining the shooters at lunch and walking a little with them afterwards.

The long outings in the fishing-boat, curtsying over the green, foam-crested waves, or gliding over the gray satiny swell, fishing and lifting lines; the evil-smelling bait; the scale-covered fish-baskets—all were anathema to her. The sun and sea-air always caught her across the nose, planting an unbecoming flush athwart her face; and the writhing, groaning conger-eels, cod, and huge skate in the bottom of the boat, flapping and squirming unpleasantly close to her high-heeled boots, made her shriek with terror. Betty, in rough blue flannel, the sun and wind kissing her fair cheek and blowing her hair about, felt, as she sat high up in the bows of the boat—her favourite perch—that life sometimes held compensations. Old Angus smiled in his beard. Mrs Fletcher was not generally beloved. Another of their diversions, the drawing in of what was called locally the 'scringe-net,' by the light of the moon, had no charm for her either.

The hush and glory of the wonderful white night, the myriad stars, the golden track across the sea, the sight of the silver masses of sea-trout flapping out their lives on the shining sand, the

black shadows, the ivory light, were a poor exchange in her eyes for her comfortable bed, French novel, and cigarette, and the sparkling drink at her elbow.

She made an effort through Lady Fitzhugh to detach Betty from the constant companionship of the two young men. Not that she cared for Betty, or for possible dangers to her happiness and future arising from her unrestrained intercourse with a man like Erle; but because the grapes were sour, and she was filled with venom and envy of the girl's youth, beauty, and charm.

Lady Fitzhugh, however, who was nothing if not contradictious, and who occasionally took a malicious pleasure in snubbing and thwarting Mrs Fletcher, whom in her heart of hearts she despised, would not hear of such 'nonsense,' as she termed the companion's remonstrances and acid remarks on the doings of the trio.

'The children like being together,' she said, 'and have always spent their holidays together, and I am glad that it should be so; also, it bores me horribly having a girl coming in and out all day, fidgeting, or stitching and knitting, and reading in corners. As for Mr Erle, he is Jack's friend for the moment; and though he is clearly an outsider, I am told he goes to a good many houses, and he must know his place by this time, I should say,' she added rather pointedly.

The worm turned, with a murmured, 'Such very strange pursuits for a girl,' and the discussion closed; for more she dared not say, the limits to Lady Fitzhugh's temper being strictly defined.

(To be continued.)

AN IDEAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

THRIFT AMONGST THE WORKING-CLASSES.

THERE is an old Scottish proverb which says, 'Frae saving comes having,' and it is sometimes applied in praise of the principles upon which the great friendly societies of this country are founded. These friendly societies have undoubtedly been great incentives to thrift amongst the working-classes, and without their aid in times of sickness thousands of families would have been reduced to the verge of pauperism, if indeed the workhouse had not been the only refuge left them; for when the husband and father is laid aside the household income stops, and poverty, which often is not far from the door in the best of times, crosses the threshold unless by forethought means have been taken to insure the sick man and his family against want. Still, can we truly apply the old proverb to these friendly societies? Does their method of 'saving' lead to 'having'? Indeed, is the word 'saving' rightly applied to them at all?

Perhaps these seem presumptuous questions. The five leading friendly organisations number nearly three million members, the cream, so to speak, of the working-classes throughout the kingdom. Is it to be suggested that they and the managers of their societies do not understand what they are doing? Will it be said that by laying up for the rainy day which sooner or later comes to all of us they are not practising thrift on the best and soundest principles? The immense importance of this question is my excuse for offering a few facts and reasons upon which it may be well to ponder. I will try to state them very simply.

First, let us see at a glance to how many working-men the question is one of immediate personal interest. The following figures showing the membership and the accumulated funds of the principal friendly societies are taken from the official returns published in 1904:

	Membership.	Total Funds.
Oddfellows (M.U.)	1,018,685	£12,098,473
Foresters	929,720	7,766,586
Hearts of Oak	277,461	2,956,789
Grand United Oddfellows	340,986	1,145,733
Rechabites	339,500	1,500,000
	2,906,352	£25,467,581

The average reader, and possibly the average member of any of these great friendly societies, might at first sight suppose that the accumulated funds stated in the foregoing table belong to the members who have helped to subscribe them. In one sense they do, but in another and a vitally important sense they do not. To whom they do belong I do not know. The only thing demonstrably certain is that no individual member of any of the friendly societies concerned has any personal claim upon them except in case of illness. The question, therefore, is whether the system under which these funds are subscribed and accumulated is a right system. Is the member who from month to month drops his contribution into that great money-box, which he has no power to open, doing what is best either for himself, for his family, or for society? Is he really thrifty? Or is his supposed thrift wasteful?

Before attempting to answer these questions, let me remark that I have no sort of animosity—which, indeed, would be quite unwarranted and absurd—against the friendly societies, which before I was born were doing and are continuing to do an incalculable service to the working-classes of this country. But for their help the problems of Poor Law administration would have been rendered more difficult and more insistent than they are. No; I admire as thoroughly as the leaders of these societies themselves the splendid record of relief-work which by combination and mutual trust they have been able to do. Nevertheless, the questions here asked clamour for answer. If the managers of these great

societies like the Oddfellows and the Foresters had to start afresh to-day, would they adopt their existing rules? Or, on the other hand, would they avail themselves of the actuarial and economic experience of the past fifty years? Carlyle said, 'Experience takes dreadful high school-wages, but he teaches like no other;' and of few things is the saying truer than of the financial basis of our leading friendly societies, beneficial as these societies have been and still are to their subscribing members.

My object here is not so much to criticise the method of the old organisations as to point to a better; and the better method is not quite a new one, though I doubt if many of my readers are familiar with it. It is known as the Holloway Benefit Society, which was founded in 1875 by the late Mr George Holloway at Stroud, Gloucestershire, and now has many thousands of members in the South-Midland Counties, and is spreading wherever its principles are made known. I have no personal interest in it except that of a wish to assist in pointing out its advantages in order to lead thrifty-minded men, especially young men, for their own benefit, to invest their savings in the soundest and most profitable way alike for themselves and their wives and families.

About thirty-five years ago the late Mr W. E. Forster, M.P. for Bradford, offered two prizes in a national essay competition, the essays to embody a plan for establishing a friendly society at once equitable and safe, and combining the ordinary advantages of a sick-club with the provision of pensions or annuities for its members in their old age. The adjudicators in that competition were the actuary of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, the actuary of the Foresters, and His Honour Judge Hughes, Q.C., the author of *Tom Brown's School-days*. All these gentlemen were experts on friendly society finance, and one was a lawyer. It is scarcely necessary to say that they were a sufficient guarantee of the soundness of any scheme approved by their award.

Mr George Holloway wrote an essay on the lines indicated, and succeeded in winning a prize, and he at once put his ideal into practice by establishing the society which bears his name. Here it may be interesting to say a word about Mr Holloway himself. He was in the truest sense of the words a self-educated, self-made man. He rose from a humble position in life to one of influence and usefulness in Stroud, where he became a great employer of labour. For some years he represented the Stroud division of Gloucestershire in Parliament. It was his personal acquaintance with the conditions and the actual daily life of the working-classes that set his mind upon the study of questions relating to thrift, and induced him, even before Mr Forster intervened, to think out a scheme for founding a friendly society that should comprehend all the benefits of an ordinary sick-pay and funeral allowance society with those of a savings-bank and the provision of annuities for the members when they attain an age at which they no longer are able to work. Until his death a few years ago Mr Holloway continued to promote the spread of the society in the towns and villages of Gloucestershire and adjoining counties, and when he died the inhabitants of Stroud, without distinction of party or creed, united in erecting a noble statue to his memory.

The essential difference between the old society and the Holloway Society may be expressed in a sentence. In the old society the member's contributions are added to a general fund. In the Holloway Society each member's contributions are entered to his personal account, precisely as if he put his money into the Post-Office Savings-Bank. In the old society the member's contributions belong absolutely to the Order. In the Holloway Society they belong to the individual member himself.

A moment's reflection will show that that is a vital distinction. When once the member of the old society has paid his contribution into the general fund, he personally has no claim upon it except in time of sickness. On reaching sixty-five years of age his contributions cease. Whenever he dies, either before sixty-five or after, his widow or other relations receive ten pounds to pay for his funeral. And that is all. In the Holloway Society, although the member's contributions are paid into his separate account, he receives sick-pay in the same way as the Oddfellow, and on reaching sixty-five the whole of his accumulated capital, with compound interest, is paid over to him in a lump sum, or he can receive it in the form of an annuity. If he dies before sixty-five, his accumulated capital, with compound interest, is paid to his relatives. That, expressed in a general way, is the scheme which makes the Holloway Society unique amongst the friendly societies of this country.

It will more clearly bring the value of the Holloway principle before the reader's mind if I describe a very simple example. Let us suppose that two young men join the Oddfellows' Society when they are twenty years of age. I do not quote the Oddfellows' Society invidiously, but only because it is the largest friendly society in the world. To these young working-men or clerks or artisans the payment of a monthly subscription to a friendly society is an important consideration. All thrift and saving involves some self-denial, and membership of a friendly society imposes a severe form of self-denial because it is regular. These two young men join at twenty years of age. One of them remains a member, let us say, for fifteen years, and then dies. The other remains a member for forty years, and then he dies. All the time—the one for fifteen years and the other for forty—they pay their monthly contributions. Each of them receives sick-pay in case of illness. The man who was a member for forty years paid into the society for twenty-five years longer than the man who was a member for fifteen years, and yet at the end they

and their relatives were on precisely the same level. Is that fair? Is it the result of sound thrift? Does such 'saving' mean 'having'?

Take another aspect of the case. One of the two men who joined at twenty, we will say, continued paying his monthly subscriptions until he reached the age of sixty-five. What advantage does he reap from all these forty-five years of self-denial? True, there will be ten pounds to secure him a decent funeral when he dies, but there is not much consolation in that. For the man's relatives a measure of prospective relief is assured, but what of the man himself? There are more than a million men subscribing to the general fund of the Oddfellows' Society to-day. Is it for this occasional sick-pay and this paltry ten pounds at death that each of these men is to continue throughout his working life practising what is called thrift? The Grand Master of the Oddfellows or the Chief Ranger of the Foresters tells him magnificently once a year, throughout those forty-five years, that the society possesses a fund amounting to hundreds of thousands of pounds. So it does. The individual member has paid into that fund in the course of the forty-five years nearly six hundred monthly contributions. But no part of that fund belongs to him. Has he received, or can he receive, any equivalent for his money? Does he ever calculate how much his forty or fifty years' contributions amount to, and ask himself whether he gets, or can get, an adequate return for his 'savings'?

But he has not 'saved' his money. He has paid it away. He may be a healthy man all his life and never require to 'come on the club.' In that case the whole of his so-called investment or insurance fund yields him nothing. So far as he is personally concerned it does not matter in the least how or whether the ten pounds is spent upon his funeral.

The really serious question, then, for any young man who is thinking of joining a friendly society is whether the many years of thrift, to practise which he undertakes when he pays his first subscription, is to be managed upon a sound and profitable, or an old-fashioned, unsound, and wasteful system.

Now, let us see exactly what happens in the Holloway Society. At first sight it seems absurd to say that the member receives sick-pay as he requires it throughout the years of his membership, and on reaching sixty-five gets all his money back again with compound interest. No matter how absurd, or how impossible it seems, it is the fact. Members are admitted into the society from fourteen to sixty years of age as share-members. Up to thirty years of age a one-share member pays a penny a day; that is, two shillings and fourpence per lunar month. From the age of thirty years onwards he pays an extra halfpenny per month for each year beyond thirty. That is to say, between thirty and thirty-one he pays two shillings and fourpence halfpenny per month; from thirty-one to thirty-two he pays two shillings and fivepence; from thirty-two to thirty-three, two shillings and fivepence halfpenny; and so on, increasing one halfpenny per month for every year up to sixty-five.

The reason for the payment of these extra halfpennies is very simple, but very important; and it is because the old friendly societies take no account of it that their basis is unsound, and, as is notoriously the fact—admitted many times by their actuaries and Grand Masters—that a large proportion of their lodges are not in a position to meet their liabilities.

The simple fact is this: as a man advances in years his liability to sickness increases. Happy is the man who escapes that liability. But the average man does not escape it. The average man is ill on an increasingly greater number of days in every year beyond thirty. Mr David Williams, a well-known friendly society actuary, summarises the statistics on this important matter in his book on *Friendly Societies*, from which I quote one paragraph: 'If we refer to the Registrar of Friendly Societies' Tables (Table 1) we shall find that each member between the ages of eighteen and thirty-one experiences on an average a trifle less than one week's sickness during each year. At age forty—that is, between a man's fortieth and forty-first birthday—each member experiences on an average one week and three days' sickness. At age fifty this has increased to two weeks and one day, at age sixty to four weeks and two days, at age seventy to twelve weeks and two days.'

This increasing sickness of course means a gradually increasing drain upon the sick-fund on the part of the older members, and if no provision is made for meeting that liability on an equitable basis, it naturally follows that the result to the general body of members at any given time must be inequitable. The plea that friendly societies exist for the purpose of mutual help voices a noble and beautiful sentiment, and sentiment is a mighty factor in the world's progress. Life would be dreadfully prosaic without it. But in a matter of such supreme importance to working-men as the employment of their savings, sentiment ought to some extent to be governed by business-like considerations. On behalf of the old societies it is urged that the young members will in time become old, and will require the help of the young; they therefore, whilst young, should help the old. The old proverb says, 'God helps those who help themselves,' and the Holloway Society has adopted that as its motto, without, as I think, denying any of the claims of sentiment or losing sight of the value of co-operation; whilst it has at the same time assured constant stability for its fund, because the demands upon it can never be greater than it is able to bear. The slight extra payment per annum covers the liability to increasing sickness in the case of every individual member, and therefore places all the members, young and old, upon a footing of exact equality. This important principle is lacking in the old societies; hence all the financial and other trouble involved

in requiring the young members to provide for the old, and in the accumulation of a huge fund upon which individual members have no personal claim.

The penny per day which the one-share member pays amounts to one pound ten shillings and fourpence per annum. It is the experience of all friendly societies that up to thirty years of age the sum of about five shillings per annum suffices to meet the average cost of sickness per member and cover reasonable management expenses. It follows, therefore, that in the Holloway Society, after this *pro rata* deduction has been made, the one-share member at the end of his first year has about one pound five shillings remaining to his credit in the savings-bank department. Instead of being put into a big money-box, upon which he can make no claim, it is entered to his name in the society's books, and remains earning compound interest. So each year's liabilities are made up separately, and each succeeding year begins with a new slate. Every member knows from year to year how his individual account stands; and those who are not acquainted with the accumulative powers of compound interest would be astonished at the way in which thrifty saving multiplies itself.

It may possibly appear that the Holloway Society is an expensive society, but really the extra payment is very small, and the rules of the society provide for making it fall lightly. Besides, it must be remembered that every penny unexpended in sick-pay and management comes back to the member at the annual appropriation, and is added to his savings-bank account. The interest paid upon these savings in dozens of towns in Gloucestershire and Wiltshire, and in Birmingham and its surrounding district, has never, I believe, fallen below 4 per cent.

The member who pays a penny a day is, as I have said, called a one-share member. In sickness he receives ten shillings a week for six months, and after that five shillings a week. He may subscribe for two shares, which would be twopence per day, in which case he would receive one pound per week in sickness; if he took three shares and paid threepence a day, he would receive thirty shillings a week. If he cannot afford one share (two shillings and fourpence per month) he can take half a share, and pay a halfpenny a day or one shilling and twopence per month, in which case he would insure five shillings a week sick-pay. The maximum number of shares any member can subscribe for is three, but below that he can increase or reduce his shares at any time according to his means. A statement of his share-account is furnished to the member at the end of each financial year, so that he can see precisely how he stands. He grows richer from year to year, and the tangible results of his thrift are ever before his eyes. In all the Holloway Societies the accumulated funds are invested upon mortgage of freehold property or in securities specified in the Friendly Societies Acts.

Recognising that the payment of the additional halfpennies per month after thirty years of age might in some cases impose upon a member a strain which sometimes he could not bear, Mr Holloway made provision in his rules for allowing the member's monthly contribution, from his fortieth birthday onwards, to remain at two shillings and ninepence (according to the table) and for taking the member's additional halfpennies from his interest account. In the Birmingham district a new system has been adopted under which, by paying a lump sum at joining, all the benefits of the monthly-contributing member may be assured. It is an improvement upon Mr Holloway's plan, and has secured the approval of very high actuarial authority. But it is somewhat complicated, and I will not destroy the simplicity of this article by explaining it in detail. It does not affect the fundamental principles of the society.

Another important provision in the Holloway scheme is that a member can at any time withdraw part of his accumulated fund, and still enjoy all the benefits of membership. It sometimes happens that ten pounds or twenty pounds is of the utmost importance to a man at a pinch, and many members have found this rule of the greatest assistance. If a member wishes to leave the society altogether, he can take out the whole of his accumulated capital with the exception of two years' appropriation. This forfeiture is a desirable precaution, because it is to the interest of the society and of the individual that the accumulated funds should remain as nearly as possible intact. But there is the provision in case of necessity.

In his work on *The Endowment of Old Age*, Mr Booth says that 'the certainty of the enjoyment of saving makes thrift attractive.' That is perfectly true. To the Oddfellow and the Forester such attraction is denied. The results of his thrift have been added to the general fund of the Order, upon which he as an individual has no claim. The member of the Holloway Society can watch the accumulation of his savings in the same way as a modern beekeeper can watch, through the glass roof of his hive, the thrifty accumulation by his stock of bees. In the district of Stroud alone the accumulated fund is approaching, if it has not already reached, a total of one hundred thousand pounds. Every one-share member who has been in the society for five years now has standing to his credit six pounds eighteen shillings and twopence; if for ten years, the amount is fifteen pounds eleven shillings and eightpence; if for fifteen years, twenty-seven pounds six shillings and a penny; if for twenty years, forty-three pounds eleven shillings and eightpence. So the individual accounts go on increasing. In forty years the member's capital must rise to one hundred and twenty pounds thirteen shillings and sevenpence, and in fifty years to two hundred and eight pounds one shilling and eightpence, which is actually a larger sum than he will have paid into the society in monthly contributions.

That sum of two hundred and eight pounds is worth all it looks to a working-man at sixty-five years of age, and if it be said that such a sum might not last as long as a man would want an annuity or old-age pension, the reply is: Well, perhaps not; but two hundred and eight pounds one shilling and eightpence in the hand is worth more than any amount of State-aid in the clouds of a general discussion upon the question of how the State is going to provide it. I understand that considerably more than one thousand pounds has already been paid out in Stroud alone to members who have reached sixty-five years of age. The members of the old societies on reaching sixty-five do not receive a penny.

One other fact of considerable interest remains to be mentioned. Ten or twelve years ago it was resolved to establish the Holloway Society in Birmingham. It began in a very small way. The Right Hon. William Kenrick, one of the Members of Parliament for the city, was invited to become its first president. Mr Kenrick, being a shrewd business man, had his 'doots.' He would not take it for granted, upon anybody's word, that the Holloway Society could do what its promoters said it had been doing for nearly twenty years. Before he would allow his name to be associated with it he insisted upon an investigation into its financial soundness by a firm of actuaries to be chosen by himself. The Birmingham trustees and secretary of the society agreed, and themselves engaged another firm of actuaries to make an independent analysis of the rules and contribution tables. Both firms of actuaries reported entirely in favour of the society, and Mr Kenrick without a moment's hesitation accepted the presidency, a position which he occupies to this day. Mr Kenrick is a brother-in-law of Mr Joseph Chamberlain. The society, in the great industrial district of which Birmingham is the centre, now has thousands of members, and there can be no doubt that the more its sound and equitable principles are understood the more widely it will be extended throughout the kingdom.

ALTHEA'S LOVERS.

CHAPTER II.

TWO weeks later, on a warm afternoon, Serge Pavloff called at the hotel where Lance was staying, and was shown to the young Scotsman's room. They met each other with perfect frankness and friendliness. Each knew the other to be his rival for a prize which both deemed of incalculable worth; but they ran their race and fought their fight like men of honour and breeding. So far neither had gained the least notion of Althea's feelings towards him. She was not the kind of girl to wear her heart on her sleeve, and neither had spoken.

'What's wrong, Pavloff?' said Lance as they shook hands. 'You look worried.'

'My dear Colquhoun,' replied the Russian, with a sweep of his great arm, 'everything's wrong. When do your friends the Lockes leave Odessa?'

'In about a week,' replied Lance. 'So Mr Locke was telling me last night.'

'I wish they were safely away now,' said Pavloff.

'Do you expect trouble here?' cried Lance.

'I do,' returned the Russian—'the worst kind of trouble. The workmen have been greatly excited of late over the outbreaks and massacres in the northern cities, and now the revolutionists are busy here arranging a strike and preparing for a desperate conflict with the authorities.'

'Do the latter know anything about it?' asked Lance.

'Oh yes,' said Pavloff. 'Their action shows the seriousness of the affair. They are secretly pouring Cossacks and troops into the city. The soldiers arrive by night and are quartered in Government buildings, and kept close, so that no one has any idea of the forces ready to be let loose on the insurgents if a rising should break out.'

'Will the people fight?' asked Colquhoun.

'Oh yes,' said Pavloff again. 'Those who have arms will fight; the rest will burn, loot, and destroy. If once they get out of hand there will be frightful doings. Suppose, Colquhoun, you were one of ten packed in a damp and filthy cellar for a home, working fourteen hours a day under slave-like conditions for a slice of black bread and a glass of *vodka*, as ignorant and more savage than the beasts of the field, what would you do when bidden to rise and seize that for which your soul lusted?'

Lance nodded. 'I have seen enough to be sure that your picture is far from overdrawn, Pavloff,' he replied. 'It makes one's blood boil to see the conditions under which the workers live in Russia. If they break out, they will exact a fearful vengeance.'

'No one can doubt it,' said the Russian. 'And I wish our friends were safely away. Well, we'll go down and look at my place.'

Pavloff had invited Colquhoun to look over his engineering works, and had now come to conduct him thither.

'On the way we'll take a turn through a working-class quarter,' said the Russian. 'You shall see some of the dens in which the workers of Odessa are packed together.'

In a few moments they left the noble avenue in which Colquhoun's hotel was situated, and began to tread byways.

'Are these workmen's houses?' asked Lance, looking with disfavour on the mean, dirty houses on either side of the narrow streets.

'No, no,' answered his companion; 'these are palaces compared with the hovels where the mass of the workers are housed.'

They turned the corner of a street, and the Russian pointed to the mouth of an alley before them—a tall, narrow slit between lofty buildings.

'We will plunge into that,' he said; 'there you will see what we seek. I hope you have a strong stomach. Within six steps of the street the stench is frightful, and becomes more overpowering as you advance.'

But they never entered the alley, nor was Lance called upon to undergo the ordeal Pavloff promised. For, of a sudden, the tiny opening began to vomit humanity. Out swarmed the dwellers in those horrible depths as if aroused by a sudden call. Out they streamed, men, women, and children. Nor had Lance ever seen so squalid and dreadful a crowd as that which now swept into sight like vermin pouring from a sewer—men with white, savage faces half-hidden in a tangle of filthy beard, their bodies scarce hidden by their miserable rags; women whose eyes glittered with ferocious rage caused by the famine which they and their children endured, their frowsy, unkempt hair falling about their shoulders; children stunted and half-starved. Out they rushed and streamed along the wide street, passing the two young men, who had paused in an archway. As the crowd rushed by, the men called to each other with low, fierce growls, a sound in its note of savage intensity far more terrible than any wild uproar.

'What is this?' said Pavloff, then answered his own question. 'It has come,' he said in a low voice; 'it has come.'

Lance stepped back a little. The crowd brought with it the pungent, sickening stench of the reeking hovels whence they had rushed, and for a moment he shrank from it. Then suddenly Pavloff leaped forward, seized a man by the shoulders, and dragged him aside.

'What does this mean, Dmitri?' he demanded.

The man, a gaunt, ragged fellow armed with a heavy bludgeon, looked up at his gigantic captor and recognised him. In turn he dragged Pavloff into the archway, as if fearful for his safety; but the main body of the crowd never glanced aside. All poured on towards the wide avenue the young men had lately left.

At a stroke the latter now heard of the extraordinary danger which menaced Odessa: of the *Kniaz Potemkin*, which had sailed into the harbour and now threatened the city with her mutinous guns, and of how strikers and revolutionists had at once joined hands for a blow at the hated authorities. Like an electric spark along a wire, the news had flashed through the slums of Odessa, and the forces of disorder and destruction had risen insurgent at the call.

'The strikers are marching on the factories still at work,' said Pavloff, turning to Lance. 'I must go on to my place as quickly as possible; but first, Colquhoun, I will show you the nearest way back to your hotel.'

'Not a bit of it,' replied Lance. 'Let me come with you. If I can be of the least service, pray command me. In any case, don't lose a second. Your presence may be most urgently needed.'

'This way, then,' cried the Russian; and off they hurried in a direction opposite to that which the crowd had taken. For twenty minutes they made their way swiftly across the city, only stopping once when Pavloff drew Lance aside as a *sotnia* of Cossacks galloped furiously along a wide avenue they were about to cross. They ran over, plunged into a side-street, and at once found they were nearing the heart of a serious disturbance. Shouting crowds swung to and fro, now barring their way, now opening and giving them free passage, and the farther they went the wilder became the rioters and the more violent the uproar.

As they passed a ruined building whose doors and windows were beaten in, Pavloff jerked a meaning thumb towards it. 'A spirit store,' he said briefly. It was deserted now, for all the *vodka* which had been stored there had been drunk or had run in waste down the kennel, and the place reeked with the vile odour of the maddening spirit.

This looked bad. What might not men do who were inflamed with wrong and drunken fury?

'My works are down here,' said Pavloff; and they turned a corner, and could hardly move a single step. They were wedged instantly in the outskirts of a vast crowd which filled the street from side to side. Pavloff forced his way fiercely through the throng, and Lance aided him.

Both were of great height and strength, and at first they drove their way through the crowd steadily. Then the mass of bodies thickened till they could move no longer, and at the same moment a pungent eddy of smoke whirled along the street, and the crowd set up a roar of savage joy. They were below a street lamp set on a stout rod of iron standing out at right angles from the wall. Pavloff stretched out his long arms, seized the rod, drew himself up, looked for a moment over the heads of the crowd, then dropped again with a groan of bitter sorrow.

'What is it?' cried Lance. 'What's wrong, Pavloff?' The face of the Prince had startled him, the great blue eyes blazing fiercely in a white mask.

With a gulp as of one choking something down, the Russian replied slowly, 'I have seen a dreadful sight. I have seen every hope I had in my life crumbling into dust. My works are on fire.'

'Can nothing be done?' cried Lance.

'Nothing,' said Pavloff; 'the place is burning like a furnace. There is an abundance of inflammable stuff about.'

A sudden swirl of the crowd threw up against them a tall, thin man with a long red beard. He

gave a loud, eager cry, and seizing the Prince by his coat, poured forth a flood of swift, purring Russian.

Pavloff listened, nodding from time to time; then he turned to Lance.

'This is my foreman Petrovsky,' he said. 'My fellows had not joined the strikers.' His sad face was brightened for an instant by a smile at the thought of that. 'But their steadiness only made matters worse. They were driven out of the works by force, and several casks of petroleum and spirit were burst open with hatchets, and a match applied. The result will be a heap of ashes, instead of a spot where five hundred worked in content and in hopes of better times.'

'This is cruelly hard, Pavloff,' said Lance. 'Believe me, I am deeply sorry for this bitter interruption of your work.'

'Thanks, Colquhoun, for your sympathy,' said the Russian, taking the hand which the young Scotsman extended. 'But it is more than an interruption. It is a full stop. I am done for.'

'What!' cried Lance; 'is not your place insured?'

'It is not,' said Pavloff slowly, stroking his great yellow moustache. 'I shall be a lucky man if I can meet my liabilities. This leaves me without a copeck in the world.'

Lance stared at him in dismay. Some idea that this might mean heavy losses to his companion had already crossed his mind; but ruin—that was another affair altogether.

He looked at the Prince and tried to frame some speech of sympathy. But at such a moment mere words seemed nothing, and less than nothing, as a vehicle to convey deep feelings. He could find nothing better than the exclamation, 'I say, Pavloff, this is frightful!' but the Russian understood, and replied with a nod and a faint smile.

'Well,' said Pavloff, turning and leading the way through the outskirts of the crowd, 'we can do nothing here. Let us seek our friends the Lockes, and see them safely on their way to the north. But you, of course, will go with them?'

He looked at Lance, and waved his hand with a great gesture. Colquhoun could not miss the meaning of either look or movement.

The Prince retired from the contest. He would see them off and secure their safety, himself remaining behind, alone with his blasted hopes. The act which caused his work for his fellow-Russians to crumble into ruin destroyed also his suit of Althea.

In another moment he began to speak in a half-musing fashion, and the speech showed still more plainly what was running in his mind.

'I must look round now for some means of earning a living. It will be as much as I can do to get bread for myself.'

'Oh Pavloff!' cried Lance, 'I trust you will find that you are not hit so badly as that.'

The Russian shook his head slowly.

'They are all over—my dreams,' he said; 'but do not fear, Colquhoun, that I shall starve. We are very friendly to each other in our family, we Pavloffs. There are half-a-dozen estates on which I can make myself useful. Luckily, I know much of woodcraft and forestry.'

He gave a low, bitter laugh at this prospect of dependency, and for a moment Lance felt that disgust of his own wealth which assails the high and generous spirit when confronted with a noble rival driven from the conflict by so ignoble a reason. Colquhoun's mind flew then to thoughts of Althea herself. What would this avail him, this disaster of Pavloff's? Of itself, nothing—he knew that very well. If Althea had begun to care for the Prince, the latter's misfortunes would only endear him the more to a true-hearted girl. Then his thoughts were suddenly interrupted. They had turned into a quieter street, and an empty *droshky* was coming along.

'Jump in,' cried Pavloff, seizing Lance by the arm and hurrying him forward. The Russian called a swift order to the man, and put a piece of gold into his hand. The *droshky*-driver at once whipped up his nimble pony, and away they went at a break-neck pace.

Ten minutes of this swift progress brought them to the door of the hotel they sought. Pavloff was on the side nearest to the pavement, and he darted out.

This district was quiet for the present, but the doorkeeper stood at the foot of the steps looking up and down in a disturbed fashion. Beside him stood one of the hotel clerks. Pavloff exchanged half-a-dozen sentences with the latter, then turned to Lance with an anxious face.

'Come on,' he cried in English, and led the way with long, hasty strides.

'What is it?' asked Lance as he followed.

Pavloff glanced over his shoulder, and opened grim lips to answer: 'Miss Locke has gone out alone into the city.'

(*To be continued.*)

OPENING OF POST-LETTERS.

CAN letters be opened in the Post-Office—that is, legally opened? The answer must be in the affirmative. To many persons this will come as a surprise. The inviolability of letters 'while in the custody of the Postmaster-General'—that is, while they are passing through the post—is of first importance; but it is scarcely less important that the confidence in their exemption from violation, even though legal, which almost universally exists should be maintained. Millions of letters are posted every day without a thought on the part of the senders that they could be so interfered with, or the slightest fear that they will not be delivered intact. Yet the fact remains that the Government has the right or the power to open post-letters, has had it from a very early period, has used it not infrequently even in recent years, and if occasion arose would no doubt use it at the present time. No one, however, will suppose that a power so invidious and so repugnant to the British feeling would be made use of by any Government except under very special and exceptional circumstances or in an extreme emergency. It is, in fact, one of those weapons which have been confided to the executive, like the power to proclaim martial law, in obedience to the exigencies of national self-preservation, but on the understanding at the same time that they will be used most rarely, and only when all other methods have failed.

It may be interesting to trace the origin of the power or authority so conferred, and to refer concisely to the more important cases in which it has been exercised. In 1377 'bulls and other instruments' coming from Rome were ordered to be searched for. In 1528 the letters of an ambassador in England of the Emperor Charles V. were seized and opened by Cardinal Wolsey. In 1641 a report was made to the House of Commons that 'the House of Lords agreed to the opening of foreign mails,' and saying also that 'they did yield to the opening of letters, but that it would be very inconvenient if often used.' It is significant that in the same year complaint was made by an ambassador of the republic of Venice that his letters had been opened. An Act of Cromwell's Parliament establishing a postal system stated in its preamble that 'a Government post is the best means to discover and prevent many and wicked designs which have been and are daily contrived against the peace and welfare of the Commonwealth.' It would seem from this that it was intended to use the power very freely. Under Charles II. the Post-Office was leased to a private person, but the right of the State to open letters was reserved. It appears, indeed, that after the Restoration letters were often opened. The 'Spanish method' of opening and copying letters was shown to the king and Lord Arlington by a Sir Samuel Morland, who professed to be a master of the art. It was approved—indeed admired—and was ordered to be put in practice at the General Post-Office, where it is stated to have been used 'with advantage to the Crown.' At the fire of London the appliances were burned, and the practice appears to have been discontinued for a time. Afterwards, however, the plan was submitted to William III., but it did not commend itself to his judgment. He considered the secret a dangerous one, and that it ought not to be encouraged. Up till the reign of Queen Anne no *statutory* power to open letters had existed, but in 1711 a statute was passed formally conveying such power to the executive Government.

In 1722 the principal evidence against Bishop Atterbury, when the question of the deprival of his office was being considered by the House of Lords, was a copy of a letter that had been sent by him, and which was tendered by a Post-Office clerk and accepted as evidence. Similarly, a letter of J. Horne Tooke, who was being tried for high treason, was produced as evidence against him; it had been intercepted and opened in the post. In 1735 the House of Commons 'censured the opening of letters of members without an express warrant in writing under the hand of any of the Principal Secretaries of State for every such opening.' The letters *sent* by members of Parliament could then be readily identified from the fact that they were 'franked' on the outside by the member's signature. For other correspondence, more general warrants were considered sufficient. In 1783 Lord George Gordon's letters were detained. The records show that there were exactly one hundred warrants issued between 1712 and 1798; but during the great Continental war, when there were many enemies abroad and not a few traitors at home, the opening of letters was much more frequent, there having been three hundred and seventy-two warrants issued between 1799 and 1814. The details are in most cases given. In the former year a warrant was issued to open the letters of eighteen persons in Manchester and Liverpool, and in 1812 the postmasters of Manchester, Nottingham, and Glasgow received the very vague directions to 'open all such letters as should appear to be of a suspicious nature and likely to convey seditious information.' In 1843 there were some disturbances in the manufacturing districts, and warrants were issued to open the letters of seventeen persons who were suspected of promoting them.

It may be well to refer here in detail to some circumstances which occurred in 1844, and which led to a parliamentary inquiry regarding the power that existed to open letters, but more particularly to the manner in which the power had been exercised, and with what frequency. In that year the political refugee Mazzini, who was alleged to be connected with an insurrectionary plot in Italy that was cal-

culated to disturb the peace of Europe, and who was joined by some other persons probably connected with him politically, petitioned the House of Commons, alleging that their correspondence had been opened and read in the Post-Office, and praying for redress and that the repetition of such an unconstitutional and infamous practice should be prevented. Mazzini, who had many influential friends in England, including Macaulay, Carlyle, Grote, John Stuart Mill, and others—although it does not follow that they sympathised with his methods for securing Italian independence—was championed by a Mr Duncombe, a member of Parliament, who inquired of Sir James Graham, the Home Secretary, if the statements as to the opening of the letters were true. The question was not definitely answered; there was an admission, however, that as regards the correspondence of one of the petitioners a warrant had been issued, but it was no longer in force. The Home Secretary concluded by saying 'it was not for the public good to pry and inquire.'

The effect of this reticence was unfortunate. As might have been expected, a long discussion followed, during which several extraordinary statements were made as to the extent to which the objectionable practice existed. It was alleged, amongst other things, that Post-Office officials had been sent to take lessons, under Fouché, the celebrated French detective, how best to open and refasten post-letters, and that the practice was systematically carried out in what was described as the 'Black Chamber' of the General Post-Office. Sir James Graham, very unwisely, neither admitted nor denied the truth of these statements, with the inevitable result that a large number of people concluded that he could not deny them. The flame was further fanned by a writer in the *Mysteries of London*, who describes the Black Chamber in detail, the implements it contained, their uses, and, minutely, the practices that were carried on; and a further petition complaining of improper interference with letters having at this time been presented to Parliament by a person named Stolzman, the people generally became quite alarmed. The press, too, with more zeal than discretion, did much to encourage the feeling. Seals engraven 'Not to be Grahamised' were on sale at the stationers' shops; 'safety' envelopes, for which it was claimed that it was impossible to open them without traces of their violation remaining, were invented and brought into use; and large numbers of letters were sent by coach, rail, &c., although this was contrary to law. At last the Government thought it better to let in some light on the matter, and to avow what under the existing power had been and what could be done. Sir James Graham, therefore, proposed the following motion: 'That a committee of secrecy be appointed to inquire into the state of the law in respect to the detaining and opening of letters at the General Post-Office, and into the mode in which the authority given for such detaining and opening has been exercised; and to report their opinion and observations thereon to the House.' The motion was adopted.

The committee received assistance from officials of the Privy Council Office and the Record Office, and had many sittings. Its inquiry was thorough, going back to the earliest date at which the practice of opening letters was known to have existed; and the report, which was presented late in 1844, contained a reference to all the important cases, the most interesting of which have been already referred to in this paper. It stated that during the century the annual number of warrants issued was slightly over eight, affecting the letters of about sixteen persons annually, on an average. In Ireland, where the Lord-Lieutenant had statutory powers, thirty-one warrants affecting the correspondence of sixty persons had been issued during the twelve years preceding 1844. As regards the letters of the foreigners Stolzman, Worcell, and Grodicki, it having been shown that the warrants of authority concerned the personal safety of a foreign Sovereign who was under the protection of England, it was held that the issuing of them was fully justified. In conclusion, the committee expressed the opinion not only that the Government should not be deprived of the power to detain and open letters, but that *restrictions on that power should not be imposed.*

It is not known to what extent, if any, the power has since been exercised; but it is believed that during the Fenian conspiracy it was again brought into use. Whether at a subsequent period the Irish members of Parliament really thought their letters were being opened it is impossible to say; but in 1889 one of them questioned the Government on the subject, desiring to know 'to what extent the "Grahamising" of letters was now exercised,' it having been alleged that some of their letters had been opened in the General Post-Office, Dublin. The Postmaster-General replied that if this had been done—he did not admit that it had, but promised to inquire—it would have been quite illegal, as the power to open letters did not rest with the Post-Office but with a Secretary of State. In connection with this it is alleged, on apparently good authority, that having protested to Mr Gladstone when on a certain occasion a Secretary of State issued a warrant to open letters, Mr Fawcett, then Postmaster-General, was told rather curtly to mind his own business.

While, as has been shown, the opening of letters in the post has occasionally resulted in some important information being obtained which was of use to the Government for the prevention of crime or the baffling of treasonable practices, it is to be recollected that in the present day Ministers are so severely criticised for almost everything they do that in the exercise of the power conferred upon them they are more likely to err on the side of caution than by an arbitrary exercise of that power. This should be sufficient to allay any anxiety on the subject that on the part of some persons might otherwise exist.

PROGRESS IN NORTH-WESTERN RHODESIA.

By W. B. ROBERTSON.

THE Zambesi River in its middle reaches describes a course something like the shape of a bowl, with the Victoria Falls at the bottom of the bowl. Within this bowl is contained about a fourth of what, with the settlement of boundaries, is expected to become the administrative area of North-Western Rhodesia; and this fourth is the only part of that territory to which immediate general interest attaches. In it a clever piece of engineering work has been completed—namely, the Victoria Falls railway bridge; and in it the railway line from the Cape is travelling towards Cairo at the rate of a mile a day. Passenger trains have been running regularly right up to the Falls from the Cape—ninety-two hours' journey—since June 1904; and so near has this greatest marvel of its kind been brought to us that Cook's tourist agency now has it included amongst their regular bookings. The British Association sent out an advance-party of half-a-dozen eminent scientists to make special studies on the spot, preparatory to the visit of the general body of its members last September, and the results of their investigations will in due course be presented in accessible form. All this—to say nothing of the week-enders that run up from Bulawayo, two hundred and eighty miles away—implies extensive hotel accommodation. That is already there in the shape of a hotel with all the latest improvements, and with its cuisine under the supervision of a *chef* from the London Carlton and Savoy Hotels, in the town of Livingstone, three miles from the Falls. Yet it is no longer ago than 14th November 1855 since these haunts of the crocodile and hippopotamus were first viewed by a white man—to wit, the great David Livingstone. As he approached the Falls in his canoe, and after the columns of vapour had appeared in sight, he says: 'The whole scene was extremely beautiful. . . . It had never been seen before by European eyes; but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight.' This scene, it is gratifying to know, is in no wise marred by the advent of the iron horse, for areas two miles wide and six miles long on both sides of the river have been reserved by the British South Africa Company as public parks 'for ever.'

As to the modern operations now going on here, these had to be preceded by a wholesale slaughter of crocodiles. According to a private letter from Mr Ferdinand Aitkens, District Commissioner at the Court of King Lewanika, the crocodile's chief enemies hitherto have been the jackal and hyæna. These, however, being no match for the amphibian, only eat the eggs when they can get them, and at this the most successful is the jackal. Mr Aitkens's 'boys' say that the jackal has sixteen eyes—one on the eggs and fifteen on the crocodile. The hyæna, on the other hand, being very greedy, has all his eyes on the eggs, and so often falls a victim to the watchful crocodile in motionless hiding. These 'boys' have also told him that the crocodile sometimes knocks its prey off the bank or off the canoe with its tail, and then seizes it with its wide-opening jaws. As many as twenty of these hideous reptiles have been seen in one group. Such dangerous neighbours had to be thinned out to allow people with only two eyes to pursue their business with a proper feeling of security. Lest sportsmen should regret this slaughter, let it be said there are still plenty of crocodiles in and about the Zambesi and its tributaries to provide quarry for several generations of sportsmen.

Extensive blasting operations had also to precede the laying of any portion of the bridge. Excavations wide and deep had to be made in each rocky bank; and a more moving spectacle, according to some, than that offered by the Falls themselves was presented by the descent of the huge basaltic boulders into the unfathomed torrent four hundred and fifty feet below. They struck the torrent with a mighty noise, indignant jets of water flew up seventy-five feet, and that was all that the smack of tons could elicit from the hurrying flood, burdened quite enough with trouble already. It was the engulfing of these rocky masses with no appreciable effect upon the raging water's career that made their disappearance impressive. To understand why the water thus rages, it is necessary to remember that the river at the Falls is over a mile wide. Here it drops four hundred feet—two and a half times the drop of Niagara—into a trough that extends along the whole front of the cataract, and that with its opposing face, which rises as high as the rock over which the water flows, suddenly bars farther progress except through a narrow cleft near its eastern end. Through this, which is called the Boiling Pot, the panic-stricken flood forces its way with increasing turbulence. Just below the Boiling Pot is the site of the bridge, where, as can be readily understood, the water must be still in a great state of agitation.

These excavations, as important as the laying of the bridge itself, had of course to be closely directed by the engineer-in-charge and his staff, and necessitated their presence now on one bank and now on the other. Though the banks are only two hundred yards apart, going from one to the other involved a land-and-water journey of ten miles, and engineers that build great bridges cannot have their time taken up with this sort of thing. So one fine morning a rocket with a string attached was fired across the great gorge. To this string, after it was in safe hands on the other side, was attached a stout cord,

then came a stouter cord, and finally a strong steel rope. This was made fast at each end, a sort of basket suspended by a pulley-wheel was attached to it, and Mr C. Beresford Fox, the engineer-in-charge, was hauled across the fearful chasm. He was the first to make this sensational journey, which by-and-by the requirements of the work made quite a commonplace affair.

Meanwhile, the bridge, an elegant, spidery, lattice-work structure, was being made in England, every separate part of steel being numbered so that it might be pieced together like a puzzle afterwards. There was also being made, and subjected to the severest test, an electric thirty-horse-power motor that was destined to play a daring part in the erection of the bridge. These, satisfactorily completed, and weighing over sixteen hundred tons, were shipped to Beira and thence conveyed by rail to the brink of the river. Steel supports of enormous strength—the one on the south bank eighty feet high, and the other, which had been punted slowly and laboriously, and in pieces, across the river above the Falls, on the north bank, thirty-six feet high—were now built; and between these was strung eight hundred and seventy feet of cable nearly five hundred feet above the water, with a breaking-strain of two hundred and forty tons. On this cable the already-mentioned electric motor was to achieve distinction, and on the 28th of July 1904 everything was ready to mount it on its aerial line. This took three days to accomplish, for it weighed four tons. The men appropriately named it 'Blondin, the four-ton rope-walker.' On its first trip down the sagging cable it was described as looking like a monster bee climbing down a string. It was supported on a frame-work which hung by the travelling wheels from the cable, and to which was fitted a chair for the driver. It was fed from a copper conductor stretched across the gorge, the electric current being generated by a dynamo working on the bank. The maximum load this modern Blondin carried was ten tons, when relieved of the detachable cage weighing two tons in which passengers were conveyed. Among early passengers to cross the Zambesi in this novel way were Princess Christian and her daughter Princess Victoria, and Lord and Lady Roberts. It also took locomotives to the other side. These, weighing over eighty tons, had to be dismantled and conveyed in instalments. As the bridge was being built from each bank simultaneously, and as the railway was being laid at the rate of a mile a day on the north side, it can easily be imagined that 'Blondin' had a very busy time, for all the material both for the northern half of the bridge and for the railway construction had to be transported by this electric cable-way. It is computed that by the time the bridge was completed 'Blondin' had carried as many as fifty thousand tons of material across. The union of the two ends of the bridge, which was thrown across somewhat on the cantilever principle, and which consists of a single span of six hundred and fifty feet, was effected last April.

This now brings us into close touch with a territory that offers attractions—present and prospective—that have never been excelled, if indeed they have ever been equalled. For the viewer of wonders there are the Victoria Falls, for the sportsman there is every kind of quarry in the way of big game, and for the settler there are the rich valleys that intersect the healthy Batoka plateau. Sir Charles Metcalfe, the Rhodesian railway consulting engineer, says that in the territory bordering on the Congo State he has found what he considers the best farming land he has seen in Africa. There are also proved mineral deposits of iron, copper, lead, zinc, and gold only awaiting the rapidly approaching railway, which will also tap rich zones of rubber and cotton. All these attractions are, of course, not new. What is new, however, is the apparently startling suddenness with which they have been brought so near to us—so near that any one with the necessary means at his disposal, from this country, can now visit them and familiarise himself with them, and be home again inside of ten weeks. No wonder that Professor (now Sir G. H.) Darwin, in formally opening the bridge on 12th September, in the presence of a hundred members of the British Association, was moved to say that it seemed nothing short of a fairy tale to stand on this bridge over the Zambesi, in a place which heroic explorers had spent months in fruitless endeavours to reach, and which they in luxurious ease had now reached in a few hours.

OFF FINISTERRE.

Close-veiled as Fate the sombre, starless night,
Implacable the menace of the sea,
Flinging its sullen, unchained, tireless strength
Against the shrouded land it held in fee,
Only the threatening waves and voiceless air
About the coast of Finisterre.

Sad thoughts flung back recalled some parting word,
While longing eyes sought the forsaken shore,
Calling on memory to restore the past,
Some frustrate hope buried for evermore.
'Farewell!' they sighed, and all a sigh's despair
The echoes stirred of Finisterre.

When swift across the wide dividing gloom
There flashed a message lit with sudden flame,
Light stole its menace from the threatening sea,
And bridged a path of hope from whence it came,
Kindling the dark as with a torch's flare
Flung from the coast of Finisterre.

So, when the order sounds, and in response,
Steering its course by unfamiliar stars,
The soul sets sail upon its lonely cruise,
Love still may follow, spite of prison bars—
May carry comfort in its winged prayer,
Like the broad flame from Finisterre.

Author of 'Miss Molly.'

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SIXTH SERIES.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS TO WILLIAM HUNTER.*

Edited by VICTOR G. PLARR, Librarian of the Royal College of Surgeons.

PART I.

SOME of the leading London physicians of the eighteenth century were as much wits as the statesmen, men of letters, and philosophers whom they numbered among their illustrious patients. Two famous Scotsmen, Dr John Arbuthnot and Dr William Hunter, were each in his age notable examples of the good physicians whom men delighted to honour for their conversation or their achievements in literature or virtuosity quite as much as for their skill in physic. A vivid sidelight is thrown on the careers of these two ingenious men by the 'Hunter-Baillie Collection of Autographs,' now in the library of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. The collection consists of five large quarto volumes, of which the first is made up almost throughout of letters from celebrities sent to Arbuthnot and William Hunter during the first eighty years of the eighteenth century. 'These letters,' writes Miss Hunter-Baillie, who represents two great medical stocks, 'have been collected by the Hunter and Baillie family,' and they were in part long known as the 'Baillie Letters.' They were catalogued under the guidance of Miss Hunter-Baillie's father, Mr W. Hunter-Baillie, who died at the great age of ninety-six in 1894. This gentleman was the son of the well-known physician Matthew Baillie, who, through his mother Dorothea, was nephew of the famous John and William Hunter, anatomists, surgeons, and founders of great museums. Dr Matthew's sister was Joanna Baillie the authoress, and her correspondence with Sir Walter Scott forms part of the same collection. These, as now arranged, owe much to the taste and knowledge of Miss Hunter-Baillie, her late sister, and her cousin the late Right Hon. Justice Denman.

The Arbuthnot letters have been partly reprinted at different times and in different collections, and were known by Kippis in 1778 to be in the hands of the Misses Arbuthnot, whence they probably passed into the possession of William Hunter. They have been fully treated and set forth in Mr Aitken's *Life and Works of John Arbuthnot* (Oxford, 1892), where they are cited as the 'Baillie Letters.'

We need say no more of them here save that they were written by Swift, Pope, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Chesterfield, and Lord Harley, and that they show that John Arbuthnot, Queen Anne's 'favourite physician,' as he is called in the 'Journal to Stella,' and creator of 'John Bull,' was a man of the first importance in the first circles of his age.

The William Hunter letters, on the other hand, are little, if at all, known; but they interest us scarcely less than those sent to Arbuthnot. True, they belong to a later epoch and are more correctly written, and often individually more modern in appearance than the Arbuthnot letters. Many are, indeed, mere notes, but all are characteristic utterances of the *élite* of a great generation and an age not our own.

Old letters, even when their style appears to us stilted, contain a something—a force of sentiment, a turn of diction—of which the present, unduly ashamed to show its feelings and constantly haunted by the fear of egotism, has lost the secret. A hundred and fifty years ago a note was, at least, a small revelation of individuality; a long letter was often a human document. The very size of the paper, which was quarto instead of octavo, invited to fullness, confidence, and ease, and thus made of letter-writing an urbane art and a cherished leisurely pastime. We shall transcribe the letters under discussion exactly as they were written, with all their misspellings and little inadvertences in the way of punctuation and the

* Reprinted by kind consent of Miss Hunter-Baillie and of the President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

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use of capitals. It is only thus that we can hope to hear the authentic voice of the eighteenth century, the age *par excellence* of letter-writers.

William Hunter was born at the old family-house of Long Calderwood in Lanarkshire in 1718. He was the seventh child of his parents, his illustrious brother John being the tenth. Less original, perhaps, but more of a scholar than John, William was carefully educated in the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh and in St George's Hospital, London. At the time the Hunter-Baillie letters were beginning to be received by him he was already a fashionable practitioner and had countless correspondents. The letters to him, indeed, bulk much more largely than those to the older wit, Dr Arbuthnot.

We begin with a letter from John Hunter, dated from Belleisle, where the writer was acting as surgeon to the English expedition and about to depart with the troops for Portugal. John opens with a reference to William's controversy with the Monros, senior and junior, relative to an anatomical discovery claimed by William:

'DEAR BROTHER I have read your answer to Monro I think that it is just the thing that it should be. It would give me great joy to see him read it. I am very much obliged to you for your introduction of me: I think my name will live, now that it is joind with yours. Mr. Pettigrew gives me strong hope of your being imploy'd by the Queen. I think after all that I may come in for something.'

In this year Queen Charlotte actually did call him in at the time of the Prince of Wales's birth. It would appear that Mrs Thrale, afterwards Piozzi, wished to recommend a wet-nurse; but William Hunter objected to this woman, whom Mrs Thrale had introduced to the notice of Lady Effingham in a set of phrases capable of two constructions. Mrs Thrale, in several letters addressed to third parties, was characteristically wroth with Dr William for daring to boggle at her suggestion. In 1764 Hunter became Physician-Extraordinary to the Queen, and illustrious correspondents began to apply to him for royal bulletins. Thus the Duchess of Argyll (once the beautiful Miss Gunning, and, later, Duchess of Hamilton by her first marriage) writes from Inveraray Castle (July 9, 1776) to inquire about the King's health, 'a paragraph in the newspaper' having alarmed her: 'If he is really ill sure the Queen must be miserable and so must every body that knows him tho' not all in the same degree.' This illness of the King's does not seem to have been mental, but the trivial note just quoted shows how much he was beloved. Many missives refer to general matters; all prove Hunter's popularity. The following note refers to Fielding's comedy, *The Good-Natured Man*, written before the author was thirty, and performed for the first time after his death:

'Sir John Fielding presents his Compliments to Dr. Hunter, and acquaints him that the Comedy of the Good-natured Man written by the late Mr. Henry Fielding will be performed at Drury Lane next Monday being the Author's Widow's Night.

'He was your old & sincere friend. There are no other of his works left unpublished. This is the last opportunity you will have of shewing any respect to his Memory as a Genius, so that I hope you will send all your pupils, all your patients, all your Friends, & every body else to the Play that Night, by which Means you will indulge your benevolent feelings & your Sentiments of Friendship.'

The note is dated 4th December 1778, at Bow Street, where Sir John Fielding had succeeded his famous half-brother Henry as police-magistrate. As such he carried out the novelist's plan for breaking up gangs of robbers, and we find him writing in the third person to William Hunter 'that there are two Highwaymen in Custody, one of whom may probably be the same that robbed him on the 18th of January last.' William Hunter nowhere mentions this robbery.

Allan Ramsay, the fashionable London portrait-painter (son of the Scottish poet), writes from Bolt Court on 1st June 1778: 'Dr. Johnson with his usual humanity interests himself for a young artist who lies ill of some distemper which requires the advice of a skillfull anatomist, and has induced me to conspire with him in desiring that you would be so good as to call upon the young man when you happen to go to that part of the town where he lodges. . . . His name is Lowe. Being well acquainted with your benevolent disposition, I will make no apology for this request.'

Thomas Coutts, the famous banker, requests Dr Hunter to attend his wife in her confinement. This lady had been a maidservant, and of her three daughters two were married to peers, and the third became the ancestress of the present Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Thomas Coutts was an Edinburgh man, fourth son of Lord Provost John Coutts. His direction marks the period when houses in streets were as yet unnumbered: 'We are now at the house of Mr. Dennison at the last lamp on the south side of Little Mortimer Street near Oxford Market.'

Oliver Goldsmith writes, introducing his nephew: 'He has been liberally bred and has read some thing of physic and surgery, but desires to take the shortest and best method of being made more perfect in those studies. I beg sir you will put him in the way of improvement.'

Lord Chatham writes, asking for Hunter's professional assistance just prior to the birth of a child—afterwards the great William Pitt. 'The knowing persons here think it proper to desire your assistance. . . . Thank God, Lady Hester is in perfect health and calm, strong spirits, so that I trust all will go happily.'

Shortly we hear of the teething of the younger Pitt:

'I certainly wish'd to have continued Nurse Caruthers about my Boy till he had been older, and more particularly at this time that he is every day cutting more Teeth, but upon reading the account your Letter gives of the Melancholy Situation of poor Lady Maynard, I cou'd not hesitate in giving my Consent to part with Nurse Caruthers, and shall feel happy if I have been able by so doing to contribute at all towards alleviating the distress of S[r] William and Lady Maynard. I desire you will believe that if after the knowledge of the case, any Motive cou'd have been wanting to my doing what I have done, the manner in which you interest yourself in it wou'd have been an inducement to me, and that no apology is necessary on any part, for a request which circumstances made so natural. You will find that Nurse Caruthers is the Bearer of this Letter.—I am Sir Your most Humble Servant,

CHATHAM.'

The letter is dated at Lord Chatham's country-house of Hayes, 8th May (a Saturday).

In 1770 William Hunter built his famous museum in Great Windmill Street. It is now, of course, one of the glories of Glasgow University. After making a large and very valuable collection of anatomical and pathological specimens, he began to purchase medals and coins, minerals, corals, and latterly a fine library of rare Greek and Latin books. At the same time that he collected for his museum he was elected to and filled the new office of Professor of Anatomy in the English Royal Academy, and became a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. He was thus a connoisseur among all kinds of connoisseurs, just as Dr Arbuthnot had been a wit among wits.

William Hunter lectured eloquently on anatomy, and was assisted by his famous brother John. It is curious to find that the great historian Gibbon's passion for knowledge led him to wish to be acquainted with this science. He writes in his beautiful delicate manuscript: 'Mr. Gibbon presents his compliments to Dr. Hunter, and proposes himself the pleasure of attending some of his Anatomical lectures. He sincerely laments that his litterary and Parliamentary avocations will not allow him to enjoy the whole benefit of so interesting and instructive a Course of Study.'

Dating from Strawberry Hill, on 7th October 1773, Horace Walpole writes with reference to an original or moose-deer, the property of Lord Orford. 'Pray do not think I pretend to be making you a present, for besides that I can only part with him on condition of his being restored to Lord Orford, if we should be so happy as to see his Lordship recover, the poor creature is in miserable condition, & when I saw him in August, was almost the Skeleton you ask for.' Throughout his published letters Horace Walpole makes rather uncivil allusions to Dr Hunter, but is polite enough when writing to him direct!

Barry the painter writes to borrow a medal or print of Pericles and Lycurgus, 'if there be any such.' 'It would be even of importance,' he says, 'to be certain there were no heads of them as Mr. B. would be then justified in recurring to his invention' in the very large picture he is engaged upon. Sir Horace Mann writes about the purchase for Hunter of a portion of the library of Morgagni, the anatomist, of Bologna. Joseph Priestley writes relative to the election of Dr Hey to the Royal Society. Lord Bute presents his compliments. 'He has received a singular fish from the Cape. He expects it to have some affinity to the frog fish . . . described by Merion, but however that may be, if the doctor thinks it worth a place in His collection, Ld Bute desires He would accept it, as a trifling Mark of his Regard.' Lord North writes familiarly, soliciting Hunter's vote at a meeting of the East India Company. Both statesmen write scrawls. Lord Rockingham, in a fairer handwriting, says: 'I am far better than when I had the pleasure of seeing you, and which I attribute to the Course you recommended, yet I have frequent moments, that keep up my Idea, that a Peephole might be useful to ascertain the real Cause of my Complaints.' The letter is dated 1768, and signed your 'obliged Friend.'

Dr Hunter was on easy terms with the great. Indeed, we gather from many hints in these letters that, like John Arbuthnot in the reign of Queen Anne, he was valued for the grace of his manners and for a certain sterling honesty and helpfulness quite as much as for his professional ability. The esteem in which he was held shines out in a series of letters written in 1767, in which year he had attended Lady Suffolk at her death in childbed. Her husband, Henry, twelfth Earl of Suffolk, K.G., Secretary of State for the Northern Department, writes to him in a strain of manly sentiment finely characteristic of the age. So remarkable is the letter that we cannot but regret that we know so little of the writer:

'SIR—You forbid me addressing you as I meant: you restrain my Gratitude from flowing in the only channel which is open to it at present. How am I to return the greatest of Obligations? You gave up every thing to us! You risqued your own health to restore Her's! Your heart felt for us! and now by a delicacy, a sentiment, a principle, unknown to the mean souls of these times, you rise superior to Reward! you do so: for, the only adequate Reward must proceed, and can proceed only from yourself, independent of any body—I mean the consciousness of what you have done—that sweet Reflexion! which shall soften the pangs even of such scenes as we have witnessed, alleviate all the cruel circumstances of disappointed merit, when Success fail'd the kindest attention, and the Almighty was not pleas'd (Sublunarily speaking) to bless your care, or, smile upon the resigned fortitude of your patient. Indeed, in-

deed, Hunter! She bore her Illness in a manner to make Men blush!—But no more of that—my busyness is to beg of you, if *Reward* is an irksome word, to let me substitute *Regard* in its room: and when I come to London to entreat an opportunity of seeing you, and marking that Regard. I will say no more of it now; save to insist, if hereafter, in Life, at any time, in any case, I may ever be so fortunate as to have it in my power to indulge my own wishes by being able to shew my gratitude to you essentialy, as I ought, and owe it, that you will do me the pleasure & favour, I will call it Justice, freely to command it; for I shall always esteem myself, *dum memor ipse mei!* Your much obliged tho' most unhappy friend & servant, SUFFOLK.

'Lady Andover, my sister and little orphan arrived safely here the day before yesterday. The Child is very well, and has not suffered the least inconvenience from it's journey. If she grows up in perfect Health, if her Beauty is compleat, if her mind is as free from blemish as her Body, and both are spotless; if she is truly virtuous, free from affectation, easy, unreserved, and with a word, a look, can keep Fools & Puppys at a distance—if in her happy composition, manly courage, and more than manly sense, is tempered with female tenderness & endearment, if in every kind character & Relation of Life, she stands unparalell'd, the best of Daughters, Wives, & Friends; if, above all, she looks up to the one Almighty God with humility and submission, Religiously conscious that she is rendering herself most acceptable to Him by Behaving well, by being Good, and doing her Duty Here in whatever situation it pleases Him to place her—then will she turn out like her Mother!'

William Hunter, it seems, had been deeply touched by Lady Suffolk's death, and had refused the fee of that fine fellow her husband. This refusal was to his credit; for, collector that he was, he valued money and sought to obtain it for the purchase of specimens and medals for his museum.

Hunter's manly letter to Lord Suffolk has been in great part reprinted in Dr Hingston Fox's Life of the former, published in 1901. 'I am now by your Lordship's kind sympathy,' runs the letter, 'as happy as I can be, after taking such a share in so great a calamity. I feel an inclination to say a thousand things which I must suppress. I wish to talk upon a subject which you must forget. We will take it up in Heaven. At this moment I fancy that I have a Friend there who listens to my thoughts, and bids me say to you in a little while we shall all be happy again; who bids me tell you, to take care, for her sake, of yourself and of your child. Allow me to love your child all the days of my life: she will be exactly what you describe and what you wish. Allow me sometimes to see her, that I may indulge a pleasing melancholy and fancy that I am doing something very agreeable to Heaven. It may be preparatory to some exalted enjoyment there.'

He then advises Lord Suffolk to return into the busy world. The little girl, thus fondly written of, lived only a few years; and her father, after trying to console himself with a second marriage, died at the comparatively early age of thirty-nine.

William Hunter's position at Court sometimes involved him in situations requiring much tact. The Queen seems to have been nervous about herself, but, like many invalids, did not wish a doctor to be summoned when she was ill. An undated note to Hunter runs as follows:

'SIR—Her Majesty wou'd like to see you at her House at a little after three, but you must not mention that you was sent for, only that you want to see Prince Frederick as you heard he was in town.'

On one important occasion William Hunter acted as the great Dr Johnson's ambassador to George III. At least, we infer that Hunter presented the *Journey to the Hebrides* to his royal master. Johnson's letter to Hunter is dated 29th December 1774:

'SIR—I am very much obliged by your willingness to present my book to His Majesty. I have not courage to offer it myself, yet I cannot forbear to wish that He may see it, because it endeavours to describe a part of his Subjects, seldom visited, and little known, and his Benevolence will not despise the meanest of his people.

'I have sent you a book, to which you are very justly entitled, and beg that it may be admitted to stand in your library however little it may add to its elegance or dignity.—I am, Sir, Your most humble Servant, SAM: JOHNSON.'

There is no record of this presentation having been made either in Boswell's or Sir John Hawkins's Lives, but we know that Hunter was punctilious in all such matters. It is curious to find Johnson too timid to offer the book in person, seeing that his well-known interview with George III. in the library of the Queen's house had taken place as long ago as 1767, on which occasion the King had paid him a royal compliment. 'I do not think you borrow much from anybody,' said the King. To which Johnson replied that 'he thought he had already done his part as a writer;' and George III. graciously rejoined: 'I should have thought so too, if you had not written so well.' The actual tour through the Hebrides had taken place in 1773.

William Hunter seems to have been a friend of many of Johnson's friends. This was only natural, as they both knew the leading personages of their day.

Here is a sprightly note from Lady Di, wife of Johnson's Topham Beauclerk:

'Lady Di Beauclerk sends her comp^{ts} to Doctor Hunter and is extreamly oblig'd to him for his offer of the venison, which she will send for Saturday morning. Mr. Beauclerk & L^{y} Di wish

vastly to see Doctor Hunter at Muswell Hill & think that if he wish'd as much to come he might find a day.

'N:B: Doctor Hunter is desir'd to recollect that a note can not well be answer'd before it is receiv'd.'

Hunter was no gad-about. He kept very much to himself, lived very frugally, and attended closely to business. Many of the Hunter letters are from 'brither Scots.' Thus, William Robertson the historian thanks Hunter for a present of books to the library of the University of Edinburgh: 'They are all entered on the Register of our Library as donations from you, and I am glad to see your name stand there in that character. Any mark of your regard to our Medical Colleges here shews a very different spirit from that illiberal one which prevails at present among some of your fraternity.' Professor Joseph Black, discoverer of latent heat, writes from Glasgow in 1764 to say that he cannot take into his house a student recommended by Hunter. 'But I shall do my best to have him well lodged, in a Professor's house as an ordinary Boarder at £10 the quarter. . . . If he is tractable, and has a taste for the studies abovementioned (Chemistry and Natural Philosophy) I shall take the more pleasure in conversing with him & will see him the oftener.'

The letter is characteristic of a philosopher of common sense.

The following, dated 'Ed. Febr^y 18, 1776,' is from Bruce of African fame:

'Dear Doctor—You Gave me infinite pleasure by your Goodness in writing to me the 3 Inst in your little leisure you do more than we all can do who have no avocation Building the Ague & a Lawsuit the last by much the worst disease have taken up my whole Summer. There is another destroyer of time which I have also to acc^t for it shall be at Meeting you may suppose it in the mean time Matrimony & the Ladys Name Dundas a Niece of Sr. Lawrence's this is *entre nous*.

'I think to set out next Thursday for London My old Lodgings are taken for me I bring with me a few Drawings which should make if encouragement was Given me The first designs for the *King's* Third Volume of the Antiquities of Africa. I have done something towards my Voyage or Journey which in spite of my teeth becomes the History of Abyssinia I have translated a Considerable part of their Annals. I have likewise translated half Enoch [the Ethiopic version of the famous apocryphal Book of Enoch] tis a strange Rhapsody. I am happy you have Duanes collection Yours is Indeed a Noble one Duane when I was Last in London desird me to Write to Alexandria to See if I could procure him some Gold medals of the Ptolomeys which he promisd to Give me £20 the piece for I have this Summer Got four which are all duplicates of those I have Got already what will he have me do with them?

'Be so Good as to keep Burneys book for me it has been long in coming. I Receivd a Letter from Mr. Woide desiring I would bring up my Papyrus Coptic Manuscript with me which in consideration that he is protected by you I will do. Pray never forget to remember me In the most respectful manner to all friends. To Lord Hertford Col Keene Sir Thos Wynne assure them how faithfully I retain the Sense of all their past Goodness to me.'

He signs himself with 'the Greatest Consideration and Esteem.'

The Burney mentioned in this letter is Dr Burney the musician, and father of Fanny Burney. We find him writing on business to Dr Hunter, as also does David Garrick, while Sir Joshua Reynolds and Vicq D'Azyr send diplomas.

(To be continued.)

A STORMY MORNING.

CHAPTER IV.

So Betty's gloomy anticipations as to her being 'kept out of it' as regarded the amusements she was wont to share with her brother were certainly not realised. The little coolness between brother and sister, caused by her apparent non-appreciation of the many charms of Erle, vanished like hoar-frost in the sun, and habit reasserted itself, the boy never seeming happy unless his sister was of their company in their sporting, fishing, or sailing expeditions.

In spite of her apparently slender frame, Betty was strong of wind and limb and as active as a cat. She never seemed to tire, and was never so happy as when her light foot was on her native heath and she was following Jack's gun.

Of course she was thrown much with Erle, and many were the walks home alone with him, careless Jack taking a last 'cast round.' Often did they two sit together silently under a dike or behind the stooks, waiting for driven game; and, as was to be expected, the girl, as time went on, found herself thinking a good deal about Mr Erle; but Jack was always first with her, so far.

The young people were seated one afternoon on a bank near a little wood not far from the house, Jack idly throwing sticks and stones at Johnnie, who shrieked with delight; Betty, with her long arms clasped round her drawn-up knees, her straw hat pushed back off her forehead, remonstrating; Erle furtively watching her.

They had given up shooting early that day, as

the net was to be drawn that night, and keeper and gillies and all hands would be required.

'Good gracious! here comes Cattleya and her kodak,' said Jack. 'What a bore she is! We shall all have to sit, I suppose, and figure in one of her volumes. She has stacks of them.—Well, Mrs Fletcher,' he continued as the widow drew near, smirking and smiling archly, 'how will you have us? Like this?' and he jumped up and struck an attitude; 'or Sandow's last?' and he put himself into position for performing some grotesque exercise; 'or, wait!' shouted the boy; 'I am sure you would like a picture of fond lovers.—Get up, Betty,' and he seized his sister round the waist, holding her hand.

'Charming, charming!' said the widow; and snap, and the deed was done. 'Please, one more. Full-face, Lord Fitzhugh,' she said; and the bright young pair posed again, Betty, with a smile on her lips, looking up fondly at the boy, the latter gazing at Mrs Fletcher.

'It is quite charming! Such an addition to my little collection of friends!' she drawled.—'Now, Mr Erle, pray be kind to me too;' and she looked with bold and admiring glance at the strong face and well-knit figure, the dash of coarseness and bravura appealing to her full-flavoured tastes. 'Full-face, please; they are always so much more like the people, and so much more interesting so!—A fine fellow,' she muttered under her breath.—'One more; my very last film,' she said, suiting the action to the word. 'So—many, many thanks.'

She turned away, a smile on her sly face, settling her tight waistband and smoothing down her sheath-like skirt.

'I think tea is ready, Miss Fitzhugh,' she said over her shoulder.

Mrs Fletcher had one accomplishment; she was an admirable photographer. She knew every trick of the trade, kept pace with all the improvements and progress. She was also far from wanting in artistic sense. Perhaps the late Fletcher (if, indeed, he had existed) may have been a photographer, and madame had thus acquired her knowledge; but no one had ever heard her speak or allude to that misty personage, a deep sigh and eloquent wave of the hand checking any reference to him most successfully. She could easily have earned bread and much butter with her camera; but she was sensuous and lazy, and preferred the tables of the rich and the freedom from care or trouble of any kind which she obtained in a position such as she had so skilfully achieved in the house of Lady Fitzhugh.

She preceded the young people into the house, mounting hurriedly to her room to stow away the treasured camera in safety and to attend to her complexion before she went down to tea.

She developed the films that night. She had established a most comfortable photographic studio at Dunscaith. The little pictures were gems in their way—sharp, clear, and distinct. Mrs Fletcher gloated long over them, and a smile was on her full lips as she locked them away.

CHAPTER V.

On the many and much-to-be-deprecated occasions when he found himself alone with her, Erle's fits of moody disgust with himself and with life in general, hints at the injustice and jealousy of others, 'because one happens to do some things just a little better than most people,' were exploited freely for the benefit of Betty's kind and generous heart.

The girl's fine, straightforward nature and noble instincts were easy to work on; but she was also rather boyish in some ways, and a faint feeling of distaste sometimes swept over her at Erle's diatribes and laments.

'I think he rather whines,' she said to herself, and then she felt compunctions.

One fine day, however, Erle discovered that he loved Betty as he had never loved before in all his stained and stormy life—his experiences had been wide and varied enough, in all conscience, in the tender passion—and that his project of indulging in the pleasing excitement of stirring the heart of a beautiful young girl had recoiled on his own head. He saw also that he had no grounds for believing that she looked upon him in any other light than as 'Jack's friend, Mr Erle;' she was so frank and free in her treatment of him as such, and as a pleasant companion.

He knew that there could be no question of marriage between himself and young Fitzhugh's sister. Not on account of any disparity of rank; those landmarks are being rapidly removed, and the day is approaching, if it has not arrived, when the pastrycook's son will wed with the countess's daughter, 'the money being all right, don't you know?'

In this case the money was not all right—far from it. Geoffrey Erle's dollars were few—barely sufficient, indeed, for his own needs, even when eked out by sharp transactions in the ring, in the City, and by sailing very close to the wind with the cards, of which he was past-master. Betty, he thought, would, of course, be possessed only of the pittance that usually falls to the daughters and younger sons of most noble houses. In this, however, he happened to be mistaken, there being a secret trust in the close fists of the family lawyer, whereby Betty would benefit considerably on attaining legal years of discretion. This was only known to the said family lawyer and to Betty's uncle and guardian, Lord Forsyth. A wise provision indeed on the part of the late lord.

I do not think that I have made it clear how exceedingly attractive Betty was.

Tall and slim, with an erect figure and long limbs, beautiful hands and feet; a little head proudly set

on a long and graceful neck—a head with thick brown hair growing low on the brow, waving quite independently of Mr Hinde and his curlers away from the temples; straight brows; clear, true eyes, brown as the pools of the moorland streams on her native hills; straight nose, with sensitive nostrils; firm lips; and those rarest of all beauties, a perfect chin and line of cheek. A good girl, a true girl, a clever girl, proud and sensitive, with a strong dash of temper and obstinacy, but a heart of gold, so tender that it had a way of casting a veil over the sin in pity for the sinner.

She was adored by the poor people on the property, most of whom she knew personally and went among constantly, interesting herself in their families, their hopes, and fears; laughing with those who laughed, weeping with those who wept.

Many and anxious were the looks cast on the strange Mr Erle who was staying so long at Dunscaith, and heavy were the hearts in many a humble home as his visit still dragged on its unconscionable length. 'For he is no' a match for the lord's daughter,' they muttered under their breath, with many a depreciatory epithet in Gaelic. The verdict of the servants' hall—which, however much we may scorn the idea, is often so just and accurate—had filtered through the keepers and gillies, and it was most unfavourable to Mr Erle.

Of course the day came when the man lost control over the passion that devoured him. Perhaps he did not try to control it. Selfish and bad at heart, devoid of all principle, he felt he would risk all in this world and the next could he but wring one word of love from Betty's beautiful lips, could he but see the clear eyes cloud for him, the pale cheek flush.

They were crossing a burn on the way home from a day on the hill. Jack had gone round by a birch-wood on the chance of black-game, and the man and the maid wandered homewards together.

It was a glorious evening. The air seemed to be full of gold-dust in which the gnats danced madly. The rays of the setting sun intensified the colour of the great sweeps of purple heather rolling away to the pale hills far beyond. The grouse crowed on the moorland; the curlew wailed on the shore.

'It is as beautiful as a dream,' said Betty softly as she gazed on the scenes she loved so well.

'It is indeed,' said Erle, devouring her with his eyes.

He crossed the stepping-stones first, Betty following. Her foot slipped slightly on the last boulder over which the amber water was sliding, and her lithe figure swayed.

In an instant Erle's arm was round her, crushing her to him, and the black moustache and hot lips were sullying the pure cheek.

With a strength of which he had not thought her capable, the girl wrenched herself free, and stood at bay with blazing eyes like an outraged young goddess.

'How dare you, Mr Erle?' she said. 'How dare you?' tears of anger and shame rushing to her eyes.

The man was beside himself. He flung himself on the ground at her feet, pouring forth a perfect torrent of protestation, prayers for forgiveness, and a declaration of his hopeless love.

Betty stood like a statue; anger, pity, terror, helplessness, on her tearful face.

A 'Halloo!' aroused them, and Jack's figure, without his gun, was seen approaching.

'What on earth have you been doing?' he shouted. 'I have been all the way home and back again. I thought you had gone in.'

Betty was mute.

Young Fitzhugh looked sharply at her.

Erle tried hard to regain his composure and made some futile remark.

They all walked home in silence, a sudden fear chilling the boy's heart, and rousing a wrathful suspicion as to his friend. For some time past an uneasy feeling had been creeping over him that Erle's stay was of unreasonable length, and that he still showed no signs of leaving, though he was always talking of his many engagements to stay at country-houses, to ride at steeplechases, &c.

After they reached the house Jack followed his sister up to her room.

'How much longer is Erle going to stay here, Betty, do you know?'

Betty answered faintly in the negative.

'I must say I think it very odd,' said her brother. 'I asked him up here to shoot; but I never meant him to stay nearly two months. And what's more, I don't like it, and I wish the fellow would go,' he said rather crossly.

Betty burst into tears.

'Jack, Jack, don't be cross with me,' she sobbed. 'I have only got you in the world. Mother would not care if I were to die to-morrow, and Mrs Fletcher would be delighted. You have been so different to me, too, sometimes lately. I wish I could die,' she said hysterically.

The boy clasped her in his arms, soothing her and comforting her with all the old affection, and she grew calmer; but he went out from her presence with care on his young brow for the first time in his careless life, and a settled resolve on his lips.

'I must go, and take the brute with me, I suppose; for he won't go otherwise,' he said to himself. 'We can go and shoot Glen Crottal,' naming a distant shooting, with a lodge where they usually passed the night on such occasions. 'He can go south from there. We must shoot Duncraig and Barabreac to-morrow, and next day here; but never shall he set foot inside this house again. I am sick of him; and, moreover, I don't think he is good form, and I don't believe he has got all those places to go to that he talks so much about. He said he had a mount for Wearmouth steeplechases, and they came off last week. I suppose he thought I should not notice. —— it! if I thought he had been

making love to Betty I would kill him,' said the lad savagely. 'I don't half-like the way he looks at her sometimes when he thinks it safe. What a blooming idiot I was to bring him here!'

Jack became a perfect dragon during the last days of Erle's stay, and seldom lost sight of his sister or of his friend. Nevertheless, Erle cleverly managed to secure an interview with Betty, by the use of considerable strategy, before he left the house that had sheltered him so kindly and hospitably for so many weeks, and where if he had failed to work great harm it was certainly by no virtue of his.

In Betty's eyes he certainly showed to advantage during his last moments with her. Haggard as he was with sleepless nights—for he really did love and desire the girl in his own selfish, brutal way—broken and apparently deeply penitent for the insult he had put upon her, with tears in his eyes and quivering lips, Betty felt extremely sorry for him, and went perhaps rather near the kindred feeling. Something, however, seemed to hold her back from this. Her instincts were fine and true, and Erle had often unconsciously jarred them. She, however, very foolishly agreed to write to him now and again, 'if only one line to tell him where she was and if she were well and happy.'

They parted, with his kiss burning her slim fingers. Young Fitzhugh and he were to leave at daybreak next morning.

After a night of agitated dreams, Betty sprang from her bed and cautiously put her ruffled head out of the window of her room, Johnnie scratching furiously at her dressing-gown, asking to see what was going on as clearly as though he had spoken.

The great stars of the north were still burning in the sky, and there was a frosty feeling in the air. The sea rippled gently on the beach, and the many little shore-birds muttered and wailed. The dog-cart looked a shapeless mass in the dim light; the ponies stamped and the harness jingled. A scrunch on the ground, and a faint smell of cigar-smoke floated up to Betty's window, and Jack's voice was heard:

'Hurry up, Erle. We have not too much time if we are to shoot all that ground. Those birches alone will take us most of the day.'

The drag was shoved on, and they were off; and I am ashamed to say Betty jumped into her bed and cried herself to sleep, Johnnie hurling himself after her, and lying on her feet like a little lump of lead.

(To be continued.)

THE THREATENED DEPOPULATION OF GREECE.

By Lascaris.

FOR years past, Greek journalists have been raising their voices against the ever-increasing emigration of their countrymen.

A journey through any part of Greece will show that from every town and village a greater or lesser number of youths are absent. Some have gone to the Cape or Australia, others to Khartoum or Canada; but though it has been correctly said that wherever sparrows are to be found there Greeks will be found too, yet the greater number by far are in the United States of America. When it is taken into consideration that these emigrants do not consist of women and children under age—for one of the great differences between Greek and Italian emigrants is that Greeks will never take out their wives till they have created a position for themselves—but of youths of twenty and upwards, who are the bread-winners of their families, this is a somewhat alarming discovery at first sight.

It should be borne in mind that Greeks do not emigrate as our younger sons do, going to Australia merely because they can turn their hand to anything there without loss of caste. In fact, of the better-class Greeks who have gone to the United States few have prospered, the expenses of living there having often absorbed all their earnings. Those who really find America an El Dorado are the peasants and the workmen. They generally share one room among five or six men, for which they pay from three to ten dollars, according to the town they are in. It has been observed that Greeks, however poor, preserve a greater sense of self-respect and decency than Italians, who will often crowd together with an utter disregard of all sanitary and hygienic considerations. The contemptuous designation 'Dagoes,' which was formerly bestowed indiscriminately on Italians, Spaniards, and Greeks, has almost entirely ceased to be applied to the latter, who would deeply resent it. Accustomed to privations, and proverbially sober, Greeks will pinch and save out of their earnings, living on bread and cheese at first, and feeling quite happy when they can begin sending over a little money, in sums small at first, but gradually getting larger; for it is one of the finest traits of these folks that they never forget their friends at home.

The first money thus sent over is for their Church, and the next is invariably destined for building a house for their father, and sometimes also for releasing his land from debt. Only after this has been done will the emigrant begin to think of setting up in business.

Italian and Macedonian emigrants are quite content to remain workmen all their lives, and the latter go to America to create for themselves a home where they may live free from Turkish oppression. Greeks from Greece proper like 'bossing,' or at any rate object to being 'bossed over.' Though they

may be compelled to start as workmen or shoe-blacks, they will soon put by enough, or be helped by their more prosperous countrymen, to start a small push-car laden with fruit; but even the want of this will not deter them, for they often begin by carrying their flowers or other goods for sale in a basket. In time, however, they generally contrive to set up 'barangas,' or booths, all along the roads frequented by bicyclists, where they sell soda-water, lemonade, iced creams, &c. When they have earned sufficient by this means they will often open a regular shop for the sale of Greek produce. Others will open a shoe-blacking establishment, while many start confectionaries, which accounts for Greek names being found on some of the smartest confectionaries in New York. Greek specialities of chocolate creams and other sweetmeats are largely exported, even to England.

In Chicago there are about sixty-five thousand Greeks who went out as simple workmen, and who are for the most part thriving, many of them contributing even to the defence fund of their country. But they have many ways of making a living. Some carry portable stoves on which they cook waffles; others will mend gentlemen's suits of clothes. A friend who was in New York lately came across more than a thousand flower-sellers, nearly all of whom had been sponge-divers in their own country. They congratulated themselves on the improvement in their condition.

Such men will generally return after saving up some three hundred pounds to five hundred pounds, a sum worth six times as much in Greece, where living is cheaper and the rate of exchange still continues high. Should the paternal estate be small, they will add to it enough to enable them to live on it in comfort. This has caused land all over Greece now to be worth five times what it was only a few years ago.

Though most Greeks in America consider themselves birds of passage, many Greek clubs and churches are to be found there. Some Greeks have married with Americans. When the man who borrowed a few pounds ten or twelve years ago to pay his passage out third-class brings his bride over on a visit, travelling of course first-class, and having replaced his picturesque *fustanella* and *cappa* by a lounge suit of the most approved American fashion and a shining collar and brilliant necktie, he is welcomed by an admiring group, and many a heart beats faster at the prospect of following his example with like results.

Instead of the Greeks finding fault with their countrymen for emigrating, it is the Americans who might be justified in complaining of immigration, for they derive little benefit from this inroad of foreigners of every nationality, who lower the wages in coal-mines, railways, and factories, while spending as little as they can in the country that supports them. The people who benefit by this are the large owners of mills and mines. The American Government is taking steps to protect its subjects against this competition by sending back all those who go to the States under labour contract. On the other hand, it is said that if immigration in the States were stopped, or if there were an exodus of those already there, the price of production would so greatly increase as to put America quite out of the market. Leaving such questions to better economists than myself, I may merely remark that it is not a roving disposition that induces Greeks to forsake their penates, but the poverty and misery they endure at home.

So long as the legal rate of interest continues to be 8 per cent., and so long as capitalists can lend their money on good security at a higher rate still, many will not be found willing to risk their capital in starting mills or running farms.

Though the tobacco grown in the country is excellent, and the Greek currants supply the whole world, there are many parts of Greece wholly destitute of water. In a country where there is often not a drop of rain from May till October such tracts are useless even for pasture. In other parts the soil is so stony that it requires much coaxing before it will produce anything.

Besides the low salaries that prevail, many saints interfere with a man's earnings. The year in Greece consists of two hundred working days, but many of these even are claimed by the patron saint of the village and of the workman or his family. A farm labourer makes about two or three drachmai per day (a drachmè is now worth about eightpence), and a woman much less; good workmen in factories make two to five drachmai, but girls there seldom get even one drachmè; many clerks in banks and large firms get only a hundred drachmai per month, those who are in receipt of four hundred or five hundred drachmai being few and far between.

All except the higher post-office officials get between ninety and one hundred and forty drachmai per month for work often prolonged from 9 A.M. to 7 and even 8 P.M. Last June the Government reduced the wages of these pampered servants by about 10 per cent. When the inevitable strike came, the higher officials were employed to sort the letters as best they could. The confusion that ensued was further augmented by the letters being entrusted for distribution to common soldiers, often puzzled to read addresses written in their own language. But the saddest part of this business was the alacrity with which hundreds offered to replace the men on strike for lower wages still. Those with whom I spoke all shrugged their shoulders, saying, 'Fifty drachmai are better than nothing; we are hungry.' Greeks talk eloquently about the oppression of the lower classes in Russia; but there seems to be little to choose between a Government that interferes with the liberty of its subjects and the sublime indifference of a constitutional Government where sinecures are maintained at the expense of much privation among the real workers. No wonder, then, that these poor people raise money on their land to

pay their passage across the ocean, where better wages await them.

Up to the present there has not been any direct line of ships travelling from Greece to America, beyond a few spasmodic departures of small and dirty French ships. The Cunard, the German Lloyd, the Transatlantic, and the White Star Line all convey emigrants *viâ* Marseilles, Trieste, Naples, and Genoa. From all I have been able to ascertain, emigrants are best pleased with the White Star Line, both for its business-like arrangements and for the care it takes to protect its passengers from being fleeced by boatmen, hotel-keepers, and interpreters on the road, taking all the arrangements into its own hands. Many hope it will soon establish a direct line from Piræus. Despite the difficulties in the way of sending Greek produce to America, the Greeks there import Greek olive-oil, olives, cheese, wine, and salt-fish. With a direct service, the importation will naturally greatly increase, and this will be another blessing in disguise of the much-abused emigration. That Greece has already reaped many benefits from it is undeniable.

Though the money sent by emigrants generally comes in microscopic sums, varying from one and two pounds to thirty and forty pounds, the latter being in the minority, these small sums produce a total of nearly one million pounds sterling per annum. This is no contemptible sum in a country as poor as Greece, and the fall in the rate of exchange during the last few years from 170 to 125—that is, 30 per cent.—is due at least two-thirds to the money thus sent by emigrants to their families.

In currant-growing districts, where there is little emigration, money is still lent out at 10 to 20 per cent., whereas in Sparta and other parts where there is much emigration the rate of interest has come down to 4 and 6 per cent.; and it is a curious proof of the Greeks' faith in emigration that a man will find it easier to borrow without security if he intends emigrating than others can do on security if they intend remaining in Greece. Hitherto the mother-country has not suffered from the exportation of her hands. Were this to increase in a very large proportion the effects might be serious; but the tendency does not appear to lie in that direction at present.

Greeks began emigrating in 1893. Those who went to America were not at first successful in finding work, and many returned disheartened; but those who persevered were soon able to send money to bring their friends over. The great current of emigration set in between 1898 and 1901, after the disastrous Greco-Turkish war, when many were left completely destitute. It is now reckoned that from ten thousand to twelve thousand Greeks emigrate to America every year. Travelling is good for us all; more especially is this the case with Greeks, whose natural intelligence and power of adapting themselves to their surroundings remind one of their ancestor Alcibiades.

It is a common complaint in Greece that peasants possessing a few acres of land are ambitious not to let their sons follow in their footsteps. They will often sell or mortgage their estate to send their sons to the university in the hope of enabling them to adopt a liberal profession. The consequence is that there are almost as many doctors and lawyers in Greece as there are patients and clients. Hence the low rate at which both professions are paid.

In small towns where every one who is a little more enlightened or well-to-do than his neighbours becomes a small potentate, he expects to do as he likes in most things, irrespective of laws and regulations. More especially is this the case in Greece, which has been so long under the yoke of Turkey. All these notions are soon cured when a man finds his level, and lives in a country where law is the same for rich and poor. Hence a great improvement has been observed in the manners and the very ways of thinking of the Greeks who return home at the end of a few years' residence abroad.

ALTHEA'S LOVERS.

CHAPTER III.



T the time Pavloff and Colquhoun were walking towards the dens whence they saw the workers swarm out, Althea sat in her room writing a letter. She paused and laid down her pen. She was making future arrangements, and it became necessary to consult her father as to dates. She went down to the reading-room, where she expected to find him, but he was not there. She spoke to the porter in the hall, and found that he had gone out. He had spoken at breakfast of an important business engagement; clearly he had gone to fulfil it.

'I must finish my letter when he comes back,' she said to herself, and went towards her own room with the thoughts of a half-read novel in her mind. On the stairs she paused and looked back. There was a sudden commotion at the entrance. The bus which fetched visitors from the station had driven up to the door with a terrific clatter, and a couple of white-faced attendants rushed into the hall. She could not catch a word of their eager speech, but she felt at once that there was trouble in the air. The same electric thrill of uneasiness seemed to flash instantly throughout the vast building, and in the twinkling of an eye the hall was packed by a crowd thronging from every passage to hear the news. She descended and stood on the outskirts; but amid the babel of Russian, French, German, Polish, she could not

gather what was wrong. Then she heard a voice in her ear, and turned to see a Russian gentleman with whom her father had struck up an acquaintance standing at her side.

'Ah, Miss Locke!' he said, 'we are on the eve of great events.'

'What is it, Mr Rianoff?'

'A revolution has broken out in the city,' he replied. 'A desperate battle is already in progress between the insurgents and the troops. Everywhere barricades are springing up. These fellows had to whip up their horses to full gallop to save the hotel-coach from forming a useful piece of a barricade.'

'Then the streets will not be safe?' cried Althea, a sudden fear gripping her heart.

'Safe!' and Mr Rianoff snapped his fingers. 'The streets will become Aceldama—a field of blood. Keep safely within doors, my charming young lady; lie low, as you say in America.'

He laughed and showed all his white teeth in a happy smile. His eyes flashed; his air was triumphant. It could not be doubted on which side his sympathies lay; he too was against the Government.

Althea left him and went swiftly up to her own room. Where was her father? Was he likely to be drawn into this maelstrom of civil battle about to whirl through the streets of the city?

There were two men in the world whom Althea loved very dearly. One was her father, and the other—ah! only her own heart knew that, and she had made no sign. At this instant the thoughts of her father's safety filled her mind entirely, and she ran from her own room to his.

Yes, there was the tablet of memoranda, on which he always noted his engagements for the day, lying on his table. She caught it up eagerly and read only one address upon it. To this place, then, he must have gone. She copied the address on a sheet of paper, and went down to the hall. The throng had partly dispersed, and she found one of the hotel-clerks.

'Will you please tell me where this place is?' she asked him in French, for he was not the English-speaking representative.

'But willingly, mademoiselle,' he replied. 'This is the address of a great business house not far from the quays. Do you wish a messenger to be sent there? If so, you have only to give the command.'

'I will not trouble you for a messenger, thank you,' said Althea. 'Can you tell me if it is likely to be a disturbed quarter?'

'I think everything is quiet there at present,' he returned; 'but the disturbances in that neighbourhood are bound to be great before peace is restored. It is, you see, not far from the docks, and the dock-labourers are the most turbulent class among the strikers.'

'Thank you,' said Althea; 'that is all I wished to know;' and she went back to her own room and began at once to put on outdoor raiment.

She meant to drive straight down to the house of Messrs Pakhovitch and bring her father back with her. The truth was that Althea felt a profound distrust as to the movements of Otis J. Locke. In her mind's eye she saw his look of amused inquiry when he heard of the outbreak, and with her mind's ear heard him remark, 'Say, this is great. Sounds like a lively scrap. I'm off to have a look at that.' And she did not propose that he should have a look at it. A Cossack bullet would drill a hole through him just as neatly and thoroughly as through a starving Russian striker, and she much preferred him to remain as he was. As for sending a messenger, she had never given a second thought to such an idea. She had already employed Russian messengers, and had acquired a wholesome distrust of them, unless the answer was a matter of no importance for a week or two. No, she would do her business herself, and she hastened her preparations and went down to the great hall. Here she found that fresh rumours were pouring in every moment, and being bandied to and fro amid an excited crowd.

Slipping through the chattering groups, Althea approached the great swing-door. The door-porter opened it for her, and said something earnestly to her as she passed out. He was a big, simple-looking man with, as a rule, a friendly smile. But now his face was very grave, and as she went down the steps he hurried after her and spoke once more and very anxiously to her. She could not understand his words, but she knew that he was uneasy at the thought that she was going out alone; but her mind was made up and she had planned her course. She nodded and smiled at him, for she had no language at command with which to thank the kindly fellow for his solicitude; then she waved her hand towards the row of carriages drawn up in the avenue before the hotel. Her signal was answered at once. At the head of the row was the man who had driven her and her father here and there a score of times already, and knew them well. He touched his nimble brown pony with the whip and trotted across at once.

As he came Althea looked up and down the avenue. This part of the city was as quiet as ever. A few foot-passengers strolled along the broad pavements; the shops drowsed beneath their blinds in the sun. As the *droshky* drew up before her Althea handed a slip of paper to the driver. It contained the address where she expected to find her father, and the driver read it, and nodded half-a-dozen times to show that he quite understood. She sprang into the carriage, and away the pony whirled, for from her few words of Russian Althea picked out the word of the moment.

'Quick, quick!' she said.

The *droshky*-driver turned on his seat with a merry grin, nodded again, and echoed her command, 'Quick, quick!' to show that she should be obeyed.

It was a long drive, and the first part was ordinary enough. The driver avoided main avenues

and kept to quiet side-streets, where their progress was uninterrupted. Suddenly they entered a quarter where the silence, at a bound, became uncanny. The shops were closed, the shutters drawn tightly over the lower windows of the houses. The pony's hoofs raised hollow echoes in the deserted street. Althea looked around uneasily. What did this mean? She glanced at the upper windows. At almost every casement faces peered out to see who passed. None looked out openly. She saw the corner of a blind raised and hastily dropped; eyes flashed at a slit in the venetians of sun-shutters; a head was popped out quickly from a window far above, and as hastily withdrawn. A profound feeling of uneasiness and suspense was in the air. The *droshky*-driver looked from side to side as if eager to find some one whom he might hail and question, but no figure was to be seen. Save for the stealthy faces which came and went, they might have been driving through a city of the dead.

The *droshky* whirled round a sharp turn into a wider street, and, again at a bound, they were in the midst of a band of the insurgents. Fifty yards down the street a crowd of men worked like ants building a barrier from wall to wall. Carriages, wagons, *droshkies*, were piled together. One group was busy tearing up paving-stones to strengthen the defences; another received the furniture which men were pitching through the windows of the neighbouring houses; everything was piled on the barricade.

Althea instantly grasped the meaning of this barrier at which these pale-faced, savage men were working with such feverish haste, and she called upon the driver to turn back. He needed no command; he had already drawn his pony up on its haunches and was pulling it round.

He went to work with rein and whip, for half-a-dozen wild figures were running swiftly upon them, eager to seize the *droshky* and add it to their pile. But the nimble, wiry pony saved both Althea and his master. Quick as a cat, he was round in an instant and scouring away at full gallop, Althea holding tightly to the side of the carriage lest she should be flung out. In a few moments they turned into a cross-street, and the hoarse shouts of the pursuing strikers died away.

The driver eased his pony, turned on his seat, and addressed Althea in voluble Russian. She caught a word here and there, but his pantomimic gestures were by far more helpful than his language, and she grasped that he intended to try another way. She nodded agreement, and he drove on.

Five minutes later they gained an avenue where plenty of people were about. Here the shops were open and all appeared quite peaceful. Knots of talkers were gathered on the pavements chatting together, and women went to and fro with baskets on their arms.

'No fighting here,' said the driver, glancing over his shoulder. 'Good—good!'

Althea understood his concluding words, and smiled assent. But they had not gone a hundred yards when they saw the front ranks of an approaching crowd. For an instant the driver looked as if he were about to turn again; then he saw that the crowd was harmless, and drew his vehicle aside into a deep gateway to let it pass.

On came the procession, and Althea looked at it with deep interest and pity. The marchers numbered no great force, perhaps three hundred all told; but surely no other three hundred in Christendom could have presented so heart-rending a picture of wretchedness and despair. There were very few men among them, mostly women and children, clad in foul and tattered rags, the withered skin drawn tight as parchment over their broad, square faces, the horrible glitter of famine in the wild eyes which looked out from a tangle of filthy, matted locks. The women tramped on with eyes set before them in sullen, hopeless despair, but the children glanced from side to side, and when a loaf of bread was flung among them from a window, a dozen pounced upon it and fought over it with tooth and nail like a pack of starving wolves till the last crumb had vanished.

A passer-by, having the dress and air of a better-class workman, had paused beside the *droshky* and fallen into conversation with the driver. In a moment he turned to Althea, took off his cap, and addressed her in excellent French.

'Your driver tells me, mademoiselle,' he said, 'that you are a stranger. He wishes me to tell you of these unhappy people who interrupt your journey.'

'You are very kind,' said Althea. 'I should be much interested to hear.'

'It is a deputation,' said the Russian, 'and they seek the Governor of Odessa to beg food for themselves and their children. The women are the wives of dock-labourers, the poorest and lowest class in the whole city. At best they do but little more than keep life in their bodies, but their husbands have earned nothing of late, and they are starving. Many have died already of famine or famine-fever; the rest are on the brink of a like fate. This morning a number of them resolved to appeal to the Governor, and you now see them on their way. But it is a hopeless affair.'

'Hopeless?' said Althea. 'Will he not do something for these poor creatures?'

'It is to be hoped he will not,' replied the man, with a bitter laugh; 'they will be lucky if they meet with neglect. They are more likely to be met and driven back by the Cossack whip.'

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Althea became witness of a scene which was to haunt her dreams for many a day, a picture of organised cruelty, absolutely terrible in its cold-blooded ferocity. Far up the avenue there burst out a sudden thunder of galloping hoofs, and at once a shout of alarm and warning rose like an echo.

'Cossacks! Cossacks!' was the wild cry. The avenue cleared of the strollers as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. From shop-doors, from friendly courtyards, from side-streets, their frightened faces peered out and their voices rose in warning to the unhappy people in the little procession, bidding them fly at once. But the starving women and children, their minds dulled and their movements rendered slow by famine, had done no more than halt and huddle closer together when the whirlwind was upon them and escape was impossible. Down upon them swept the swift Cossack ponies, each bearing a rider who yelled in ferocious glee and cracked his *nagaika* (a heavy Cossack whip) when he saw his work before him.

As Althea watched these wild, shaggy light horsemen of the Czar dart with tremendous speed upon the unhappy crowd she held her breath with terror as she awaited the moment when they would draw rein before the poor, pitiable wretches and strike. But in a moment a more frightful horror seized upon her. *They were not going to draw rein.* Instead, they lashed their ponies to still more terrific speed, and crashed, a tornado of crushing hoofs and whirling thongs, into the hapless, helpless mass of human bodies. Down went the poor creatures in scores, crushed to earth before that savage charge, and upon the heads and shoulders of the rest descended the heavy lashes, as they fled and screamed for the mercy which it was all vain to expect.

'See, mademoiselle,' said the Russian, who still stood beside the *droshky* withdrawn into the comparative safety of the archway—'see the brave Cossacks! Ah, what a victory! Is it not a triumph for them?'

'Oh, what monsters!' breathed Althea. Her beautiful face was white, but her eyes blazed with superb contempt for the ruffians who still pursued the flying wretches with pitiless lash.

Just beyond the archway a small group of men had been driven into a corner, and were there surrounded and taken prisoners by three or four Cossacks who had jumped off their ponies. To this spot galloped the officer commanding the troops, a tall figure clad in a splendid uniform, his high Astrakhan cap made of the blackest and finest wool. The features beneath the cap showed the thin, narrow face, the beady black eyes, which mark the Tartar blood so common among the Russians, and he smiled with undisguised satisfaction at the havoc which his men had made.

Suddenly a small piping voice hailed him as he sat, a magnificent figure, on his fine charger. It was a street urchin who spoke, a ragged youngster, perhaps nine years old, who had provided himself with a piece of broken stick, from the end of which floated a tattered red rag. Waving this symbol of the revolution, he shouted shrilly, 'Look at the brave officer who has beaten the women and children! Ah, the great victory! But do not go to Manchuria, my officer. The Japs are there. Then it would be your turn to run.'

The thin Tartar features blackened with rage at this taunt, and the officer snapped out an order. A Cossack near at hand began to unsling his rifle.

'Merciful heavens!' cried Althea, 'they are going to shoot the child. Stop them!' She had not been able to follow the boy's speech, but the movements of the Cossack were unmistakable. She glanced at the two Russians, the workman and the driver.

They were looking on, silent and immovable. Both knew that interference was sheer madness and would involve them at once in a like fate. But Althea could not sit still and see the boy murdered before her eyes. She leapt from the *droshky* as the Cossack swung up his weapon, ran forward, and sprang in front of the muzzle of the pointed rifle.

'No, no,' she panted; 'you shall not kill the child!'

The trooper would have shot the boy as coolly as he would have shot a dog; but when he saw that the ball would strike a tall, beautifully dressed, and very handsome young lady, he checked his finger on the trigger and looked up for fresh orders.

The Cossack officer had given a start of surprise when Althea rushed forward, but now he sat his Arab as still as a figure in bronze, only his keen dark eyes moving in their narrow slits as he surveyed the girl from the tip of her pointed toe to the flowers in her hat. At last his glance came to rest on her face and remained there. She was looking superbly beautiful; her colour had returned in a brilliant flood; her eyes shone like stars; her figure was drawn up to the fullest height; her whole air was dauntless and resolute.

In her excitement, Althea had spoken in her own tongue, and the Cossack officer now began to speak in perfect English. 'Ah, madame, so you take an interest in this *mauvais sujet?*'

'Surely,' said Althea, 'you could not have meant to kill a mere child like this? You were only intending to frighten him perhaps.'

'Not at all,' replied the officer, with a grim smile. 'You have certainly interfered with a death sentence. I am surprised that a lady should take part with this wretched *canaille* in introducing disorder into the city.'

'I have done nothing of the sort,' replied Althea. 'Could you expect any woman to sit within a few yards and see a child put to death in this cold-blooded fashion?'

'It is certainly expected in Russia,' replied the officer very dryly, 'unless the woman is anxious to get herself into the serious difficulty into which you have rushed. She also imposes a very unpleasant obligation upon *un homme galant.*'

'And, pray, what is that?' said Althea coldly. She began to dislike this man for something else besides his brutality, something which shone from his dark, evil eyes, and was shown in the air of savage mastery with which he surveyed her.

'The obligation of doing his duty,' replied the

Cossack, 'a duty which may not be agreeable to him—such as, for instance, putting a lady under arrest and lodging her in prison.'

'Arrest!' blazed out Althea. 'Do you hint at putting me under arrest? Are you mad?'

'Most sane, on the contrary,' he replied, smoothing his horse's mane gently; 'nor do I hint at all. I state a plain fact. I shall put you under arrest for taking part in a street riot.'

(To be continued.)

THE NONCONFORMIST 'CAMPO SANTO.'

ALTHOUGH London abounds in 'God's Acres,' it has, apart from Westminster Abbey and St Paul's—neither of which has, strictly, any legitimate pretension to the title—no real 'Campo Santo' of Nonconformity but that situated in the centre of the City Road, and known as Bunhill Fields.

In the midst of a heavy downpour, and while scores of sightseers were seeking shelter from the pitiless January winds in every nook and cranny of this historic graveyard, I—only two days ago—stood pondering over the tombs of Daniel Defoe, John Bunyan, Isaac Watts, and John Owen.

Here, in the very heart of busy London, is a piece of ground the like of which is not to be found in the whole British Empire; and yet how few of the many thousands who daily pass by and through it (for it is an open thoroughfare) ever give a moment's thought to the hallowed associations of the place!

Distance truly lends enchantment to the view, and persons in the Antipodes who may read this account of Bunhill Fields will be better able to appreciate it at its proper value than those who live next door to it, or who, like the writer, have passed it daily for many years without being in the least affected by its long and varied history. And what a history!

Ilford, Kensal Green, and Abney Park, the chief Metropolitan cemeteries, are of mushroom growth compared with old Bunhill Fields; and it has long been a source of wonder to many that in the work of renovating London—a task upon which the London County Council has set its heart—this ancient 'Campo Santo' has not long since been swept away. But no. Here it stands to-day much as it stood nearly seven hundred years ago, when the Lord Mayor and Commonalty of London took it over from the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's Cathedral, whose property it then was.

Although it was at that time a graveyard, it shortly afterwards became a playground, and the archers of old London took possession of it for their exercises. Here, too, the whole population were accustomed to seek their pastimes; and what with saints' days, fast-days, and civic feastings, our festive-loving forefathers spent much of their time in Bunhill Fields.

Bunhill, by the way, is a derivative of 'bon-hill,' which, in its turn, came from bone-hill or hill of bones—a name sufficiently expressive of its origin. In this connection I may say that Defoe stoutly maintained that 'the Great Plague pit was excavated near this spot, when men were dying at the rate of from eight thousand to twelve thousand a week,' and space could not be found for them elsewhere.

Owing to the destruction by fire of the books connected with City properties, there is no 'record' in reference to this burial-ground earlier than 1698, although it is known that 'many of the ministers ejected in 1662, and whose remains were refused burial in the City churches, were laid at rest here by their pious followers;' while there is one tombstone (that of Debora Warr) which bears the date 'Nov. 10th, 1623,' the earliest to be found there.

For very many years the grounds were 'let out' by the Corporation, and much litigation ensued between that body—whose chief aim was to make money out of the concern—and its tenants. But leaving the sordid and mercenary strife as being unworthy of the hallowed associations of this strip of 'God's Acre,' let us turn to the records of the illustrious dead whose bones have lain for centuries guarded only by an obsolete statute and an innocent 'keeper,' who holds a sinecure, having no duty to perform except that of giving admission to the public during certain hours of the day, subject to their good behaviour.

It would, of course, be impossible to give the names inscribed on the six thousand tombs which are still to be found; we can only take the most distinguished among them, and in this category the name of Thomas Bradbury may be first mentioned. Here is the inscription as it stands to-day:

'In this vault is deposited the body of the Rev. Mr Thomas Bradbury, a very eminent Dissenting minister of the City. He was greatly distinguished for his zealous defence, both from the pulpit and the press, of the fundamental principles of religion; nor was he less remarkable for his hearty affection and firm attachment to the Protestant succession in the illustrious House of Hanover, particularly in the alarming and perilous crisis at the close of the reign of Queen Anne. Full of the joyful expectation of a better and eternal life, he departed from our world September 9th, 1759, in the 82nd year of his age and the 64th of his ministry. Reader! go thy way and consider that if the vivacity of genius or the charms of eloquence could have prevented the stroke of death, this monument had not been erected. Remember, also, that as surely as night

succeeds the longest day, so surely will death conclude the longest life. Work, therefore, while it is day.'

This obituary notice is certainly long enough; but there is more to follow, as we are assured by the faithful chronicler that—

'Early on Lord's-day morning, August 1st, 1714, Mr Bradbury was walking along Smithfield in a pensive condition. Dr Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, happened to pass through in his carriage, and, observing Mr Bradbury, called out to him by name, and inquired the cause of his great thoughtfulness.

"I am thinking," replied Bradbury, "whether I shall have the constancy and resolution of that noble *Company of Martyrs* who were burned to ashes in this place; for I most assuredly expect to see similar times of persecution, and that *I* shall be called to suffer in a like cause."

'The Bishop, a zealous Protestant, endeavoured to quiet his fears, told him the Queen was very ill, that she was given over by her physicians, and that he was then going to Court to inform himself of the exact particulars. He assured Mr Bradbury that he would despatch a messenger to him with the earliest intelligence of the Queen's death; and that if he should happen to be in the pulpit at the time of the messenger's arrival he should be instructed to drop a handkerchief from the gallery as a token of the event.

'While Mr Bradbury was preaching, the news was communicated to him by the *signal* agreed upon. He suppressed his feelings during the sermon; but in his last prayer he returned thanks to God for "the deliverance of these kingdoms from the evil counsels and designs of their enemies," and implored the Divine blessing upon "His Majesty King George and the House of Hanover."

'Mr Bradbury, we are assured, ever afterwards gloried in being the first man in the kingdom who proclaimed *King George the First*.'

In striking contrast to the wordy epitaph on Mr Bradbury's monument is the brief obituary notice on the tomb of a man of world-wide reputation. I allude to the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*:

'John Bunyan, Author of "Pilgrim's Progress," ob. 31st August 1688, *æt.* 60. Restored by public subscription under the presidency of the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, May 1862.'

Such is the inscription upon the tomb of one of the best-read and most prolific contributors to the religious literature of his age. As a biographer puts it: 'He lived sixty years and wrote sixty separate works, the best-known of which is the *Pilgrim's Progress*.'

It is pleasant to note that in the same tomb with Bunyan, the Rev. Robert Bragge, a friend, and Mr Strudwick, the landlord of the house on Snow Hill in which Bunyan breathed his last, are also buried—united in death as in life!

The significant brevity of the inscription on Bunyan's tomb is equalled by that on the tomb of Daniel Defoe the novelist. The granite obelisk was erected in 1870 'By the Boys and Girls of England to the Memory of the Author of "Robinson Crusoe."' A high pyramidal peak surrounded by iron rails, this monument seemed to remind me of the lines of the satirist: 'Earless, on high, stood unabashed Defoe;' although there is nothing about the pillar to suggest the persecution once endured by the fearless writer lying beneath. Five lines carved on the face of the monument are all that the curious can find. They are as follows:

'Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," who died April 24th, 1731, in his 70th year.'

A much more pretentious monument lies hard by, and, although the person whose memory is perpetuated was of less public notoriety, it is evident from the inscription that he was thought much more of—at least by his friends:

'The Rev. Henry Hunter, D.D., 1802. Beneath this pillar, raised by the hands of friendship, sleep the mortal remains of the Rev. Henry Hunter, D.D., who through a long life, deemed of those who knew him, alas! too short, served with unwearied assiduity the cause of religion, literature, and the poor. In him, to distinguished talents and a capacious mind, were united energy of disposition, affability of manners, benevolence of heart, and warmth of affection. In the hearts of those who were blessed with his friendship is preserved the most sacred and inviolable attachment; but his best eulogium and his most durable memorial will be found in his writings. There he has an inscription which the revolutions of years cannot efface; and when the nettle shall skirt the base of this monument and the moss obliterate this feeble testimonial of affection—when, finally sinking under the pressure of years, this pillar shall tremble and fall over the dust it covers—his name shall be perpetuated to generations yet unborn!

'Reader, thus far suffer the effusions of affectionate remembrance, when no adequate eulogium can be pronounced, and when no other inscription was necessary to perpetuate the memory than Henry Hunter, thirty-one years pastor of the Scots Church, London Wall; and who, on Wednesday the 27th Oct. 1802, left his family and his church to deplore but never to retrieve his loss, and silently took his flight to heaven in the sixty-second year of his age.'

The foregoing inscription, we are gravely informed, 'was written by Dr William Bengo Collyer.'

One of the oldest inscriptions in this old burial-ground is that on the tomb of Hansard Knollys—or, to be exact, *was* on that tomb, for it is admitted that it is now impossible to locate it, although the record of it is extant. It was as follows:

'Here lyeth the body of Mrs Anne Knollys, daughter of John . . . eney, Esq., and wife of Hansard Knollys, minister of the Gospel, by whom he had issue 7 sons and 3 daughters, who dyed April 30th, 1671, in the 63rd year of her age.

My only wife, that in her life
Lived forty years with me,
Lyes now at rest, for ever blest
With immortality.

My dear is gone—left me alone—
For Christ to do and dye,
Who dyed for me and dy'd to be
My Saviour, GOD Most High.'

Another desperate attempt at an epitaph is found on the tomb of Lady Page, a person who seems to have suffered terribly from what we call 'dropsy,' but which might have had another name in those days:

'Here lyes Dame Mary Page,
Relict of Sir Gregory Page (Bart.).
She departed this life March 11th, 1728,
In the 56th year of her age.
. . . . .
In 67 months she was tapped 66 times,
Had taken away 240 gallons of water,
Without ever repining at her case,
Or ever fearing the operation.'

A more successful attempt is that found on the tomb of Vavasor Powell, who seems to have suffered eleven years' imprisonment for preaching the Gospel. He was known as the 'Whitefield of Wales:'

'In vain oppressors do themselves perplex
To find out arts how they the saints may vex:
Death spoils their plots and sets the oppressed free,
Thus Vavasor obtained true liberty.
Christ him released and now he's joyned among
The Martyred Souls, with whom he cries, "How long?"'

Better known to fame than Powell or most of those interred about her last resting-place was the mother of John and Charles Wesley, on whose tomb these words are inscribed:

'Here lies the body of Mrs Susannah Wesley (widow of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, M.A., late Rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire), who died July 23rd, 1742, aged 73 years. She was the youngest daughter of the Rev. Samuel Annesley, D.D., ejected by the Act of Uniformity from the Rectory of St Giles, Cripplegate, August 24th, 1662. She was the mother of nineteen children, of whom the most eminent were the Revs. John and Charles Wesley, the former of whom was, under God, the founder of the societies of the people called Methodists:

In sure and steadfast hope to rise
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The Cross exchanging for a Crown.'

Embedded for a long time in seven feet of earth, until dug up and restored by the Corporation of London, lay the monumental slab or stone erected to the memory of Lieutenant-General Charles Fleetwood, who also was buried in Bunhill Fields. As we know, he married Bridget, the widow of Lord-Deputy Ireton and eldest daughter of Oliver Cromwell.

A propos of the Cromwell family, the tombs of Henry and Richard Cromwell, which, like that of their relative Fleetwood, had long been buried seven feet beneath the surface—probably overthrown by design—have given rise to many useless discussions. But if those interested would only take the pains carefully to decipher the inscriptions on the stones (still to be seen in this old churchyard) they would soon stand corrected.

Both Richard and Henry Cromwell were buried here; but they were not the sons but the grandsons of the 'Lord Protector,' as the inscriptions show. Whether from choice or necessity, however, a large number of the Cromwell family were interred here, and, indeed, there may be many more than the dozen whom I have clearly traced lying under the sod in old Bunhill Fields. Anyhow, by far the greater portion of the family have found a resting-place here.

Here, too, are deposited the mortal remains of the Right Hon. Lady Ann Agnes Erskine, eldest daughter of the tenth Earl of Buchan. She was the sister of Lord Chancellor Erskine, and it is said of her—nothing more need be said—that 'she spent forty years in befriending the poor.' Unfortunately, many are lying in old Bunhill Fields who were of quite a different stamp from the noble Lady Erskine.

HOLIDAY.

This piece is remarkable as having been written by Mr George Croal, an Edinburgh gentleman, in the ninety-fifth year of his age. In his *Living Memories of an Octogenarian* (A. Elliot, 1894), Mr Croal, amongst other matters, gives cherished recollections of having heard Jenny Lind and Paganini, and of a visit to the Ettrick Shepherd in his native haunts. Another recollection is that of having been present when Sir Walter Scott avowed himself the author of the Waverley Novels. Later he played some Scottish airs to Sir Walter at Abbotsford.

In opening manhood, when the stress of life
Commands intent, then comes the ceaseless strife
With honesty and virtue well begun,
And firm in purpose till the race is run,
Alternating with many hopes and fears;
To some is given, through many changing years,
To trust in fortune with the Stoic's pride,—
Through loss and gain to cling to virtue's side.

In course of time the matrimonial chain
Is riveted in love, and hence the gain
To God's own heritage, which forms the sum
Of blessed spirits in the world to come.

The spring now past, its budding treasures o'er,
Gives place to summer and its fruitful store;
Scholastic days now o'er, new thoughts employ
To kindle bright the now impending joy
Of wanderings many by the cultured field,
And marking well the teeming fruits they yield;
While some, from hoary mountain, may be given
To contemplate the majesty of heaven.

Paternal love now crowns the happy day,
And loving children own the gentle sway;
Thus time rolls on, and aged spirits cling
With living hope to Love's eternal spring.

Blest spirit with the one thing needful fraught,
By grace of Heaven thy utterance is taught;
'Welcome the blessed hour, come when it may,
Which brings the EVERLASTING HOLIDAY.'

G. C.

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THE ICY OCEANS.

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, Author of *A Manual of Marine Meteorology*.

ICEBERGS have their birthplace in the inhospitable regions adjacent to either of the earth's poles; they are drifted to sunnier climes by surface winds and ocean currents, and menace the safety of passing ships in certain zones of the two hemispheres. In the Far North, where glaciers abound, the extremities of these frozen rivers become water-borne on reaching the deeper water of the open ocean, and are eventually broken off by the upward thrust of the water into which they glide under the influence of gravity. Ever the glacier moves seaward, although the rate of advance is not invariable; and ever the protruding portion is severed. The northern ice-barrier is destroyed by the increasing power of the sun's rays, as the orb of day moves northward along the ecliptic; the liberated icebergs are borne towards the equator on the broad bosom of the cold Labrador current that washes the east coast of North America as far to the southward as the orange-groves of Florida; and scarcely a year passes away down the broad avenues of time without vessels traversing the North Atlantic falling in with icebergs drifting south in the vicinity of the Banks of Newfoundland. As a rule, the annual iceberg season lasts from March to August on the western side of the North Atlantic; but in exceptional years some of these unwelcome visitors from 'Greenland's icy mountains' and elsewhere are sighted throughout the whole twelve months. Admiral Markham, when gaining experience for an Arctic expedition in a Scottish whale-ship, saw eight hundred at one instant in Baffin Bay; and Scoresby, the eminent scientist and seaman of whaling renown, when two hundred and fifty miles south-east of Cape Race, Newfoundland, was surrounded by icebergs of all sorts and conditions, exceeding three hundred in number; while passengers on the mail-boat between Newfoundland and Labrador not infrequently count from two hundred to three hundred bergs above the horizon. Frequent attempts have been made during a long series of years to trace an intimate relationship between the frequency of icebergs near Newfoundland and the temperature of the air in the shade over the United Kingdom, but without avail. Cowper suggested that icebergs should be fitted with sails, so as to ensure a quicker passage for them to the southward, and thus more rapidly rid the ocean of those 'ice islands that spoil our summers.' Summers of the United Kingdom, according to reliable statistics, are sometimes abnormally cool when icebergs to the westward are very few, and exceptionally warm when they are very numerous.

A cubic foot of ice weighs, approximately, fifty-seven pounds avoirdupois, whereas a cubic foot of water is just seven pounds heavier. Hence it follows that icebergs float with about one-ninth of their volume exposed to view. Consequent on the irregular shape of many of these drifting dangers, the vertical heights of the submerged and the exposed portions seldom vary directly as the volume. Bergs having an altitude of four hundred feet from water-line to summit are rare in the North Atlantic, and probably not more than a dozen loftier have been sighted in that ocean throughout the past twenty years. In January 1890, south-east of Cape Race, just where icebergs delight to linger, the *Mineola* passed one which was seven hundred feet high! Six years later, and again in 1899, not far from this favourite geographical position, several bergs having an altitude of six hundred feet were sighted from the decks of passing steamships.

Compared with the icebergs frequenting the lone Southern Ocean, those of the North Atlantic pale into insignificance. The reports respecting such mighty masses of ice would appear to be incredible were it not that measurements by sextant come very close to those depending upon estimation. So far back as 1833, when midway between New Zealand and Cape Horn, the captain of the sailing-ship *Arethusa* determined the altitude of a berg above the sea-surface by the aid of a sextant, and found it to be eight hundred and forty feet; and in September 1896, by the same method, Captain A.

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Simpson, of the Aberdeen Line steamer *Thermopylæ*, obtained an altitude of six hundred and forty feet. Quite a number of bergs have been sighted of recent years in the Southern Ocean varying in height from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet! In January 1893 the famous clipper *Loch Torridon*, when four hundred miles east of the Falkland Islands, fell in with several bergs which were showing a side of one thousand feet; and, towering high above these lofty ice-islands, there was a still loftier one of one thousand five hundred feet from waterline to summit! The Eiffel Tower is nine hundred and eighty-five feet high, St Paul's (London) four hundred and four feet, Washington Obelisk five hundred and fifty-five feet, Ailsa Craig one thousand and ninety-eight feet, and the South Foreland three hundred and eighty feet; so a faint idea may be gathered as to the awe-inspiring spectacle of a mass of ice, remote from dry land, half as lofty again as either Ailsa Craig or the Eiffel Tower. There were not wanting honest doubters as regards the report of the one thousand feet berg; although in August 1840 a berg of the same height was actually sighted only two hundred miles south of the Cape of Good Hope, and another in 1892, in a higher southern latitude, by the *Cromdale*—Captain Andrew. Both had been forgotten! Fortunately for those interested, the report of the *Loch Torridon* has been confirmed by several independent observers. Almost in the same geographical position, but two months later, the *Turakina* steamed close to a berg which was one thousand two hundred feet high; and a considerable number of ships reported bergs of one thousand feet altitude during the prolific period extending from 1890 to 1894. Still more recently, the United States Hydrographic Office has received a report from the British bark *Zinita*—Captain Macdonald—to the effect that she passed a large iceberg in November 1904, when five hundred and sixty miles east of the Falklands, which was one thousand five hundred feet high and seven miles long!

Since the glacial epoch, when icebergs scored their story in indelible characters on the higher hills of our islands, they have seldom approached the United Kingdom within a distance of thousands of miles. In January 1836 H.M.S. *Cove* passed a berg not far from the north of Scotland—between the Faroe Islands and the Shetlands; and quite recently some fishermen sighted a small berg a few miles to the westward of the island of Mull. Farther towards the equator, according to the monthly pilot-charts of the North Atlantic published by the British Meteorological Office, in 1883 the *Olivette* passed a large lump of ice near the Azores; and the *Elenora* sighted a somewhat smaller piece when about two hundred miles north of Madeira; thus, as it were, confirming the report of the *Olivette*. But for the two independent testimonies, and the corresponding data as regards time and place, it might have appeared that some error had inadvertently crept into the information. In 1890, however, the German steamer *Slavonia* fell in with the remnants of an iceberg when six hundred and fifty miles west of Scilly, and this is probably the nearest approach of an iceberg to England for a very long series of years. With respect to the most south-seeking icebergs on the American side of the North Atlantic, the most reliable records are those supplied by the monthly pilot-charts of that ocean issued by the United States Hydrographic Office. In September 1895 the steamship *Gulf of Taranto* sighted a small berg, thirty feet high and three hundred and fifty feet long, not far from Cape Hatteras; and other instances of a like nature are on record. Hence, based upon actual observation, we may safely assert that icebergs setting out on a journey to the southward from the glaciers of the Far North defy the elements until entirely overcome by the temperatures of air and sea within two thousand one hundred miles of the equator. Nearer than this to the Tropic of Cancer an iceberg has never been, apparently, within the period of authentic history.

In the Southern Ocean, speaking generally, icebergs may be met with anywhere on the polar side of the fortieth parallel of south latitude; although occasionally they are sighted much nearer to the equator. A sea-surface current which sets to the north-east from the vicinity of Cape Horn drifts the southern bergs in the direction of the Cape of Good Hope; and the danger of collision with an iceberg in the Southern Ocean is at a maximum along a line joining the southern extremities of South America and Africa. In several different years icebergs have been seen from the Cape of Good Hope; and in August 1895 the bark *Queen Mab*, when only fifty miles south-east of Cape Agulhas, passed no fewer than seven small bergs varying in height from seventy feet to two hundred feet. In April 1894 the fleeting fragments of an iceberg were passed about a thousand miles south-east of Rio Janeiro; and this is probably the most northern ice on record in the Southern Ocean. This piece of ice was twelve feet long, four feet broad, and four feet high, and was clearly made out by the watch on deck of the bark *Dochra*. Hence, in the South Atlantic, under exceptional conditions, ice from the great southern ice-barrier may withstand the increasingly vertical rays of the sun and the warmer sea-water until within one thousand five hundred miles of the equator.

A height of one thousand five hundred feet appeals most forcibly to the imagination. Yet after a close study of records carefully kept for two decades, it would appear that the length and breadth of some of the ice-islands encountered during that period are even more remarkable than the admittedly phenomenal height. In 1902 the steamship *Pelican*, of the Hudson Bay Company's fleet, passed an enormous berg near Ungava, Hudson Bay, which was nine miles long and two hundred and seventy feet high. Seldom, if ever, has a longer berg been sighted in the North Atlantic. It is in the high southern latitudes that we are compelled

to seek for ice-islands of dimensions far in excess of anything evolved from the inner consciousness of the most successful follower of Herodotus or De Rougemont. Yet many independent and trustworthy shipmasters of various nationalities, on board different ships and at periods sometimes separated by long intervals, have closely observed floating masses of ice approximating more nearly to continents than to islands. During the first four months of 1854, about half-way between Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, a never-to-be-forgotten mass of ice was passed by a large number of the splendid sailing-ships then engaged in carrying eager hearts and willing hands to Australia. It was shaped like the letter J, and therefore especially dangerous to vessels entering between the two sides under the assumption that they were in the presence of two enormous parallel bergs. The longer side stretched in impenetrable solidity for sixty miles, while the shorter side was less by only twenty miles! Situated between these perilous promontories of ice was a deceptive bay forty miles wide; and one of the emigrant-ships that entered this *cul-de-sac* was lost with all on board, while several experienced a grave difficulty in beating back to the open sea. In December 1892 an ice-island thirty miles long was observed by the *Drumcraig;* in January 1893 the *Loch Torridon* sailed along one side of a similar danger for fifty miles, the indentations of this awful coast-line being full of small bergs and detached pieces of ice; and in November 1894 the *Antarctic*, when five hundred miles south of Antipodes Island, passed an icy mass which was seventy miles long although but sixty feet high. In January 1893, when seven hundred miles east of the Falkland Islands, the crew of the ship *Wasdale* underwent an experience that they would not desire to be repeated. At dawn of day she was found to have sailed into a bay of horseshoe shape, hollowed out by the forces of nature from the side of a huge ice-island. It was four miles wide at the entrance, ten miles wide at the central portion, and extended into the icy mass for a distance of twenty miles. Many other instances of a similar nature might be given; but sufficient has been written to indicate that a height of one thousand five hundred feet is at least not more remarkable than a length of from fifty to seventy miles. There are some glaciers in high northern latitudes, yet they can scarcely be regarded as the origin of such remarkable ice-islands. Erebus and Terror are active in the Far South, and it is not improbable that an earthquake occasionally sets free the whole edge of the ice-barrier. On the other hand, we may fairly assume that these huge icy masses arise from the property of regelation. Individual icebergs of moderate dimensions probably coalesce under the action of wind and current, freeze together at the surfaces of contact, and thereafter continue to the finish as one mass. Icebergs of the Southern Ocean are generally of tabular form, whereas those of the North Atlantic assume every fantastic shape. Owing to various causes, among them being the lesser depth of water in Behring Strait, the North Pacific Ocean is not troubled by icebergs, although drift-ice from the Arctic fastnesses is not unknown near Japan at times.

Not only in height and volume, but also in numbers, do the icebergs of the Southern Ocean surpass those of the North Atlantic. In March 1893 the ship *British Isles*, near the Falkland Islands, while sailing two hundred miles passed over one thousand bergs. In April 1895, when six hundred miles south of the Cape of Good Hope, the *Earnock* fell in with her first berg of the passage; and for several days in succession she steered to the eastward with bergs on every hand. Captain Yates estimated that she passed more than nine hundred bergs, some of which were six hundred feet high and three miles long. In December 1896 the Aberdeen Line steamship *Damascus* passed nine hundred and fifty-four bergs in three successive days. Of this number seven hundred and eight were seen on one day, and two hundred and thirty-six in a short watch of four hours. At night-time, and in thick weather, there may be bergs that are above a vessel's horizon but concealed from view.

Icebergs not infrequently serve as carriers of earthy matter, large rocks, and other items that are annexed as the parent glacier glides seaward. In October 1879, when in 78° N. 1° 30′ W., the whaler *Hope*, of Peterhead—Captain J. Gray—came across a large mound of earth of a brownish hue, weighing about sixty tons, which was drifting south on the ice. Numerous birds were resting on it, and there were also some birds' eggs. Polar bears and Arctic animals of various kinds have been observed upon drifting icebergs, remote from the land of their birth; and a few months ago the passengers of the steamer *Hanover* were gratified by the sight of six huge bears restlessly patrolling an iceberg which was adrift on the Banks of Newfoundland. Live walrus are occasionally found floating on ice in the open ocean. One was seen near Norway's North Cape in 1868, and another on the west coast of Scotland, in the Sound of Harris, some years previously. The crew of the German discovery-ship *Hansa* sought safety on an enormous mass of ice when their ocean home was crushed by the irresistible pressure; they constructed a hut thereon out of coal saved from the wreck, and were eight months drifting southward until safety was assured to them. In 1851, near the eastern edge of the Banks of Newfoundland, two large ships were observed high and dry on an iceberg. They appeared to have been made snug for the winter at some previous date, and eventually abandoned by the crews. Many erroneously assumed that these derelicts were the ill-fated *Erebus* and *Terror*, of Arctic and Antarctic fame, which had drifted out of Baffin Bay in much the same way as did H.M.S. *Resolute* after she was abandoned fast in the ice. In July 1894, a few days after rounding Cape Horn, in the South Atlantic, the bark *Gladys* was surrounded by huge icebergs. On one of these

were signs of human beings having found a temporary resting-place there; a beaten track, clearly visible on one side, led to a sheltered nook, and five dead bodies of men lay prone in the vicinity. As the long night of a Southern winter was coming on, and a gale of wind was blowing, discretion forbade a detailed search. In 1881 the steamer *Isabel*, off Cape Race, Newfoundland, foundered after striking an unsuspected portion of a berg which happened to be submerged. All hands but one were drowned. The sole survivor clung to a wooden grating, reached the berg, succeeded in effecting a landing-place upon the side of the icy mass, and was rescued after an exposure lasting several hours.

Collisions with icebergs by steamships anxious to make a passage are not nearly so numerous as might be inferred. In November 1879 the then fastest vessel afloat, the Guion liner *Arizona*, crashed into a berg while on the way from Liverpool to New York with five hundred and fifty persons on board. Her whole forepart was crumpled up, and it is said that after her arrival at St John's in distress about two hundred tons of ice were taken out of the gaping wound. In July 1895 the steamer *Port Chalmers*—Captain Free—collided with a berg in 45° S. 52° E. Her stem was broken, her bows smashed, her fore-compartment filled with water, and seventy tons of ice were left on the forward deck. But for the good lookout kept by Mr Tunbridge, the second officer, and his prompt action, the steamer might easily have been injured beyond repair. She, however, succeeded in reaching Adelaide in her crippled condition. On this occasion the R.M.S. *Tainui*—Captain E. J. Evans—for the first time in twenty-eight round voyages, had ice in sight between the Cape of Good Hope and New Zealand, and also between New Zealand and Cape Horn. For twenty-three voyages not a single berg was sighted by this steamer on the outward passage, and but one on the homeward passage.

For many years it was supposed that a fall in the temperature of the sea-surface was a sure indication of the proximity of an iceberg. Nothing can be more remote from the truth. At the margin of the cool Labrador current and the relatively warm water of the Gulf Stream a sudden change of twenty degrees Fahrenheit in the sea-surface temperature is not infrequent, even though the weather be delightfully clear and not a sign of ice above the horizon. On the other hand, ships have often passed close to a berg without experiencing the slightest fall in the sea-surface temperature. A vigilant lookout may perchance hear the echo of a steam-whistle or the wash of the waves against the base of a berg, or he may even see the ice-blink, but the sea-surface temperature is not in the least a guide as to the proximity or otherwise of ice. A fall in the temperature merely indicates that the ship has got into a cool surface ocean current, and this may or may not be carrying icebergs towards the equator. As a matter of fact, in very cold weather, such as is often experienced near the Banks of Newfoundland, the thermometer used for the sea-surface temperature is not immersed in the water to be tested sufficiently long for the mercury to take up the temperature. The remarkable immunity from serious casualty enjoyed by the large transatlantic liners, notwithstanding fog, derelict ships, and icebergs, speaks volumes in favour of the good lookout kept by those responsible for the safety of the ship and all on board.

In the days of old, prior to the perfecting of a timekeeper for use on board ships at sea, the geographical position was sometimes considerably in error. An enormous iceberg would be mistaken for an uncharted island, and reported as such; the chart-makers hastened to indicate the alleged newly found danger on the navigating charts, in the erroneous position; and for many years after the iceberg had disappeared the report would cause grave anxiety to navigators in the affected area of old ocean.

A STORMY MORNING.

CHAPTER VI.

IT is certain that the days dragged rather heavily with Betty after the departure of the two young men, for Jack went south with Erle, and did not return to Dunscaith as he had intended. The old house was strangely quiet without his vigorous presence and his sonorous young voice shouting orders or calling his sister; without the click of the billiard-balls in the hall and the scent of tobacco (towards which Lady Fitzhugh was singularly lenient); and without Johnnie's furious cat-barks—the cat being usually imaginary; but Johnnie was always ready to fall in with the humour of the moment and responsive to all teasing, which he really loved, like the poor fool in the village, Angus Gorach. The old minister had reproached the boys for teasing him, and one day found him sitting crying by the roadside. 'What is it, Angus?' he said. 'Have the boys been at you again?' 'No, sir; but none of them speaks to me now, and I dinna like it. I would far rather they made a fool o' me.' Johnnie was quite of the same opinion.

Then the weather broke at last, and gale after gale raged, the trees bending like whips before the wind, waving weirdly to and fro, the old house trembling in its grasp. The dead leaves whirled and crackled in the approach, the loch was white with foam, and the spindrift flew across the waves.

No more peaceful sails with old Angus for Betty, round the Cailleach and Rhuhunish for fishing, or away to the Flannan Isles far out at sea, to see the seals lying out on the rocks, the splendid brown tangle waving its masses in the tide; the pale islands sleeping in the sunshine on the bosom of the calm sea, where great whales coming up to play would sometimes show their black backs and fluked tails above the surface, blowing and plunging again into the depths; porpoises would roll head over heels after each other, pursuing the herring; and dolphins would jump high out of the water, falling back again with a splash into their native element. Then the sail home in the sunset-light, or the row, if the breeze died down, over the glassy, golden sea, not a sound but the cry of the birds, and the rhythm of the oars as the girl and the old man rowed.

A great peace seemed to flood Betty's soul at these times, and the jarring notes at home seemed strangely trivial after days like these.

Now, alas! the days had changed, and there was more than one sad tale in the small townships of lads away at the fishing who would never come home more, except in one of the terrible long boxes so often carried by the cargo-steamers to the outlying islands and landing-places on the coast; for, however poor the Highlander and Islander may be, he still loves to think he will take his last rest in his native land, and generally leaves provision for his journey to his long home should his end overtake him in the 'south.'

Lady Fitzhugh, however, was kinder to Betty now, and looked at her with more interest and liking. Perhaps she was growing a little tired of Mrs Fletcher, which was a way of her ladyship's; perhaps the girl's beauty and grace and goodness had made their way with her mother. At any rate, Mrs Fletcher felt that she dared not give utterance to the covert allusions she longed to make as to Betty's evident depression.

There is, I think, at all times, a great flatness in a manless house. In a household of women all things seem to narrow to a point, and the sense of proportion fails. Trifles become of huge importance, and the change or misdemeanours of a servant seem of far greater importance than a change in the Government of the country or a possible invasion by France. With the master in the house all is different.

There is greater breadth, a wider horizon, a feeling of strength and solidity which, were it quite fallacious and ill-founded, is pleasant. Although there may be moments when household fidgets are in the air, claiming time and attention, which cause a little feeling of relief when the scent of the morning pipe floats in, the hall door is banged, and the master departs for the day, it is far outweighed by the anticipation, as the day wears on, of his return, tired but cheerful, full of breeze and of outer things, appreciative of his dinner, his comforts, his woman-kind.

CHAPTER VII.

DURING the bright weeks that had passed so quickly there had been a little diversion in the shape of a flying visit from Lord Forsyth, the uncle and guardian of the young Fitzhughs. He had swooped down upon Dunscaith unexpectedly, as his manner was, on his way south from his own fat shooting in Caithness, for a few days. His keen eye and clear common-sense took in the height, depth, and breadth of most things, and he pretty nearly fathomed the depths of Geoffrey Erle. Lord Forsyth looked upon him with disfavour and suspicion from the outset, but treated him with the most elaborate courtesy, deferring to his opinion, agreeing with all he said, yet closely observing him.

The man, however, was not taken in, and was completely a match for his undeclared adversary. As he was quiet, retiring, most deferential yet dignified, Lord Forsyth's suspicions were partly lulled to rest, and Erle's shooting powers distinctly modified the hostility of the elderly sportsman.

Jack and the old keeper had arranged for a few days in the Dunscaith coverts. Charming shooting, shaggy woods full of wild pheasants and black-game, always a chance of woodcock—though it was full early for that lovely bird, a certain number bred in fair Dunscaith, where were soft green places that seldom froze, in the sheltered, quiet coverts. There were a good many roedeer; but these, at Betty's earnest prayer, were let off, and the morning was not made hideous by their piercing cries, their white 'tickets' disappearing into the shadowy depths of the wood. The green velvet rides through the masses of bronze, gold, and brown bracken were fatal traps for the heedless bunnies, who, thoughtlessly dashing across them in hundreds, fell victims to the unsuspected guns. Duck and a wily curlew or two were shot on the way home along the shore.

Lord Forsyth enjoyed himself mightily. There were exquisite pictures of blue hill and shining sea all day; and they ate their lunch in a lovely spot, the bright, hot sun, that often comes to bide a wee in those parts at that time of year, pouring his rays upon them, to the amazement of the Southron.

As young Fitzhugh had said, Erle never missed, and was most modest over his brilliant right and left-ers and difficult shots; neither was he a jealous shot, a being Lord Forsyth hated. And the end of the day left the latter considerably mollified as to the man he looked on with so much distaste and suspicion, there being a great camaraderie about field-sports.

The glamour, however, was fleeting, and as the old peer drove away in the dim morning on leaving Dunscaith, rather cold and cross with his abnormally early start and hurried breakfast, he looked sourly at the veiled windows in the bachelors' quarters, devoutly wishing he had asked Jack point-blank how long 'the fellow' was going to stay.

'Just the sort of chap to take Jack into bad com-

pany in town,' he thought. 'Probably rook him at cards or over horses. What on earth made the young ass bring him here when there are thousands of such nice fellows about?'

Of Betty he hardly liked to think in the same breath; but he gave way to an inelegant explosion when he thought of her mother and her 'tabby,' as he called Mrs Fletcher, to whom he had instantly taken a dislike when he had first set eyes on her.

Then, as he did not like being uncomfortable in mind or body, he dismissed the matter, and turned his thoughts southwards: to his horses and the hounds of which he was master, to the cubbing now in full swing, to the prospects of the hunting season close at hand.

'One thing I shall do,' he said to himself, reverting to his former train of thought, 'and that is to get Betty to Brayborough. She can ride the tails off two or three of the young ones. Dear thing, she will like that, and she will soon forget Don Quixote and his red tie, confound him!—if she has ever thought of him, which Heaven forbid!'

The day brightened, and his spirits rose with the sun; but it was with a sigh that he stepped into the train. The autumn colour and still, clear air were exquisite. The wild hills took every hue of a plum: russet where the brackens were turning golden green, dusty purple and tenderest blue as they faded away in the distance.

Lord Forsyth looked sadly upon them as the train hurried along, winding its long length round their bases. He thought of old friends who were gone, and of days that were dead, when, sound and strong of wind and limb, he would have thought but little of the highest of the peaks, as he swung gaily along, rifle in hand, with a heart as light as the sweet wind that blew in his face.

Now all was changed. Time had ran lead into his shooting-boots and cut his breath sadly short, and the days had but little pleasure in them. He thought of his great place in the Midlands; of 'her ladyship's' perpetual parties of people he did not care about, flirting women and their fancy men, incessant bridge and games of cards in corners, shrill laughter and cackling and dressing and gossip; of the responsibilities that bored him but which he never shirked; and of the pomp and circumstance of his station in life, which bored him most of all.

The country was rapidly opening out into plain and field, and the hand of man was over all and lay heavy on the land. Away northwards—now far away—the hand of God was lying lightly and lovingly on the quiet hills, painting them with unutterable beauty; on the wide sweeping moorland, where the bog-myrtle sent sweet savours up to heaven, and the *cannach* (cotton-plant) waved its foolish and fluffy little head in the breeze; where the still pools among the rich brown peat-bogs stared up with turquoise eyes to the pale, sweet sky above, and the hand of man was not.

Lord Forsyth looked no more from his window in the train, and bought a *Scotsman* at the next available station; and they rumbled and rattled and shrieked their way to the south, to the south, away to the south.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER weeks of wild gales from the sea, the air soft as velvet, the warm rain dashing in sheets against the windows, alternating with occasional days like bits out of heaven, winter asserted itself in remote Dunscaith by the snow that shone in the sunshine on the high ground and distant peaks.

A few brown leaves remained trembling on the trees, and some of the birches still looked as though they were hung with quivering golden coins. The air was sharp and still and sweet, making young blood run quicker through the veins, but not cold enough to make older folk grumble and stir their fires, should they be happy enough to be possessed of means for such comfort. With the inmates of Dunscaith the days flew by very quickly in quiet monotony.

Lady Fitzhugh occasionally remarked that she must go up to London to see her doctor and some plays; but on being encouraged thereunto with ill-disguised fervour by Mrs Fletcher (who was eating her heart out in what she called 'the hideous dullness of this awful place'), her ladyship relapsed contentedly into her patiences, little drives, and short walks in the sunny garden, which was still charming even in winter guise, with things put away and tied up, the earth brown and moist, and stripped of flowers, the clods at times silvered with sparkling hoar-frost, and the robins singing little songs to the gooseberry-bushes.

Betty's days were busy and pleasant enough, the happier relations with her mother continuing, the change having come about quite imperceptibly and for no apparent reason.

There was great poverty in the various townships on the estate, and the girl spent a good deal of her time, as we said before, visiting the poor people. She spoke Gaelic well and fluently, as her father had always insisted on having a Highland lassie in the nursery, who was a good deal sniffed at by her ladyship's beer-drinking English nurse.

But Gaelic was learnt by both young Fitzhughs; and the nurse and her beer took themselves off in time. Or perhaps the converse took place, and the beer took off the nurse. The Highland lassie remained; so did the Gaelic.

Great was the disgust of the factor with the results of this fad of his lordship; many a time and oft had it interfered with his plans, for he had his favourites, and loved power.

Although so young in years, Betty had a wise little head on her shoulders, and clear good sense and judgment as well as sympathy and tenderness

Many a wrong was put right by her gentle management, and many a grievance allayed. She was an industrious girl, too, spinning and knitting, and doing all she could to keep up the old industries of the Highlands, trying to interest the children in them, and the younger women—no easy task when they had once been south, returning with hats covered with artificial flowers, and high-heeled shoes that melted as they took the short-cut across the hill to church.

One evening Betty did not make her appearance in the library until considerably after dark.

'Where have you been, Betty? I do not like your being out so late alone,' said her mother.

'So very odd,' chimed in Mrs Fletcher at a venture.

'I went to see poor Donald Roy's widow, mother, up the glen, and it is such a strange story, I was sure you would not mind when you heard it.

'She told me that the night on which poor Donald was drowned she could not sleep for the wind, and she got up to put peats on the fire, and took little Janet into bed with her. She was lying looking at the door, and she saw the latch move, and her husband came in dripping wet, the water pouring off his oilskins. He went up to the fireplace, and put his hand and arm up the chimney at the side, and groped about; then he turned and looked at her, and as she looked at him he vanished. She said she knew he was dead when he looked at her.

'She was in a terrible state, poor woman! and as soon as it was light, went to her sister and told her; and, sure enough, the telegram came a day or two later saying that his boat had gone down that night.

'But just imagine, to-day little Janet was sitting by the fire, her mother told me, watching the pot and staring up the chimney, when she said suddenly, "Look, mother, one of the bricks is nearly out. I am afraid it will fall into the pot."

'Mrs Roy looked, and the brick came away in her hand, and there was a hole scraped out, and a small canvas bag lay in it, and she opened it, and there was twenty pounds in it. She remembered poor Donald groping in the chimney that night she saw him, and she is sure he came to tell her of it. She cried so dreadfully, and said that now she had lost him she did not care for anything; but I tried to comfort her, and offered to take the money and put it in the savings-bank, as I was sure that was what he would have wished; so I ran home and took the cart and Neil, and settled it all for her at the post-office. Wasn't it strange, mother?'

Lady Fitzhugh looked pale and grave.

'The Scotch are *so* superstitious,' said Mrs Fletcher, with an incredulous simper.

'They may be superstitious,' said Lady Fitzhugh, 'but they are certainly more interesting than the low-class, beef-and-beer English, or the middle-class English either,' she added curtly.

Mrs Fletcher had forgotten her ladyship's nationality in her attempt to annoy Betty.

'I don't quite see, either, where the superstition comes in in this case,' said Betty. 'Mrs Roy would never have invented such a tale, and she told it to Neil Bane's wife a day or two before the telegram came; and she knew nothing about the money in the chimney, as she could not think what poor Donald was doing groping there that night she saw him.'

Mrs Fletcher found herself between two fires for once, as sometimes happens to the toady and sycophant, so she retired to dress, sidling out of the room yellow and discomfited.

During those winter days I am sorry to say that Betty's thoughts often turned pityingly to Geoffrey Erle: his sadness, his wrongs, and the unkindness of the world. She was perforce obliged to spend a good deal more time in the house now; and as her spinning-wheel hummed in the firelight she mused and dreamt, and there was some little danger in this contemplation of a most unworthy object.

It would have been well to uproot the girl for a time from her present way of life, dearly though she loved it, and quietly happy though she might be.

With the appositeness with which things sometimes occur in this strange world, the means of uprooting happened to be close at hand, even at the door, among Reynolds's heap of letters, as the old clock wheezed and grunted and struck ten one frosty night; the means, as we may suppose, being a letter from Lady Forsyth to Lady Fitzhugh, inviting Betty to Brayborough for a long visit.

(To be continued.)

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS TO WILLIAM HUNTER.

PART II.

FAMOUS or well-known Scots who send letters of introduction to Hunter, not in themselves important enough to quote, are Doctors Pitcairn, Smellie, and Fothergill, Professor Simson, and Foulis the Glasgow printer. It is to be regretted that David Hume does not send a characteristic letter. He writes from Fontainebleau, in October 1764, relative to a letter Hunter had desired him to give to Dr Astruc. Hume's script is very neat, distinguished, and French-looking; but an even more faultless handwriting is that of Hunter's old master and lifelong friend, the illustrious Dr Cullen. His long, vivid letter to William Hunter on the death of David Hume has been reprinted from the Hunter-Baillie Collection in Thomson's standard *Life of Cullen* (1859), with the omission, in the interests of good taste, of the

word 'Christian' before 'superstition.' Cullen avers that Hume, his patient, died *en plaisantant*, as other great men had done before him; but William Hunter's own end was not less philosophic. 'If I had strength enough left to hold a pen,' said he in 1783, 'I would write how pleasant and easy a thing it is to die.' The phrase may be set beside Dr Johnson's '*jam moriturus*,' spoken in the following year. An unpublished letter from Cullen seems to have been sent off uncorrected; for, exquisite otherwise, it lacks commas. The last paragraph alludes to Hume's death:

'My dear Friend—I have wished to have your opinion on many subjects and if I was near you I should be very troublesome. Your distance has hitherto saved you but I must now break thro that obstacle. I am very diffident in offering my works to the publick but the necessities of a teacher have obliged me to publish for the use of my Students and now after a trial of two or three years, I venture on giving my text book to the publick. It is still however with diffidence and if I was not kept in a constant hurry and putting off to the last I should not publish without having your opinion upon the whole of it. This however I cannot now have but will still make an effort to have your opinion on one part of it. For this purpose I send you by this post a section of my work which I beg you'll look over and give me your corrections with respect to the matter in the first place and by the way with respect to the language and the stile which I shall in several places correct, as it certainly requires. You will perceive that I have decided many controversies which you are a much better judge of than I am, and I expect your opinion without reserve. You will find perhaps some new doctrines for which I crave no mercy tho they might appear better if I was by to give my reasons and explanations but I shall certainly endeavour to make the best use I can of your opinion.'

Dr Hunter is urged to return the papers within a fortnight.

'I know well, both that you have little leisure and that it is not proper to hurry such a business but I cannot now help it and must trust to your quickness of parts in doing the business in a short time and to your friendship for me in finding that time. The Post Office have been so kind as to transmit the printed papers but would not take this letter along with them, and therefore it is that they come separately. I am this day to pay my last duty to David Hume and you may believe with great concern. By Dr Black's nonchalance there has been no dissection so that I can tell your brother John nothing more exactly concerning his disease.'

Cullen signs himself 'with great affection,' and adds, in a postscript, 'Upon further inquiry I believe I have blamed Dr. Black unjustly in the above.'

The letter is dated Edinburgh, 29th August 1776.

David Hume in his time was a terror to worthy souls. The Bishop of Down and Connor (Dr James Trail) writes to Dr Hunter:

'Dear Sir—Some Days ago I took the Liberty to write a Letter of a very delicate Nature to Mr. Hume. . . . Now since that Letter was written, I find every Day, almost every Hour, new Proofs how necessary it was to make Use of every Method to prevent Mr. Hume's coming into this Country. His Character as a Philosopher is an object of universal Disgust not to say Detestation in this Country; & his historical Character, especially where Ireland & the Stewarts are concerned, is excessively disliked. It is become therefore an object of Importance both to himself & to this Family (the Earl of Hertford's) that he set not a Foot in this Kingdom. If he knows any Thing of the World, & if he reflects but a single moment, I think my Letter must infallibly determine him to remain in England. But it has been so customary a Thing with him to dissent from all established opinions & to oppose the Common Belief of Mankind, that possibly in the present Case he may not be struck with any Idea of Impropriety. In general indeed his Theory is of such a Nature as cannot possibly be put in Practice; however, there is always Reason to apprehend Impropriety in Practice from a Man who affects an universal Singularity in Sentiment & opinion. This has appeared to me in so strong a Light,' &c. The long backhanded attack continues for many lines. At last we reach an appeal to Dr Hunter, which shows him to have been David Hume's intimate friend: 'I must therefore beg of you to seize the first Moment in your Power of talking with Mr. Hume; if by any accident he has not received the Letter which I wrote to him . . . it will be proper to give him the copy which I inclose to you; & if the Letter does not absolutely determine him, you must use all the Arguments in your Power to prevail upon him. In short he must not come here; I am sure my Lord himself (Lord Hertford) sees the insuperable objection; & therefor I the more chearfully undertake the Task, that my Lord may not, in Contradiction to all his Feelings for Mr. Hume, be at last reduced to the disagreable Necessity of laying an absolute Embargo upon him and his Philosophy. I am well persuaded that Mr. Hume will not require any sort of argument to be used with him to induce him to serve my Lord; all I wish is only that he may see Things in their true Light; it is his Understanding & not his Will that I want to move. If therefor it should be necessary (to produce that effect) to shew him this Letter, you are at full Liberty to do it.'

The letter is dated at Dublin, November 14, 1765. The Earl of Hertford was at that time Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Hume was still in Paris, where he had been acting with much credit to himself as Hertford's temporary successor or *charge*

d'affaires at the British Embassy. This egregious effusion ends with a postscript:

'My Lord desires that this Letter may not be shewn to any Person whatsoever; he thinks that nothing but extream Necessity would justify its being shewn to Mr. Hume. The Copy I inclose had likewise better be destroyed, if Mr. Hume has already received the Original.'

The letter does not appear to have been shown to Hume, who in January 1766 arrived in London, convoying in his train the sensitive Jean Jacques Rousseau. Hume did not go to Ireland, splendid as his position there would have been, for he was aware of the absurd prejudice against Scots then prevalent in that country. Lord Hertford had at first proposed to appoint him Secretary in Ireland in conjunction with Lord Beauchamp. Hume's salary was to have been two thousand pounds per annum, which he calls 'a splendid fortune.' We have no means of ascertaining whether Hunter had any share in dissuading him by word of mouth from going to Dublin.

Perhaps the most interesting of the Hunter-Baillie manuscripts is a series of five letters from the pen of William Hunter's colleague and famous compatriot, Tobias Smollett. The bond between Smollett and the brothers Hunter was of the closest. He was accused of having written for John Hunter everything that appeared in the latter's name. His part in William Hunter's *Commentaries* is well known. These ceased to appear in 1764, and are written in a style of increasing acerbity. 'Perhaps,' as Dr Hingston Fox remarks, 'the sharpest arrows were barbed by the author of *Peregrine Pickle*.'

In 1762 Smollett penned a manly and pathetic begging letter to William Hunter. 'I have been hedging and lurching these Six weeks,' he says, 'in expectation of that cursed Ship from Jamaica,' where Mrs Smollett owned a small property. The ship had 'at last arrived without Letter or Remittance. I am at present,' he continues, 'in absolute necessity of eight or ten pieces, without which I can no longer answer the occasions of my Family. This Declaration is by God himself! like wormwood & Brimstone to me: and were myself alone concerned, I would rather perish than have Recourse to such beggarly sollicitation:—for heaven's Sake, do not look upon me as one of those Sneaking Rascals who can stoop to subsist upon what they can borrow, without shame, Remorse, or purpose of repayment. I am an unfortunate Dog whose Pride Providence thinks proper to punish with the Tortures of incessant Mortification: & I resent my Lot accordingly.'

Hunter sent him fifty pounds; and at the foot of a letter from Bath, vividly descriptive of ill-health and regimen, Smollett formally promises repayment. His small, neat writing is in great contrast with Hunter's fine and bold endorsement on the verso of the letter, dated May 13, 1766, four years after its receipt: 'In case of my death I desire my Executors will not make any demand upon Dr Smollett, because I sent the money to him as a present, never meaning to take it again.'

This generous endorsement was penned when Smollett had returned temporarily from the south of Europe, whither he and his wife had gone broken-hearted after their only child's death. Often had the grim, satiric genius been wont to give over his task, and 'to betake me'—the words are Smollett's—'to a game of romps with Betty.' Elizabeth Smollett died at the age of fifteen in April 1763, and her father was never the same man again. The stricken parents left England, where every scene and object had become to them painfully reminiscent of the child. On 14th June 1763 Smollett writes a touching farewell to Dr Hunter:

'Dear Doctor—In case I should not have the Pleasure of taking my Leave of you by word of mouth, I seize this opportunity of thanking you for the manifold Instances of your Friendship which I have received; Instances which I shall ever remember with the strongest emotions of Gratitude, Esteem & Affection. Should I never return, I hope I shall leave effects sufficient to discharge all the Debts I have contracted. I am now ambitious of nothing so much, as of dying with the Character of an honest man. Such is the Tenderness of my nature enervated by ill Health & misfortune that I cannot well stand the shock of parting from my best Friends. . . . I heartily pray God you may proceed in the Path you are in to wealth and Honour, that you may enjoy every species of Happiness, and continue to do Honour to your Country as well as to your particular Friends, in the number of whom I flatter myself you will admit, Dear Sir, Your much obliged humble servt,

'T^s Smollett.'

In a postscript he alludes to the coolness then existing between the brothers Hunter, who were not really reconciled until John came to nurse William on his deathbed:

'Dr Hunter, I cannot help expressing an eager Desire that your Brother's future Conduct may entitle him to a revival of those favourable sentiments in you, which he has indiscreetly Forfeited.'

Smollett's headquarters were Nice, which he may be said to have discovered. He is called by Leslie Stephen 'the pioneer of the Riviera,' for which he foresaw a great future. The following characteristic letter is not included in Smollett's *Travels* (1766), a work of much learning and observation, addressed in great part to a doctor, probably William Hunter. The letter was written, as will appear, before Smollett had travelled in Italy, where Sterne met him and unkindly dubbed him 'Smelfungus':

'Dear Sir—I received your last Favour at Boulogne when I was upon the wing to the southward, and deferred answering it, untill I should be able to say something satisfactory of the place where I might pass the winter. I was induced to visit

Montpellier by sundry considerations, tho' it is about twelve Leagues out of the Road to Nice. I expected my baggage at Cette which is the Port of Montpellier. I wished to see the antiquities of Nismes, which gave me incredible pleasure; and I hoped that the air of Montpellier would agree with my Constitution, so as to save me the Trouble and expense of a long Journey to the Banks of the Var. I found the Place very agreeable, and met with some Families of English People with whom I could have passed my Time in a very sociable way: but in a few days after I arrived, the weather broke up: it rained incessantly a whole week; and this change of the atmosphere relaxed me to such a degree that all my complaints returned together with a most uncomfortable dejection of spirits. I had the advice of one Dr. Fitzmorrice an honest irish Physician of the Place; and I consulted Dr. Fises the Boerhaave of Montpellier, who is an old Sordid Scoundrel, and an old woman into the Bargain. I sent him my Case in Latin, which he answered in French. The Correspondence between us was diverting enough. if ever I return to England, you shall see the original Papers. Tho' I expressly assured him that I never discharged anything like matter from the Lungs, he insisted upon it that I had Tubercles which were suppurated. he prescribed Bouillons of Land Tortoize, for a fortnight, opiates at night and then a course of Goats milk; but, not a word of Exercise. I found he had a set of Phrases and Prescriptions which he applied to all Cases indescriminately for when I arrived at Nice Mr. Mayne an English Gentleman (now dead) shewed me a Paper of Directions written by Fises, in exactly the same words which he had used to me.

'Finding the air of Montpellier too sharp for my Constitution, & the place too expensive for my Finnances, I set out for Nice on the thirteenth of November and here I arrived on the twenty third. As I take it for granted you have seen my Letter to Dr. Macaulay, I need not repeat what I have said to him with respect to my situation. I have now resided above two months in the place & find myself surprisingly recovered as to the asthmatic Disorder, the little hectic Fever and lowness of spirits. All these are gone. I eat heartily. I sleep sound, almost without interruption from the cough which is much diminished, as well as the spitting: but still the Tabes continues. I grow thinner & thinner; but, I am not without hope of recruiting in the spring. Indeed, here is spring & even summer all the year. Roses, Jonquills, Ranunculas & Anemonies flower all the year; and in about three weeks, the oranges, Lemons, Citrons & Bergamots will begin to be gathered. Nice is a narrow Town wedged in between a high mountain & the River Taglion which washes the walls on one side and falls into the Mediterranean at the Distance of ten yards from the corner of one of the Bastions. This River at present puts me in mind of a Scotch Brook divided into several small streamlets brawling over a broad Bed of Pebbles: but after sudden storms it swells to a very formidable stream; & in the year 1744, many hundreds of the french & savoyards were drowned in it, after having been repulsed in an attack made upon the Piedmontese Intrenchments within a short mile of Nice. The assailants lost five thousand men upon that occasion. The Maritime Alps begin about half a mile from the land Gate of Nice, and form a most delightfull amphitheatre extending about a leage [*sic*] all around the City. The mountains are covered with olives to the very tops, and these trees are green all the winter. The Eye is inchanted by a vast number of white Cassines or Houses rising through the Trees, and each of these Cassines has a Garden with Groves of Oranges &c loaded with Fruit. Some of these Houses are magnificent: but the greater part belong to Farmers and Citizens & look much better at a Distance than near at hand. Among them also are two Convents standing in a most imperial situation; & divers old fortified Castles which add greatly to the Beauty of the Prospect. When the wind blows from the mountains (which at a distance are now covered with snow) the air is sharp on the land side of the Town, & I have seen the pools covered with ice: but, on that part of the Rampart which faces the Mediterranean, you enjoy Summer all the year. While the wind blows from the mountains, the weather is always fair; because indeed, there is no room for a collection of Clouds & vapours between the mountains & the sea, & those mountains are so high, that the Clouds from Piedmont are detained on the other side. It rains only when the south wind blows the vapours of the Mediterranean against the Nice side of these mountains; & this is so seldom the case that we have often clear skies without the least spot or Blemish for six weeks, two & even three months successively. Even in the severest weather at Nice very few People use Fires in their Chambers, & most of the Houses in Town, have no Glass in their windows. In such an equal & benign Climate, I apprehend, the Perspiration must be equally and happily performed; & to this Cause I chiefly ascribe the free Respiration which I and many other asthmatic people enjoy in this place; for, here are some Persons who live comfortably and breathe freely after having found even the climates of Languedoc and Provence intolerable. At Villafranca which is on the other side of the mountain about two miles from hence, the air is still more mild than at Nice, because that mountain defends it intirely from the North & East; but then the Place is so confined that there is no room for Exercise. We lie right opposite to Algiers, & (I am told) can see the Island of Corsica, when the sky is very clear. Our Situation is in the Bottom of a Delightfull Bay, within thirty leagues of Marseilles on one hand, & of Genoa on the other: we are at the same distance from Turin. We can go from hence in a Felucca to Leghorn, in four and twenty hours; & I own I am strongly tempted to make a short Tour of Florence,

Rome and Naples, which I think I can finish in one month. With this View I am at present giving my whole attention to the Italian Language which I think I shall be able to speak tolerably in six months. All the People of Condition here speak Italian which is used in all Pulpits & in all the Courts of Justice; but the Language of the Country is the old provençal, which is improperly called *Patois:* for *patois* means no more than the vulgar Dialect of any Language; whereas this is an original of itself. It is indeed the Language which rose upon the Ruins of the Latin, & was spoke by the Inhabitants of Italy, Spain, & France, before each of these nations refined it into the Language which is now spoken in each of those Countries.

'If your Sister is with you still, pray offer her my most respectfull Compts & those of my wife who is in good health & spirits & sends her best Respects to you. Also remember me kindly to Jock, to Drs Macaulay, Pitcairn, Dickson & all my worthy friends; and allow me to be with unalterable Truth, Esteem & affection, Dear Doctor Your much obliged humble servant, Ts Smollett.

'Nice *Feby 6 1764*

'Dr. Dr. I forgot to mention that the scurvy is not known in this country; & all the People have the whitest and the soundest Teeth that ever I saw. I wish I could send you a Head: but, I am afraid I shall find no opportunity. That there is something in the Climate which attenuates the Blood would appear from the case of some of our [here more than a line is erased]—Adieu.

'I went last week to see the remains of Cemeleon an old Roman City on a Hill about two miles to the northward of Nice. I found the Ruins of an Amphitheatre which was not large. The Arena is intire, with some of the steps, & two or three Gate-ways arched: but the Columns & Façade are intirely destroyed. A great many medals (gold, silver & copper) have been found in the neighbourhood, together with Sepulchral & other Inscriptions & there is an old Temple now converted into a Peasant's House. The Portico is taken away. The arcades are built up with Rubble. The Peasant with his Family of nasty Brats live like so many Rats immediately under the Roof; & the space below serves for a stable, in which I found a starved Ox, a Jack ass & a He-goat—I mention this assemblage, because in passing thro Burgundy I saw three Animals of the same species drawing a Plough very peaceably together—Here is no Learning, nor Taste of any kind all is gothic pride, Ignorance & Superstition.'

Smollett returned to England in 1765, and enjoyed slightly better health for a time. He went again to Italy in 1769, and died near Leghorn in 1771, being long survived by William Hunter, to whom he penned the following remarkable letter, dated Bath, 24th February 1767:

'Dear Sir—I would rather be found guilty of Intrusion than be suspected of Ingratitude, & therefore I trouble you with this Intimation as in Duty bound, that you may know I am still crawling on the face of the Earth, & that I am even in a condition to crawl on all four as the use of my right hand is in some measure restored. . . . About three months ago, I was verily persuaded that the cursed ulcer on my Forearm was become cancerous; & that the sore was a Judgement of God upon me for the ridiculous use I had made of that wretched member, in writing such a Heap of absurdities in the course of my authorial Probation. At present the part is skinned over, but looks very shabby and leprous, & the Lord knows how soon it may break out again. Meanwhile, I can sit without agony, and sleep without an opiate; & I am very ready to compound with Providence for the Priviledge of these happy Exemptions. After all, it is a long time, since I had any other than negative Enjoyments, & indeed I have almost forgot what positive Pleasure is. I am almost stupefied with ill Health, Loss of memory, confinement & solitude; & I believe in my Conscience, the Circulation would have stopped of itself, if it was not every now and then stimulated by the stings of my Grub Street Friends, who attack me in the public Papers. Sometimes I am baited as a Dunce, then a ministerial Hireling, then a Jacobite, then a rancorous Knave, then a Liar, Quack & assassin—a Dunce I partly believe myself to be; but as to the other Epithets, I humbly conceive [*sic*] they are misapplied: for, even Mr. Secretary Conway himself, will never be able to persuade me, either that I am a Jacobite, or that I ever exhibited the outward Signs & Symptoms of that Infection. Long Life to those great Men! & I pray God they may become Saints in Heaven. For my Part, even after their Canonization, I shall rather than trouble them on their Thrones of Beatification, address my Prayers to the spirit of honest George Macaulay who I know will do me all the service in his power, notwithstanding the Discrepancy betwixt my notions of Government & those of his learned Spouse. . . . Pray excuse this nonsense as a Thing of course from Dear Doctor, Your much obliged humble Servt,

'Ts Smollett.'

ALTHEA'S LOVERS.

CHAPTER IV.

ALTHEA stared at the officer for a few seconds in sheer blank amazement. Then she remembered where she stood, in the street of a Russian city, and a dozen stories of the arbitrary powers of police and military flashed to her mind. She glanced round to the spot where her late companions had stood. Both had vanished. The *droshky* stood there, with the pony nosing the flags before him, but Russian workman and *droshky*-driver had disappeared. The latter had preferred to abandon his carriage and horse, his whole worldly property, rather than draw attention to himself by attempting to drive away.

This significant fact showed Althea in a very illuminating fashion the danger in which she was placed. She turned again to speak to the officer, but he was now busy giving sharp orders to his men. The wall against which the captives were herded was about nine feet high, the wall of a courtyard beside the street. In the centre of the wall was a small door, and in a trice the Cossacks burst the latter open and drove their captives into the courtyard. Althea was forced to go with them. The officer motioned to her to follow the little crowd of miserable creatures, and when she hesitated, a huge and very ruffianly-looking Cossack advanced upon her to seize her and thrust her through the doorway. Rather than suffer this indignity she followed her companions in misfortune, and found herself in a flagged space, some thirty feet square, belonging to a large house. But the latter seemed untenanted; the windows were dirty and curtainless, and no one came to see what this intrusion meant.

The prisoners were driven into a corner of the yard, Althea among them. 'What can I do?' she thought. 'I must get a message to my father in some fashion or another.' She looked out at the avenue through the open door, and the next instant gave a great gasp of relief and thankfulness. A gigantic figure bent to the low doorway and moved swiftly into the courtyard, followed by a companion. The next moment Serge Pavloff and Lance Colquhoun stood by her side, their faces filled with eager and anxious inquiry.

'Ah!' said Pavloff, 'you have taken refuge here. How glad I am to see that you are safe!'

'Thank God we met your *droshky*-driver!' cried Lance.

'It is indeed you, Prince,' murmured a quiet voice behind them; 'it is some time since we met, but I thought I could not be deceived. I have not forgotten our pleasant days at Kieff.'

The two men turned to see the thin face and dark, glittering eyes of the Cossack officer at their elbow.

'You, Kozlitine!' cried Pavloff. 'Then it is to you our thanks are due for protecting this lady.'

'I grieve to say it is not as you suppose,' replied Kozlitine, with a malicious smile on his thin lips; 'this lady is my prisoner. I have been compelled to place her under arrest.'

'Prisoner! Arrest!' thundered Lance. 'What do you mean? How dare you use such words in connection with this lady?'

But Pavloff had not joined in this outburst. His face went very pale, and he looked keenly at the Cossack, and anxiously tugged at his long moustache. 'Surely, Kozlitine,' said he very quickly, 'there is some great mistake here.'

'None, my dear Prince; none at all,' he replied. 'I ordered one of my men to shoot a rascal making seditious speeches and waving a revolutionary flag, and this lady interfered and protected him.'

'It was a child,' cried Althea, 'a tiny little fellow. How could I look on quietly and see him killed?' In a dozen swift words she poured out the story, and Lance listened with growing excitement.

'Of course you could not help interfering, Miss Locke,' he cried; 'it would have been sheer murder.'

But the Russian said nothing for a moment. The look of uneasiness deepened; his face became set like a mask. Then he turned to his compatriot.

'You must remember, Kozlitine,' he said, 'that this lady is a foreigner and is absolutely unused to our methods of maintaining order. Under the circumstances, she acted as she would have done at home in her own country. I am sure you will not wish to inconvenience a lady and a stranger for following so natural and womanly an impulse.'

The mocking smile on Kozlitine's lips deepened.

'An excellent speech for the defence, Prince Serge,' he replied; 'but you must reserve it for the proper tribunal. For my part, I have nothing to do but to hand this lady over to the authorities and make my report.'

'Will you permit her to accompany us on condition that you receive the most positive assurance that she will appear and answer to any charge you may bring against her?'

'No, I won't,' said the Cossack curtly.

'What, then, do you intend to do?'

'I shall lodge this batch inside the military prison;' and he turned away carelessly, as if he had nothing further to say.

Lance was about to break out into furious speech, when he was silenced by a look and gesture from Pavloff, both so full of fierce anxiety that the words were checked on the young Scotsman's lips. For his part, Lance could not understand the quiet, submissive line which Pavloff had taken. 'Is it possible that he is afraid of this popinjay and his ruffians?' thought Lance. 'It looks uncommonly

like it.' To the fiery young Scot it was the hardest thing in the world to hold his temper under command, and not force a way for Althea through them all and bear her off. The idea of throwing her into prison for a simple act of humanity made his blood boil, and to him Pavloff's behaviour seemed little short of pusillanimous. Why had he not laughed Kozlitine's tyrannous order to the winds and thrust him aside? Lance turned and was about to speak to Althea, when the Russian gripped his arm and drew him, almost by main force, two or three yards aside.

'Do not speak to Miss Locke, Colquhoun,' he murmured. 'If you do you will only play Kozlitine's game. He is seeking the smallest pretence to clap us under arrest as well, and then how are we to assist her?'

'Us—under arrest?' repeated Lance, knitting his brows and wondering whether or not Pavloff had lost his reason. 'What could he arrest us for?'

'He could arrest you for nothing at all,' replied the Prince grimly, 'and make up a charge afterwards. But I have strong friends, and he looks for some shadow of excuse before seizing upon me. He would find his reason at once if we even spoke to a prisoner whom he has placed under arrest. Kozlitine is an acquaintance of mine, but we are no friends.'

'Look here, Pavloff,' said Lance. 'Are you mad, or is this country mad? You speak as if Miss Locke stood in some danger.'

The Russian's nostrils dilated, and his eyes shone like blue steel in his white face.

'Danger!' he whispered in a voice which went to Lance's heart. 'Yes, she is in such frightful danger as she has never stood in before, and as I pray God she may never stand in again. Colquhoun, she must never enter that prison.'

'What do you fear for her?' said Lance.

The Russian drew a deep breath. 'Everything,' he said. 'You do not know what a military prison means in Russia. And Kozlitine is a man of the worst character. If we anger him he will put a hundred vile indignities upon her.'

Lance gazed upon his companion in stupefaction. But the Prince went on quickly.

'Listen. Here is our only chance. I am armed. I have carried a revolver for some time—ever since the strikers threatened an attack on our works. Here we have Kozlitine and three Cossacks. I shall attack them. On no account are you to help me. I shall shoot Kozlitine and one Cossack easily enough by surprise, and then fling myself upon the other two. Your share is to lead Miss Locke away at once and secure her safety.'

'But then her father, the American consul, the British consul?' said Lance, beginning to enumerate authorities whose aid might be invoked.

'Useless, useless!' said Pavloff, cutting in abruptly. 'There is a revolution raging in the city; the military are all-powerful; the ordinary machinery of life is out of gear. Do you not see? Silence! He is coming.'

But Kozlitine did not speak to them. He passed them without a glance and went on to give orders to his men. Three troopers only had remained with him; the rest had galloped far down the avenue, pursuing the flying crowd. The three Cossacks were posted before the outer door, and about a yard away from it.

'Now!' murmured the Prince in a deep, quiet voice. 'Now is my chance! Leave this to me, Colquhoun. Your duty is to secure her safety.'

He moved a little, in order to secure the cover of Lance's broad shoulders, and slipped his hand into an inner pocket. But the revolver was never drawn. A far more terrible intervention was at hand, an intervention unknown except in countries where misery is goaded into the most savage form of reprisal. A laugh rang out above their heads—a harsh, cackling laugh. They looked up and saw the head and shoulders of a man thrust over the courtyard wall, near the closed door. His broad, white, bloodless face surrounded by a tangled mass of filthy hair, and the look of ferocious hatred with which he surveyed the soldiers just below, marked him as a striker, an insurgent, a revolutionist. He grinned maliciously into the upturned faces of the soldiery and swung up his right hand. In it he held a small metal sphere; it looked to Lance like a large cricket-ball.

'A bomb!' roared Pavloff and made a leap like a stag. Lance followed on the bound, and both men flung themselves in front of Althea. The Cossacks whirled up their rifles; Kozlitine tugged at his revolver. Too late, too late! With a wolfish howl the striker flung his frightful missile, and hurled himself backwards. The bomb fell at the very feet of the troopers and exploded with a fearful report. The concussion was tremendous. All were flung to the ground headlong. Lance felt something strike his head, but pulled himself together in a moment, and reeled dizzily to his feet. Pavloff was already up, and the two men raised Althea. She had been entirely protected by their bodies, but was faint for the moment from the fearful shock.

'We must carry her,' cried Lance.

'Yes,' said the Russian, 'here is our chance of escape.'

'No, no; I can walk very well,' said Althea; and all three went forward.

They shot a glance round the courtyard, then averted their eyes. Kozlitine and his Cossacks were no longer to be feared. Standing in the very heart of the explosion, their bodies had been torn almost to pieces, and several of the prisoners had shared their fate. Those who could move were already beginning to scramble into the avenue, and the two men went quickly out with Althea between them.

'Ah!' cried Pavloff, 'the *droshky*. Good! Bring Miss Locke forward, Colquhoun.'

Up to the moment of the explosion the good, quiet little *droshky* horse had stood like a statue, now and again pricking an ear as if to ask when his master would come back. Now it was rearing and plunging with fright; but Pavloff ran forward, seized its bridle, and quieted it. He sprang to the driver's seat and seized the reins.

'In with you!' he snapped; and Lance helped Althea to the seat. He jumped in after her, and away went the *droshky* at tremendous speed, Pavloff urging the swift little beast on with voice and whip. Two or three sharp turns were taken, and then the Prince checked the furious speed to a brisk trot, which soon carried them into a quarter where the streets were quiet.

'I believe we have got clean off, Miss Locke,' said Lance, turning to his companion. Up to this moment he had been watching for signs of pursuit, and the left part of his face had been hidden from her. He had felt something strike his head, but had thought no more of it. The truth was that he had had a wonderful escape from death. A jagged piece of steel from the flying bomb had scored his skull clean across, and the wound was bleeding freely. His hair was matted with gore; the left side of his face was almost hidden under a horrible mask of crimson. But in the tremendous excitement of the moment he knew nothing whatever of it, felt nothing of the wound, nothing of the flowing blood.

He turned his head and saw that Althea was rapidly becoming herself once more, her colour returning, her heaving breast less troubled as she drew more tranquil breaths. She looked towards him with a faint smile playing about her mouth; but at sight of the grisly apparition he presented, the smile froze upon her lips, the colour fled, leaving her lovely face a deathly white, in which great shining eyes showed the extremity of horror and dismay. Shaken as she was by the dreadful things she had seen, this seemed to Althea the most terrible stroke of all. Lance was bleeding to death beside her.

'Ah!' she said in a low, gasping voice, 'you are hurt. You are dreadfully wounded. Oh, what can I do? What can I do? Let me see the place?'

Lance looked wonderingly into her beautiful eyes, his heart beating furiously in his breast. He could scarcely breathe in his rapture of wonder and awed delight. Althea was bending towards him with all her soul in her face, and her secret was a secret no longer. In some swift, inscrutable fashion, Lance knew that this was no mere burst of womanly sympathy; it was the passion of anxiety which a woman feels for the safety of the man she loves.

'Am I hurt?' he said stumblingly. 'I did not know it. It can only be a scratch.'

The *droshky* drew up with a jerk. 'Here we are,' said the Prince from the driving-seat. 'I have brought you to my house. It is safer than the hotel. Too many prying eyes there. I will despatch a messenger to fetch Mr Locke.'

The door opened and a couple of servants appeared on the threshold.

'Will you please take Miss Locke inside, Colquhoun, and then come back to me?' said Pavloff.

Lance, murmuring assurances that his hurt was trifling, led Althea into the house, and came back to the *droshky*, where, to his surprise, Pavloff still sat immovable on the driving-seat. Lance glanced up at the Russian and started. The Prince's face was one uniform, horrible shade of gray. His lips were set as those of a man who sternly represses a groan of agony.

'What's wrong, Pavloff?'

The Russian turned his eyes slowly upon Lance. 'Would you mind giving my man a hand to get me into the house, Colquhoun?'

'You were hit!' cried Lance in horror.

'Badly,' said the Prince. 'I am bleeding internally. I think I am already partly paralysed. I cannot move.'

Two hours later Althea, her father, and Lance were gathered in the dining-room of Pavloff's house. Mr Locke had only recently arrived, and was detailing in a low voice the arrangements which he had been successfully making for their instant departure, when the door opened and a message was brought in. The Prince wished to see Althea. She went at once, and was conducted to a large room where Pavloff was lying on a simple bed. The room smelt faintly of the drugs which the doctors had been using for the mortally wounded man, and was very quiet. An elderly woman, once Pavloff's nurse, now his housekeeper, sat on the other side of the bed and watched her patient with eyes full of dumb sorrow. As Althea came in she rose and went into a room beyond. The girl swiftly crossed the room and stood beside the Prince. He smiled faintly at her, and she bent over him and raised the hand he could not raise himself.

'Oh!' she said, 'I cannot tell you how grieved I am to see you lying here. You flung yourself before me; that piece of shell would have struck me had you not sacrificed yourself.' The tears welled up in her eyes and fell slowly.

The Prince moved his magnificent blonde head a little as it lay on the white pillow, and smiled. 'A sacrifice gladly, most gladly offered,' he said in a low voice. 'Believe me, Miss Locke, I am not unwilling to die. In truth, I have nothing to live for. I had hoped to do something for Russia, to raise a few of her workers from the horrible slough where they live a life lower than that of the beasts; but I am a ruined man, and these hopes are destroyed.' He paused for a moment, and a look of deep affection came into his big, bright eyes. He went on in a still lower voice. 'I had other hopes too, Miss Locke. I have never mentioned them, and I know now that they were vain. We who are dying gain strange glimpses into the soul of things; the scales fall away; we know as we are

known. Pardon me if I tell you that I have loved you deeply and truly. I do not ask you if you have cared for me, for I know that you do not.'

'I have liked you and trusted you from the first,' murmured Althea. 'You are a true, brave man.'

A beautiful smile flashed across the white face. 'It is good to hear you say that,' murmured Pavloff; 'but you do not love me, and that, too, is good. It rejoices me that I, a broken, dying man, do not carry your heart with me into my grave. The thought would double my agony.'

The supreme unselfishness of this noble soul, whose eyes were already glazing with the films of death, stirred Althea's soul into a tumult of emotion. She bent over him with quivering lips, unable to speak. He looked up, and she read in his eyes an unspoken request. In answer, she bent still lower and laid her lips on his. A look of supreme joy flashed across the face of the dying man, then his head sank lower on the pillow, and a swift, sudden change passed over his features. Althea cried out in alarm, and the nurse ran quickly to the bedside; but for the Prince the hour had struck, and somewhere in Russia another stepped to the headship of the House of Pavloff.

Late that evening the Vienna express rushed westwards from Odessa through the soft summer twilight. It bore across the plains of South Russia three travellers who would not feel easy until they had crossed the frontier. But two of them could scarce remember the danger in which they stood. Althea and Lance sat together in the dusk of the dimly lighted carriage, and, in shelter of her ample travelling-cloak, he held her firm white hand.

THE END.

LITERARY ELBOW-GREASE.

IN this age of hurry and unrest a life of learned leisure is almost an impossibility. Literary work, like that of other kinds, has often to be produced too rapidly to allow time for polishing; by which is not meant the packing and stuffing, the beating about the bush, and the amplification which too often constitute the larger half of a publication, and are often the ruin of much good work—'striving to do better, oft we mar what's well'—but simple embellishment and adornment, the smoothing of asperities, the rounding off of angular passages, the erasion of redundancies, and the toning down of anything crude or blunt.

> 'Tis not timber, lead, and stone
> An architect requires alone
> To finish a fine building.
> The palace were but half complete
> If he could possibly forget
> The carving and the gilding.
>
> COWPER'S *Friendship.*

The hasty productions, 'pot-boilers,' of those who write for support are never either widely known or long-lived. Of such were the numerous farces and comedies of Fielding; much of poor Leigh Hunt's work, whose temporary requirements allowed him no leisure to polish, correct, or eliminate; and Dryden's inferior tragedies, which arose from no other inspiration than that of want.

> Why write, then? He wants twenty pounds.
> His belly, not his brains, the impulse gives.

On this point it has been remarked that the literary and the natural world resemble each other. 'The productions of nature, whether vegetable or animal, as they are either of a slow or speedy growth are known to be durable or transitory, solid or substantial. The oak and the elephant are long before they attain perfection, but are still longer before they decay; while the butterfly and the floweret perish as they arise, almost within a diurnal revolution of the sun.' Nor must we omit those little compositions which Chatterton, the unfortunate 'Boy of Bristol,' produced for the magazines, when, in moments of destitution, he was forced to relax his mind from his grand work to scribble an extemporary essay or copy of verses that would procure for the humble child of want and obscurity, distressed for food and raiment, to use the words of one of his admirers, a halfpenny roll and a draught of small beer.

> I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
> The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride.
> . . . . . .
> We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
> But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.
>
> WORDSWORTH'S *Resolution and Independence.*

No better proof of this assertion by natural historians, that whatever is formed for long duration arrives slowly at its maturity, is afforded than by the writings of the ancients. Statius, we are told, spent twelve years upon his *Thebaïs:*

> Polish'd with endless toil, my lays
> At length aspire to Mantuan praise.

Want of time for satisfactory revisal and correction led to Ovid's consigning his *Metamorphoses* to the flames, but other copies were in existence, from which the book was given to the world; while Horace advised the deferring of any publication for nine years, till the fancy was cooled after the raptures of invention, and the glare of novelty had ceased to dazzle the judgment.

It is a mistake to consider brevity as any criterion of lack of toil and care. In Locke's 'Epistle to the Reader' introducing his *Essay Concerning Human Understanding,* he apologises for its bulk by saying: 'To confess the truth, I am now too lazy, or too busy, to make it shorter.' Dryden concludes the dedication of his translation to the *Satires of Juvenal,*

as an apology for its length and to make his adieu as short as possible: 'The best manners will be shown in the least ceremony.' Hayward, in his essay on Sydney Smith's *Letters*, writes: 'The shortest are the best. The longest, we believe, cost him no effort.' And a celebrated French author, remarkable for conciseness of style, in a letter to a friend, which he had made rather longer than usual, excuses himself for his prolixity on the plea that he had not time to write a shorter.

It is equally erroneous to suppose that because a composition reads easily, therefore little time or effort has been expended on it. It has been the writer's privilege to see the final revise of Gray's *Elegy*, than which perhaps no poem in any language flows with more perfect ease. It was a mass of erasures, alterations, and interpolations. 'It is less difficult,' says Dr Johnson in the *Idler*, 'to write a volume of lines swelled with epithets, brightened by figures, and stiffened by transpositions, than to produce a few couplets graced only by naked elegance and simple purity, which require so much care and skill that I doubt whether any of our authors has yet been able, for twenty lines together, nicely to observe the true definition of easy poetry.' Spence in his *Anecdotes* tells us that when he was looking on Pope's foul copy of the *Iliad*, and observing how very much it was corrected and underlined, Pope said, 'I believe you would find upon examination that those parts which have been most corrected read the easiest.'

Pope himself narrates how, when about fifteen years old, he made the acquaintance of Mr Walsh, who gave him much encouragement and told him there was one way left of excelling; for though we had several great poets, we never had one great poet that was correct; and desired him to make that his study and aim. This advice Pope evidently took to heart, for we learn from his own pen in later years that when translating both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* his usual method was to take advantage of the first heat, and then to correct each book, first by the original text, then by other translations, and lastly to give it a reading for the versification only.

Thackeray, in commenting upon the immense research evident throughout Macaulay's *Essays* and *History*, says: 'He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description;' and Sir George Trevelyan, in the *Life and Letters* of this great author, gives an instance of the trouble he once took and the letters he wrote in order to ensure the correctness of five and a half lines of print. 'Whenever,' he remarks in another place, 'one of his books was passing through the press, Macaulay extended his indefatigable industry and his scrupulous precision to the minutest mechanical drudgery of the literary calling. There was no end to the trouble that he devoted to matters which most authors are only too glad to leave to the care and experience of their publisher. He could not rest until the lines were level to a hair's-breadth, and the punctuation correct to a comma; until every paragraph concluded with a telling sentence, and every sentence flowed like running water.'

We read in a recent volume of *Chambers's Journal* (1902) how the manuscripts of Hugh Miller, who was a frequent contributor to that miscellany in the earlier half of last century, were severely corrected; how in the revised proofs whole sentences would be rewritten; that there was a second and a third revise, and sometimes a fourth, on all of which were still corrections; and that the last of these was finally subjected to a *vivâ-voce* reading before being permitted to go forth to the world.

Of the great pains taken by Sir Arthur Helps to secure accuracy we are told in a notice in the *Athenæum* by John Hullah, a passage in which runs: 'If ever there was a writer in reference to whom it could be said that genius and industry were convertible terms, it was he. No expenditure of toil or money did he ever allow to stand between him and a truth of whatever kind. Were the only copy of a manuscript at Simancas, to Simancas he would go; were a book inaccessible save by purchase, he would buy it; were it written in a language he did not know—bitter experience had given him an absolute distrust of translations—he would set to work to study that language.'

The *magnum opus* of the learned and profound Lord Bacon, his *Novum Organum*, was wrought and polished with the sedulous industry of an artist who labours for posterity. Like Butler's *Analogy*, it was the result of painstaking industry spread over many years; and we are told that he copied it no less than twelve times, revising, correcting, and altering it year by year, before it was finally reduced to that form in which it was committed to the press. It was in the opinion of Vicesimus Knox, whose own lucubrations savour strongly of the midnight oil, an insult to mankind to present them with a work less perfect than the author might have rendered it.

'The infinite capacity for taking pains' illustrated by the few brilliant examples here selected serves to enforce this useful lesson to those who are standing at Helicon: '*Age quid agas;*' 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'

ONLY A MEMORY.

Only a Memory—sweet and tender,
A purple twilight, a noon of splendour,
A nightingale's plaint, a skylark's rapture,
Fleeting joys for a heart to capture!

Only a Memory—small face gleaming
White as a star in the dusk, a-dreaming;
Lending to noontide and roses a glory.
Who shall finish the half-writ story?

Only a Memory—tears and laughter.
She may be mine in the Great Hereafter.
With dim eyes turned to the red sun setting.
I wait, and watch, and—there's no forgetting.

M. Heddderwick Browne.

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SIXTH SERIES.

WILD TIMES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

By the DUKE OF ARGYLL.

TO trust to honest foes when they surrender and declare they mean to become friends is good policy. It was this course which was recommended by the third Duke of Argyll to the British Ministry after the overthrow of the Stuart cause at Culloden.

The Highlanders had a fine notion of honour. Had they not all the same blood that ran in the veins of their chief? Were they not all one great family, called by one name, and having common interests for offence or defence? The Highland country had been incessantly torn by dissensions between the different clans. Some of these clans were always 'agin the Government.' The tribes of the Hebrides had been under the Norwegian Crown for centuries, and did not care to obey the Scottish ruler. Hence MacDonalds, MacLeods, MacKinnons, MacDougals, and others who were Islesmen, and had been brought up under a Lord of the Isles as successor to the Norse Sovereign, were often at loggerheads with the Government at Edinburgh. When the political change came which deposed the Stuarts from their sovereignty and gave it to their collateral descendants who had been more staunch to the Reformation faith, this feeling of independence took the form of making the Islesmen desire rather to bear with the ills they had in the shape of Stuart rule than to fly to others that they knew not of, but which came in a suspicious way.

This suspicious thing was the certainty that the clans which had done their best to keep the Isles-men in order, and were therefore their more immediate and natural foes, had taken the side of the new rulers. The Campbells had, more than those of any other name, kept good order and reproved the excesses of the Islesmen; the Campbells took the side of the new men and of the new ideas. This was reason enough for the Islesmen. They would take the Stuart side.

War broke out in 1715. The rising was suppressed; but the West Country remained disturbed. There is an amusing report sent by Sheriff Campbell of Stonefield to the Duke of Argyll in 1729 about the state of the country of Morven. The Sheriff visited each parish, and his message from each is that there is always fear of incursions from Lochaber, whence the Camerons are constantly coming to spoil the farms and drive away cattle. Fifteen men and a sergeant should be put at one clachan or village. Then another raid by Camerons at another place is related, and fifteen men and a sergeant are to be placed there also; and the worthy Sheriff concludes the survey of each part by the phrase, 'and I would recommend earnestly that the officer deputed to keep order here also be a Campbell.'

The worthy gentleman thought that his folk were the only bulwarks of law and order. The clan had been loyal because circumstances had made it apparent that the line its chief had taken was the best. It had not always been to their advantage. Two heads—those of a father, and of his son twenty-four years afterwards—had rolled on the scaffold. The clan's land had been laid waste. The instinct for good government had led them to espouse the cause by which it was ultimately secured. They had taken part with those who, in 1686, saw a revolution was inevitable. They had taken part with those who in 1709 had worked for the union of the Crowns of England and Scotland. They had supported their chief when he rode to Kensington Palace and prevented the proclamation of the brother of Queen Anne when she lay dying, and had a few days afterwards established the succession of George the First.

The Campbells had resolutely refused to take part in any intrigue for the restoration of the exiled family. The Stuart was 'The Pretender' to them because he had not the Divine Right of the call to government by popular vote and will. Yet their chief believed that the military honour of the hostile men would enable them to serve a new Government as true and trusty soldiers after they had found that the cause of the Stuarts was finally shattered.

He was right. The British Government resolved

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to try the experiment suggested, and formed companies composed entirely of Highlanders, taking as a nucleus men from those clans which had served on the Reformers' side, such as the Sutherlands and Campbells. Both these tribes wore a tartan in which black, blue, and dark green were the prevalent tones, in contradistinction to the colours of the Stuarts and MacGregors and others, who had a red pattern. The red-tartan people should be gradually mixed with the dark-tartan, and should be thus gradually brought into harness.

The plan succeeded. In a few years there were no more devoted regiments in the new King's service than his Highland regiments.

The rush of the Highlanders on the line of regulars had often proved successful. I have heard an eminent officer of regulars, himself a Highlander, speak of the moral effect of the charge of hill-tribesmen in Indian warfare as having severely tested the courage of the regular troops when the old musket, 'brown Bess,' was still the weapon used.

Some of the best English regiments, horse and foot, had been broken by the fierce human torrent at Falkirk and Prestonpans in the last civil war. At Culloden the cavalry charged the clans only when they were in retreat, and did not carry the pursuit far. No quarter was given, however, and as far as possible the same cruel policy was adopted after the battle.

The bitterness in those days was far greater than anything known in modern civil war. For instance, one officer high in command in the Hanoverian army wrote some months after the battle, when Prince Charles was being hunted through glen and island: 'They say that their Prince has been at last captured and taken alive. If it be true, it cannot have been by any of our men, who would not have troubled to preserve his life, but must have been by the regulars.' Each side had many cruelties to avenge, and patience was a rarer quality in the eighteenth than in the nineteenth century.

It was astonishing how many succeeded in baffling the pursuit from the field of Culloden. The kilt gave great freedom to the limbs. Most of the men were inured to long marches and could exist on little food. They knew the passes through the hills, and the best hiding-places were pointed out to them by the country-people, who kept them from starving and would give no information.

A reward of thirty thousand pounds was promised for news that would lead to the arrest of Prince Charlie. Many knew where he was, but no word ever reached the camp or the garrison of the victor, and the Prince issued through the midst of vigilant enemies and got away safely to France.

The adventures of the Jacobites were numberless. This is how a dairymaid saved her master. After King George's army had subdued the rebels, they went through the country dispossessing King James's friends of their lands. A captain with a band of soldiers was sent to take possession of MacLachlan's land. They surrounded the house, and would not let any persons out without searching them. There was a dairymaid there called Christine Sinclair, who was washing the house at the time.

She knew the soldiers would try to take the title-deeds of the lands, and, going to her mistress, said she could save them.

'What can you do, Christine?' said her mistress. 'They will put a sword through you if they find you with the deeds.'

But the dairymaid insisted that, were the papers given to her, she could get them away through the midst of all the soldiers. At last the lady allowed Christine to wrap the deeds in one of the cloths with which she washed the floors. A dry clout or napkin was selected, and the papers wrapped up in this. She put this dry cloth inside one of the wet clouts she had used, and wrung it to make it look like the rest. She then put all the clouts in a basket and went out to spread them to dry on a green.

When she got to the door a hostile officer with a guard was standing there. He stopped her and asked, 'What have you in your hands?'

She let down the basket at his feet, and said to him, 'There it is for you.'

He took his bayonet and pushed the clouts backward and forward with it. When he saw what he thought was nothing but a lot of wet clouts with the water wrung out of them, he said, 'You may lift them away with you.'

Christine went to the green and spread the clouts there, but took out the title-deeds, and, placing them in her bosom, concealed them.

The soldiers searched the house, and made the lady take an oath that what she said about ignorance of them was the truth. She could do this with a good conscience, as only Christine knew what had happened to them, so the titles to the property were saved by the ready wit of her brave dairymaid.

Another interesting picture of the times following immediately on 'The Rebellion' is given in the adventures of Stewart of Ardshiel. He was a heavy man, but was lucky in getting a horse, and so escaped from Culloden. It was thought that all the family would be hunted up and questioned; so, after hiding his silver plate, he made his children change dresses with the children of a poor family, that they might not be recognised and questioned.

It was an ancestor of the present Marquis of Breadalbane, Campbell of Glenfalloch, who was sent with soldiers to search Stewart's place. There was a half-witted man there named MacColl, who was in the house when the report came that the red soldiers were near. All had fled but this fool.

'Where are the rest of the people of this house?' the leader asked him.

'I do not know,' Donald replied, 'unless they be at Inverain over there, or at Callard over there.'

'And where are these places?' they asked him.

'They are here and there throughout the country,' he answered.

That was all they could get from him, though they poked fun at him half the night. The next day they set fire to all the houses except that where the fool was. There was a feeling in the country that a man who had not his wits was especially under Divine care, and this is how the house escaped burning.

The pursuers then got information that some of the men who had fled were in a cave in hiding, and a Captain Scott with a party of soldiers was sent to trap them. Donald had wit enough to determine to save them. He had been at the big battle, he said, and he would endanger his life again for his countrymen.

He set out for the cave, but found a guard at a point on the shore. They were walking up and down between the shore and the base of a bank, and were between him and the place he must reach to get into the cave. He watched until the backs of the soldiers were to the shore, and then ran and hid himself behind a rock on the beach. Then, waiting till they had approached him and gone back again in their promenading, he ran to another rock, and so passed them. He got to the cottage of a friend, whom he found engaged in burying a chest of meal in the floor of his house, so that the troops might not get it. Donald told him of the danger of the men in the cave.

Buchanan—for such was the man's name—was a swift runner, and he started off to warn the Jacobites, who fled at once. Stewart of Ardshiel knew of another hiding-place, and again lived like a badger in a hole, venturing out only at night, when an eight-year-old girl took food to him at a spot remote from the cave.

Once, visiting his wife, he incautiously stayed a night with her in a barn. A whistle warned the pair of danger. The wife took the straw on which she, with a child, was lying, and hid her husband under it, lying on the top of the straw herself. So he escaped again, and soon afterwards he was hidden among cabbages in a garden, when he heard the soldiers talk of him and of his folly in joining 'The Rebellion.'

His next move was to a lovely island that lies in the Firth of Lorne. Taking boat from there, Stewart went to the Cameron country of Lochaber, then southward to the lovely glens about Loch Etive.

There happened to be a farmer there drying his corn at a kiln, and he saw Ardshiel, who was evidently a wretched fugitive, coming. He promptly raked back the fire in his kiln and filled the inner part of the fireplace with dry sods, so that no smoke or fire from the smouldering flame could reach the inside of the kiln.

When the Laird of Ardshiel and his gillies or servants came up, the farmer said to him, 'Make haste, honest man, and go into the pot of the kiln and hide you.'

The laird was exhausted, and thankfully 'went into the pot.' The farmer laid the sticks in their proper places, and covered them with the straw, then put the corn on the straw in the state of being dried, and sat outside, keeping up a fire in the fireplace. Ardshiel's gillies, seeing him well hidden, ran away, and, being light and swift, were not long in getting out of sight.

Soon the soldiers came up, sure of their man this time, knowing that he was large and heavy. They searched all about the head of Loch Etive, and then, when they were baffled, set a watch.

On the second night one of the soldiers came to the farmer, who was keeping up the fire, and said, 'Why, man, you have kept the corn very long in the kiln.'

'Oh, there have been several parcels of corn dried,' he replied; 'one even since you came.'

'Oh no, I understand how it is,' was the soldier's answer, 'and more than I understand it; but our captain does not. We are going away to-morrow, and you may take the corn off the kiln. I think that it is dry enough.'

The farmer understood from this that there were men among the pursuers who were not keen to seize the poor fellow. Next day the Scotch soldier's word proved true. He and his comrades went away, and once more poor Stewart saw the light of day. He made his way through Aberdeen, and thence to Flanders.

The historian of those days says that they were hard for the Highlands. Rich and poor who rose for the cause of Prince Charles were plundered. Neither cow nor horse, sheep nor goat, was left to them. The blankets were taken off their beds. All their body-clothing that was worth anything was taken from them. Even the skeins of yarn that were soaking in the indigo-pots for weaving the tartans were robbed, and their houses were set on fire. When a fugitive party of the rebels would come to a house, if there were King George's men there, a friend within would say, 'Beware, men; there is a drop of oofe within.' This would keep them from discovering themselves as rebels.

'Is there any oofe in this house?' became a common query; and the answer would be, 'Yes; take care of the place in which you sit.'

So, through many perils, some escaped, and lived for years on the Continent of Europe. Some died of the hardships they had to face. Many were taken, and their doom was a miserable imprisonment in the Tower of London, and then the hangman's cart and the dreary drive to Tyburn, a place at the corner of the present favourite carriage-drive in Hyde Park, and death on the gallows. It is natural that we should admire and pity these men, who from the commencement of the Prince's attempt to win the Crown knew he had little chance, but who threw into the scale their all, and lost.

When the smoke of battle had cleared away and the mourning was over, the Highlanders, led by the example of such clans as the Sutherlands and Campbells and Grants and Munros, and a few others, were glad to take service in the army.

At first it was arranged that the dress should be

the dark tartan of those clans who had fought on the side of what we call the Government. They were first raised in 1668, and in 1729 were increased to six companies called the Black Watch (from their dark tartan), to distinguish them from the red soldiers.

The wearing of arms having been forbidden, and the guns used even for sporting purposes surrendered, it became an ambition to enter these companies, and men of position could be found in the ranks. So there was a possibility of making a good choice, and very fine this new force looked, for the best-looking men in the country joined.

An English officer of Engineers wrote to a friend: 'I cannot forbear to tell you that many of these gentlemen private soldiers have gillies or servants to attend them in quarters, and upon a march to carry their provisions, baggage, and firelocks.'

Some years later these separate corps were placed under the command of Lord Crawford, as colonel. This was the origin of the gallant Forty-second or Black Watch. They wore a red 'hackle' or feather in the side of their ostrich-feather 'bonnet.'

This bonnet is a portentous head-dress, a high pile of black ostrich plumes. The birth and growth were in Egypt. The old bonnet was a moderate glass-stopper-shaped thing of blue cloth; on this ostrich feathers were grafted during Abercromby's campaign in Egypt. To carry the ostrich feathers the bonnet rose higher and higher, and this head-dress and that of the British Guards—who wear high 'bearskins'—form about the last surviving relics of the great helmets, shakos, cocked-hats, and other paraphernalia which Napoleon loved, and which were more or less imitated from the French army after the Revolution in France.

But at this early date of the Highland regiment's formation their dress was eminently practical. The kilt is a capital preservative of health. The thick folds round the loins give warmth where most needed alike in cold and hot climates.

George III. had never seen a Highland soldier, so two men were sent up to London, and were presented to the King in the great gallery at St James's Palace, and performed exercises with the broadsword and Lochaber axe before His Majesty. The King ordered a guinea to be given to each. Both men, on passing out, gave these guineas to the porter to show that their position in their own country was too high to allow them to accept such presents, though they were simply privates in their corps.

Well did this regiment answer to the trust reposed in it. At Fontenoy, when Marshal Saxe had succeeded by a great attack, badly met by the Dutch, in repulsing the British line, the corps was selected to cover the retreat of the army.

'The British behaved well, and we were three times compelled to retire before we gained success by the last charge,' wrote a French officer; 'and the Highland furies rushed in upon us with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest.'

America saw them fight with desperate valour against the French at Ticonderoga. Another Highland regiment, called after the commander 'Fraser,' remained in America after the campaign against Montcalm and the surrender of Quebec, and many of the soldiers settled on the banks of the St Lawrence, marrying French Canadians. Their descendants now speak French; but one can tell their descent, if not by their speech, by their appearance.

Again, after seven years' fighting against the French in the West Indies and in the present United States, the 'Royal Highlanders' contributed to the population there, few going back to Scotland. It would seem, therefore, that many in the United States have as much right to be interested in this corps of the British army as has any one in Scotland.

As with one corps, so it was with all. The men were not averse to enlisting when fighting was going on. Many got grants of land after their service. This was notably the case with the Argylls and Sutherlands. Men who had not served were dispossessed for those who had done well in the army.

It is needless to say how greatly the corps has distinguished itself of late in India and in Africa. As long as military fame and admiration for brave deeds animate men to cherish patriotic pride, the deeds of the Gordon Highlanders at Waterloo, at Dargai, lately in Northern India, and in many fights on the veldt will be signal-lights on the road to glory. Happy the nation who can arm the wisdom of their statesmen with the prowess and self-devotion of our kilted soldiery!

A STORMY MORNING.

CHAPTER IX.

LORD FORSYTH had by no means forgotten his intention of inviting the niece of whom he was so fond to pay a good long hunting-visit to Brayborough. He liked seeing her out, he said; she rode so well and was so fresh and fair to see, so different from the painted, card-playing ladies who pervaded the place in constant relays.

So he marched up to Lady Forsyth's boudoir some weeks after they had settled for the winter at Brayborough. He found her seated at her gorgeous writing-table, covered with coroneted fittings, and strewn with letters, papers, and bills, which she was wading through methodically.

A stout, good-natured-looking woman, waging an unequal war between her figure and her French cook, arrayed in plum-coloured velvet and point

lace; her fair chevelure beautifully matched and arranged, her complexion in exquisite order, her fat white hands carefully manicured and sparkling with splendid rings. A carved gold chatelaine of great value hung from her waist supporting many 'dingle dangles,' as Betty used to call them, and a coroneted bag with a fine old clasp.

A glorious fire burned on the hearth, and there were great pots of lily of the valley and specimen gardenias in glasses scenting the warm air. The whole room was typical of its owner; sumptuous, comfortable to luxury, perhaps just a little vulgar.

A fat pug snoring on the snowy rug woke and barked feebly at his master, choked, and snored again.

'Shut up, you fat pig!' he said to the dog, who gladly subsided once more.

'Poor Jumbo!' said Lady Forsyth reproachfully.

'I should like you, my dear,' he said, 'to write to Marcia Fitzhugh, and tell her to send that child Betty here. I can give her some rides, and I like having her out. Her fool of a mother does nothing for her; she sees no one, or worse than no one. Fancy their having that bounder Geoffrey Erle up there for weeks, a fellow one only sees at race-meetings and in the Row with second-rate people! A fellow one would not even ask to lunch. That young ass Jack ought to have known better even at his age; but the lad is so easily flattered, and I fancy the fellow got the length of his foot long ago. Jack met him at those Beacheys', who live near his tutor's. Very mixed biscuits there, I fancy. Luckily, I don't think any harm is done; the girl has a good square head of her own, and she will not meet Erle at any house she is likely to go to; but I must say I did not like it at all.'

'Certainly, dear, certainly,' said his wife. 'But you know we have a good many parties coming on, and I cannot possibly look after the child; and don't you think the hunting-field—for young girls— I have never quite liked it; they hear such things.'

'Hear such things!' roared his lordship. 'Hear such things! I do like that, I do. Why, I was sitting in the middle drawing-room not long ago, writing some orders for the stables at one of the tables, and that Williams woman and some of her girls were in the little room beyond, and, 'pon my word, I never heard such talk in my life. As some of your pretty French books would say, "It was enough to make a monkey blush." I don't know if they knew I was in the next room. They could have seen me perfectly; but I don't suppose they would have cared if they had. No! Betty shall come here, and she shall ride Erl King and Black-bird. I shall look after her right enough. She can meddle about with me shooting, and so on, on odd days. So you just sit down, like a good creature, and write to Marcia.'

And she did so, and there lay the letter on Lady Fitzhugh's lap—cordial, kind, and ungrammatical.

Lady Fitzhugh looked rather thoughtfully at the girl, who made such a pretty picture bending over her spinning-wheel, the firelight flickering on her figure and charming head, and decided that she should go to her uncle's and get her riding, and see some people and be seen of them—'Though Heaven only knows what a collection Marion may have got together, with her present manias for bridge, spirit-rapping, theosophy, and so on. But I really am not equal to society'—she was, quite; but it bored her—'and the girl must take her chance. After all, Forsyth is responsible, as her guardian.'

So she made the announcement, and also decided that as she could not be left alone at Dunscaith, she would run up to London by easy stages, taking her daughter as far as Edinburgh, and sending her on with her maid.

Mrs Fletcher was too happy at the thought of London—'dear London'—to resent the implied slight to herself in Lady Fitzhugh's remarks, and soon there was bustle enough at Dunscaith; boxes and bags rooted out of lumber-rooms, shrill objurgations from ladies'-maids as to lost straps and missing keys, always lost by somebody else; carpenters and village smiths in hot request. But all was soon packed and arranged, and the old house was left alone with closed shutters and rolled-up carpets, rats and mice holding evening-parties in the stately rooms to the accompaniment of the winds that howled and whistled outside; the housekeeper, monarch of all she surveyed, looking fondly forward to a fine time of scrubbing, chimney-sweeping, and cleaning to extend over many weeks to come, with much tea and harrying of maids.

Betty's feelings on the subject of the visit to Brayborough were mixed. She always hated leaving Dunscaith and her poor people, and her many interests and occupations, and she loved the beautiful wild land, with its wonderful pathos and mystery, as it is often loved by those who belong to it with a passion akin to pain quite incomprehensible to the many who look upon Scotland and talk of it as though it were a pleasant invention for providing them with so much 'shootin' and fishin',' to be fled from, as though the Evil One pursued, when the grouse begin to pack, and the days draw in, and the scenery is at its best.

To those who belong to that dear land, and who love it, and are often forced by circumstances to leave it and to let the old home to the men of dollars, beer, and brass, it is a blissful moment indeed when the swift steamer has taken her last trip south laden with moneyed shooting-tenants and their troops of greedy, lazy English servants, when the time has arrived for the potatoes to rattle in the cans, the people lifting them busily in the fields. The long level rays of the sun shine in the eyes; the autumn hush and glory is on hill and sea; woodcock are coming into the coverts, duck into the potato-fields in the dusk. The country is our own again. The Sassenach and the tourist have gone!

CHAPTER X.

BETTY loved riding, and rode very well, moreover; and her uncle and aunt were always very kind to her, and she liked going to Brayborough. Her father in his youth had been a very good man across country, hunting with all the crack packs. Many were the tales of his prowess in the hunting-field, and many were the portraits of favourite horses at Dunscaith. Betty knew every point of them, and most of their deeds. As a child she used to sit on his lap listening with round eyes and open mouth to his stories of this horse and that, and of their various performances, virtues, and vices: how Muley flew the Whissendene, how King Cole kicked a dogcart into toothpicks, how the Nun won the Liverpool; and she made him repeat the tales over and over again. Sometimes he would vary them to tease her, the child indignantly correcting him, drumming on his broad breast with dimpled fists. He taught her to ride almost as soon as she could walk, and the fearless child was a pretty sight on her shaggy Highland pony.

Lord Fitzhugh had been left a comfortable, square, ugly house with splendid stabling, in the middle of a very good hunting-country, by an old bachelor who admired his hands. Such was the reason given in his will, and the courts refused to upset it at the instance of the several cousins and aunts left out in the cold. So the Fitzhughs always moved up there every year, for hunting, after Christmas.

Jack had never cared much for horses and hounds. His gun was his love in the way of sport; but Betty was a horsewoman by nature. A strong lover of animals and quite fearless, she was gifted with her father's wonderful hands and an easy, square seat. The most fidgety animals, that would plunge and buck and fret with most people, covering themselves and their riders with splashes and blobs of foam, would settle down into perfect quiescence in the first half-hour under her firm and gentle hand.

Her father gave her every opportunity of becoming a finished rider. She was beautifully mounted; but her horses always gave her something to do—too much to do would have been the opinion of many women.

Lord Fitzhugh took her out hunting in the teeth of Fräulein, perhaps oftener than was fair towards that learned lady, who shook her head over 'dese English.' After her father's death the hunting-box had been let on lease, and all the hunters sold; so Betty's hunting had practically come to an end, and depended chiefly on future visits to Brayborough.

Lord Forsyth had always delighted in her riding; indeed, he and her father had taken an equal interest in it, laying their heads together during his visits to his brother-in-law for the circumvention of Fräulein.

At Brayborough he was always most kind in mounting Betty, and uncle and niece had had many happy days at both places, following the sport they both loved and understood so thoroughly.

(To be continued.)

NOTES AND STORIES FROM A DIARY.

THE recent election contest in the Elgin Burghs recalls the fact that although its last member was one of the most eminent Scottish lawyers, Mr Asher's predecessor, still alive, was even more eminent as a politician, an administrator, and a *littérateur*.

Sir M. E. Grant Duff can hardly be said to have outlived his reputation; but certainly he has long ceased to attract the attention that he drew, say, thirty or forty years ago. In those days he was looked upon as 'a coming man.' He was first elected for the Elgin Burghs in 1857. In Mr Gladstone's first administration (1868–74) he was Under-Secretary for India, and for a short time (from 1880) Under-Secretary for the Colonies and a Privy Councillor; but in 1881 he became Governor of Madras, and from that time the spell of his influence—in practical politics at least—was broken. His books are numerous and interesting. They cover a large part of the field of European politics, include literary and political essays, biography, and, above all, autobiographical 'notes.' Amid a variety of honorary occupations, chairmanships of learned and literary societies in London, he has mainly devoted his leisure years to writing his reminiscences; and as he has known almost every celebrated person in European public life within the last half-century, it may well be supposed that his recollections have an interest absolutely unique.

Probably even Sir M. E. Grant Duff himself never imagined to what length his *Notes from a Diary* would run; but he has at last completed them in the thirteenth and fourteenth volumes recently published. This remarkable work covers the period from New Year's Day 1851 to 23rd January 1901, when the Privy Council took the oaths of allegiance to King Edward VII. The last of the fourteen volumes is as sparkling as the first, and one is safe to take a volume anywhere in the series and be sure of finding it full of interest.

We all have heard stories of the fantastic pronunciation of English proper names. Lady St John becomes 'Lady Sinjin,' Lord Beauchamp is 'Beecham,' and so on. Many readers will recall the story of the German lady at a dinner-party. 'I cannot follow your language a leetle bit,' said

she. 'You spell a name M-a-r-j-o-r-i-b-a-n-k-s, and pronounce it "Chumley"!' Here is one of Grant Duff's of the same kind:

'Who was it who declared the other day that a German, in despair at the difficulties of English pronunciation, said we write *caoutchouc* and read it *gutta-percha*? He was not driven to such desperation as one of his countrymen, who gave up the study of the language on being told that the *Mikado* was pronounced "a decided success."'

Dean Stanley, in his letters, mentions Clayton the devotee of the Roman Wall, of whom an excellent story is told. He was immensely rich, and on being asked for a subscription for some object of which he approved, handed a cheque, which he observed was received with disappointment. 'Doesn't that meet your views?' he asked. 'Well,' said the man, 'we are much obliged; but, if I may say so, we expected a rather larger amount. Your nephew Nathaniel has given' such-and-such a sum. 'Ah,' rejoined the old gentleman, 'there is a difference. Nathaniel has expectations.' Nathaniel was his heir.

Witty repartee is a feature of many of the sayings quoted in these volumes. Mrs St Loe Strachey is responsible for the story that when one of the daughters of Horace Smith was going to be christened the clergyman asked the name of the child. 'Rosalind,' said the father. 'Rosalind, Rosalind, Rosalind!' was the reply. 'I never heard such a name. How do you spell it?' 'Oh,' was the rejoinder, 'as you like it'!

Not long ago the country was startled—or, rather, refused to be startled, and *Punch* turned the circumstance to amusing account—by a speech of Lord Roberts, declaring that the country was wholly unprepared for war. It is comforting to know that at least while we are asleep preparations are going on for our defence. In 1896 Sir John Ardagh, chief of the Intelligence Department, informed Grant Duff that 'the arrangements for the defence of our own shores by the army are very far advanced.' Apparently these arrangements embraced throwing a hundred thousand regular troops into the country near the sea, and a much larger volunteer force on to the chalk escarpment. Perhaps the outlook of the Intelligence Department commanded a little more confidence then than now.

How many people have read—and remembered—Macaulay's 'Epitaph on a Jacobite'? Grant Duff uses it as a kind of literary touchstone. At a dinner one evening—Mr Balfour, the present Prime-Minister, in the chair, and among others present Professor Courthope, of the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, Sir James Paget, and Lord Wolseley—the conversation turned on Macaulay. Grant Duff said the 'Epitaph' was the best thing Macaulay had ever written, and Balfour agreed. By some strange chance, Professor Courthope, whose *History of English Poetry* is one of the monumental productions of the present generation, had never seen or heard of it. Nor had Wolseley. Grant Duff repeated it accordingly. Unfortunately we are not told Courthope's verdict on the piece. Most people will find it very admirable, extremely pointed in expression, but certainly not the best thing that Macaulay ever wrote.

Lord Byron once said, 'And Barabbas was a publisher'? Here is something quite as good. It is told of Lord Bowen, who, on being shown a church built by a publisher who was credited with driving rather hard bargains with authors, exclaimed, 'Ah! the old story: "*Sanguis martyrum semen ecclesiæ.*"'

Stanley's letters were often the subject of conversation. A friend mentioned that Miss Stanley had a good deal of her brother's power, and read in illustration of the remark a letter of hers, of 1863, describing the marriage of the present King, 'during which the future Emperor of Germany employed himself, characteristically enough, in biting his uncles.'

Father Healy's remark, quoted from his *Memories*, distinguishes him, if true, as one of the wittiest of a witty nation. Canon Farrell said to him at a dinner, 'I hear your Scotch whisky has a great reputation.' 'Go,' said Healy, pushing the bottle across the table; 'seek the bubble reputation at the Canon's mouth!'

One is surprised that the *Spectator* has not yet laid hold of some of the excellent animal-stories told in these volumes. They have the merit, if everybody is to be trusted, of being true. Mrs Wodehouse, a friend, told Grant Duff that when she was passing the Royal Court Theatre one day a black-and-white cat came up to her. Arching his back and waving his tail, he trotted on in front towards her own house, 21 Sloane Gardens. When they got to No. 9 the creature stopped, laid hold of her dress with his teeth so as to stop her, then ran upstairs and tried to reach the bell. She rang it for him, the door was opened, and he returned to his family.

Here are some of the acquirements of the most magnificent and wisest dog that the writer has ever seen. It was a golden collie at Congham Hall, near Lynn, and belonged to Grant Duff's nephew. 'He plays the piano when told to do so; finds a ball when it is hidden at least as well as a professional thought-reader; brings the newspaper from another room; dies for the Princess of Wales, not for Queen Victoria (this in 1896), who prefers dachshunds; rushes to the entrance barking loudly when asked what he would do if the German Emperor appeared; and comports himself in every possible way as the most amiable and sagacious of quadrupeds.'

This beautiful little story must be true, for it is told by Archbishop Benson: 'Talk wandered to birds, and Dr Benson gave a curious account of a hen-bullfinch which had lost her mate, and was so disconsolate that she was taken down to the lawn and the cage-door opened. She did not, however, attempt to escape; but a very beautiful cock-bull-

finch, after conversing with her from a neighbouring tree, entered the cage, and they lived happily as man and wife ever after.'

Everybody likes a good riddle. Here is the cleverest in the books: 'What is the difference between a model woman and a woman model? The one is a bare possibility, the other a naked fact.' Take another amusing one: 'Dined with the Literary Society. . . . The question was asked how it was that Millais had never quite fulfilled the promise of his youth, and the answer was given that he received too many *checks* in his artistic career.'

It must not be supposed that Grant Duff merely repeats excellent stories or capital conundrums, or tells of enjoyable dinners. Certainly it is part of his scheme, deliberately laid down, that he shall speak only of pleasant things, and thereby he encountered the disapprobation of that admirable critic the late R. H. Hutton. But many things are recorded in these volumes fitted to give rise to serious reflection. Take, for example, this remarkable experience of the late Justice Denman. Lord Denman once received a large quantity of wine, and ordered that a portion of it should be sent as a present to a much older friend. Luckily, just before it was despatched, the discovery was made that the butler had put it into bottles which had contained poison. Lord Denman afterwards said: 'If a similar set of facts resulting in a charge of wilful murder had been brought before me after I became a judge, I should certainly have recommended the jury to find a verdict of guilty, for the bottles which were to be sent to my friend were all poisoned, while not one of those retained for my own use was so; and the motive would have seemed perfectly clear, since he had made a will in my favour, and I was aware of the fact.' The dangers of circumstantial evidence were surely never more strikingly exemplified.

How many lady readers, accustomed to use that dainty requisite of the tea-table, a doyly, know the meaning of the name? Grant Duff tells that on a visit to Sir William Hunter the historian of India, at Oaken Holt, his house near Oxford, he was told by Sir William of a visit received shortly before from Sir Charles D'Oyly. It appears that Sir Charles D'Oyly's family once held the Castle of Oxford and very broad lands in the neighbourhood, the obligation being to defend the same against all comers, while the formal act of homage was the presentation every year to the king of a small table-cloth to be used at dinner; hence the familiar word 'doyly.'

'And now, sir, can I sell you an Encyclopædia?' 'No, I doan't think so,' replied old John. 'You see, I'm gettin' too old to ride nowadays.' Thus far *Punch*. Grant Duff has something of the same kind, even more amusing. At the Athenæum Club, one day, he was told of an answer given by a little girl to a bishop, who, examining on the service, asked the meaning of the Commination. 'Please, sir, a chemise and drawers all in one piece.' A lady friend to whom Grant Duff repeated this story informed him that she found entered in her washing-book, 'six pairs of consternations,' and her husband, whose tendencies are conservative, thought them well named.

One is very much surprised to find a person so well read as Grant Duff stumbling over a literary point relating to the Scottish national bard. There was a lunch-party, in June 1898, at which were present the Duchess of Albany, Lord and Lady Mount-Stephen, and others. 'In the course of talk Lord Mount-Stephen said that in the well-known Scotch song, "Comin' through the rye," the last word should be spelt with a capital, the poet having meant, not the well-known cereal, but a little river in Ayrshire.' Even if he had forgotten literary history, a little thought would have shown Grant Duff that Burns just did mean 'the well-known cereal.' Does not the song run:

> Gin a body meet a body
> Comin' through the rye?

And who would want to meet any one else coming through 'a little river in Ayrshire'? But as a matter of fact, this is one of the old songs that Burns remodelled, and originally it stood:

> Gin a body kiss a body
> Comin' through the grain;

and on the window of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries, Burns wrote the well-known stanza beginning with the above lines, and ending:

> Need a body grudge a body
> What's a body's ain?

Furthermore, the suggestion about the Rye Water is very old. It was brought forward in an article, 'New Readings of an Old Poet,' in the *Glasgow Herald* in 1867, and was then authoritatively disposed of, and here it reappears in Grant Duff's pages with the imprimatur of two of the nation's leading citizens.

It is always interesting to have the opinion of strangers on 'Auld Reekie.' Mrs Oliphant spoke of it as the faithful city which has a knack of turning its favourites into demigods. That was not quite Stevenson's view; but here is what Grant Duff, who has visited probably every considerable city in Europe, says: 'We passed all the 7th [July 1898] in Edinburgh, which my companion saw, chiefly under the guidance of Mrs Douglas, quite to perfection. Never did it look to me half so beautiful; and, good heavens! how it has improved since I first beheld it, sixty-two years ago, with just half its present population, the capital of a semi-barbarous country! The transformation of St Giles's from a triple dog-kennel into a noble church is a type of the change that has come over the whole place.'

How extremely interesting the references in these volumes to many of the great men of our age! True, we get them in their pleasantest moods, as a rule; but it shows them, at least, off the pedestal,

and probably more themselves. Palmerston was told by a lady that her maid, who had been with her to the Isle of Wight, objected to go there again because the climate was not *embracing* enough. 'What am I to do with such a woman?' she asked. 'Next time,' replied Palmerston, 'you had better take her to the Isle of Man.' Jowett, during his last illness, beckoned to a relative near him and said, 'You had better all go. I do not think I shall do anything definite to-night.' That was very philosophical, and to be looked for in Jowett; but one likes better the story of Faber, also in his last illness. He asked a person at his bedside how he was. 'Very ill indeed,' the friend replied. 'Then,' said the sick man, 'you had better order the prayer for the dying to be read.' 'No,' answered the person; 'I think you will live four-and-twenty hours.' 'Oh, in that case,' rejoined Faber, 'read me *Pickwick*.' One would like this story of the Great Duke to be true. Grant Duff found it in the *Spectator*. It is said that a maiden aunt of his was staying at Walmer, and possessed a French poodle. The creature ran one day into the grounds of Walmer Castle, and its owner stood calling to it, 'Blücher, Blücher!' The old Duke looked over the wall and remarked, 'Madam, time was when I too should have been extremely glad to see Blücher.'

Grant Duff once dined with Anthony Hope—he evidently never got nearer than a distant view of Mr Barrie—and of the party were Professor Knight and Mr Andrew Lang. That, naturally, meant ghosts. Mr Andrew Lang talked of these, in which he entirely believes. '"I have," I said, "met only three people who thought they had seen a ghost." "Now," said Mr Lang, "you have met four, for I myself have seen several."'

The best ghost-story in these volumes is not from Mr Lang. A hostess said to a friend, 'The house is dreadfully full. I am afraid I must put you in a room which has the credit of being haunted. You won't mind that?' 'Oh dear, no!' replied the other lady. 'Well,' continued the hostess, 'the haunting consists of nothing save a very loud knocking, which is sometimes heard in the night.' The friend went to bed, and in due time the knocking commenced. She called out something, and put her head under the bedclothes. When she appeared at breakfast her hostess said, 'You frightened my maid dreadfully this morning when she knocked at your door. You called out, "Get away, you demon!"'

But those who wish more of Grant Duff's interesting recollections must go themselves to the fourteen volumes. They will find there both entertainment and instruction. They will get much of diplomacy and politics, a little of botany (for it is a favourite study), something of the knowledge of precious stones (for the study of gems is also a hobby). The interesting bits of information scattered up and down cover every possible variety of subject—even to the mixing of drinks; for, hearing one day a person ask for a 'mother-in-law,' and making inquiries, Grant Duff was told that a 'mother-in-law' was 'stout and bitter.' It would be too much to speak of philological discussions, but references to the missing 'H' are very amusing. Thus, at lunch one day, 'We talked of a lady long since dead, who had risen suddenly from obscurity to a high position. "The world," said Lady Reay, "had given her everything it had to give except its H's."' And on this topic one may fitly close with what seems to be the very latest. It is told of a London 'bus conductor. ''Igh 'O'born! 'Igh 'O'born!' he went on shouting as his vehicle proceeded towards that well-known thoroughfare. 'Excuse me,' observed a waggish passenger; 'but haven't you dropped something?' 'Never mind,' retorted the quick-witted 'busman, 'I shall pick it up when we come to *Hox*ford Street!'

THE GRAYBEARD.

By MARGARET WATSON, Author of *Under the Chilterns, Alice Loveday's Training, A Short Engagement, Polly, Mrs Drewitt's Hoard, Old Sacks*, &c.

CHAPTER I.



AM a country doctor with a wide practice and a narrow income; my only inheritance a tradition that a fine property in Hertfordshire had once been in our family, but the title-deeds had disappeared some two hundred and fifty years ago, and the heir being unable to make good his claim, the property went into Chancery.

I had enough on my mind in all conscience, what with the effort to make ends meet and overlap a bit for a rainy day, and trying to satisfy the patients who were offended if I did not come often enough, and those who looked at every visit with one eye on the bill. And then, what must I do but fall deeply, hopelessly in love with the only child of the richest man in the place, Mr Macwalter, a merchant who had bought land, and built a mansion, and was playing at being at country squire. He looked the part, too, for he was a tall, fine-looking man, with a strong, quiet manner.

Her name was Lettice, and she was said to be like her mother, who had died when she was a child. She was the loveliest, the most charming—— But there, I assure you that your own sweetheart is not a patch upon her!

Of course it was utterly absurd my dreaming of her. Her father expected her to marry a title—a

baronet at the very least; and I should never have betrayed my folly if it had not been for that old writing-table.

I had an uncle, a direct descendant of the Hertfordshire landowner of ancient memory, who had lived and died a bachelor, and when he died left me his heir. The heirship amounted to nothing but some fine old furniture, for he was a retired colonel living on his pension and a small annuity.

One piece of furniture was a curious old writing-table. I had it set up in my study, and one night, in a rare hour of leisure, began to overhaul it thoroughly.

I found no less than three secret recesses. One had evidently been unknown to its late owner, for in it were five crown-pieces, quite unworn, of the date of Charles the Second. But the important find that changed the fortunes of my life was not there.

No! It was in an old, leather-bound, black-letter Bible which lay in the centre recess. On the first leaves were the records of three generations of my ancestors. It had evidently been handed down from father to son, and used for a record of births and marriages till the blank leaves were all overwritten. The last entry of a daughter to Charles and Mary Marchmont, on the 18th January 1620, was crowded into the bottom of the page.

Then the book had probably been laid aside; being black-letter, it had fallen out of daily use, and had been kept simply for the records contained in it.

I was not learned in old books, but turned the leaves with interest, thinking of the men and women from whom I had sprung, who had found help and comfort from its pages. Parts of the book were perfectly fresh and clean, but the Book of Psalms was much thumb-marked. The volume contained the whole of the Apocrypha; and as I turned it over curiously I found in 'The Wisdome of Solomon' two leaves fastened together at the top and bottom.

I took my penknife and separated them carefully, and found that they had been sealed by wafers. Lying between the two leaves was a single sheet of paper covered with writing.

This is what was written:

'I, John Marchmont of Marchmont House, in the County of Hertford, Gentleman, being about to take up arms in the cause of his most gracious Majesty King Charles the First, now in peril through the rebellious and seditious action of certain evildoers, have thought well to put the title-deeds of my estate into a place of safety where they may be found again when these troublous times are past. Therefore I have placed them in an earthen jar of the kind commonly called a graybeard, and had the jar placed within the new wall now a-building round my kitchen-garden, five feet from the ground and seven feet from the east end of the wall abutting on the road. I have sent my wife and little son to France for safety, and now send a copy of this paper by a trusty hand to her.

'Written this 22nd day of January 1644'

A voice from the dead indeed!

I began slowly to recall all I had heard of this John Marchmont. He had joined the King's forces, and had been killed at the battle of Marston Moor. His wife, who was a Frenchwoman, had stayed gladly enough in her own country, and brought up her boy there.

The 'trusty hand' had probably never reached her, for when the boy came of age, and returned to claim his property from the Roundhead who had it in possession, there was a long lawsuit, in the course of which it came out that neither party could produce title-deeds, and after many years, during which the lawyers picked the bones of the estate, it went into Chancery, and stayed there, and the Marchmonts had to turn to and work for a living.

Very good for them, doubtless; but the memory of past glories was an heirloom in the family, and each generation had speculated as to the hiding-place of those lost title-deeds; and now, my uncle had been the last in the direct line, and I was my uncle's heir!

Theoretically, it is an excellent thing to have to work for a living; practically, the prospect of a landed estate with untold thousands of accumulated wealth is alluring, especially if you are a poor man in love with a rich man's daughter.

The first thing I did was to wire to a friend to ask if he would come down and take my practice for a day or two. This was on the Monday, and I had an answer that he would be down on Thursday night.

As it happened, I was not very busy, and I found it very difficult to keep away from Mr Macwalter's for those four days; but I did. I was determined not to say a word till I could come with the deeds in my hand.

But Chance, or Fate, or Providence sent me a summons on the Thursday to see an old man who lived about five miles away on the top of the hills. It was not an urgent case, so I decided to walk by the path across the fields and up through the woods, and so occupy myself for this last evening, and make it impossible to go and see Lettice.

It was a perfect June evening, shadows chasing each other over the hills, great pink sprays of wild roses in the hedges, the hay-fields full of the scent of clover.

I saw no one as I went up but the people working in the fields. I found the old man chiefly requiring a little comfort and encouragement, sat with him a little while, and then started home.

I stood a moment, before taking the road down through the wood, looking over the valley stretched out below me, all radiant with the setting sun. The beauty of it went to my head, my pulses thrilled, and I saw myself reigning, with Lettice as my queen-consort, in the home of my fathers.

At this moment I heard the *yap, yap* of a dog after a rabbit, and a voice I knew well calling, 'Fox! Fox! Here! You bad dog!'

I turned, to see Lettice coming towards me, and evidently making for the road down through the wood.

I was not master of myself as I went forward to speak to her, and she felt it. Her cheeks deepened in colour to the tint of a wild rose, her long lashes drooped, but she spoke gaily.

'What an unusual thing to see you afoot so far from home, Mr Marchmont! Has your bicycle broken down, or your horse caught cold?'

'Neither,' I returned; 'but, for a wonder, I was not in a hurry to-night, and I wanted exercise. It's a splendid evening. Are you going home through the wood?'

'I meant to; it's so much shorter.'

I opened the gate for her, and she passed through into the deepening shadows of the beech-trees.

The road was rough, and the only smooth path brought us very close together. My resolutions began to melt away. I found a hundred excellent reasons for telling her of the good fortune that was coming to me. A casual question of hers and a veiled tree made the full cup run over.

'Shall you be at the tennis meet to-morrow?'

'No. I have to go down to Hertfordshire.'

'To Hertfordshire?'

It was here the tree came in. It was beside the road in a little clearing; a most comfortable seat for two, and its worn appearance showed that others had thought so before us.

'Will you sit down a moment, and I will tell you all about it?'

She sat down without a word, and I beside her. I told her everything: of the estate which had been ours, of the mysterious loss of the title-deeds, of my uncle and his legacy to me, of how I had found in the old black-letter Bible a key to the riddle which had puzzled so many generations of Marchmonts. She listened thoughtfully, poking her stick into the soft earth, flushing a little in response to the emotion in my voice. When I had done she raised her eyes to mine.

'It would take you away from here,' she said.

Was I to blame if I told her in poor and halting words that the only thing for which I valued this sudden prospect of fortune was that I might offer her a fitting home, and asked her if she would be willing to share it with me?

I will not set down what she said in reply; but we started at last on our way home as happy a couple as any in the length and breadth of the land.

It was too late for me to see her father that night; and, besides, I felt my tale would be more convincing when I had secured the graybeard and its contents; but Lettice said she would prepare him for my story.

I found my friend waiting dinner for me with some impatience; but he soon forgave me when he heard my wonderful tale, and we sat up far into the night discussing the subject from every possible point of view.

CHAPTER II.

I SET off by the first train next morning. I shall never forget how I felt. I could have written a new poem on the pleasures of hope. The sky was palest blue at the horizon, deepening above to the colour of a hedge-sparrow's egg; a light mist yet lingered in the hollows of the hills; but the sun, as it mounted, was clearing one hollow after another and absorbing the mist into itself. I held my hands out to the soft warmth of its rays. The one porter and the stationmaster greeted me with pleasant morning faces. I took my place in the train, and as I was carried through the fragrant country I made elaborate plans for obtaining permission to break into the wall and find my graybeard.

The village of Little Catcombe was two miles from Gorham, the nearest station; and knowing that Catcombe did not afford much accommodation for travellers, I had some food at Gorham, engaged a bed, and left my bag there, and walked across by a footpath through the springing corn.

The village is long and straggling, quaint houses set every way, a fine old church with a square tower. The home of my ancestors is a very beautiful old manor-house, with a long gabled front; it stands back from the road, and is entered by a fine gateway. It was all in excellent preservation, for the Court of Chancery had kept it let to very good tenants, and looked well after the repairs. The wall in which my graybeard had been embedded was round the corner of the gateway, up another street of the little village, and I thought I would look at it before going to the house.

As I turned the corner I heard the sounds of tools on stone, and slow voices. A cold chill of apprehension struck me, and I hurried on.

There, sure enough, was a group of white-jacketed workmen busy with picks and trowels and mortar before a great breach in the wall.

'What's happened here?' I asked, trying to speak like a casual, curious stranger.

'This bit o' wall, he've been crackin' some time, sir,' answered one of the men; 'and last Toosday he give way all of a sudden like. There was a big thunderstorm; and whether he got struck, or whether 'twas the rain—that did come down—I don't know, but this gret piece fell out into the road. 'Twas lucky as there wasn't no one for it to fall on; it choked up the roadway so as nobody couldn't go along till we'd cleared it.'

I measured the distances with my eye: seven feet from the east end of the wall, and five feet from the ground. The graybeard must have been just here.

'Was there anything in the wall besides stone and mortar?' I asked. 'Sometimes there are all sorts of things built into these old walls.'

'Well,' said one of the men, 'there was a rum old jar fell out. Not a bit broke he wasn't'——

'A jar? That would be a curiosity, I expect,' said I. 'Could I see it?'

'Oh yes, you could see it, and welcome. You go round to my missis; she've got it. She don't think much of it. She ses as how when they was a-hidin' summat they might ha' found summat a bit tastier like nor that for them as was to find it.'

'Where does your missis live? I'd like to see it.'

'You come up from Gorham, I expect? Well, my house be the second on your right as you comes up.'

I did not take very long to retrace my steps.

'Your husband says you have an old jar that was found in the wall up at the Manor,' I said to the woman who answered my knock at the cottage door. 'Might I have a look at it?'

'Certainly, sir,' she replied. 'Will you step inside?'

I stepped in.

She took from the mantelpiece a gray-coloured, narrow-necked jar, with the characteristic markings which gave it the name of graybeard. There was a singing in my ears and my hand shook as I took it from her. I carried it to the light of the doorway and looked inside. It was empty.

I steadied my voice as well as I could, and asked, 'Was there nothing in it?'

'Oh yes! There was a lot of old papers; but they was all in such a muck I put the old thing in the big pot and b'iled 'em out; it's quite clean now. They wouldn't come out o' that narrow neck, so I b'iled 'em out.'

There was no more to be said.

I bought the jar for a few shillings. It was worth much more; but I felt that the woman, having cheated me of my inheritance, was not entitled to its value.

I travelled home the next morning, a man whose 'castle in Spain' had crumbled to dust before his eyes.

As soon as I arrived I went straight to Lettice's home with the graybeard in my hand, and asked for Mr Macwalter.

He came in, grave and courteous. I held out the empty jar, and in a few words told my tale.

'Astonishing!' he said. 'Astonishing! The coincidence of your finding that paper just when the jar was being exposed is most extraordinary. Well, I'm sorry for your disappointment.'

'Will you tell your daughter?' I said. 'Of course this makes me again a poor country doctor, quite ineligible as a suitor for her; and you will no doubt think that it was unjustifiable of me to speak to her on such an uncertain prospect. All I can say is that I crave her forgiveness and yours, and that I will as soon as possible sell my practice and remove myself.'

'I don't think you need do that,' said Mr Macwalter, looking at me very kindly.

'You would not allow Lettice to marry me as I am?'

'Why not? She appears to wish to. She and I settled it all last night. I can't say I built much upon the title-deeds. If you had found them, it 's a hundred to one you couldn't have established your claim. But you belong to a well-known family, and I do not, and therefore value it perhaps too highly; and you have a good character, which is invaluable; and, moreover, Lettice seems to have made up her mind about it, and I do not think she will listen to any suggestion as to your running away and leaving her. I will send her to tell you what she thinks of it now, and have a business talk with you to-morrow morning.'

He left me, and in a few moments a rustle of silk made my heart beat more quickly.

She came straight to me.

'I'm so sorry for your disappointment, dearest,' she said.

'But I have no disappointment,' I replied, holding her in my arms, 'for I have you, and that is all I wanted.'

'Let me look at the jar,' she said.

I gave it into her hands, and she examined it curiously. Then she said, 'I shall always love the queer old thing, for if it had not been for it I do not believe you would ever have told me you cared about me.'

'I would not—if I could have refrained. I am even now astonished at my boldness. I scarcely know whether I have a right to be grateful to the graybeard for tempting me to ask for so much when I can give so little.'

'Men set money above everything,' she returned, with a quaint glance; 'but the graybeard must have the place of honour in our home.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE ORIGIN OF PEARLS.

THE pearl-fisheries are of great importance to the island of Ceylon, and the many uncertainties connected with the industry have given cause for much concern to the Government, who have lately caused the conditions to be thoroughly investigated, and have instituted researches into the nature and habits of the pearl-oyster. As a result of these investigations, and the knowledge obtained from them, it is hoped that the pearl-fisheries can be placed upon a more scientific basis, and that some at least of the uncertainties now connected with them may be removed. In the course of the investigations, which were under the control of Professor Hardman, F.R.S., some interesting facts came to light. Among these, the history of the formation of the pearl itself is of particular interest. It has usually been held that

the pearl was the result of a grain of sand which, having gained an entrance to the shell, became a source of such irritation to the oyster that in self-defence the rightful occupant of the shell deposited a number of layers of the pearly substance around the intruder. It has been shown, however, that in the great majority of cases the pearl is, in reality, due to the presence of a small worm, and it is around the dead bodies of the spherical larvæ of this worm that the oyster deposits the numerous layers of nacre, and thus forms the beautiful pearls which are afterwards so highly prized. It thereupon became important to learn the life-history of this parasitic worm, and it was ultimately found that certain species of file-fishes which prey upon shell-fish become infected with the worm, and they in turn cause the infection to spread to the large fish-eating rays or sharks which feed upon the file-fishes. It is in these rays that the worm attains maturity and liberates into the sea a numerous family of embryos, which enter the oyster and begin again the interesting cycle of adventures. It will be seen that this succession of different hosts is necessary to the fulfilment of the life-history of the parasitic worm, and, consequently, without these file-fishes and rays the beautiful orient pearl would probably have no existence. It is therefore possible by keeping infected ray-fishes in large cages in the vicinity of the oyster-beds to increase materially the product of orient pearls.

EAST AFRICAN COTTON.

The scientific and technical department of the Imperial Institute, in connection with an exhibition of Empire-grown cotton recently held at South Kensington, has been investigating some samples of cotton grown in British East Africa, and the results of their experiments are given at length in the *Bulletin of the Imperial Institute*. The cotton samples were subjected to various tests for strength and general healthiness, and measurements were made of the length of the fibre. The samples were also sent to commercial experts, whose reports on the market value of the cottons are given. The general conclusion arrived at is that these cottons are on the whole of promising quality, but that they show evidence of lack of care in cultivation. The investigators believe that if more care was exercised, particularly in choice of seed and also in the harvesting of the cotton, without doubt a product would be obtained which would be suitable for the demand in Great Britain.

OZONE.

The strong and peculiarly refreshing smell of ozone was distinctly noticeable at the recent Electrical Exhibition in London, and it was easily traced to the exhibit of a new company with the name of Ozonair Limited. The ozone, or rather the ozonised air, is produced in great quantities by means of a simple apparatus utilising the principle of the silent discharge of high-tension electricity. It has long been known that this silent discharge resulted in the production of ozone from the oxygen in the air, and it has been shown by Warburg that the formation of ozone in these conditions is due to emission of ultra-violet light. The high-tension electricity necessary for the purpose is produced by means of a suitably arranged transformer from the ordinary lighting supply mains, and the air is driven through the apparatus by means of a simple electric fan of the familiar type. It is claimed that ozonised air in public buildings, sanatoria, &c. is directly conducive to health, and also that it has a marked germicidal influence on the air.

NATURAL VENTILATION.

An interesting comparison of the various systems of ventilation, natural and artificial, is contained in a booklet recently issued by the proprietors of the Boyle system of natural ventilation. The disadvantages of utilising forced ventilation, whether created by machinery or other means, are fairly obvious, for ventilation produced by fans or blowers or heated flues generally means an excessive draught in some portions of the building and vitiated air in others. Natural ventilation, on the other hand, if properly applied, keeps large bodies of air constantly moving at a slow rate of speed, and all the air in a building is renewed in a short time, although no perceptible draughts are created. In the Boyle system of ventilation the air is withdrawn from the top of a building by means of what is called an air-pump ventilator, and fresh air is introduced at somewhere about the breathing level by means of a system of air inlets, by which the air is directed upwards and diffused about the building in all directions. The so-called air-pump, which is contained in a kind of cupola at the top of the building, consists of an arrangement of metal plates set at certain angles around a central chamber which they enclose, and they are so arranged that every movement of the external air has the effect of exerting a pumping action on the air contained in the chamber. This becomes partially exhausted, and the vitiated air within the building rises up to take its place. At the same time the delicately valved inlets allow the ingress of a sufficient quantity of fresh air to keep up the circulation within the room. It is claimed that there is always sufficient movement in the atmosphere even on the stillest day to operate the ventilator effectually, and as the ventilation is effected in an upward direction, the warmth of the vitiated air helps the general ventilation scheme. The system has been applied to churches and schools and other public buildings with conspicuous success.

CALCIUM STEEL.

Whether to use metal or some other material for any particular piece of work is a question which arises with wonderful frequency in the minds of

every inventor and original mechanic. Metals have vast advantages; but they are conductors of heat and of electricity, and they are liable to corrosion by the action of the atmosphere and of acids. On the other hand, glass and porcelain are easily fractured and difficult to work; wood is inflammable and susceptible to damp, and the question can only be answered as a rule by choosing the least of many evils. A new material, bearing the somewhat misleading title which heads this paragraph, has recently been introduced, and advantages are claimed for it which, should they be substantiated, will at once give it a vast importance. This so-called calcium steel is obtained from feldspar sand and lime flux, and, according to the description, it combines the good qualities of steel with those of several absolutely dissimilar materials. It is metal-like in its workability, and may be hammered, chiselled, filed, and bored; yet it may be polished, painted on, enamelled, or otherwise treated just as if it were glass or porcelain; while it is of tremendous strength and is capable of resisting the action of the atmosphere, and it cannot be touched by acids. Moreover, it may be cast into moulds like a metal, or the dry components may be moulded into shape by hand or otherwise, and then heated up to the required temperature to cause the constituents to be welded together into one homogeneous mass. Calcium steel is of a white colour, but may be coloured to any desired hue by the mixture of metallic oxides. Further particulars of the new material are anxiously awaited, and in the meantime it would perhaps be wise not to place too much credence in the statements which have so far been published.

COLOUR MEASUREMENT.

When a man is asked the colour of any article which he has seen, he may reply promptly that it is red, blue, &c.; but if he be asked 'How red?' or 'How blue?' he will find it very difficult to explain himself quantitatively. An attempt to establish a system of colour measurement has been made by Mr Joseph W. Lovibond, which is thoroughly described in his recent book, *An Introduction to the Study of Colour Phenomena* (Spon, London). A series of glass standard colour-scales are provided, by the superposition of which any given colour can be accurately matched in a special instrument provided for the purpose whereby all extraneous light is excluded. A colour which requires so many units of red and so many units of yellow to match it exactly can at once be quantitatively described. The glass slides used for testing have been prepared with the very greatest trouble and accuracy, and they are said to comply with the essentials of a scientific standard in that the divisions are equal and the unit recoverable. Certain standard and invariable chemicals, dissolved in a given proportion in pure distilled water, require for a certain temperature and thickness of liquid a certain combination of colour slips to match them. These chemical solutions can always be obtained, and in this way the units of the scale are recoverable. The whole system has evidently been prepared with the greatest care, and the book is a remarkable record of painstaking and accurate work.

REPAIRING A STEAMSHIP.

A very interesting welding operation has recently been performed by the North German Lloyd Steamship Company on their steamship *Friedrich der Grosse*. The steamship on her way home from Australia had lost one of her propeller-blades, and in the resulting irregular working of the screw the steel bracket which projects from the side of the vessel to carry the end of the propeller-shaft had been fractured. The fracture occurred in a very awkward position, close up to the main plating of the hull, and it would have required some months to prepare a new propeller-bracket and fit it ready for work. A perfectly successful joint, however, has been made by utilising the thermite process, and that in a relatively short time. A mould was built up around the fracture and filled with thermite, a mixture of metallic oxide and pulverised aluminium. A pre-heating by means of a furnace combined with an electric fan was arranged for, by which the massive metal parts were brought to a high temperature, and then the crucible containing the thermite was drawn into position and the mixture ignited. The mixture burned with a temperature of about three thousand degrees, which was sufficient to reduce the oxide and produce a pure metal which welded the fracture. When the mould was struck off next morning, it was found that a perfect weld had been accomplished, and the vessel was shortly after ready to be placed in commission once more.

A NEW BICYCLE BRAKE.

Since the free-wheel forced its way so undeniably to the front and came into such general use, the question of providing efficient brakes for bicycles has attained even greater prominence than hitherto. It was speedily found that brakes acting directly upon tires were out of the question except for emergencies, for the brake has to be so constantly used under the new conditions that the tire would be very rapidly worn out. Rim-brakes are open to the disadvantage that unless the wheel is absolutely true the action of the brake is jerky and spasmodic, and wheels cannot be kept true for very long. Band-brakes acting upon the wheel close to the hub have proved themselves to be the most efficient, but they are open to several disadvantages, as, for instance, the very high temperature to which they rapidly rise. In coasting a long hill it sometimes happens that the leather will be badly charred or even burned away completely, with the result that the brake suddenly ceases to hold. A new device has recently been placed upon the market which appears to obviate all these disadvantages. It is

kind of inside-out band-brake, if the expression may be permitted. In the interior of the hub is a smooth metal surface, against which is the equivalent of the band in the form of a circle of steel in three separate portions. In the normal position this circle of steel is smaller than that which encloses it, and exerts therefore no pressure upon it; but the slightest pressure of the brake-handle inserts an ingeniously shaped wedge or lever between two edges of the trisected band, which is thereby swelled out until it presses tightly but evenly all over the inner surface of the ring on the hub. The braking is therefore performed by metal against metal; and while only a small amount of heat is produced as the result of the necessary friction, there is nothing to be burned by it, and the brake should therefore remain in perfect condition for years. The device is known as the Chamberlain Patent Brake, and it is of course applicable to either front or back wheel, or to both.

COOKING BY ELECTRICITY.

Much attention is now being devoted to the production of electrically heated cooking utensils and devices, while at the same time the electricity supply companies—conscious of the advantages to themselves of a daylight load in the reduction of their working expenses—are reducing their prices for current intended for cooking purposes to a very low rate. Nevertheless, the general introduction of electrical cooking appliances in place of those in common use to-day would probably mean an alarming increase in the domestic expenses of the average household. But apart from the question of the introduction of electrical cooking generally, there are many smaller ways in which electricity for culinary purposes might be adopted with great advantage. Afternoon tea may be made in the drawing-room without any help from the kitchen, boiling-water being procured at very short notice without any further work than the turning of a switch. Eggs may be boiled without the aid of fire or flame, or a chop or steak grilled on the table from which it is to be eaten. The actual cost of current consumed may be heavy compared to the work done, but it would be in itself so small as to pass unnoticed when the saving of labour is taken into consideration. But to cook a whole dinner by electrical means, to roast a joint and keep stock-pots constantly stewing, is quite a different matter, and it remains still to be proved that the system can be economically introduced into a household where at present the gas-cooker or the coal-fed kitchener holds sway.

SKIDDING.

A novel device for the prevention of skidding—that grave danger to automobilists from which the bravest shrink because it is uncontrollable by the coolest head and steadiest nerve—is described in a recent issue of the *Scientific American*. It consists of a small trailing wheel attached to the under-side of the car, and so placed that, normally, it is out of contact with the roadway, but may be depressed so as to run upon the ground whenever the driver of the car thinks that there is danger of side-slip. In connection with this little running trailing wheel is a wheel or set of wheels having rough jagged jaws set in them. The trailing wheel runs lightly on the roadway so long as the car shows no tendency to skid, but directly the smallest side-slip occurs, the trailing wheel is instantly deflected to one side or the other, and this deflection automatically brings the jagged cog-wheels in sharp contact with the roadway, into which they dig with sufficient tenacity to arrest the skidding at once. The danger being over, the trailing wheel assumes its vertical position and the cog-wheels rise out of contact with the ground until the next incipient side-slip brings them into action again. The principle of the device appears to be good, and it should certainly be welcomed by all drivers of motor-cars who have in their hearts the fear of side-slips.

A NEW UMBRELLA-RACK.

A convenient and handy device for use in vestibules and shops and other places where umbrellas are wont to be collected has been designed and introduced to the public under the name of Bromhall's Patent. It consists of a strong leather strap gathered up into a series of short loops, each sustained by a strong pear-shaped spring within. The springy loops are almost touching one another, but can be momentarily pressed apart when the stick of an umbrella is pushed against them. The umbrella then slips into the space between the springs, which close around it and hold it with sufficient firmness but without scratching the polish. The looped strap can be fastened around a pillar or attached flat to a wall or any other convenient support, while an enamelled iron trough to catch the drips completes the scheme of things. The umbrella-rack takes up very little space, and is quite inexpensive.

PRESERVATIVES IN FOOD.

The ever-increasing separation of the food consumers from the sources of their supply, due to the constant growth of towns and cities where food cannot be grown or cultivated, makes the preservation of perishable articles one of supreme importance. The postponement of natural decay in meat by smoking and salting has been practised from immemorial times, but the growth of knowledge of the causes of decay, and simultaneously the big strides in the science of chemistry, have made it feasible to restrain decomposition of food by a variety of methods. The principal chemical preservatives are boric or boracic acid, sulphurous acid, salicylic acid, and formalin. Used in the small quantities requisite for the preservation of food for reasonable periods, these chemicals are practically without taste or odour, and are probably quite harmless. The so-called boron preservatives are very largely used for the preservation of dairy

produce, while salicylic acid is chiefly used to prevent change in beverages, jams and jellies, &c., and various other foods derived from fruits. Formalin is sold as a preservative of milk, but is objectionable, as it retards digestion, and milk treated with it is quite unfit for infant feeding. The use of chemical preservatives being so largely on the increase, the question arises whether the *accumulated* quantity of all the extraneous chemicals consumed with our food may not have an injurious effect upon our systems?

BIRDS AND THE FRUIT-FARMERS.

Another strong and convincing warning against the thoughtless and stupid extermination of birds supposed to be inimical to farmers comes from Canada. Thousands of fruit-trees were destroyed last year by mice, and in the report of the Ontario Fruit-Growers' Association it is pointed out that the enormous loss was due solely to the fact that the value of certain classes of birds had been overlooked. The writer remarks that the most important law in all nature is the one which maintains the balance between various forms of life. The balance had been destroyed by killing the birds which prey upon these mice, and in consequence the mice had increased and the trees had suffered far greater damage than the birds themselves would ever have inflicted. Woodpeckers are ruthlessly shot because they are supposed to suck the sap of young trees. In reality they are seeking out and destroying the boring insects whose ravages it is almost impossible for man to check. In one case it was actually proved that a single woodpecker had found and eaten no fewer than eighty-two borers in one morning.

BREAD.

It is confidently asserted by bread-reformers that the demand for a dead-white article, as yielded by modern methods of milling, takes away some of the most wholesome and nutritive properties of the bread. Flour in some cases is actually bleached with chemicals to make it whiter. In most modern milling methods the germ which provides the colour, flavour, and nourishment of wheat is thrown away. In a grain of wheat the outer covering contains the bran or sharps, the larger half the white substance or flour, and the smaller half the germ of the future plants, now thrown away. The old method of milling, to which it is suggested we should return, ground up the whole grain. Steel rollers have taken the place of the old millstones, and roll the germ out, and it is sifted from the flour by sieves of silk. There are flour-mills at Kingston-upon-Thames, Dorking, Ewell, Wrexham, and the Apostoloff (at 93–94 Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.), which by their methods are said to retain all the nourishing properties of the wheat. The Hovis system, with headquarters at Macclesfield, retains the wheat germ. In the case of the Apostoloff system there is a specially patented process for dealing with the 'middlings.' Home-grown wheat is used, which is put in at one end of the bakery and comes out in loaves at the other. All the berry except the bran is used, with a yield of 85 per cent. instead of 72 per cent. of the weight of wheat milled by the ordinary process. It is contended that bread which contains the germ, besides being more nourishing and pleasant to eat, will remain fresh longer than that from roller-ground flour. Dr Rabagliati, in his *Air, Food, and Exercise*, says we eat far too much bread, and thus lay ourselves open to indigestion, colds, bronchitis, &c. Much might be said against raw, half-cooked bread. The whole subject is one of national and world-wide importance. The methods here outlined are discussed by Mr Francis Fox with approval in *Macmillan's Magazine* for November 1905, and there is an article on similar lines in the *World's Work* for October 1905.

SUSAN BRAY: HER SAMPLER.

QUAINT relic of an older, primmer day!
Out of the past, with charmings fragrant, rare,
Your faded silken letters, once so gay,
Announce to all, 'This is the sampler fair
Of Susan Bray.'

Upon the parlour wall you hang in state;
Yet of the maid who wrought you nought you tell.
We feel she must have been demure, sedate,
But you just say she lived and 'broidered well
In 'twenty-eight.'

We seem to see her as she bent above
Her sampler-frame, her needle flashing bright;
Her sweet pursed mouth, eyes gentle as a dove,
Bare neck and arms, soft hair tied smooth and tight:
Maid made for love.

That she was loved 'twere madness to gainsay;
She, we know well, had lovers and to spare.
If she loved too is harder far to say,
And yet we deem her gently shy as fair,
This Susan Bray.

Perhaps—— But vain must all conjecture be;
Her sampler shrines her secrets from our gaze.
Small comfort to be told, 'Here you may see
How well my parents in my youthful days
Had care for me.'

F. W. SAUNDERSON.

***** TO CONTRIBUTORS.**

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE BOXER'S DAUGHTER.

By ALFRED COLBECK, Author of *The Maiden's Shoe*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

WE had become reminiscent over an excellent brand of Manilla cheroots, when Foster, who was watching the ascension of a perfect ring of gray smoke which he had cleverly puffed out from between his rounded lips, suddenly said, 'You knew Alice Chester, Dick?'

Of course I knew Alice Chester. I had heard her name coupled with his, and I had never clearly understood why the intimacy had not ripened into marriage. I answered him warily, nevertheless. Where anything personal came in Foster was proverbially reticent, and I wondered rather at the abrupt reference to Alice Chester. 'Yes,' said I. 'The last I heard of her was that she had turned medical student, and intended taking her diplomas as a lady doctor.'

'And she succeeded, Dick. More than that, she married, and came out here as Mrs Macpherson to help her husband in curing the maladies of the Celestials. She met him in Edinburgh. He was in training there as a sort of medical evangelist, and she caught his enthusiasm, and married him, and devoted herself through her husband to the China Inland Mission.'

'Indeed!' I exclaimed; for all this was news to me. 'And where did they settle?'

'In Shan-si, about a couple of hundred miles to the south-west of Pekin.'

'Then you would see them as they passed through?'

'No. They didn't call upon me. Alice had reasons. And it didn't matter, for the disinclination was mutual. I shouldn't have known that they had passed through if Mary hadn't written to tell me. She and Mary—my sister, you know—were always friendly, and still keep in touch with each other. Alice is a distant cousin of ours.'

'So I understand. Is she still in Shan-si?'

'Bless you—no! There isn't a single European left in Shan-si. That devil among the Boxers, Yu Hsien, saw to that.'

'But surely, Foster, she and her husband were not killed in Shan-si?'

'No; they are in Nagasaki—Alice and the youngster as well as can be, but Macpherson, poor fellow! sadly shattered, and not likely to survive.'

'How did they get away?'

'Well, I will tell you,' said Foster, squeezing the lighted end of his almost burnt-out Manilla into the ash-tray, and pulling himself up in his lounging bamboo chair. 'There are very few I should care to tell; but you are different, Dick, from the majority. You will not put a false interpretation upon my part in the drama, and it will give you an idea of the worth of a Chinawoman, who, after all, played the leading part, and played it nobly.

'After the Macphersons had settled in Shan-si, I heard nothing about them except by stray references in Mary's letters, and I thought I didn't care the toss up of a button how they fared; nor did I until those ugly rumours about the dastardly deeds of the Boxers began to fly about. Then, somehow, I began to care. They were in the thick of it in Shan-si. I couldn't get Alice out of my mind. You see, Dick, she was a cousin after all, even if she had married a Macpherson; and I couldn't leave her to the tender mercies of a crew of bloodthirsty spiritualists, with the devil himself at their head, without an attempt to save her.

'News reached me that Yu Hsien had let loose his infernal compatriots. I knew him, Dick—knew that no foreigner within the province, man, woman, or child, would be safe if he could possibly work their destruction; and that decided me. The music hadn't begun in Pekin. When I asked the chief for leave of absence he looked at me from under his beetled eyebrows as if I were demented, so I had to tell him why I wanted to go. He made no demur.

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He reminded me that the instrumentalists were tuning up, and that the music might begin at any moment. It would be easier to face it inside than outside. He gave me to understand that if I got into a tight place he would be quite unable to assist me. I should have to shift for myself. When he saw that I was ready to take the risks and was determined to go, he gave me his consent and a hearty hand-shake; and his eyes grew suspiciously moist as he expressed the hope that I might regain the Legation with Macpherson and his wife,—we were both ignorant of the existence of the youngster—before the place was barricaded and shut in by the howling Harmonies.'

'Harmonies, Foster! Why do you call them Harmonies?'

'Oh, that's the name they give themselves. Boxers we call them. It's a short, expressive, convenient name enough for us; but any name so laconic is an abomination to them. There is no finesse in it—no poetry, no religious sentiment. Their name is the Society of the Doubled Fists of the Heavenly Harmonies.'

'It certainly smacks of spiritualism.'

'There you have it, Dick. It is spiritualism, but it has a nasty materialistic way of showing itself. John Chinaman is nothing if not spiritualistic. He alone is the true Celestial. We Westerns don't know him; and, depend upon it, he'll surprise some of us yet.'

'He's a yellow contradiction.'

'That may be; but the Boxer is the typical Chinaman.'

'I've put you off, Foster. Go on with your tale.'

'An explanatory parenthesis—eh? Well, in Chinese toggery, with an artificial pigtail and a face to match the costume, I started from Pekin, and reached my destination in five days. It was a lively business. In more than one town I saw the Boxers at their antics, gathering recruits and initiating them into the society by mesmeric means—or so it seemed to me, for the fellows fell into a kind of trance, and then arose possessed by the pugilistic spirits and in the belief that they were thereby rendered invulnerable—sabre-proof and bullet-proof—because clad in heavenly armour. As you may suppose, although curiosity drew me, and for my own safety sometimes I had to appear among the spectators, I didn't make myself too prominent, but sped on my way.

'Alice was suspicious when I arrived, as she had good cause to be in the state in which the country then was, and neither she nor her husband penetrated my disguise. But there was one person in the compound with keener eyes than theirs. Tsie, little Rob's nurse, as plucky a Chinese maiden as ever lived, and as true as steel, turned her quiet orbs upon me, and whispered to her mistress; and in an instant Alice said, "You are an Englishman," and her whole manner changed. So I made myself known; and, flinging aside all reserve, she welcomed me with cousinly cordiality. Macpherson, whom I found to be a sensible fellow, with all his wits about him, seconded the welcome heartily enough, for his wife's sake, if not for his own. Rob was a placid, smiling, cherubic little chap, and took to me at once, pigtail and all.

'While we were at supper an urgent message for Macpherson came from the mandarin; and, late as it was, he set out for the Yamen.

'Rob was asleep under Tsie's charge, and Alice and I were alone for an hour or more. From the conversation I gathered that she had become really alarmed at the increasing depredations of the Boxers. Her fears had been quieted somewhat by the calm, steady, matter-of-fact way in which her husband had continued his work. He thought that the local mandarin was to be trusted. He was persuaded, also, that the people who had benefited by their skill, and who had professed to receive their doctrines, were perfectly friendly, and would warn them in time if there were any pressing danger, or even defend them if need be. And Alice had the fullest confidence in her husband. Still, her alarm was real, as I could see by the look that crept into her eyes more than by the words she spoke.

'The curious part of the conversation related to Tsie. She was one of the first to place herself in the hands of Macpherson and his wife for medical aid, and there is no doubt that Alice by her assiduous nursing had saved her life. Upon recovery she had refused to leave the compound, and had installed herself first as Alice's attendant, and then as Robbie's nurse. Lately, from some quite exceptional source, she had brought them news of the Boxers—news that always proved to be correct; and she had told them that there was no immediate cause for uneasiness. It was safer for them to stay than to flee. She said that she would inform them when the danger became imminent and flight a necessity.

'"The mandarin has received peremptory orders from the Governor," said Macpherson upon his return, "to send us across the mountains to Tai-Yuen. The escort has arrived already, and we are to start with the dawn. All the missionaries of the province are gathering there at the Governor's request, that he may afford them proper protection until the storm has blown over. He will not be responsible for our safety if we remain here."

'"And have you consented to go?" I asked.

'Macpherson turned his steady eyes upon me. He detected the tone of eager concern with which the question was put. It escaped me unawares.

'"Why?" said he.

'"Because Yu Hsien is the devil incarnate."

'Macpherson smiled at my confident assertion, and then became very grave. He could see that I was serious enough. "My consent was not asked for," said he. "It was assumed by the mandarin that we should only be too glad to go."

'"But you didn't say, dear, that we should go?" put in Alice; and then we both turned towards her, and found that her face was blanched to the lips, and that she was endeavouring to suppress the fears which were surging within her.

'"No. Don't alarm yourself," said he. "I received the message with the customary official courtesies, and replied in a diplomatic fashion which left me perfectly free to follow my own course; but, for all that, the escort will assemble outside the compound with the dawn. I wonder if Tsie knows anything about it. Would you mind asking her, Alice?"

'When she had gone Macpherson whispered, "Alice is extremely nervous. We had better talk this over alone. I don't like it. My opinion of Yu Hsien is not quite so unfavourable as yours, and it might be less dangerous to trust him, and take advantage of such protection as he can give, than to refuse his escort and shift for ourselves."

'"Macpherson," I replied, "I am sorry that I was betrayed into saying what I know Yu Hsien to be in Alice's presence—solely, however, because it will unnecessarily increase her alarm, and not in the least because I believe I am wrong in my estimate of him. I would like to repeat deliberately that I *know* him to be as treacherous and cruel a man as ever sat in a provincial governor's chair; and you could enter a lion's den with greater security just now than you could enter the Yamen, where Yu Hsien can work his merciless will unchecked by any outside power." Then, nettled by Macpherson's exasperatingly cool reception of my statement, I continued: "What do you think I have come here for? Has it been a pleasure-jaunt, think you, in native disguise, merely for the fun of it—a kind of peripatetic picnic, eh?"

'He regarded me with surprise, but before he could frame an answer Alice had returned.

'"Tsie is gone," said she in a subdued and fearsome whisper, "and there is not a single soul except ourselves left in the compound. They are all gone."

'"What!" exclaimed Macpherson in amazement; "the servants, the patients—every one?"

'"Yes; we are quite alone. Rob is fast asleep. I thought Tsie must have slipped into the women's ward; but it is empty, and the men's ward too. The people seem to have been spirited away. What does it mean?"

'"I'll have a look round," said Macpherson. "Don't distress yourself, Alice. Tsie will be sure to come back again, and, whatever it means, we shall pull through.—Excuse me a minute or two, Foster;" and he hurried away.

'"Do you think Tsie will come back again, Alice?" I asked.

'"I don't know. I hope so."

'"Can you trust her?"

'"Perfectly." Then, after a pause, "Whether Tsie comes back again or not, I can trust her perfectly. She would not leave us except for the very gravest reasons. But why should she go without telling me? And why should they carry off the patients secretly, stealthily, without a sound? There is something uncanny about it."

'Macpherson returned only to confirm his wife's statement that the premises were empty. He could scarcely believe his own eyes, and knew not what this secret withdrawal of all the occupants might portend. We chatted about it in a make-believe, easy fashion, hiding from each other the thoughts that were uppermost in our minds. Macpherson and I had one aim in this—the quelling of Alice's fears. She was deadly pale. What she was inwardly suffering we could only surmise; but she controlled herself admirably.'

(To be continued.)

TIPS AND TIPPING.

By CHARLES WINDHAM.



ALL things considered, it is perhaps as well that the identity of the man who first gave a 'tip' has never been discovered. No doubt the individual in question was animated by the best motives, and had no idea of the heritage of annoyance and expense he was bequeathing to an innocent posterity. It may fairly be presumed, too, that he meant his ill-placed generosity to be regarded as a personal matter for that one occasion only, and not as establishing a precedent in either his own case or that of anybody else. Unfortunately, these praiseworthy intentions failed utterly, and the innovation spread promptly and to such an extent that what was originally an entirely optional custom has now practically become an obligatory one. From time to time, certainly, a few bold spirits have been daring enough to make a determined stand against the evil—for it is nothing less—but the attempt has never proved successful. Sooner or later the iconoclasts have, under pressure of the class whose vested interests are thus assailed, given way and fallen into line with every one else. Nor is this really to be wondered at, for to walk out of an hotel ignoring the outstretched hands of the army of domestics lined up in the entrance-halls demands considerably more than an average amount of moral courage. Similarly with regard to every other instance where custom decrees that

the insidious 'tip' shall be bestowed. Perhaps this explains in part why it is that although we all bitterly inveigh against the practice, yet we all subscribe to it.

One of the most irritating features in connection with 'tipping' is that there is no rhyme or reason about it. Thus we fee A., who does nothing, and pass by B., who possibly deserves recognition. When we dine at a restaurant the imposing head-waiter has a coin slipped into his hand at parting, although his labours on our behalf have commenced and ended with the presentation of the bill. Yet the cook who has prepared the dinner gets nothing at all. Again, we 'tip,' or 'remember,' as the individuals concerned prefer to term it, the employés in a hairdresser's shop, but not those in that of a tailor or bootmaker. In the same way, cabmen are overpaid as a matter of course, while every halfpenny of change is firmly exacted from 'bus conductors. There may be some good and sufficient grounds for drawing these delicate distinctions, yet nobody seems to be aware of them.

That the practice of 'tipping' is on the increase there is not the slightest doubt. New claimants for this form of recognition are continually springing up. In the old days, for example, when one stopped at an hotel the waiter, chambermaid, and 'boots' alone expected a gratuity. Nowadays, however, these functionaries are joined by lift-boys, luggage-carriers, hall-porters, and waiters from all the various departments of the establishment—smoking-room, drawing-room, reading-room, restaurant, &c. Every one who has travelled must have a lively recollection of how, at the moment of leaving, all sorts of individuals who have hitherto kept out of sight suddenly spring into existence. To ignore their mute, but at the same time exceedingly eloquent, appeals is impossible.

It is said that a hardy Briton once left an ultra-fashionable hotel in Paris without bestowing so much as a single sou on any of the expectant throng gathered together to speed his parting. Waving them aside with a lordly gesture, he walked calmly through the front door into the street, ordering his luggage to be sent after him. The hall-porter was so taken aback that the daring visitor was safely out of sight before he quite grasped what had happened. Then, with great presence of mind, he transferred the luggage to a cab bound for the wrong railway station. It was the only possible method, he felt, of marking his sense of horror at the outrage committed on himself and colleagues.

A less drastic, but equally efficacious, manner in which hotel employés notify their uncomplimentary opinions of those with whom they come into contact takes the form of inscribing on the luggage certain hieroglyphics in chalk. Another plan is to arrange the labels in such a way that the staff at other establishments subsequently patronised will be able to decipher their hidden meaning. The code is rather complicated. Thus, according to whether an innocent-looking label be pasted the right or the wrong way up, or on the top, the bottom, or the side, something different is meant. If only the system were known the traveller could ensure the command of special attention, for all he would then have to do would be to arrange the labels so as to read, 'This is a generous man; treat him well,' or something of the sort. It may possibly have been within the reader's experience on arriving at an hotel to find the servants extending him a welcome the reverse of cordial, and eying his trunks and boxes with apathy. For this the position of a tell-tale luggage label is responsible. At times, also, hall-porters, when they consider themselves inadequately rewarded, go a step further and chalk an offensive epithet on the baggage of the individual concerned. A place where this sort of thing frequently happens is Monte Carlo, and any one who falls below the standard of liberality laid down by the staff of the hotel he stops at there is liable, on departing, to find the words '*salté*' and '*salir*' scrawled on his boxes. The result is that when he reaches the railway station the porters, instead of attending briskly to him, all suddenly remember pressing engagements elsewhere. It often happens, too, that anything thus marked goes astray on the journey, rather leading one to suppose that it is thrown out of the window at the first convenient opportunity.

Ladies seem to be special sufferers from this unwelcome form of attention. A few weeks ago a letter on the subject appeared in a Continental paper. The writer, a lady travelling alone, complained that on leaving a certain well-known Riviera hotel after a week's stay she dispensed gratuities on the following scale: Femme de chambre, hall-porter, and head-waiter, five francs each; 'boots,' four francs; lift-attendants (two men), four francs; luggage-porters (two men), four francs; omnibus conductor, three francs—total, thirty francs. Despite this really liberal expenditure she evidently failed to satisfy the greed of the staff, for when she reached the station she discovered that all her luggage had an insulting remark chalked on it. An experience of this sort is not calculated to give one a very pleasant impression of Continental travel.

Just as the appetite grows on what it feeds upon so does 'tipping' increase with 'tips.' It is the lavish and ill-placed liberality of certain individuals that is responsible for the serious proportions which the system has now assumed. The modern gratuities once given in rare instances and entirely as a matter of grace for services outside the ordinary no longer obtain. 'Tips' have become many a large, and are looked upon by their recipients as their just due. If they are not forthcoming pressure is brought to bear by the class concerned and pressure of a nature that few are bold enough to stand against. It seems that it is the weak

tourist from the United States more than any one else who has made 'tipping' such a tax. Scattering dollars where shillings would be more than ample, they make the way very difficult for the equally well-intentioned but poorer individuals who come after them. It is only natural that when once a waiter has had half-a-sovereign for performing a trifling service, he turns up his nose when the next patron offers him half-a-crown.

One of the chief difficulties in connection with the whole system of 'tipping' is that there are no exact rules about it. Thus no one can declare with certainty either whom to 'tip,' when to 'tip,' or how much to 'tip.' It is all very well to say that the answer is 'everybody,' 'always,' and 'liberally;' for, though excellent in theory, this does not work out in practice at all. Then some professed experts declare, with regard to the amount, that the proper scale of disbursements is, in the case of residence at an hotel, 10 per cent. of the bill. This, however, is by no means a safe calculation, as it generally means far too small a sum. Suppose, for example, a four days' hotel-bill to be two and a half guineas. The 'tip' percentage would then be a trifle over five shillings, a sum which it would be impossible to divide in such a manner as to satisfy everybody who expects to share in it. The number of these is often embarrassingly large. First and foremost is the lordly head-waiter; then comes at least one assistant. These two alone will leave very little change out of five shillings, while the hall-porter, chambermaid, lift-attendants, and luggage-carriers have also to be reckoned with. Then, if one stops long enough to run up a bill for twenty pounds, the 10 per cent. basis is equally inapplicable.

To lay down the precise amount to be bestowed on each applicant is scarcely feasible, as the distribution depends on many different circumstances. A long stay, for example, means larger gifts at parting than a small one; and, similarly, more is expected of the occupant of a first-floor suite than of the individual who contents himself with a modest bedroom at the top of the house, while the class of hotel patronised is also a governing factor. Striking an average, however, it may be said that, in the case of a week's residence, the following sums are ample: head-waiter, five shillings; waiter, half-a-crown; chambermaid and hall-porter, two shillings each; luggage-porter, eighteenpence; lift-man, a shilling. They will all probably look as though they wanted more, but they will at least have the grace to say, 'Thank you.'

People who are inexperienced in the ways of hotel life, and especially ladies travelling alone for the first time, often find their ignorance on the subject of 'tips' occasioning them grave embarrassment at the moment of departure. While they are anxious to do the right thing, they do not in the least know what the right thing is. Before now the imposing manager himself has had half-a-sovereign slipped into his hand, while the hard-working chambermaid is overlooked altogether. There is a story, too, of a young girl who, when leaving one of London's most fashionable hotels, sought out the head-waiter and, with many blushes, pressed sixpence upon him. To the credit of the individual in question, it is said that he took it with the air of accepting a five-pound note. At the big restaurants the waiters generally solve the difficult question by seeing that the change includes no single coin smaller than a shilling. If by any chance there should be a sum of elevenpence halfpenny in it, they will blandly ask the customer for another halfpenny so that they can avoid the necessity of returning any coppers at all. When the little pile of silver coins is presented with a deferential smirk, one feels that one can scarcely do less than hand one of them over to the waiter.

In restaurants, as elsewhere, the 'tipping system' has grown considerably of late. When the habit of patronising such places was not so widespread as is at present the case two or three coppers would have been received with gratitude. Now, however, not only does the waiter look scornful if he is offered less than a shilling, but he is accompanied by a host of other claimants upon the customer's bounty. The magnificent individual who, in a uniform suggesting a blend of a field-marshal and vice-admiral, stands at the door and says, 'Cab, sir?' expects sixpence at least for his onerous labours. Then there are the cloak-room attendants to be considered. Even when the establishment is one in which the 'no fees' rule obtains, one is sure to find openly displayed on the counter a saucer with a few coins in it. They are probably placed there as bait, but it is impossible to overlook them. Should a visitor be daring enough to pretend to do so, the attendant will jingle the saucer meaningly and remark in a loud tone that the cloak-room service is not charged for. 'Aweel, I'm glad to hear it,' once replied a customer from north of the Tweed as he struggled into his overcoat. 'It's the only thing in this place that's cheap.' Then, in the restaurant itself the dispensing of gratuities does not begin and end at the man who actually brings the food to the table. After him, for example, is his assistant who carries the plates, the wine-waiter who seeks to mesmerise customers into ordering costly brands by presenting a list that invariably opens at the champagne portion, the head-waiter who brings the bill as though he were conferring a personal favour, the cigar-attendant who never has any brand under sixpence an inch, and, finally, the small boy in buttons who, when the meal is over, brushes imaginary crumbs from one's coat. All these individuals have remarkably itching palms, and all regard a sixpence as though they had never seen such a coin before in their lives. The practice that obtains in some restaurants—as also in certain hotels—of charging separately for 'service' is theoretically supposed to relieve patrons of this form of extortion. As a matter of fact, however, it does nothing of the sort. All that it does is to add to the expense of going to such places. By

the way, while on the subject of restaurant 'tips,' it may be mentioned that during the last few months a highly objectionable custom imported from Paris has sprung up in certain London supper-rooms of permitting one of the bandsmen to go round the tables at regular intervals and openly solicit gratuities.

Although theatres have held out for a long time against the insidious advances of the 'tipping system,' many of them have now succumbed. At few, for example, is it possible to secure a cab after the performance until the commissionaire on duty has first pocketed a few coppers. Very often, too, the attendants who show the audience into their seats look as though the sixpence levied for the ill-printed pamphlet by courtesy termed a programme, in which the cast-list is hidden among a mass of whisky and corset advertisements, should be supplemented by a second for themselves. The cloak-room charge, too, is little short of an outrage, considering the lack of accommodation provided and the way in which hats are piled one on top of another and coats rolled out of all shape. At one place of entertainment, it is said, a stalwart individual used to stand in the hall and shout in stentorian tones, 'This way to the cloak-room. Overcoats and sticks to be left here—sixpence each!' 'But I haven't got either,' mildly observed an old gentleman among the crowd. 'Then out you go and get 'em!' was the triumphant retort.

The extension of the 'tipping system' to country-houses is of comparatively recent growth. It seems, however, to have more than made up for this by the large proportions it has assumed. Nowadays, indeed, a country-house visit is almost as expensive as is residence in an hotel. Butlers, footmen, coachmen, valets, and housemaids all have to be reckoned with. Even a modest Saturday to Monday means half-a-sovereign for the butler; while if the guest shoots, motors, or rides, there are gamekeepers, chauffeurs, and grooms to be added to the list of those expecting fees. At big establishments these gratuities amount in the aggregate to such a tax that people of moderate means often find themselves compelled to refuse invitations altogether. Hosts and hostesses certainly do their best to keep what they admit to be an evil within reasonable bounds, but they are powerless to uproot it entirely. In some houses a box is placed in the billiard-room for the reception of whatever the guests choose to leave behind for the staff. Such sums are then pooled and divided at regular intervals among all entitled to participate in them. The plan has much to commend it; but, as may be imagined, it is not popular in the servants' hall.

Gamekeepers are perhaps more highly 'tipped' than the members of any other subordinate class. A couple of pounds for a day's shooting is quite an ordinary fee for them to pocket. One individual, however, on a certain occasion returned this sum to the donor with the chilling remark that he only accepted 'paper.' The guest very properly reported the matter to his host, with the result that a piece of paper was instantly handed to the keeper. It took the form, however, not of a five-pound note, but of a month's notice. At the same house on another occasion a guest who had a single afternoon's sport presented the keeper with a sovereign. When he reached London again he found that he had left his gun behind him. Thereupon he wrote to the keeper, instructing him to forward it. The reply he received was as follows: 'SIR,—The gun you ask about is in my possession. I shall be pleased to forward it when you pay me the four pounds that you owe me.' This is the sort of thing that 'staggers humanity.'

Sea-trips are closely bound up with sea-tips. Indeed, one cannot go on the shortest voyage without discovering that the passage-money is not by any means the only expense to which the traveller is put. The different 'tips' or gratuities may be small in themselves, but they mount up to a good deal in the aggregate. On a long journey—to Australia or China, for example—they are apt to make a considerable hole in the ten-pound note; while even on one of only a few days' duration they can easily run away with the best part of five pounds.

It is difficult to lay down any hard-and-fast rules about 'tips' on board ship. They are governed by many different circumstances, such as the duration of the voyage, the class of cabin occupied, the amount of attention required, and the ideas on the subject of the individual concerned. First-class travellers are naturally expected to be more generous than second-class ones, and on some lines 'tips' rule higher than on others. This latter circumstance has very little to do with the length of the voyage, for the big Atlantic liners which run between America and England in five days call for more private disbursement of this sort than do many of the vessels plying to India and the East. Cruises on pleasure-yachts, too, mean larger gratuities than usual.

To the inexperienced voyager the task of discovering whom to 'tip' is almost as difficult as that of discovering how to 'tip.' The novice is certain to give either too much or too little, while he is also very apt to press his parting gifts upon the wrong people. A wealthy but untravelled individual, in his anxiety to do the right thing, once took the captain aside as soon as he came on board and blandly offered him a sovereign to see that he was made comfortable. Another stood so much in awe of his cabin-steward that he passed him by altogether when the critical moment came.

The number of people on board ship who expect to be tipped (or 'remembered,' as they themselves more elegantly put it) is large enough to be a serious consideration. Roughly speaking, every one—except the officers—who comes into contact with the passengers thinks himself ill-treated if not

pecuniarily rewarded at the end of the voyage. Of course there is no compulsion to fall in with this view; at the same time, those who hold aloof from the general practice are not likely to have their comfort studied to any great extent. Thus the non-tipping but strong-minded traveller never finds himself called at the proper time in the morning, the bath is always occupied when he wants it, his deck-chair gets washed overboard in the night, and portions of his baggage mysteriously disappear when he is leaving the ship. The next time he goes to sea he probably decides to subscribe to the custom, much as he may dislike paying for service that is nominally rendered free of charge.

First and foremost among those who are eligible for a 'tip' is the chief-steward. Unless he receives what he considers an adequate amount a bad seat at table is the result. On the American liners a sovereign is quite a usual figure to present this important individual with. The millionaire occupants of the best state-rooms and those who want the privilege of sitting at the captain's table at meal-times have to put their hands a good deal deeper into their pockets. A more modest scale obtains on the P. & O., Orient, and Union Castle lines, on any of which a sovereign is regarded as an outside gratuity even for the longest voyage.

After the chief-steward has been 'remembered,' the man who waits at table claims attention. Five shillings for a short voyage to the Mediterranean or Egypt, and ten shillings for a long one to India or the Cape, are the usual payments in this case. The cabin-steward expects recognition on at least the same scale, and as he works harder for the passengers' comfort than any one else, often gets more. Then comes the bath-steward, who sees no reason why he should be left out in the cold when anything is being given away, although on board ship people almost invariably prepare their own baths. However, he generally receives half-a-crown from every one upon whom he is supposed to be in attendance. The last to submit a claim is the baggage-room steward. A couple of shillings meet it well enough.

So much for the staff below deck. There is another one above which has no intention of being overlooked when tipping-time arrives. At its head is the smoking-room steward, who seldom does anything more laborious than whistle down a speaking-tube for cigars. In order that he may not collapse from overwork, he is provided with an assistant who fetches drinks from the adjacent bar as they are required. Each of these worthies thinks himself ill-used if he is not presented with at least four or five shillings by all who have used the smoking-room during the voyage. The deck-steward, who is responsible for the accessories of the various games played on board, has also to be remembered; and, finally, there is the quarter-master who looks after the deck-chairs. Half-a-crown apiece is enough on their account, although they themselves may hold a different opinion about the matter.

On some lines a practice prevails of placing a box in the smoking-room or saloon, in which passengers are requested to deposit such 'tips' as they may feel inclined to give. The amount of these is then divided equitably among the staff. The plan spares the traveller a good deal of trouble and mental anxiety. It also has the advantage of ensuring that no one gets a larger share than by the accepted custom he is entitled to. Among the participants, however, it is not popular, for they consider that the total thus subscribed is below what it otherwise would be. The shipping line which relieves its patrons of this taxation entirely (for the 'tipping system' amounts to nothing else) has a great future before it. Unfortunately, such a line has not yet come into existence.

Although clubs are supposed to offer sanctuary from 'tips,' and though rules are specially framed to ensure this, the laudable intentions of the committee are not always successful. In some of the newer and less well-managed establishments, at any rate, the waiters appear distinctly aggrieved if the members insist on receiving their full change when paying for refreshments. The 'Thank you, sir,' with which a shilling is pocketed for a ninepenny cigar seems to hypnotise young and nervous members into ignoring the odd coppers when they are at length presented. But even where the rules against 'tipping' are strictly carried out, members are taxed to almost the same extent by a polite invitation to contribute to the servants' fund list which is organised at Christmas-time. Of course one is free to do so or not; but the fact that the names of all donors and the amounts they give are entered in a book that is open for inspection makes it practically impossible for one to stand aloof without declaring oneself a curmudgeon. Quite an ordinary sum to subscribe is half-a-guinea, and in clubs with a large membership a substantial total is thus made up for the benefit of the staff. In a certain political club, indeed, it averages as much as twelve hundred pounds each Christmas. This is divided among the waiters, &c., in proportion to their length of service.

Perhaps the country where 'tipping' is more deeply rooted than anywhere else is Egypt. The persistence of the demands for 'backsheesh' there is quite proverbial, and the appearance of a stranger in the streets of Cairo or Port Said is the signal for the immediate swarming round him of beggars, hucksters, guides, and touts of every description. Even when one makes a purchase in a native shop one is expected to leave a piastre or two behind, nominally 'for coffee.' In Italy, too—and especially in Naples—touring and 'tipping' go hand-in-hand. The only thing to be thankful for is that throughout the entire country gratuities are smaller than anywhere else in Europe. An hotel hall-porter in Rome beams when he is presented with a couple of lire, and equally moderate disbursements are

gratefully accepted by waiters and chambermaids. There are, however, so many of them to participate in the visitor's bounty that even these small sums form a serious item in the cost of an Italian tour. Altogether, protest against it as we do, the 'tipping system' has come to stay, and not even the most resolute of passive resisters can stand against it for any length of time.

A STORMY MORNING.

By Lady Napier of Magdala.

CHAPTER XI.

BETTY'S heart failed her a little, on her arrival at Brayborough, as she followed the groom of the chambers down the long corridor, carpeted with crimson velvet-pile, into which the feet sank as into moss, stared at by the cold eyes of the marble portrait-busts on pedestals placed at intervals along the walls.

'Her ladyship is having tea in the library,' said the servant, flinging open a door and ushering her in. Her name sounded strangely in her ears. The room was apparently full of people, an immense fire roaring at one end of it, and myriads of electric lights everywhere. Betty, accustomed as she was to the gentle rays of the old colza at Dunscaith, blinked like an owl in the sunshine.

Lady Forsyth hurried towards her, greeting her affectionately.

'Dear thing, how tired you must be after that horrible journey! Come to the tea-table. The Miss Pegrams, Amy Ashton,' designating with her long tortoiseshell-handled eye-glasses a group of girls near the table. 'I hope you are all going to be great friends.'

The girls stared stonily at the new-comer, and continued their conversation, helping themselves to more muffins.

Lady Forsyth poured out her tea, and Betty, retreating a little before the chilly glances of the coterie of rather plain, smartly dressed girls, found a friendly chair near the fireplace.

'Who is she?' said a woman in a lovely rose-red tea-gown, with long bare arms which she waved perpetually, auburn hair puffed and piled in the latest fashion, and black eyes, who was sitting on a sofa, and who hardly dropped her voice in speaking to a man seated behind it. 'Another girl, I suppose. What a bore! I hate girls; they are always in the way (except the old Pegrams, who know their way about, and whom you can hardly look on as girls). One can never say anything before them, and one is never sure there may not be one in the room, behind the window-curtains or screens, sneakin' and lyin' low and listenin'! Look at those idiots on the ottoman with their ears cocked. Don't you agree with me, Lord Harlestone? I am sure you do. May I have one of your cigarettes, one of those with the gold tips?'

'Most certainly, Mrs Williams. Here is the case, and here are some matches beside you, and an ash-tray; but you must let me put down your cup, or you will inevitably spoil the loveliest thing in tea-gowns I ever saw.'

He was deadly tired of her—of her affectations, her glances, her weary London scandal and talk—and he took the cup out of her hand with a pleasant smile, and walked to the tea-table to look at the fresh, fair face of the new-comer, who was roasting it mercilessly, regardless of consequences to her complexion, in front of the roaring fire. Tea was over, and men were slinking away in many varieties of coat to the smoking-room for a quiet hour, 'without the women' some of them muttered to each other, all on tobacco intent.

Some of the women made for the billiard-room; some lit cigarettes and sat down to piquet; some betook themselves with the newest novels to their rooms to rest before dinner.

Lady Forsyth, dying by inches for her 'bridge,' seized on Betty, saying, 'I am sure you would like to go to your room, darling, and rest before dinner. Would you like a book? This is quite new. Oh, perhaps you had better not read that!' dropping it like a hot potato.

'Thank you, I have a book,' said Betty.

'We dine at eight sharp,' continued Lady Forsyth. 'Your uncle won't give in to dear, delightful eight-thirty, so I shall expect to see your dear little face again at eight. Your maid's room is just across the corridor, opposite yours. Of course you have brought Johnnie—dear Johnnie!' She chattered amiably all the way upstairs. 'Here is your room, darling. I must positively run away;' and she pattered off, her draperies flying.

Johnnie was in ecstasies on seeing the door open and his beloved mistress enter. He always stayed in her room when visiting, and hated the moment of arrival on a visit, when he had to trot along behind the maid, led upstairs by an ignominious chain, his tail hanging down, the picture of humiliation and injured feelings; but he was less unhappy visiting than he would have been if left behind at Dunscaith with the keeper and the shooting-dogs, upon whom he looked with terror and rage, to wail his little heart out in the kennels at night, and to be fed with nasty food of the dog-biscuit order, prepared by unloving and unlovely hands.

He made himself into the shape of an inverted comma on Betty's appearance, and squeaked with

delight. She divested herself of hat, coat, and furs, sinking a little wearily into a comfortable arm-chair before the fire, when he flew into her lap, and she kissed his dear, rough little head above the faithful brown eyes, and felt better.

The girl looked very handsome in her white evening-gown, with some splendid pearls belonging to her mother clasped round her firm white throat. Her dark hair sprang back in thick natural waves from the temples, and her little Highland maid had a genius for hairdressing. However ugly the fashion in vogue might be, she managed to twist it into beauty and grace, and the fashion at that moment was very ugly indeed.

Betty wandered slowly downstairs, lingering to look at well-remembered pictures and prints on the walls, some of which recalled vividly the father she had lost. At the foot of the stairs was Lord Harlestone putting some letters in the letter-box, and looking very distinguished and high-bred in his scarlet hunt-coat.

He and Betty had not been formally introduced. As he held the door open for her she smiled up frankly and childishly into his face, and they became friends for ever, as does sometimes happen.

'What a lovely girl,' he thought; 'and what a look of her father, dear, kind old Fitzhugh! She seems a perfect child. I wonder how she will get on with my lady's rabble, and those Pegrams, Ashtons, and Company. Spiteful cats all, I venture to say; and how they will hate her! I fancy she rides, so I hope Forsyth will take her out pretty often. Lady Forsyth seems to be quite incapable of anything but that ghastly bridge. Oh, that Williams woman again! I foresee I shall have to take her in to dinner.'

The lady sailed towards him, miraculously draped in palest green satin, rising from out of it as Aphrodite from the sea. The lustrous texture clung to her form, outlining her figure with wondrous accuracy, and falling into a shining heap round her feet and streaming away behind her. The wonder of it was, not so much as to how she had got into this garment, if so it could be called, but as to how long she would remain in it, for two tiny straps of diamonds on the shoulders in lieu of sleeves were apparently all the means that had been thought to secure that end, and on which it depended. Her auburn hair was fluffed out over a circular bolster, great diamond wings were affixed to the loops and twists that crowned the edifice, and a Gloire de Dijon rose nodded over her brow. She was really perfect as a specimen of her kind, and so she thought as she came triumphantly forward to meet Lord Harlestone, who had piqued her vanity considerably by his 'diffidence,' as she liked to call his backwardness in enrolling himself among the troops of her admirers.

The big drawing-room, or 'saloon,' as it was usually called, was a handsome room, smaller rooms opening off it. It was hung with crimson silk damask, which threw out the fine pictures and wall decorations and the lovely old furniture.

The blaze of electric light was well managed and shaded, and the brilliant toilettes of the ladies and scarlet hunt-coats of the men formed a rather dazzling tableau.

CHAPTER XII.

LORD FORSYTH, who had not yet seen his niece, greeted her with affection, prophesying frost with a doleful countenance.

I must explain that Lord Forsyth's first wife had been Betty's aunt, her father's very lovely sister; and, as is sometimes to be remarked in families, a stronger likeness comes out between some aunts and nieces than between mother and daughter. It was pre-eminently so in the present case; and many a smothered sigh broke from Lord Forsyth's lips as he looked at the girl, who seemed to grow more and more like her dead aunt year by year in looks, manner, and nameless charm. He had never forgotten the wife he had adored; but as years went on, a comfortable friendship into which he had drifted with the good-natured rich widow of a connection of his own ended in marriage.

It had been in many ways a less successful venture than he had anticipated. The fact is that no man and woman can ever really know each other as they will when the crucial test of marriage has been applied, dispelling all illusions, setting each partner face to face, with no softening veil between. Not that this by any means always implies disillusion. Far from it; but reality must take the place of glamour, and preconceived ideas are often found to have been strangely wide of the mark.

If this be the case with young couples, it is infinitely more so with the middle-aged. The lady knows her world. She knows the creature man—his likes, his dislikes, his tastes, his ways—and she knows how to make herself desirable by consulting each and all of them, keeping her own idiosyncrasies in the background. The quarry, man, flattered, made comfortable, appealed to for his valuable opinions, says, 'Charmin' woman,' and falls into the net. Afterwards—well, afterwards takes care of itself. If each be wise, a more or less agreeable *modus vivendi* is established; if not, paths diverge, indifference possibly turning to dislike and contempt.

Needless to say how brilliant is the outcome of the experiment (for experiment it is, and always will be) in some cases, when affection grows with knowledge, the journey of life is brightened by each to the other, rough ways are made smooth, each burden shared and lightened by the sharing, as they trundle down the hill of time together.

Lord Forsyth and his second wife found that they had not one taste in common. She had a perfect craving for society—society not always composed of the choicest elements, jarring her husband's fastidious taste considerably. He never interfered, feeling perhaps a little compunctious as to the inequality of his marriage bargain: she having brought him all the affection of which she was capable, poor woman, and a great deal of money; he, a heart that could never beat with love for woman again, and his worldly position, which counted for very little in his own eyes; and great indeed would have been his surprise had he known the hugely important place it held in hers.

But they went their ways peaceably enough, and jogged along with great amiability. There were no children by either marriage.

CHAPTER XIII.

BETTY was taken in to dinner by a young gentleman, the latest acquisition of the Royal Horse Guards Green. He was very young. A delicate down adorned his upper lip; his collars were of the highest and shiniest, his white tie of the very latest model. Life was a burden to him; but his one wish in life at this period was to be as near Mrs Williams as possible, and he told himself how bored he was with girls. So Betty, having tried in vain to talk to him, turned her attention to her other neighbour, a bald-headed sportsman with a black beard, who loved Scotland and the 'hull' and dogs, and found that he and she had much in common, notably about sea-fishing, the joys of catching razor-fish on frosty moonlight nights, and of crab-hunting among the rocks. 'And he hails from the right side of the Border,' thought Betty.

Mrs Williams and Lord Harlestone were seated opposite, and Lord Harlestone's glance often wandered to the animated young face at the other side of the table; and Mrs Williams found him rather dull and absent and unappreciative of her highly spiced talk and the stories that became broader as the champagne flowed.

Dinner was a long and elaborate process. Lady Forsyth's two-hundred-guinea cook, who fed his fire with pounds of fresh butter when it did not burn to his taste, had to live up to his reputation; and the courses were many and varied.

Betty, however, was sorry when it was over. She and Colonel Fraser had enjoyed themselves very much (particularly Colonel Fraser), and she rather dreaded being left to the tender mercies of the other girls, none of whom she fancied, and to whom she would naturally be relegated while the married ladies exchanged experiences as to their ailments, &c.

The girls clustered round the fire in the smaller drawing-room, the Miss Pegrams appropriating the largest share. Betty made a little remark, and the elder Miss Pegram murmured a reply, staring at her, and looking her over from head to foot with her cold, prominent eyes, taking in every detail of dress, figure, face, pearls (especially pearls); then turning to the other girls, she said:

'I suppose you have all heard that Tody's affair with Jocko is off? I myself could never think what he saw in her. Bungo says it is all Lady Lou again, and Tiggy told Boo he saw them'—— Here she dropped her voice, 'and I do not think we need pursue the spiteful drivel any further.

The Miss Pegrams were daughters of a cadet of what they themselves considered to be a very great family. It was certainly of high rank, but its members descended to very low doings. Insolent to a degree when they dared to be so, they would cringe when it suited their object, assuming a false good-fellowship for the purpose of what was pure and simple plunder. They would consort with Jew, Turk, or infidel could anything be got out of them, often benefiting to the extent of many thousands by the money-getting instincts of their profitable protégés. The Pegram impudence was such that they contended that their having thus consorted with a gilded *canaille* conferred a brevet of respectability on them, rendering them eligible for an *entrée* into London society. They forbade the world at large to speak of them as Jew, Turk, or infidel, saying they were not so; and as impudence is a great power, they were obeyed by some, and sundry cards of invitation from noble houses were sent to the shady candidates for a place in the great world of London (which is really a very vulgar little world after all, very narrow, and often duller than ditch-water). So they were launched, and gave more money to the Pegrams and their following, and did more dirty work for them, until they felt they were sitting on their own bases, and need be mulcted no more.

There were many, however, who saw the Pegrams as they were—sordid, immoral, and debased—and disliked and despised them, and sorrowed that any great name should be used to gratify the lust for gold and other things; and the Pegrams were by no means so great in the eyes of the world as they thought themselves—a fact which would have surprised them so greatly, had it been brought to their notice, that they would have laughed it to scorn.

The two Miss Pegrams now staying at Brayborough were characteristic specimens of their race. Many May-days had slipped over the head of the elder since that one long ago on which she had made her first curtsy to her Sovereign. She was plain, with a disagreeable expression, a pasty face and cold, light, prominent eyes, thin lips, and a heavy jaw. She was always very well dressed, and had rather a smart figure and an 'air.' She felt that her social gifts were wasted at home, and

secretly sickened of the dullness of the family mansion in the Midlands, despising their country neighbours, who were neither opulent nor distinguished, but good, contented folk, happy in their homes and with a month's uncomfortable visit to a London lodging to see sights and attend sales at the hot end of the season.

It must also be said that they equally disliked and despised Ida Pegram and her pretensions. She therefore spent most of her time out of the London season in country-house visiting. By judicious management and some toadying she had secured a large number of houses on which she could count for this end. She was very anxious to marry; but how can one marry without a husband? And 'he cometh not, she said.' Years were slipping by, and chances of marriage with them; and rage consumed her at times to an extent that frightened her.

Her sister was of a different type, younger and apparently more amiable. She affected extreme youth and innocence, was large-eyed and open-mouthed, tall and smart-looking, and sandy-haired like her sister. She was equally spiteful and untruthful, but conciliatory in manner, and on the surface good-natured. She also was desperately anxious to secure a husband.

Ida Pegram, the elder of the two, was once staying in a country-house with a very great lady—a great lady in the best sense of the word, to the tips of her pretty fingers, good, true, and clever. 'My dear,' she said to a friend as Ida Pegram closed the door behind her, 'I do not know what it is about Ida Pegram, but she always makes me feel shabby.' And so it was. If a joy could be made to be felt less joyful, if anything slighting could be said of any one, or a disagreeable insinuation made, then was Ida Pegram in her element; and she had the knack, too, of putting her finger on the spot, not to heal or soothe—far from it—but to hurt and gall and make you wince.

They were a good deal feared, were the Miss Pegrams; for, going about very much, they had a way of getting up little offensive cliques among themselves and any other girls they could intimidate into joining them (particularly titled girls) in the houses they frequented, keeping themselves to themselves, and making it uncomfortable for those whom they chose to treat as outsiders.

The world is a funny place! So far from this line of behaviour preventing their getting invitations, when once it was given out (very cleverly by themselves chiefly) that 'the Pegram girls go about quite enormously, and are asked everywhere,' more and more invitations flowed in upon them, and more and more pretentious and insolent did they become.

(To be continued.)

A SEA RAILWAY.

By Day Allen Willey.

PROJECTING from the southern portion of the United States into the ocean is a row of islands called the Florida Keys. Named from the Spanish *cayo*, 'a low island,' they look on the map like a series of stepping-stones in the sea towards or from the coast of Florida; for most of them lie end to end, with passages of water called 'sounds' separating them. On one of the Keys farthest from the mainland is the city of Key West, which occupies nearly all the island of this name. Key West is probably the least known of any of the American cities, owing to its isolated position, for its only connection with the mainland is by means of steamships and sailing-vessels. It is actually two hundred miles away from other populated portions of Florida, as the southern section of the state embraces that mysterious region called the Everglades, a vast expanse of water nearly covered with vegetation.

The Florida Keys form a part of the boundary between the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, and are merely projections of coralline rock similar to many of the islands of the Pacific. They are but a few feet above the topmost waves which beat against their shores, and the surface is almost flat. Covering the rock is a deposit of earthy material from which spring tropical plants as well as palms and other trees, nourished by the warm, moist winds of the Gulf Stream and by the fertility of the soil. For this reason some of the Keys are inhabited by persons who raise food and vegetables, which are taken to Key West in sailing-vessels. Outside of the city of this name, however, the entire population is probably less than a thousand.

Recently the idea of building a railroad from the mainland to Key West was conceived, and a party of engineers visited all the islands with the view of ascertaining if such a plan were practicable. They measured the islands themselves, the depth of water in the various sounds separating them, also the distance across each water-passage, and obtained other data which convinced them that a railroad could be built. As a result it has been decided to link Key West with the rest of the United States in this manner; but when the railroad is completed it will be the most remarkable of its kind in the world, for it might be termed a railway upon the sea, since so many miles must be constructed above the water itself. At present the nearest point to which the locomotive approaches Key West is on the south-eastern coast of Florida, at a little town known as Homestead, situated on the verge of the Everglades. It is intended to continue laying the track south-

ward to the shore of what is known as Card's Sound, which intervenes between the most northern island of the Florida Keys and the mainland. Then the track-layers will follow the Keys, spanning the passages as they reach them, until, when their work is completed, the passenger on a train can actually go out over the waters seventy-five miles from the most southern point of Florida, Cape Sable.

The route which this remarkable railway will follow is worthy of description. First it will pass through nearly twenty-five miles of the Everglades, then across twenty miles of marsh-land to Key Largo, so named because it is the largest of the Keys, being about thirty miles long. Thence it passes over a half-dozen smaller islands until it reaches what is known as Bahia Honda, where the largest channel must be crossed. From here to Key West it goes over the Keys curiously known as Ramrod, Cudjoe, Big Pine, Saddle Bunch, and Boca Chica. The latter island is separated from Key West by only a few hundred feet of water. In all no less than one hundred and twenty miles of track must be laid from the point where the line begins on Key Largo to Key West; and, out of this, forty miles must be built directly above the open sea. The sounds referred to vary greatly in width as well as depth. That separating Bahia Honda and the Key nearest it is no less than eight miles in length. Consequently bridge-work to this extent must be placed in the Atlantic. A number of the Keys are protected from the ocean storms by stretches of reef which secure them; but here there is no such protection, and the railroad will indeed be built upon the ocean itself. Several other sounds are over a mile in length, while the engineers have discovered that the depth of water which must be crossed frequently ranges to as much as eighteen feet. In fact, ocean steamships at times go through some of the more important passages.

The method of constructing the portions of the railroad between the Keys is unique. Fortunately the formation is such that the posts or pillars which must be used to support the track can be firmly embedded, as the bottom of all the sounds is of the same material as the Keys themselves—the coralline rock. While this is very tenacious in its composition, it is soft enough to permit a metal post to be driven into it. The plan proposed is to employ pile-driving machines similar to those used for making wooden quays, but of much greater power. They will hammer the steel columns to be used into the rock. These will be arranged in two parallel lines, and further strengthened by cross-bars of metal riveted or bolted to them. Upon the supports will be fastened wood or iron girders, which in turn will support the ties and rails. Where the line is especially exposed to the waves it is intended to raise the supporting pillars high enough above the water to keep the heavy seas from striking the track itself; but the gales which sweep over this part of the Atlantic coast in winter are such that the structure must be made very strong to withstand their force.

The trains will cross the deeper passages on long bridges, as where the water can be navigated by large vessels it will be necessary to have portions movable, so that they can be swung open when necessary. The work of the greatest magnitude, of course, will be in crossing the passage at Bahia Honda. This will form in itself the longest metal railway bridge in the world, and will be exceeded in length by very few wooden viaducts. Fortunately in some places the water is but three or four feet in depth, and it is believed that ordinary wooden trestle-work will be sufficient to support the railroad at these points. Wherever the metal-work is submerged, however, means must be taken to prevent it from becoming rusted or otherwise injured by the action of the water. A proposed plan for protecting it is to place around the pillars a sheathing of wood which has been soaked in the substance known as creosote. If the wood itself were left unprotected it would soon be eaten into and destroyed by the insect known as the teredo, which abounds in these waters. The absorbed creosote, however, keeps out the teredo, while in turn the wood will protect the pillars. Where the water is deepest, piers of masonry will be necessary to make the supports sufficiently strong to bear the great weight of the track and bridge-work which surrounds it.

Except the road-bed on the Keys themselves, practically the whole of this railway must be on a foundation elevated above the surface, for between the mainland and Key Largo no less than twenty miles of swamp must be crossed on trestle-work. One of the most difficult and expensive sections will be that through the Everglades, for here the bottom is composed of soft mud many feet in depth. The experts who have examined the formation say that there is no pile or post long enough to be driven down to a firm foundation, and that the only way to support the track will be to form an artificial road-bed by dumping enormous quantities of stone and other material into the marsh and filling it up to the surface. On the Keys themselves the ties will be placed directly upon the surface of the rock, as the top layer of earth and vegetation can easily be removed.

The reason for constructing this line is because the city of Key West has not only one of the best harbours in America, but because it is the nearest seaport of the United States to the Isthmus of Panamá, where the Panamá Canal is being excavated. Its harbour is so deep that steamships carrying over ten thousand tons of cargo can easily moor at the docks. The main ship-channel leading to the harbour is as deep as that reaching the city of New York itself, and but five feet less in depth than the entrance to Liverpool. Vessels going from Key West to the entrance of the Panamá Canal have a route nearly two hundred and fifty miles shorter than from any other of the Gulf cities, while the distance across the Gulf to the island of Cuba is less than a hundred miles. Therefore, with the

railroad entering Key West, the tourist need be but three or four hours on the ocean, while at present the voyage requires at least two days. The city itself is very attractive, having a mild climate in the winter. Its streets are shaded with palms and other trees of the tropics, while in its gardens are grown oranges and fruits such as are native to the West Indies and Central America. In spite of its isolated position, it ranks third in population among the cities of Florida, and is the centre of one of the greatest sponge-fisheries in the world.

MAIMUNATH, THE JEWEL OF THE 'THAIFAH.'

By A. V. STEWART.



'MAIMUNATH! Maimunath!' The Bai-ji's shrill voice breaks the drowsy silence of the hot noon-tide.

The pigeons nodding in the shadow of the sacred peepul-tree on the cool brink of the well flutter and coo in anticipation of grain from the slim fingers of the women of the *thaifah*. The high old walls and deep, shady verandas of the fantastically painted building ramble round the oasis of well, trees, and rose-bushes, the whole giving a picture of peaceful seclusion which would fit some quiet, grave-eyed Sisters rather than the chattering, almond-eyed houris of old Fatma Bai's *thaifah* (house of dancing-girls).

A woman of business is Fatma Bai, by no means overburdened with scruples, and proud of the reputation that her house has obtained for the beauty and grace of her pupils. They for their part realise that if Bai-ji does make them work harder than they wish, she is, on the whole, a kind mistress, dresses them in the rich stuffs their hearts adore, and never forgets their *paisa mukai ka waste* (Indian equivalent for pocket-money).

The law, even in a native state, does not allow of slave purchase, but want creates the supply nevertheless. A poor ryot, in a district where the hardest toil only produces a bare sufficiency for his many olive-branches, finds himself in a difficult corner. The hard old *bunnia* who lent him, at exorbitant interest, the wherewithal in a famine-season is pressing for immediate payment. What can Darghai do? His wife says nothing, but she knows what is in his mind; and little Rasord, the beauty of the family, gets more petting in the next few days than she has ever had in the brief ten years of her life.

The inevitable cannot be put off, and the child is taken to the human pawn-shop, where, after much haggling, the father is given one hundred and fifty precious rupees (equivalent to ten pounds) 'compensation;' and, his mind relieved of the moment's pressing need, he trudges back to his village with a dull sense, not of sin—that never troubles his ignorance—but of sullen wonder at the ways of Allah, who gives with one hand and takes with the other.

Histories such as these account for many of the Papa-ji's inmates, though the intrigue and passions of Eastern life bring up the numbers.

'Maimunath! *ari!* [graceless one], why tarriest thou? Are there not stuffs to cut and sew ready for thy triumphs? But, *amman-jan* [dear one], what ails thee?' said the old dame, cutting short her tirade at the sight of the girl's languor and pallid cheeks. '*Dilkush*, it is the cursed sickness! Lie thee down whilst I make thee the "blood-cleansing" draught. Then wilt thou yet be able to dance to His Highness to-night,' she added, with shrill anxiety; for if Bai-ji loved Maimunath with almost a mother's affection, she loved her rupees also, and the services of the 'jewel' of the *thaifah* always commanded a goodly sum.

'Thou knowest, Baba-jan, if the sickness lets me, I will dance; but of a truth it lieth heavy on me.'

There are many tragedies of sickness and awful deaths in the dark rooms of the *thaifahs*, scenes which strike cold horror into the hearts of the girls. In many there are longings for a different life; but who more handicapped than they? So long as health and beauty lasts they are valuable animals, watched lest they escape.

That the 'compensation' money will ever be repaid is a wild dream; and so, poor souls! they resign themselves to *kismet*, snatching what joys they can out of their bondage.

Maimunath was perhaps the only one whose whole heart and soul was bent on escape from her surroundings. Skin and hair as fair as an English girl, her dark Eastern eyes showed her mixed parentage; but good English blood evinced itself in the calm and dignity of her manner, the gentle voice, and determination of character.

An old *ayah* had brought her, a bright, winsome child of three years, to the *thaifah;* but no amount of coaxing could wheedle from the *ayah* the story of the child's parentage.

'See, my pearl, a little red to thy cheeks, some *kol* under thy bright eyes, and none will guess thy sickness. 'Tis but to-night, and to-morrow will I call the English doctor to thee. Doubtless it *will* be much money; but thou, *Dilkush*, art worth much to me, for thou art as the child of my old age.'

Decked in her handsomest Delhi dancing-garb, Maimunath's beauty had to-night a brilliancy so different from the languorous charms of her class that the usual placidity of her audience was stirred

till they greeted her with repeated shouts of '*Shabash, shabash!*'

The green skirt, cunningly folded in hundreds of tiny pleats, rippled to the ankle, and every fresh turn showed the vivid poppy of the lining. The short green bodice, shaped to the swelling bust, rose above the slender white line of waist, and a delicate white *sari*, transparent and fine, with tiny gold stars, fell over head and shoulders, to be caught up behind in the graceful fashion peculiar to Indian womanhood.

One cannot drive nature too far; and Maimunath, in her brave stand against fever and pain, had overshot the mark.

The Rajah's physician, a canny old Scotsman, was present, and his professional eye had noticed the fevered flush, the effort with which she had gone through the dancing, and her sudden pallor as she withdrew hastily without waiting for the princely sanction. The Rajah had insisted on her recall till Dr Forbes intervened on her behalf.

As a little lad, the doctor had been concealed, during the terrible days of the Mutiny, by a faithful *ayah*, who, finding her secret in danger of being discovered, disguised the child as a little Mussulman, and entrusted him to the care of a Mussulmani lady, who reluctantly parted with him when, after some years, he was traced and claimed by relatives. Associated in the most impressionable years of his childhood with the life of the country, Forbes elected, after finishing his medical course, to return to India, and finally took up the post which brought him again amidst the old scenes of his boyhood, and revealed to him secrets which, were they revealed, would but bring sorrow and dishonour to families who thought of their loved ones as at rest in their far-off Indian grave.

None knew better than he how many little English girls, rescued by kindly natives and brought up in the zenana, had in time married amongst their protectors.

Offering a drink of water to a thirsty little prince, he was amused at the retort, 'I drink not at thy hand, O dog of a Hafir!' Yet Forbes knew well that only that morning his grandmother's hand—a white hand—was pushed through the *purdah* (screen) that the doctor sahib might 'feel the pulse.'

An Englishwoman, widowed at that awful time, guarded in the seclusion of the *purdah-mashin*, and in despair of ever returning to her kindred, she had married her rescuer, and knew her secret safe with the kindly doctor, whilst his courtesy and sympathy in some measure restored her self-respect.

As the Rajah's especial favourite, Maimunath would necessarily come under the doctor's care, and the next morning saw him early at the *thaifah*.

'*Ba-pre!* Maimunath, you ill, my child! Well, well! lie still and keep cool; good medicine and good food will soon set you up again. And then perhaps, after a little while, a home of your own —eh, Maimunath? Would not Munshi Karim Bux have something to say to that? See, Maimunath, I have watched you long; you are weary of this life here. Is it not so? I know it. The captive spirit of your noble English mother calls aloud in you and struggles to be free.'

'*Wa' e, wa' e*, doctor sahib, how weak and bound is your servant! Your words are true; but as well might the captive in Hari Parbat's grim fortress seek release as the poor dancing-girl another life. Maimunath (promised in a vow) is my name and lot: promised by my father's vow to this life in death.'

'*Kuch parwah nakin, Dilkush*,' broke in the shrill voice of the Bai-ji. 'Trouble not thyself with thy *kismet*, which is in the hands of Allah. See, *pyári méri*, take this sherbet and sleep a while.'

Maimunath's illness was long and tedious, but skill and patience brought her through. During the weary weeks of pain and listlessness the words of the doctor sank into her mind, to be pondered over during the silent hours of the night.

Forbes, for his part, realised that it would be no kindness to bring the girl among Europeans. It was too late now to break her away from the community to which she was accustomed; but as the wife of honest Munshi Bux, whose shy advances towards the dancing-girl had astonished and enraged his relatives, she would taste the sweets of domestic life and forget the past degradations.

'I 'm no' just an auld wifie to be making marriages, ye ken, but yon's a braw lassie, and Karim Bux none so bad for a Mussulman,' he would say, relapsing in his enthusiasm from his 'classic English,' as he discussed the matter with the only European for many a mile round, old Macpherson of the opium factory.

The Bai-ji, however, had to be reckoned with. Maimunath's abstracted manner and reluctance to begin the old ways, even after, in the old lady's opinion, she was quite strong enough to do so, roused her suspicion, and the girl was subjected to the closest espionage. To lose the biggest money-winner of the establishment would never do, and many treasured *paizut* (anklets) and *bazoobund* (bracelets for the left arm) were brought out of the wily old Mussulmani's treasures to lure the girl out of her present mood of discontent and tempt her into the desire of displaying herself in her new grandeur.

Love will find the way, and a Scotsman's determination will carry the day; and so it came to pass that a rope-ladder concealed about the doctor's burly person found its way into the ample folds of Maimunath's garments and miraculously escaped Bai-ji's sharp eyes.

The shrill chatter of the girls in the early morning gave the news to the old lady, who threatened the offender with all the terrors of the courts of law; but Karim Bux, who knew that illegal purchase, even under the euphemism of 'compensation,' would not bear legal investigation, appeared next day with the compensation money and the price of the dress and jewels in which Maimunath had made

her escape, so that there might be no question of the value of them either.

In relating this, his favourite tale of the East, to his cronies in the old land, the doctor always finished with:

'My "compensation" came a few years after, when Maimunath and her affairs had passed out of my mind. As I was riding slowly through the streets one morning early, a rose "plumped" on my sun-helmet from one of the latticed verandas of a *purdah* lady's house. Behaviour so unlike that of the usual *purdah-naskin* amazed me into looking up, and I saw that a shutter of the lattice had been drawn. In the aperture appeared the smiling face of my old friend Maimunath, with a dancing, crowing baby in her arms. The shutter closed, and a soft voice sent its message: "*Khuda salamât Huzvor!*" (God bless your Honour!).'

TOASTIANA.

HEALTH-DRINKING took its rise, as is generally known, from the time that the Danes inhabited this island, when it was customary with them whilst an Englishman was drinking to take that opportunity of stabbing him. To guard against this Danish treachery, the English entered into a combination to be mutual pledges of security to each other whilst drinking. When, therefore, an Englishman at that period drank to his friend, his tacit language was, 'Sir, I am afraid that some malicious Dane will stab me or cut my throat whilst I am drinking; I beg the favour of you to watch carefully, that I may drink in safety.' To which his friend was supposed to answer, 'Sir, I will pledge you, and be your surety.' He then replied, 'I am much obliged to you, sir; your *health*, that you may live till I have done drinking, and save me from his wicked intentions.'

This merely by way of premise; for, as Cowper truly says in his 'Table Talk,'

> 'Tis the sad complaint, and almost true,
> What'er we write, we bring forth nothing new.

Macaulay tells us that when hunting through the Oxford libraries in search of material for his celebrated *History* he stumbled across some curious things: among them, in the library of All Souls, a way the Jacobites, in the time of William III., had of drinking treasonable healths by limping about the room with glasses at their lips:

> Limp meant L Louis XIV.
> " " I James.
> " " M Mary of Modena.
> " " P Prince of Wales.

Which recalls the old prophecy of Elizabeth's reign:

> When *hempe* is spun
> England's done;

signifying that after Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip, and Elizabeth had reigned England would decline — a prediction that fortunately was not verified; although, in a sense, England was done at the close of Elizabeth's reign, seeing that after her the sovereign was no longer styled King or Queen of England, but of Great Britain.

The origin of the word 'toast,' as implying complimentary drinking, is not positively known. According to some it is derived from the piece of toast which used at one time to be put into the loving-cup to give piquancy to the draught, a custom that is still not unknown at our universities. An expensive piece was the gem worth fifteen thousand pounds which Sir Thomas Gresham, in foolish imitation of Cleopatra's pearl, is said to have crushed to powder and dropped into the cup with which he pledged the health of Queen Elizabeth when she visited the Exchange:

> Here fifteen thousand pounds at one clap goes,
> Instead of sugar; Gresham drinks the pearl
> Unto his queen and mistress. Pledge it, lords.
> —HEYWOOD.

For the piece of toast was afterwards substituted the name of some lady to whose welfare the guests were invited to drink, and who thus became, as it were, the toast or savour of the wine. This view finds confirmation in a fragment of conversation in the *Tatler*, No. 31: 'Then said the gentleman who keeps the greyhound and gun, "Why do you call live people toasts?" I answered, "That was a new name found out by the wits to make a lady have the same effect as burridge [borage] in the glass when a man is drinking."'

The celebrated Dr Brown, founder of the system of medicine termed Brunonian, courted a lady for many years, though unsuccessfully; during the whole of which time it had been his custom to drink the lady's health before that of any other. As he was observed one evening to omit it, a gentleman, reminding him of it, said, 'Come, Doctor, drink the lady your toast.' The Doctor replied, 'I have toasted her for many years, and I can't make her *Brown;* so I'll toast her no longer.'

We learn from the *Percy Anecdotes* that in that age of gallantry, the time of Charles II., it was customary when a gentleman drank a lady's health to throw some part of his dress into the flames, in order to do her still greater honour. This was well enough for a lover; but the folly did not stop here, for his companions were obliged to follow him in this proof of his veneration by committing to the flames a similar article, whatever it might be.

The term 'toast' has, however, like so many other words, developed in course of time from a particular into a general sense. On one occasion, we have been told recently in a charming little book, *Tales of my Father*, when the Duke of Cumberland was

dining alone with his brother King William IV. at Windsor, Queen Adelaide being in ill-health and not appearing, loud voices were heard by their suites in an adjoining room. The brothers had drunk more than usual, and the Duke lost both his temper and his head. It must here be explained that the Duke always considered that he ought to be the next King of England should no male children survive his brother. The Duke, rising, said, 'Call in the suites: I am about to propose a toast.' When the suites came in the Duke gave the toast, 'The King's health: God save the King!' After it had been drunk the Duke said, 'May I also, sir, propose the next toast?' 'Name it, your Grace,' replied the King. 'The King's heir,' proudly said the Duke; 'and God bless *him!*' A dead silence followed; then the King, collecting all his energies and wits, stood up, and called out, 'The King's heir! God bless *her!*' Then, throwing the glass over his shoulder, he turned to his brother and exclaimed, 'My crown came with a lass, and my crown will go to a lass.' Every one noticed that the Duke did not drink the toast; he left the room abruptly, scarcely bowing to his brother the King.

This mention of a lass brings to mind that a hundred thousand rupees was a favourite sum with Lord Clive when Governor-General of India, and that when, in obedience to the custom which then prevailed in society, he was called upon for a sentiment after dinner, he invariably gave, 'Alas, and alack-a-day!'—a lass and a lac a day.

The following serves to illustrate how the authors of former days enjoyed a joke at the expense of their publishers. At a literary dinner Thomas Campbell the poet asked leave to propose a toast, and gave the health of Napoleon Bonaparte. The war with France was at its height, and the very mention of Napoleon's name except in conjunction with some uncomplimentary epithet was in most circles regarded as an outrage. A storm of groans broke out, and Campbell with difficulty made himself heard. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'you must not mistake me. I admit that the French Emperor is a tyrant. I admit that he is a monster. I admit that he is the sworn foe of our nation, and, if you will, of the whole human race. But, gentlemen, we must be just to our great enemy. We must not forget that he once shot a bookseller.' The guests, of whom two out of every three lived by their pen, burst into a roar of laughter, and Campbell sat down in triumph.

With a like outburst of indignation was received the toast proposed by a wild son of Erin, around a camp-fire at which the writer chanced to be present, at the time when the Home Rule question was at fever-heat: 'To the Queen! May she be hung, drawn, and quartered!' Here he paused for effect, then quietly added, 'May she be hung with diamonds, drawn in a chariot, and quartered in heaven!'

During the time that Lamb and Coleridge were Blue Coat boys together, one of the upper masters, the Reverend James Boyer, was much addicted to the use of the cane. On Coleridge hearing, many years later, that his old master was on his deathbed, he ejaculated, 'Poor J. B.—may all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all heads and wings, with no bottoms to reproach his sublunary infirmities.'

The late Sir Frederick Bramwell attended the six hundredth anniversary of Peterhouse. The proceedings at the banquet had been most unduly prolonged, and it was half-an-hour after midnight when he was called upon to return thanks on behalf of 'applied science.' Several more toasts had even then to be given, and Sir Frederick, in obedience to the call of the Master, Dr Porter, rose and said, 'Gentlemen, at this late hour of the night, or rather early hour of the morning, my only interest in applied science is to apply the tip of the match to the side of the box upon which alone it ignites, and to apply the flame so obtained to the wick of the bedroom candle.' Mr Lowell was present, and in a minute or two threw across the table to Sir Frederick these lines:

> Oh, brief Sir Frederick, would that all could catch
> Your happy talent and supply your match!

One other cognate mention in conclusion—namely, that of touching glasses in health-drinking, which has an interesting origin. When Prince Charles passed into France after the failure of the expedition in 1745, his supporters were beset with spies on every hand. Occasionally in society they were obliged to drink the king's health; but it was tacitly understood that 'the king' was not King George, but the king over the water. To express this symbolically, one glass would be passed over another; and, later on, the foot of one glass was touched against the rim of another. A second way of secretly drinking to the exile across the Channel was to hold the wine-glass over the finger-bowl containing water; and to this secret sign is due a curious custom said to be observed in connection with royal visitors, before whom alone finger-bowls are placed on the dinner-table.

LOVE'S MAGNET.

THROUGH busy days and well-filled hours I live,
My thoughts on this and that employment bent;
My words, my looks, my interest I give
To each and all with whom my life is spent.
Comes but one pause, straight fly my thoughts away,
Swift as a bird who finds its cage unbarred:
How glad they roam, how lovingly they stray,
And to imprison them again, how hard!
Where you may be, how you may pass your days,
So flit my eager fancies to and fro;
Now my proud heart anticipates your praise,
Now sinks with fear lest you some grief should know.
As the true needle trembles to its star,
So turn I, constant ever, where you are.

M. C. E. S.

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THE HURRY AND BUSTLE OF MODERN LIFE.

MANY years ago the late Mr John Ruskin visited me when I lived on the moor-edges among the hills of the Pennine Range, in a beautiful but secluded part of the country. The purport of his visit was to arrange for the purchase of some land on which he proposed to build a college, with a museum attached in which he intended to place his valuable collections. The extent of the scheme may be imagined when the estimate for the buildings alone was over twenty thousand pounds!

'We live too fast,' said Mr Ruskin. 'Everything is done at railway speed, and nothing satisfactory or original is produced. People do not think enough, and nothing is matured and worked out. If I establish in this quiet place a retreat where men can come and work among beautiful surroundings and *objets d'art* which I shall give, I shall accomplish what I have long desired: the development of original work. Look at that fine old church at the end of the village street here. Do you suppose that it was run up, as churches are to-day, in a few months' time? Thought was expended over every stone in the building before it was set in its place, and all its proportions were balanced and considered, down to the smallest detail. That is why you and I walk through and about it admiring its perfection and delighting in its beauty. What modern building so appeals to us? None; and that is why I want to carry out this scheme of mine, which will enable people to come here and work, and think not only about architecture but every branch of art and science, and get some rest from the mad rush and hurry of the world.'

The scheme, however, never came off, for it was found impracticable; but the ideas of Mr Ruskin have something in them which strikes a note of warning at the present time. Are our modern ways too fast and rapid? I remember a friend of mine leaving London several years ago, and going to reside some twenty miles away in the country, but near a railway station, which he used daily for his transit to business. Nothing could be more charming than his small house and garden abutting on the road, or rather lane with high hedges on either side, where the wild roses clambered at will and the bryony entwined itself with its glistening foliage. In the month of June such a spot was like fairyland to the week-end guest who had escaped for a few hours from City life. The wild flowers lined the hedgerows in wanton profusion, and the smell of the sweet-scented hay-fields filled the lungs in place of the smoke-laden atmosphere, and there was no noise but the singing of countless birds. A few years, however, have changed all this, and my friend is now leaving the home of which he was so fond in sheer despair. I paid him a visit for the last time, and saw with my own eyes the change that had come over the scene. The high hedges were white with dust, which penetrated even into his drawing-room windows. The strawberry-beds, though well stocked with fruit, were covered with the same white particles, which made the fruit quite unfit for gathering, and a smell—the noisome smell of petrol—pervaded the air in all directions. Motor-cars had effected this sad change. The road was a favourite track, and a ceaseless procession of these fast-travelling machines obliterated every trace of rural beauty and rendered this charming house impossible for residence. The mischief, however, did not end here. On the right and left of the road were standing hay-crops, and among these scented grasses the wind carried the fine dust, which very considerably depreciated the value of the crop when put into a stack. There was only one thing to be done, and that was to clear out and get away as quickly as possible.

This is only an illustration of the prevailing thirst for hurry and rush which is rapidly percolating all classes of society, but it is an apt one. What possible good is attained by such high-speed travelling? There is no time to observe the lovely scenes through which you pass, for these appear and disappear as they do when you look through the windows of an express train. You leave the motor at the end of your journey no wiser or better than when you began it, and though you may have traversed a country from end to end, you know less about it

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than the tramp on the road who begs his way from village to village. Everything is sacrificed to that sensation—which I admit is exhilarating—of rushing through the air; but it is only a sensation, conferring no intellectual benefit but only physical enjoyment. It meets, however, the requirements of modern times, and is typical of the speed at which everything is done.

I ventured on one occasion to remark to a motorist that I could not understand the passion for going so fast, and I wondered why people were not content with a speed of ten miles an hour. He replied that he felt as I did before he became possessed of a motor-car; but the desire for speed grew upon him, and now unless he was travelling very fast he derived no enjoyment from motoring. The love of rushing through the air seems born in children, if we may judge from the way they patronise the merry-go-rounds and swing-boats, and no doubt this instinct reappears when they attain the motoring age. Personally, I never could sit those splendidly trapped horses without feelings of absolute nausea, and the swing-boat affected me worse than a Channel passage. For the present, motoring is the rich man's hobby, and therefore the evils attending it are limited. But should the day arrive when it becomes a universal pastime, walking along the roadsides will be impossible for dust and danger.

This might all be obviated if a reasonable speed were made compulsory. Twenty miles an hour is at least five miles too much. A motor travelling at ten, or even fifteen, miles raises very little dust, and for all ordinary purposes such a speed is quite sufficient. Warning-posts should be placed at the approaches to all villages directing motorists to slow down to five miles an hour. It is utterly impossible for mothers to keep their eyes fixed on their small children all day long to prevent them from rushing across the street in front of the cars, and yet the scorching motorist thinks only of his own pleasure and not of the risk to human life. It comes very near the crime of murder when such a life is taken, and few people would regard hanging as too severe a penalty. Had Mr Ruskin lived to our times his pen would have castigated these mad motorists with the contempt they deserve. That great writer's sympathies were wholly with what is now termed the simple life, and our age needs another apostle like himself to rise up and preach the pleasures of a sober existence.

Motor-cars and tram-cars are merely the symbols of modern ways and the general unrest of the present time. In their line they are probably the most useful inventions we possess. They certainly have withdrawn the distressing spectacles that were often seen in our streets, which now have tram-cars instead of 'buses drawn by jaded horses. But, as in everything, abuse invariably follows when indulgence is allowed and excess overcomes moderation.

While I was walking in the streets of London lately with a friend who is a great authority on architecture, he put to me the question, 'Which do you consider the best modern building in London erected within the last fifty years?' I was not able to reply satisfactorily, as, not being resident in London, my knowledge of its buildings was far too limited to venture on making a selection; but I admitted that generally I was disappointed when shown any new structure. We were standing near the Pro-Cathedral, Westminster, while talking, and my friend pointed to that church, and said, 'This is the only original modern work worth looking at, and it was designed by a man who, had he lived, would have been one of the greatest architects of the time.' I must own the somewhat bizarre construction did not appeal quite to my ideal of an ecclesiastical edifice, but I fully admitted its originality. From that we got to talking of the dearth not only of great architects, but poets, writers both of serious prose and fiction, painters, and sculptors; and then, as we stood watching the crowded, noisy traffic, with its 'buses, cabs, motor-cars, electric trams, and vehicles of all descriptions, the recollection of Mr Ruskin's words came into my mind, and I wondered if it was true that the world was living too fast, and that in all this confusion and hurry it was impossible for genius to be evolved, and that the development of art was being checked and hindered.

It may be said *poeta nascitur, non fit*, and if genius exists it will come out no matter what may be the surrounding conditions; and therefore, by no process of incubation, Mr Ruskin's or anybody else's, can you evolve what is not already existing. This may be true, but you certainly can stimulate genius when you cherish and foster it in a proper manner. I believe the gift of music is closely allied with mechanical construction, and a youth possessing this gift will turn to engineering if brought up among such surroundings, whereas, if encouraged to pursue music, he will naturally take to it. In the town of Prague any person for the sum of fourpence can go and hear the best operas; but in England there is no opening for English opera, and if any one attempts to write such a piece, it can only be performed with difficulty. Music being more or less a profitless speculation, there is naturally no impetus given to follow it as a profession, for the man who does so simply lays himself open to the risk of failure. On the other hand, the greatest prizes lie before the successful engineer. This is an age of engineering, mechanical invention, and scientific discovery. The period of one long life spans the time lying between the first steam-engine and the present-day motor-car. Into that short age are compressed more marvels than the world has ever known in the vast ages behind it. Art has sunk under the waves of this great advance of knowledge. We copy now in art where we should originate. It perhaps is not fair, then, to put down our dearth

of artistic talent to the mad rush and hurry of the world. It is rather that genius is pursuing another course, 'and the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.'

To Mr Ruskin, the lover of all that was beautiful and artistic, the modern ways of his time did not appeal. He would have dubbed the Forth Bridge an ugly structure, and perhaps regretted that a cantilever had successfully spanned the Zambesi Falls. His writings reveal to us the exquisite tone of his mind, which was strung too high for all the practical purposes of our everyday life, and soared only in the fairyland realms of the beautiful—realms unattainable by the ordinary common or garden inhabitant of this earth.

Allowing, then, that the trend of development and progress lies in the mechanical more than the literary and artistic lines, we may ask what the resulting effect is upon modern ways of living. I think the tendency is for everything to go faster than it should, and all the conveniences of the telephone, motor-car, tram-car, *et hoc genus omne* serve only to stimulate the mad rush of work and pleasure. The speed of a telegraphic message may be of the utmost importance to a man interested in mining prices or some deal on the Stock Exchange; but it increases work rather than lightening it to the worker. Nothing matters so long as money is made, and the present day is given up to the worship of Nehushtan. It is right that every one should have some ideal after which he labours and strives; but the sordid love of money so common now vulgarises and deteriorates the character. When the upper social stratum sets the example of money-worship it ceases to be a safe guide to the strata below it. In such a money set, the artistic, the beautiful, and all the refined tastes cease to exist. The life such as Mr Ruskin would have it lived is unknown to a class who can only vary the excitement of high-speed motoring with playing games of bridge.

The fashion for what are called week-ends is now adopted by all classes, and the railway companies vie with each other in offering travelling facilities. When, however, it comes to taking train-loads of working-people some sixty miles to the sea and back at a shilling a head, and landing them again in their homes late on a Sunday night, it is questionable whether such a pleasure-trip is a good preparation for work early on Monday morning. Quite apart from the religious aspect of the question, one day in seven must be used for resting from manual labour, or the workman will suffer in health; but the week-end has come to stay. People want to be on the move and to see fresh places, and a stay-at-home Sunday is voted a bore and suited only to the old folks. If any real benefit were gained by these Sunday trips it would be different; but for the most part they encourage drinking for the simple fact that there is nothing else to do. On the Continent such things are better managed. Good concerts and bands are provided, and you see the working-classes sitting round the bandstands taking an intelligent interest in the music. To detrain a crowd on a beach in England, where Sunday observance excludes frivolous amusements and provides no sensible substitutes, is merely to put a great temptation before people who otherwise, if at home, would not go into a public-house. The old-fashioned Sunday is being gradually done away with; but if it is to go, some effort should be made to provide the public with entertainments as we see done on the Continent.

In some measure the tram-lines have assisted the housing question, for people are now able to live in the outskirts of towns, and working-men can get to and fro to work, instead of living in overcrowded streets. It is a question, however, of some doubt whether from a health point of view this will prove altogether satisfactory. When a penny will carry you a couple of miles you are not always inclined to walk; but in the case of clerks and others who have to lead a sedentary life, and even in the case of women who use the trams to do their shopping, it is doubtful whether the natural exercise of walking would not be best for all. As so much interest is now taken in the question of physical deterioration, this is certainly a point to be considered, and every one knows from practical experience what serious consequences follow when walking exercise is neglected. The advice of a doctor to a manager of a branch bank who lived over the bank, and was suffering a good deal from liver-complaint, was to take a house two miles away from the bank, and walk in and out to luncheon, and back again, wet or fine. It is only the educated classes who understand the laws of health and hygiene, and I look upon a tram-car as a very dangerous and deceptive benefit to townsfolk. The wet days of the year are more numerous than the fine, and few people will face the weather when a penny will give them a dry ride. This threatened danger from overuse of the cars will not be evident for some time to come, and it is perhaps no good anticipating evils.

A more serious matter is the dearth of real genius in the country in spite of the vast increase of population. I have often wondered what has become of the great brain-power and artistic talent which once existed in the nations of Greece and Rome. It may be that when mingled with the blood of barbaric races who overran these countries it was obliterated, though from time to time Italy has produced the greatest artists and some writers of note. A nation which cultivates and patronises art is sure to draw out whatever genius there is in the country. I think Mr Ruskin's dream was to get public attention directed to this end. We are too much a nation of shopkeepers; we think too little and we motor too much.

It is not many years since that it was considered a social drop for any one to become an artist, and literary talent was not respected as it is now. Foreign nations are ahead of us in the way they cherish and reward their clever men. They edu-

cate the working-classes with good music provided in all big towns, but we do nothing for English opera in London. It cannot be said that there is no music in our people. Any one who has listened to the musical festivals of Leeds and Sheffield, and heard the choruses of voices gathered from the immediate district, will admit that magnificent talent exists in the people. As an instance of this, when a small musical society in the village where I live gave an oratorio performance of Handel, and soloists were obtained from the neighbouring town of Sheffield, it was a mixed band from a colliery hard by that played on the occasion, and, as it happened, had never rehearsed with the soloists before the day of the performance. The leading soprano told me herself she never was better accompanied, and the men made no mistake from beginning to end. Yet some of these men spent their days working below in the pit. There is musical talent in the country, and plenty of it, but it wants encouragement and development.

One of the great mistakes people make is in thinking that violent rushing about from place to place has an educational benefit. They will spend a holiday on the Continent with tickets for a circular tour which should last six months to do them any good. Churches, museums, picture-galleries, are hurriedly viewed in each city they arrive at, but the after-impressions are pretty much the same as those of the American lady who had been touring Europe with her daughter. Asked afterwards if she had been at Rome, she replied, 'Rome? Let me see.—Sadie dear, were we at Rome?' 'Oh yes, ma; don't you remember that was the place where we saw them shaving the poodle-dog on the church steps?' There is, I think, every indication that we live and move too fast; and though we do not need colleges such as Mr Ruskin suggested for the cultivation of genius, we want a return to soberer and more quiet ways of living. A Royal Commission is about to sit to consider motor-car regulations, and it may be hoped the law will enforce diminished speed and more consideration for those who use the roads for walking and driving. At present motors are decidedly unpopular in the country, and if those who motor wish to be well treated in the districts they pass through they must show greater courtesy to others. One member of Parliament has been going through his constituency on a motor, and giving addresses in the villages as he passed. The Education Bill has somewhat damaged the reputation of its framers, and the farmers grumble at the new education rate. Finding the subject did not meet with much response from the crowd, the member changed the subject to motoring and his own experiences, winding up with the remark, 'I can tell you one thing: the motor has come to stay.' On which a voice in the crowd retorted, 'That 's more than you have.'

A STORMY MORNING.

CHAPTER XIV.

BETTY moved away from the uncongenial little group, and wandered into the great drawing-room, where many card-tables were set out; and her aunt came over to her kindly, and drew her to a sofa.

'Come and sit here, dear. You look so nice; such a pretty frock! After all, there is nothing like white—darling white. And, oh, the pearls!'

She talked on disjointedly and affectionately to the girl, with her eyes on the card-tables, not listening to one word her niece said.

Presently the men strolled in, some making straight for the hearth-rug, some dropping into chairs, and soon parties were made up and the inevitable bridge set agoing.

Lord Harlestone made at once for Betty, evading Mrs Williams's table, pretending not to hear her appeals.

'Are you a card-player, Miss Fitzhugh?' he said, slipping into a chair by her side.

'No,' she replied. 'I am very stupid about games, I am afraid. I can only play cribbage and backgammon, and billiards with Jack.'

'Will you play a game of billiards with me,' he asked, smiling, 'as Jack is not here?'

'Oh! thank you,' said the girl in her fresh young voice. 'I should like it so much.'

'Come along, then. I see the table is unoccupied, and we shall have it all to ourselves.'

The billiard-room formed one of the large suite of rooms on the ground floor.

They rose, and after a few steps there was a rustle, flutter, and rush behind them, and an eager group of the Pegrams and their adherents came up.

'Oh, are you going to play billiards? Do let us play fives. Such fun!' gushed the younger Miss Pegram, rolling her pale eyes.

'Certainly,' said Lord Harlestone, 'after Miss Fitzhugh and I have had our game.'

Ida Pegram cast a cold look at Betty.

'You must take a hand at bridge, Ida,' said her hostess, 'and make up Mrs Lockwood's table.' So she went. She played all games fairly well, not because she liked them, but because she considered them useful and conducive to country-house invitations; and she had mastered the intricacies of bridge greatly to her satisfaction after a good many rather expensive lessons from a London professor of the fashionable game.

'The last time I saw you, Miss Fitzhugh, you were a very small girl,' said Lord Harlestone to Betty, chalking his cue and placing the balls.

Betty expressed surprise.

'Your father was one of the dearest and kindest friends I ever had in my life, and he did me many a good turn, I can tell you, and saved me from more than one scrape, in his kind, friendly way, when I was a lad just joined, before I went out to India. He was one of the few people from whom one felt it a privilege to receive advice; he always did it in such a dear, gentle, kindly way, one felt he was fond of one, and wanted one to do well.'

Betty's eyes filled with tears and the red ball looked like a pink balloon.

Lord Harlestone was much dismayed. 'What an ass I am!' he said. 'Please, please, don't cry, Miss Fitzhugh. Of course I ought to have known what you would feel about him. I am a thoughtless fool. I will not talk of him any more.'

'Oh, Lord Harlestone, please do! I won't be silly again, and if you only knew what a pleasure it is to me, for I have no one I can talk to about him except the poor people at home. It upsets my mother, and her companion, Mrs Fletcher, is always there. Do tell me some more about him. Perhaps you have been at Dunscaith?'

So the game was forgotten, and they sat by the fire and talked of the man who was gone from among them, whose good deeds and kindly ways had endeared him to so many. They talked of Dunscaith, where Lord Harlestone had been as a youth; of shooting; and of the old keepers and gillies; but interruption came all too soon.

Shrill voices were heard.

'You must have finished your game now,' they screamed; and the senseless romp of so-called 'fives' began: hoydens running round and round the billiard-table, bare of bosom and sleeveless of arm, squealing, rushing, pushing, hair becoming dishevelled, faces hot and moist—a nauseous crew.

The card-parties in the saloon at length broke up, and all the women trooped off to bed, the men to smoke. The clear stars shone out in the sky, and it was freezing hard, so the foxes were safe for the present, and the horses at liberty to begin the engaging process of which we have so often heard but never seen—namely, that of 'eating their heads off.'

CHAPTER XV.

LORD FORSYTH was right as to the weather. A white frost glittered on the lawns and clouded the window-panes next morning, to be greeted by some of the riding division with groans, by others with sighs of relief breathed into the recesses of the discreet pillow.

Many of the ladies decided to breakfast in their rooms, and many of the men took the opportunity of rushing up to London 'to have their hair cut,' and stamped up and down Bond Street with aggrieved countenances. The frost belied its proverbial three days' duration and seemed inclined to prolong itself indefinitely, so the general attention was turned to other diversions than hunting, of which there was no lack at Brayborough.

A covered tennis-court provided a great field for some of the party, the Miss Pegrams skipping about it, like young sheep, in becomingly short frocks, the neatest shoes, and tightly girt waists. After their fashion, they monopolised the court a good deal, and Betty was not among their chosen players. Not many of the older women patronised it, preferring the comfortable billiard-room, letter-writing, and the endless bridge. Neither did the men affect it much.

'I hate playing with those Pegrams,' said one young man to Betty. He had just declined to join their party. 'They squeal like pigs, and get so glossy. Do come and have a game of billiards with me, Miss Fitzhugh; the table is free. All the ladies are playing bridge.'

'Yes,' said Betty; 'I don't mind. But what a horrid way of talking of people!'

The boy opened his eyes. 'Is it? Well, I can't abide those Pegrams. They collared me for tennis the other day, and kept me fagging at it all the afternoon, and they play so badly. I don't know why you should stick up for them, though. If you had seen the look Miss Ida gave you when she left the room with her crew!'

Betty laughed. 'It is a mutual affection,' she said.

Betty often took refuge in her knitting of complicated shooting-stockings for her beloved Jack, and in delicious rushes out of doors with Johnnie through the still woods, where the jays shrieked and creatures rustled through the frozen leaves and crackling thickets, sending Johnnie into hysterics.

The lake, a fine, shallow sheet of water, offered great possibilities in the near future for skating, hockey, and so forth. Then there were bits of covert to shoot, and a chance of duck and wild-fowl of sorts in the marshy low-country not very far distant.

Lord Forsyth preserved but little game, preserving and popularity as a master of hounds not being qualities that go hand-in-hand; and as his hounds were a fine old pack of many traditions and long standing, shooting was a secondary consideration at Brayborough, to the great disgust of the head-gamekeeper, who breathed curses both loud and deep to his underlings against 'them stinkin' foxes' who ate his young pheasants and harried the covers.

'Go and put on the kickers you used to wear on the hill at Dunscaith, Betty,' said his lordship one afternoon, 'and we will go down to Longmarsh and look for a duck. It is a lovely afternoon for a walk. Harlestone and Mr Cocks are coming.'

Mr Cocks was the sporting old parson of the parish, a genus now extinct, but one which, though doubtless to be deprecated in some ways, was singularly beloved and respected of his flock, exercising

much wholesome influence of an everyday kind, rough and breezy though it might be.

Betty, wearied beyond power of speech of the society of the Miss Pegrams and their clique—having tried in vain to make friends with them, to be allowed to share in their amusements and talk, or even to look at their work, and being steadily and politely repulsed and cold-shouldered out of their circle—with a gasp of relief flew up to her room, reappearing in an incredibly short space of time in a rough tweed skirt and coat and the said 'kickers,' as her uncle called her neat nailed boots. Her hat was adorned with the tail of a blackcock shot by Jack, and she was armed with a hazel crook, a present from a shepherd at Dunscaith.

Her spirits rose with a bound, and she was a vision of wholesome youth and bright beauty. The rough walking, the keen air, the sights and sounds in covert and on the wide flats, were joys to her unutterable, after the hours of depressing and artificial society in the great, overheated house.

They had driven to the flats, and walked about the weird, wide country intersected by deep drains filled with water reflecting the red of the sun, which was slowly sinking to rest in his bed of gray mist on the low horizon.

The guns were tolerably successful with the duck; but a tempting flock of golden plover were too wary for them, and Betty was glad. They reminded her of Dunscaith, and their plaintive cry stirred something at her heart and dimmed her bright eyes.

Twilight was on them, the sky a faint green, as the men gave up their guns. Betty and Lord Harlestone dropped behind the others on the homeward way, and the girl talked to him unaffectedly and simply of her home, her pursuits, her poor people, and of Jack in a manner that would have surprised her very much had she been cognisant of how she was being drawn out and led to chatter without ceasing.

At the sight of the huge house, that loomed large at the end of the avenue, her spirits seemed to flag, and she was silent. She was so lonely there in the midst of the throng. The spiteful, cold girls and the card-playing women were none to make friends with, and the days were as heavy as the great luncheons and dinners. The few girls who had not joined the Pegram clique were utterly vapid and inane, and the women who were friendly and kind to her were so wrapped up in their own talk, their card-playing, their men, that Betty always felt very much in the way in their company. She was singularly free from vanity, and could not understand why the Pegrams did not like her, and why they always tried to keep her at a distance, saying cutting little things, talking of people she did not know in a pointed manner, and showing up her childish ignorance in small matters. They had yet to learn that there was a well-defined boundary to Miss Fitzhugh's patience and power of endurance.

At last the lake was pronounced to be fit for skating and other glacial sports. Great fires were lighted on the banks, and comfortable seats and shelters provided where skates could be adjusted; and all the ladies sallied forth in their war-paint, furred and veiled in the most becoming manner. Mrs Williams was all ermine and velvet, a veil lined with pink, the latest thing in skates and boots, and general fascinations in battle array; the Miss Pegrams in brilliant braided scarlet, with toques to match, which threw up the yellows of their complexions but were a marvel of fit and millinery; Betty in neat and close-fitting dark blue and fur cap, the perfect lines of her slight figure and graceful length of limb telling out against the white background.

Many of the neighbouring houses sent contingents to Brayborough to join the skating-party. Brayborough was by far the most popular house in the large county. Lord and Lady Forsyth were the kindest of neighbours to great and small, not inviting the minor folk in droves only to meet each other, as is the way with some great people we know; but welcoming them at all times, even when the London element, always so attractive to the country cousin, predominated.

'How different from the S——s, my dear!' said one pleasant-faced matron in a last year's velvet jacket to another whose rich raiment was even of a less advanced date, alluding to the rival great house of the county. 'We were asked to a garden-party there last year, and we were expected to sit down on benches for tea at long tables like children at a school-treat, while my lord and my lady and their smart friends had tea by themselves in the garden-room, away from the "natives," as I hear they call us. They never went about or talked to any one. Catch me going there again, and commend me to your Radical lord and lady for sublimest insolence and airs. I suppose they take it out of us to repay themselves for the cringing they have to go through to the shining lights and constituents of their precious party. You know Mrs Harold? She was simply boiling. She said she wondered the S——s had not sent vans round to collect us, with a man on the box to play the French-horn. The impudence of the servants, too; not a "sir" or a "ma'am" among them. "There ain't no more hiced coffee." "The man at the gate will call yer carriage." But there! People are such snobs. I dare say some would jump at an invitation to go there again to another party. I wonder who that wonderful woman in ermine is. My! What a complexion!'

And they strolled about and were very happy, and felt very fashionable when they read the names of the guests at Brayborough in the little local *Gazette* next Saturday.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HABITS OF WILD ANIMALS.

By Captain J. H. BALDWIN.



HEN we consider the large number of books that have been written in the past, by genuine sportsmen who are generally trustworthy naturalists, on the subject of the habits of wild animals, it is surprising to find that the great majority of the general public still remain ill-informed or altogether in error in regard to this important subject.

I do not allude to animals inhabiting the United Kingdom, such as badgers, foxes, otters, and the like—though we often read of absurd blunders being made even with regard to them—but to wild beasts such as lions, tigers, bears, and many others inhabiting foreign climes. We can see all these creatures for ourselves in our well-known Zoo, and watch their movements for as long as we like, but we should be careful against drawing hasty conclusions, and should always remember that these poor caged prisoners are not living in a state of nature, and are obliged to devour the food put before them, whatever it may be. And wild animals in cages, especially those born in captivity, learn ways and acquire habits altogether foreign to them when roaming abroad in a state of freedom.

Another source of error as to the habits of wild beasts is the unprofitable reading, conveying false ideas, published by would-be authorities on natural history, a subject which they often apparently are altogether unacquainted with. As an instance: not long ago I read an article in a well-known magazine in which the author actually described the common mongoose of India as 'a *bird* of the secretary tribe.' Illustrations of wild animals are often equally bad and misleading. I saw in a book for young people a bear depicted descending a tree head *downwards*, which of course was a great blunder; also, bears are shown standing up on their hind-legs squeezing a man in their embrace, which is quite contrary to fact. There is no such thing as 'hugging' with bears. The animals, when brought to bay or on attacking a man, stand up on their hind-legs and strike terrible blows with their fore-paws—the stroke is almost always directed at the face; but the popular belief in 'hugging' is a myth.

A few years ago I saw a well-painted picture of a tiger in the Academy. The animal was well known, walking up a river-bed; but, most unfortunately, the artist had spoilt his work by depicting the animal with its claws *extended*, for we know that all cats habitually preserve their claws sharp by withdrawing them between the toes until the moment of striking, when the claws by a movement of the tendons are instantly extended ready for action.

I may be wrong, but I have reason to believe that the great majority of those who visit the Zoo, and have watched the prisoners restlessly striding up and down in the Lion House, go home with a firm belief that if they ever visited India, and happened to meet one of those striped or spotted creatures, the animal would straightway rend and devour them. But those acquainted with the larger felidæ in a wild state know well that this is a mistaken idea. I am not acquainted with the lion; but a tiger, panther, or bear will rarely, and only under exceptional circumstances, attack human beings. From the beginning, as we learn from the old book of Genesis, 'man was given dominion over every living thing that moveth upon the earth;' and a wild beast, no matter how savage it may be by nature, has implanted in it a fear of man which nothing can remove.

Moreover, it is a rare occurrence to meet with a tiger, panther, or bear in broad daylight, even in the most out-of-the-way parts of India or in jungles they are known to inhabit. They are one and all night-prowlers, lying asleep in their dens throughout the glare and heat of the day, and only sallying forth to make their rounds in search of prey after darkness has set in. Occasionally, no doubt, it may happen that a man passing through the forest during the daytime will meet with a tiger face to face—undoubtedly an unpleasant position for the biped. But I venture to assert that in nineteen cases out of twenty the tiger, on becoming aware of the presence of a human being in front of him, will at once turn aside from the path with a surly growl, and quickly disappear in the nearest thicket; provided always—and let this caution be ever borne in mind by the young sportsman—that the animal be permitted to beat a retreat unmolested, and that no provocation be offered to it, much less a shot fired. For the sting of an ill-aimed bullet may, and probably will, instantly change the whole situation; and in place of a great slouching creature ready to get out of the way, the animal, maddened with pain, will instantly turn, and with a roar of rage, ears laid back, open jaws, flaming eyes, and tail on end, presenting a truly terrible object, come bounding forward, bent upon taking revenge. Only those who have witnessed such a scene can fully comprehend the danger of the position.

But, it may be asked, if the tiger and his confrères are only rendered dangerous when meddled with or hunted, how is it that we so often read in the newspaper, under the heading 'Deaths from Wild Animals in India,' that although cobras, kraits, and other venomous snakes have been the cause of the great majority of deaths included in the return, yet that the tiger and other great felidæ of India figure prominently in this ghastly list of destroyers of human life?

The answer to this query is briefly this: India is a vast country, including many thousands of

square miles of hill, forest, swamp, and high grass; and although the wild beasts inhabiting these tracts have been shot down and much thinned in numbers by English sportsmen or native shikarees, yet many still remain, and there is always danger that the natives living in villages surrounded by the jungle, or passing through high cover in these out-of-the-way spots, may meet with a tiger or panther suddenly and unexpectedly after dark, when the latter, more through fear than vice, will strike down a man barring the path, and pass rapidly on.

Again, a tigress, or any other wild beast, when she has young ones following at her heels is always a highly dangerous animal to come across, more especially when the cubs are small. At such times, when roaming abroad with her progeny, she will at once, and without the slightest provocation, fly at human beings crossing her path, and probably maul one or more unfortunate creatures.

Then each year there is always a certain number of deaths reported to the authorities among the *aheers* or *gwallas*, as the cattle-keepers of India are called. Accidents not infrequently come about in the following way.

An old tiger living a hermit's life in some cave by the river-side, near to a group of villages possessing large flocks and herds, every now and again sallies forth from his retreat bent on 'cattle-lifting.' He has lost his former vigour, when he delighted to stalk the sambur in the forest and the spotted deer by the river-side, or to waylay the wild-hog returning at daybreak from the open country. His once glossy red coat with lovely black bars has now faded to a mangy yellow tint. His teeth are worn and broken, his claws blunted; he has become fat and lazy with good living, having found out that village cattle give him but little trouble to get hold of, and provide him with an ample repast without much exertion. So some fine morning, feeling hungry, he stretches his great limbs with a yawn, and comes forth from his retreat. The sun is blazing hot, which is not to his liking, but must be endured, for he well knows that the flocks and herds are driven home towards sunset. So, slowly ascending the rocky banks of the river to the bush-covered plain above, he pauses to listen and have a look round. The distant clank of a bell worn by the old patriarch of the herd catches his ear, and guides him in the required direction. He grovels along a dry watercourse to keep out of sight, and presently slowly raises his head and peeps over the bank. There they are, young and old, over one hundred head of cattle—some quite close to the crouching marauder—peacefully grazing among the bushes. He carefully looks them over—an excellent judge of beef is the old villain. The grizzled bull with the bell round his neck he has often inspected before, but he is of opinion that this old grandsire would give him a sorry repast; and those hollow-flanked cows, with their ribs projecting, are evidently well up in years and tough customers to deal with, and may safely be passed over. But a bright-red heifer beyond catches his eye. She is just full-grown, plump, and tender, and he marks her for his prey, and once more grovels forward—much after the manner of the domestic cat stalking a thrush on the lawn. By this time some of the cattle have discovered their enemy and become aware of their danger; but, like a rabbit before a stoat, they are so full of fear as to be incapable of escaping, and stand paralysed, staring at the great yellow monster creeping towards them. Then comes the final scene. The tiger reaches springing distance, gathers himself together for a second, and springs on to his victim with a bound, seizes it by the neck, and brings it to the ground; then with a savage rug and twist he breaks the vertebræ and puts an end to the struggle. He then seizes the dead animal by the back of the neck and drags it away to the nearest cover, there to discuss his gory repast at leisure.

Meanwhile the terrified herd make off at headlong speed, charging through the thicket, tails on end. The cattle-keepers, often mere village lads, who have been seated under the shade of a tree, on seeing the stampede of their kine, know at once from former experience what has occurred, and come running back to the rescue. They catch a glimpse of the carcass half-concealed in the bushes, and approach the spot; but a low growl bids them beware. The tiger is now crouching low behind his prey; only his evil eyes are to be seen glaring over the body of the dead animal. The brave lads shout and abuse the robber, at the same time pelting him with sticks and stones, and doing all in their power to drive him away. Sometimes the tiger will slowly beat a retreat, grumbling and growling on his way; but more often after tasting blood he will refuse to move, and then if further pressed will suddenly bound forward and dash one of his assailants to the earth by a blow of his terrible paw.

I have never personally witnessed the scene I have endeavoured to depict; but the natives of India have so often described to me the full particulars of these common occurrences that little remains for imagination.

Lastly, as regards the tiger, we come to the dread name, 'man-eater.' Fortunately these terrible creatures are now seldom heard of, though we read in the very last return on deaths from wild animals for the year 1903 published by the Government of India, that a tigress had taken the lives of and devoured upwards of forty unfortunate people. It is commonly supposed, I believe, that a man-eater is generally some old, worn-out tiger incapable of killing cattle or stalking deer or wild-hog, and that in consequence he takes to man-eating as a necessity. I have had little experience with man-eating tigers; but friends of mine in India who have hunted and destroyed these abominable pests have again and again assured me that this common belief is incorrect

and that a man-eater is more generally some lithe, small-sized tigress that takes to this dreadful course not through necessity or compulsion but from sheer vice and evil propensity. Another trait in the character of the man-eater is that almost invariably the animal is as cowardly as it is cunning, and in consequence often gives great trouble, and it requires much perseverance to bring it to bay. Generally speaking, the creature is a wanderer, now here, the next day ten miles away—a perfect terror to a large district. The village maiden bearing a water-pitcher is swept off the path close to her home, the woodman who leaves his cottage in the morning to fell timber in the forest does not return at nightfall, and the husbandman at work in the fields is sprung upon by this fiend of a creature, and is seen no more. At length the news of the man-eater and the cry of distress from the people of his district reach the ears of the magistrate of the province, who, in addition to offering a reward for the destruction of the animal, makes it his duty to take the field in person, or he orders his police or forest officer to organise a well-equipped expedition to destroy the horrible animal; and the probabilities are that eventually their efforts will be crowned with success.

THE BOXER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER II.



HEIR trust in Tsie was not misplaced. Towards midnight she came back, entering the room almost noiselessly, and glancing first at her mistress as if to ascertain whether the news she had to communicate would cause her undue anxiety. Then, before turning to Macpherson, her eyes fell upon me. Only for a moment did I meet them; but in that moment I could see that she had something important to tell, and that she desired me to support her appeal if Macpherson refused to listen to it. My answering glance was sufficient to convince her that she might count upon me as a faithful ally.

"'Where have you been?" asked Macpherson in the native dialect.

"'To find out why the Governor has ordered you to go to Tai-Yuen," she replied.

"'But how did you know, Tsie, that the order had been sent?"

"'That something unusual had happened I knew because they were all leaving the compound, and when Robbie had gone to sleep I went out to discover what it was. The men who have been sent to escort you are lodged in the town. They talk. Men will talk. It is no secret. All the people are aware by this time of the Governor's order."

"'But why should our own people leave the compound, Tsie?"

"'In fear of the Governor, and lest the men of the escort, who are Boxers, should fall upon them as associates of the foreigners."

"'Boxers, Tsie? Are you sure of that?"

"'Quite; but they are all disguised as runners and soldiers of the Yamen."

"'Then we cannot go with them. It is preposterous to send a gang of Boxers over for our escort. We shouldn't be safe for a moment when once they had us in their power. And it is a lonely journey across the mountains."

"'They would take you to Tai-Yuen. They dare not disobey the Governor's order. But, all the same, you cannot go with them," said Tsie decisively. "You must not go with them. It is impossible. That is what I wish to say. To Tai-Yuen you must not go. The order must be evaded somehow. The Boxers must be thrown off the scent, and you must start in the morning, not across the mountains, but in the direction of Pekin." Again her eyes fell upon me. "This gentleman will help you. That is what he has come for.—Is it not?" and she put the question straight at me.

'"Nothing else would have brought me through this infernal region, Tsie. But may I ask why we should defer our flight until the morning?"

'"The compound is watched on every side. A hundred eyes are upon it, and if you were to start before the dawn you would be caught and slain. Then Mrs Macpherson must sleep. She needs it.—Come!" and she took her mistress affectionately by the hand. "We have nothing to fear before the dawn."

'"And then what, Tsie?" asked Alice, who, with the actual peril, had grown calmer and braver.

'"We must wait," returned Tsie. "The way will open."

'"I really think, my dear, that you had better take Tsie's advice and rest," said Macpherson, "and Foster and I will talk over the whole situation."

'When they were gone he said to me, "Well, what do you think of it?"

'"We seem to be screwed up into a confoundedly narrow corner."

'"And the screw is tightening under the authoritative twist either of the Governor or the mandarin. How are we to get out of it? What shall we do?"

'"If Tsie hadn't told us that we were hemmed in by those hundred watchful eyes I should have said let us decamp at once and make the most of the darkness. But we must now await the arrival of the escort and deal with them."

'We talked far into the night. Macpherson wavered at first between committing himself to the escort and breaking away; but, by the evidence I was able to give him of the Governor's demoniacal

perfidy, he came eventually to the firm and irrevocable decision that, no matter what the consequences might be, he would not go to Tai-Yuen.

'With the faintness of the gray dawn came the sound of shuffling feet and subdued whispers. Peeping between the slits of the shutters, we saw the crowd assembling within the quadrangle formed by the buildings of the compound. We had taken the precaution to bar securely all the doors and windows. Alice came in greatly refreshed by the few hours' sleep. Tsie remained with Rob. The crowd increased with the increasing light. They blocked up the gateway and surged beyond it into the narrow street. Boastful shouts and villainous laughter now began to disturb the quiet air. Collected about the main entrance were ten or a dozen armed men. They amused the crowd with pantomimic gestures in which their weapons were brought into prominent play, and flung their ribald gibes at each other and at the applauding spectators. All the riff-raff of the city had assembled to witness the discomfiture of the foreign devils—for it was nothing less than discomfiture to be marched away under the guard of this farce of an escort, who, beneath their ill disguise, were evidently Boxers of the very worst type.

'Presently the leader began to hammer at the door with the hilt of an enormous sword, and at the same time to call loudly for admittance. The crowd became quieter in expectation of a reply. But we simply let him hammer and call. Tsie glided into the room with little Robbie cooing in her arms. She desired us still to wait. The blows redoubled, and the demand for admittance became more clamorous. An ominous hush fell upon the crowd. Our silence was difficult to interpret. Had we stolen away after all? And were they going to be balked of the satisfaction of beholding the foreign devils start for Tai-Yuen?

'Suddenly the hush was broken by a howl, and the hitherto hilarious crowd was transformed into a horde of raging demons. Arms were tossed up, curses were bellowed forth, a rush was made from the narrow street into the compound, and the Boxers had as much as they could do to keep the people back from the door. Of all unnerving sounds—loosening the joints, playing down the spine in little shuddering thrills, turning the heart to water—nothing can compare with that of a cruel and baffled mob simultaneously yelling out its execrations; and yet Tsie stood at the shutters, cool, calculating, marking every movement, and patiently waiting the opportune time to make her strange proposal.

'"Now," said she, "I can save you if you will trust me. Listen! You must steal out of the compound silently at the back. The way is clear. Keep to the narrower streets. You will find them deserted. All the people are here. Make for the Eastern Gate and then for the river. But I cannot save you unless you trust me. I am going to ask for a great thing, especially from you, my mistress; but you must trust me. The crowd must be diverted. Time must be gained somehow. The people must think you are still here, and their mood must be changed; they must be surprised into a new mood, a pleasant mood, and diverted, or else the premises will be speedily wrecked, and your escape will be known. Then nothing can save you. I must have Robbie."

'"Robbie!" exclaimed Alice in a startled tone, her eyes distending with fear.

'"Yes, if you can trust me. I will bring him to Pekin. Not a hair of his head shall be injured. But I *must* have Robbie—there is no other way. With Robbie's help I can still the storm, I can turn the bellowings of the crowd to laughter, I can keep the people amused until you are beyond their reach. What say you? Decide quickly. A very few minutes now and it will be too late."

'This I could well believe as I looked through the chinks of the shutters. Not only was there a deeper and more savage tone in the howling of the mob, but the howling was accompanied by ugly rushes toward the door. The ring of armed men yet kept it. Any moment, however, as I could easily see, the ring might be broken, and we might have to fight for our lives. Easier would it have been to preserve our lives in the midst of a pack of hungry wolves than surrounded by these infuriated demons. But it was not for me to influence the decision of Macpherson and his wife. I simply loosened my knife in its sheath, saw to the priming of my revolvers, and waited for their answer to Tsie's peculiar request.

'Perhaps a long minute went by, a very long minute it seemed to me, during which Alice must have passed through a species of concentrated agony, while her husband watched her, speechless. Her brows were drawn into lines of pain over her terrified eyes, and her hands were clenched so firmly that the nails bit into the palms. Macpherson, too, was suffering. I saw that by the spasm that passed swiftly over his features as he watched her; but he said nothing. At last Alice turned to Tsie and said, "He is my only child, Tsie, and very dear to me. If mischief befall him I shall die. If you do not keep your promise you will kill me. But I will trust you;" and, bending her white lips, she kissed the child, all unconscious of his danger, and handed him to his nurse. Without another word Alice passed through the door. Lovingly brushing back the flaxen curls from the little fellow's forehead, Macpherson pressed his lips to the lips of the child, disengaged his tiny fingers from the beard which he had suddenly and merrily seized as if it were a game they were playing at, and stepped toward the threshold.

'There he paused, and, wheeling round, said 'Are you not coming, Foster?' for, to his surprise I remained at the window watching the mob through the slits of the blind.

'"Presently," said I. "Make your way out quietly and as quickly as you can, and I will rejo

you at the Eastern Gate." There was no time to argue or remonstrate. In a moment he was gone. "Do not wait on my account, Tsie," I continued, answering the startled and questioning glance of her eyes. "I intend to see this matter through, or as far through as I may. I shall watch you, and, if need be, I shall intervene. Remember, my hand is perfectly steady, and I never miss the mark when I fire."

'She made no reply, but swiftly left the room. I immediately inserted the barrel of my revolver between the slits, slightly raising one of them for the purpose, and awaited her appearance outside the door. The first sign of treachery on Tsie's part would have been the last sign she would ever make. My trust in this Chinese maiden was not equal to that of Alice and Macpherson; and perhaps she knew it. The mob outside I could not trust at all. But I was firmly resolved to shoot through the heart the first villain who raised a finger against little Robbie. Even if Tsie were as true as Macpherson and his wife believed her to be, I was by no means sure that she could effect the change in the temper of the mob that she had spoken of. To move that yelling and bloodthirsty crew from their present sanguinary mood to a condition of innocent hilarity seemed to me nothing less than miraculous.

'The bolts were drawn back; the door was flung wide open. Tsie stepped out with Rob in her arms, and instantly the mob was silent, wondering perhaps what this meant, and expecting, doubtless, that the missionary and his wife would follow. As Tsie came into view I fixed my eyes upon her, intently observant of every movement she made, and at the same time covered her with my revolver. Pushing back the people, the guard made room for her, and there she stood, seen of them all, with the child nestling to her breast, and apparently as calm as if it were an everyday occurrence to face a crowd like that. What would she do? I was in momentary fear lest the howling should recommence and the two be torn to pieces. But before the people had recovered from their surprise, while they were yet staring at her, she turned Robbie's face towards them, and the child smiled. Tsie whispered in his ear. He responded instantly by crossing his hands and placing them very prettily within the ample sleeves of the little Chinese coat he was wearing—for Tsie had been careful to rig him out in Chinese costume—and there, within the sleeves, he clasped his tiny hands and moved them up and down in the customary Chinese form of salutation, nodding his cherubic head, and beaming upon the people who were intently watching him, as if they were all his intimate friends.

'The effect was magical. Instead of a renewal of the howling there was a still deeper silence, combined with an expression of amusement and satisfaction on the faces of the mob. Those behind stood on tip-toe, and those beyond the gate craned their necks to look at him. They were rapidly forgetting why they had come together. The child's mimicry was proving irresistible. I began to feel that there would be no need for the use of my revolver. I was not yet quite reassured, however, and therefore kept it in readiness to fire if there should be any occasion for it.

'Again Tsie whispered in Robbie's ear; and this time, with a winning smile which completely conquered them, Boxers and all, the little fellow bent his body forward and went through the ceremonial *kow-tow;* with the inimitable grace of a courtier he went through it, as if he were in the presence of some great mandarin in whose decision was the power of life or death. And indeed he was, though he knew it not. He was in the presence of the great mob-mandarin that was ruling throughout all north China at that time; and the mob was vastly pleased with his mimic recognition. Its mood was completely changed. The child's simulated reverence, so daintily performed, drew answering smiles from those erewhile brutal faces, and rippling laughter from the lips that had been so recently filled with oaths and curses.

'The miracle was wrought. Withdrawing the barrel of my revolver, I slipped from the room and sped through the deserted bylanes to the Eastern Gate, there to rejoin Macpherson and his wife and tell them how wonderfully Tsie had succeeded.'

(*To be continued.*)

MORE ABOUT THE SOUTHERN SHAN STATES.



ABOUT a couple of years ago I remember seeing an account in *Chambers's Journal* of that very little known part of the world, the Southern Shan States; and perhaps rather a fuller description of this remote corner of our Empire will not be without interest. For the first six months of the year 1902 it was my lot to take part in the final survey for a proposed railway—carried out under the direction of the Government of India—for opening up these extensive, though at present thinly populated, provinces. The construction of this railway has now been definitely sanctioned, and within a couple of years or so it is hoped that colonists and others will be provided with this rapid means of reaching the heart of the country.

For the guidance of those who are perhaps a trifle vague as to the exact whereabouts of these States, a glance at the map of Upper Burma will give some idea as to their position. A lofty plateau some four thousand feet above sea-level, they extend, with

Siam as their southern boundary, from Burma proper to the borders of China.

Up to the present, the only means of arriving at the plateau is by what is termed in Burma a first-class road—though doubtless those who are accustomed to our well-trimmed British highways might be inclined to disagree with this statement after experiencing a sleepless night in a springless native cart. This primitive contrivance, drawn by a pair of bullocks, is very similar to that used in other parts of the East, and consists merely of a rough wooden frame, to which is attached a stout beam with a yoke at the free end and supported on two thick wheels. The frame is usually covered over with bamboo matting, which affords a protection from sun and rain.

The road, which has its beginning in the ever-growing village of Thazi, on the railway connecting Mandalay with Rangoon, extends beyond Fort Stedman, the military station of the Southern Shan States. Until the foot of the hill is reached, the track winds through gently undulating country, covered for the most part with thick scrub jungle, relieved here and there by a sugar-cane plantation or a banana-grove. Eighteen miles or so from the summit of the tableland the road begins its upward climb, steering its course through the thick, tangled jungle covering the base of the hills to the more open country met with higher up the ascent.

Perched on the edge of the plateau is the primitive but snug little village of Kalaw, which is a type, as regards perfection of climate and beauty of scenery, of this fascinating tract of country. The distance by road from Thazi to Kalaw is sixty miles, and travelling by cart one could hardly do the journey comfortably under six, or at the least five, days.

About every ten miles a serviceable and picturesque dâk-bungalow, or resting-house, has been built by the side of the highway, where for a small charge the traveller may make himself comfortable for the night. Very rarely can any refreshment be got at these bungalows, and it is as well to warn the would-be traveller to bring his food with him, most of which can be bought in tin form in Rangoon. Each building has its caretaker, usually an unwashed but willing Burman, whose duties are delightfully vague, but who, for a consideration, will fill your kettle and light the kitchen fire. Some of the dâk-bungalows met with along this road are far from waterproof, and in the case of heavy rain, which not seldom comes down at night even in the dry season, the roofs are often unpleasantly porous; for this reason it would be advisable to include a waterproof sheet in one's baggage. I remember on one occasion spending the night with a couple of brother-engineers in one of these conveniences at the beginning of the wet season. Burma and all things Burman were strange to me at that time, and I had heard many and weird tales of the general unfitness of these bungalows for European travellers, which caused me to regard them with a certain sense of misgiving. Being all very sleepy, we soon had our bedding spread, and I, for my part, was soon in the land of dreams. In the small hours of the morning I awoke with a start to find my head in a pool of water, and feeling the same aggravated sensation as that experienced when a playful brother or sister disturbs one's morning nap with a wet sponge. The snores of my fortunate companions unaccountably irritated me; but I quietly rinsed out my pillow, and, shifting my bed, attempted to go to sleep again. But, alas! to no purpose. I should add that, owing to the rapacious mosquito, we were all provided with curtains proof against its attacks stretched over our beds. That these coverings were not waterproof I soon discovered, for I was still being subjected to a mild shower-bath. Again I moved the bed to what appeared a dry corner of the room; but despite my repeated attempts to obtain a less watery pillow, it was all in vain: the incessant trickling still continued. So, pulling my mattress on to the damp floor, I resigned myself to the inevitable, cursing the weather, the roof, and my lucky messmates, whose gratified breathings grated on my ears. The floor seemed particularly hard, and little sleep did I get that night. I determined, however, to lodge a bitter complaint next day at the office of the engineer of roads and buildings; and, turning over, I listened with disgust to the drenching rain and the wind, which shook the frail little building.

At dawn I stumbled out for a stroll in the fresh morning air. The sun was just glancing over the distant hill-tops as I returned an hour later, and presently I heard laughter and the welcome clatter of breakfast-things, which helped considerably to cheer my wounded spirits.

Judge of my disgust and chagrin when, over our morning fare of coffee and *chupatties*, I learnt that my disturbed night was due, not to the rain, which only here and there leaked into the room, but to my companions, who, after I had fallen asleep, had placed a huge lump of ice, manufactured by our common ice-machine, on the top of my mosquito curtains, and this gradually melting over my head had caused me such unwonted uneasiness during the night. Naturally, the shifting about of the bed had not resulted in any improvement of matters.

Now, with reference to the title of this article, I may say that seldom has so promising an opening been presented to those desirous of settling in one of our British colonies. South Africa, with all its wealth and resources, is woefully overcrowded, as many who go out there on spec, in the hope of making large fortunes and without any definite trade or profession, are often obliged to take to menial labour to keep themselves in bread-and-butter.

The Southern Shan States, on the other hand, are, save to those directly associated with the practically unknown; and when the railway which is now being pushed on is completed, the almost uninvestigated resources of the country will, without doubt, be rapidly brought to light.

To those interested in farming and fruit-growing

the prospects are particularly bright. As far as I know, no very serious attempts have been made by the white man to cultivate fruit or farm-produce; but in the few cases where a resident European has experimented in a small way in this line the results have been wonderfully good. An official in the small village of Thamakan, which is blessed with a post and telegraph office, and only twelve miles from Kalaw, has from his small garden produced apples, pears, plums, peas, and many other delicious English fruits and vegetables, which are as good, if not better, than any I have tasted in England.

Wheat, which defies cultivation in many parts of the East, has in these States been found to spring up with great rapidity and with the minimum amount of attention. How many British farmers, groaning with reason at the paucity of their crops, would delight in having a few acres of Shan soil to work upon!

The plateau is a delightful mixture of moor and forest, and here and there, generally sheltered from the cold winter winds, a small native village, with its usual accompaniment of nude children and mongrel dogs, may be descried.

The Shan is a keen sportsman, and not a few are provided with old-pattern English sporting-pieces, probably gifts from former British residents. With these relics they are clever enough to bring down many a deer; and in the valleys where cheetahs, bears, and other large game abound they are generally very successful.

To those villagers unacquainted with the use of firearms, a primitive but very effectual method of protecting their poultry from the raids of the rapacious cheetah has been handed down from father to son for many generations.

Just outside their fowl-house, which is raised some ten or twelve feet above the ground, and where the poultry are confined at night, a number of stakes are driven into the ground, and the upturned ends roughly pointed with the large knife which a Shan invariably carries about with him. A cheetah creeping up under cover of darkness, and having an appetite calculated to endow him with extra temerity, soon sniffs his prey, and taking a great leap to the top of the fowl-house (which is, alas! too high for even *him* to obtain a secure footing), falls back on to the spikes with fatal results. Next morning the family bring out their knives, and soon have the skin dressed and ready for one of the many purposes to which the ingenious Shan can put it.

The Southern Shan States offer great possibilities to the metallurgist, who in the boomed parts of the world so often feels the effect of overcrowding in the great struggle for existence. Gold is found here in plenty, washed down every day in the numerous streams flowing from the plateau; and the enterprising Briton who, with a moderate capital, makes a start in this direction will, I am sure, be amply repaid. Rubies, which are generally thought to be confined to the Northern Shan States, where alone extensive workings have been made, are doubtless also a product of the southern plateau, as their use in many of the numerous pagodas of the country can testify.

With reference to the remarks I have made regarding the delightful climate of the Southern Shan States, let me quote a sentence of a letter received from an engineer now working in India. Comparing the different parts of that Empire, where he has worked for over thirty years, with the Shan plateau, on which he superintended the recent survey, he says: 'Hardly any part of India equals the plateau of the Southern Shan States. No mosquitoes, no eye-flies, very moderate heat, fine cold weather, &c.'

I think it more than likely that the future sanatorium of Burma will be somewhere in these States. The present health-resort, Mymeyo, in the northern plateau does not offer half the attractions which may be enjoyed in the southern tableland. The absence of a railway to the summit of the latter has undoubtedly been a potent reason for some part of the Southern Shan States not being chosen as the official sanatorium. This objection will, however, before long be overcome, and the white worker of Burma will find in the bracing air of the southern plateau the recuperation he so often needs.

Those who were interested in the Durbar held at Delhi will remember the number of Shan chiefs who, in their picturesque costumes, attended it and were received so cordially by the Viceroy. These chiefs are very friendly to England; and their country, which a few years ago was overrun with dacoits, is now so peaceful and safe that only one policeman is allotted to the whole province.

In these few paragraphs I have attempted to give just an outline description of the Southern Shan States; and there is so much, did space allow, that I might add. I trust, however, that what I have said may awaken some interest in the minds of those anxious for a fresh field for colonisation. Many who have a horror of the much-exaggerated hardships of the East would find in these States conditions very like those of our own land. The familiar oak may be seen in many parts, while the pine scents the whole land with its delightful fragrance. Many a time, in the fresh, breezy mornings, have I heard the familiar note of the cuckoo; and but for the fact of the presence of the coloured population, one could, without any stretch of imagination, fancy one's self back in England in that most fascinating period of the year, late spring.

THE BASH VOURMAK; OR, THE STRIKING OF THE HEAD.

By F. Cowley Whitehouse.

IMMEDIATELY after the death of Mohammed, self-styled the Prophet of God, rivalries and dissensions arose among his followers. This was inevitable. Of different races and nationalities, the Mohammedans had only been held together by the striking personality and rare magnetism of one of the greatest leaders of men that the world has ever known. Two clearly defined parties sprang into existence. One of these claimed the Caliphate for the family of the Syrian Moawiya, while the other offered allegiance to the two sons of Ali and Fatima, the latter of whom was the youngest daughter of Mohammed. Hassan the Beautiful, the elder of the two sons, preferring voluptuous ease to a life of action, resigned the Caliphate after holding it for six months, and retired to Medina, where he died, some say from the effects of poison administered by his wife Jaada, she being tempted to the commission of the crime by Moawiya, who promised her fifty thousand dirhems and his son Yezid in marriage. Hussein, the younger brother, endeavoured to assert his rights; but Yezid was too strong for him, and compelled him to flee for his life. On the plain of Kerbela the troops of Yezid overtook Hussein. In spite of the offer of Hussein to yield, his little company was surrounded and annihilated. Mohammedans of all shades of opinion have joined in reprobating this slaughter. They consider both Hassan and Hussein to be martyrs, and they say that after the death of Hussein 'the world became dark, and angels, men, and genii mourned.'

The Sunnees, the followers of Moawiya, soon gained supreme power amongst Mohammedans, certain Persians alone refusing to fall into line with their co-religionists. These latter became Shias (Arabic, *shia*, a sectary), followers of the line of Ali and Fatima. Gradually they gained adherents, and finally, in the fifteenth century, became the dominant power in the independent kingdom of Persia, the nation from that time onward devotedly following the Shia cult.

About half a century ago, during the Mouharrem fast, the season of religious mourning observed by all Mohammedans, a Persian preacher succeeded in deeply moving a huge congregation at Tabriz by an eloquent recital of the story of Hassan and Hussein. Suddenly a man sprang to his feet, snatched a knife from his girdle, and slashed at his head in token of grief for the crime. The bystanders endeavoured to interfere, but the fanatic broke free and proceeded to run *amok*. The contagion spread, others drew their weapons, and there was a considerable riot. Within a few years there was not a town in Persia where similar scenes did not take place during the fast. The authorities intervened, but popular feeling was so strong that at last the priests determined to recognise and to regulate the proceedings; and now in every town in Persia, and in other towns where Persian communities have settled, an extraordinary ceremony in honour of the memory of Hassan and Hussein is held yearly on the tenth day of Mouharrem. I shall endeavour to give a description of this ceremony as held in Stamboul, and there known as the 'Bash Vourmak,' or 'The Striking of the Head.'

On the appointed day a small party of us made our way through the narrow streets of Stamboul to the Valideh (Mother) Khan, a vast building constructed many centuries ago. From outward appearances it must have been formerly a *medresseh*, or Turkish college; but for many years past it has been the dwelling-place of nearly three thousand Persians engaged in trade in Constantinople. The chief building is square in shape, each side being fully eighty yards long, with outer walls of a thickness varying from six to ten feet. In the centre of the quadrangle is the Persian mosque, with its insignificant cupola, and with lean-to wooden shops surrounding it. Passing through a long, low archway, the only entrance to the quadrangle, we were met by a Persian merchant, who courteously invited us into his house and offered us cigarettes and cups of delicious tea served in glasses. It was about eleven o'clock (Turkish time), or one hour before sunset, and we sauntered round the quadrangle, which was rapidly filling with thousands of Turks and Persians and a small number of Europeans. The fronts of the shops and houses were all draped with black cloth stamped with verses from the Koran. Running the whole length of one side of the quadrangle was a covered walk, at the end of which was a wooden shrine filled with over a hundred glass lamps. The dervishes and other holy men had been preaching there since Mouharrem had commenced, and we were to see in a few minutes how their oratory had excited the minds of their disciples, inflamed their passionate natures, and strengthened them to go through the horrible proceedings that we witnessed.

We asked the meaning of several things that we saw, but we found the Persians, without exception, obstinately reticent with regard to the details of their religion. The mysteries of their faith are not for unbelievers, and when they did not wish to enlighten us, their sad faces—and the Persian is the saddest-faced man in the world—grew vacuous, and they pretended not to comprehend the bent of our questions. Noticing that many people were going and coming down a long alley leading to the inner buildings of the khan, we entered, and found that a great procession was being formed down its length. We retreated and took up our position in the

covered-in way, and in a few moments the head of the procession emerged from the alley. First came thirty or forty banners borne by men wearing the ordinary black Persian cap and dressed in black loose robes, with green and gold sashes over the left shoulder. Closely following them marched a band of men playing a sombre minor phrase or two of music on long wooden pipes. The reiteration of the eight or ten bars soon irritated one's nerves; but it evidently appealed to the devotees who composed the procession. Next came led horses covered with trappings and with their heads enveloped in coloured gauze bags. Curved swords were fastened crosswise on the saddles. The last animal was a fine white beast, and on it there was seated a little lad whose pale face and white robe were plentifully smeared with blood. Two white doves, also sprinkled with blood, fluttered on the saddle behind him. I took these to be emblematical of the souls of Hassan and Hussein. The head of the procession halted opposite us. A priest started an impassioned prayer, and it was strange to see great, strong men weeping openly and unrestrainedly all around us. The banners swept forward, and out from the alley came three bodies of men. The first wore black robes reaching to the ankle. These garments were unbuttoned at the throat, exposing the left shoulder and breast. Sometimes chanting to the music, sometimes hoarsely ejaculating 'Ali!' (presumably in invocation of the son-in-law of Mohammed), they paced slowly along, beating the bared breast first with the open palm, and then at a given signal three times with the clenched fist. In perfect time the arms swung backwards and forwards, and the fists fell heavily over the heart with a thud which could be heard distinctly all over the quadrangle, and sounded like the beat of muffled drums.

The next body of men issued forth. They were garbed like their predecessors, but their robes were fastened at the throat, while a large round hole was cut behind so as to expose the shoulder-blades and back. They were armed with whips, but surely the most formidable whips that could be used. The handle was a short, thick piece of wood, and the tail was composed of forty or fifty thin steel chains. The whips were carried hanging over the right shoulder. Suddenly the men swung them high over their heads, whirled them round, and brought them down with a dull, ugly thud over the left shoulder. The first blow bruised the flesh badly, and in a few minutes large patches of skin had been stripped off the quivering flesh. With sad, fixed gaze, apparently unmoved by the agony they endured, the men went slowly along backwards. Now these latter-day flagellants swung the chains slowly from shoulder to shoulder, and now they wielded them with a succession of short, fierce blows. When they halted, they, like the others, wept freely as their priests harangued them, and as the orator rounded off his periods, in response they shouted out hoarsely what sounded to me like 'Amee!'

The hour of sunset arrived, and in a few minutes it was dark. Files of Turkish soldiers came at the double through the archway by which we had entered, and unceremoniously drove back the thronging crowds of spectators. Shoulder to shoulder they formed up, leaving a broad, clear space all round the mosque. In the light of what followed it was easy to understand why the presence of soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets was requisitioned. Huge torches fastened to long poles were raised aloft, and added to the intensity of the scene. Soon the climax was reached—a climax to which all that had gone before was child's-play—a climax which made me doubtful for a moment if I could possibly be in Europe, and living in the twentieth century, and not away back in the ages that are gone, and in some distant land where civilisation and its softening influences were unknown and undreamt of.

As the third body of men came forth the music changed. Another monotonous, weird passage was shrilled forth. The new-comers had white turbans twisted round the head, and were wearing white smocks which reached past the knee. In the air they brandished gleaming, straight-bladed swords. Formed into two bands facing each other on either side of the cleared space, they passed along with wild gestures and peculiar, jerky, genuflecting movements. One-half of the band shrieked out in piercing falsetto accents the single word 'Hassan!' the other half replied in deep bass antiphon, 'Hussein!' Between the ranks Persian officials and priests walked, some of them armed with staves, the use of which we were to learn later. In the meantime it seemed to be their task to work up the already excited men to a higher and higher pitch of fanaticism. Once again the procession halted. The men flung off their white turbans, disclosing closely shaved blue scalps. The yells and shouts grew more insistent; the music, wild and barbaric, swelled out louder and louder, and the next moment the swords were slashing away at the tonsured heads. The blood gushed down until it was impossible to distinguish a feature, and the smocks were drenched in blood. It was a truly horrifying scene. Round and round the fanatics went. There were no pauses now, and the excitement was indescribable. Blinded with blood, drunk with the taste of it, the staggering wretches reeled and reeled around the mosque. The officials walked calmly up and down. Occasionally they wiped the dripping faces of the devotees, anon they deftly interposed their staves between the head and the sword of a too frenzied performer, and yet again they urged on one who seemed to be half-hearted in his strokes. Strong men fainted as they watched. I saw a burly Turkish soldier reel and drop like a log. Several of the sailors who had come from the Austrian and French *stationnaires* in the Bosphorus either fainted or were deadly sick. Nor was it surprising. The wildness of the scene, the glare and stench of the petroleum-fed torches, the maniacal

yells and frantic gestures of the maddened creatures, the faint, nauseating smell of hot, smoking blood, all went to make up one of the most frightful sights to be seen in the world.

I have heard it stated that the performers are put under the influence of *hashish*, but I am assured that such is not the case. In fact, I saw spectators throw themselves into the line, an official tossed a smock over them, and in a moment they were slashing away as fiercely as any of the others. It is a purely voluntary act of grief and penitence for the murder of Hassan and Hussein by Mohammedans. No doubt the exaltation of the spirit at the expense of the body, and the ultimate gaining of Paradise, is in the minds of the fanatics, but that is not the primary idea. Nor are the participants, as some assert, paid for taking part. On the contrary, they even pay for the white smocks they wear, and deem it an honour and a privilege to be allowed to mutilate themselves before the assembled crowd. It is in their eyes a deeply religious rite, and one could not help noticing how markedly it affected not only Persians but even many of the Turks who were watching the proceedings.

Some of the swordsmen fainted. Instantly they were carried off to a Turkish bath outside the khan, where their heads were bathed and bound up. Their places were taken by fresh relays. There must have been at one time at least one hundred and fifty in the ring, and as many as a thousand have been known to go through the dreadful ordeal on this tenth day of Mouharrem.

A man close to us became abnormally excited. His cry of 'Hassan, Hassan!' was like the howl of a wild beast, and ere the officials could stop him he had sawed savagely at his throat and fallen to the ground. I believe he must have killed himself; but it was impossible to tell, as he was instantly carried off, and the line swept on as if nothing untoward had occurred. Another seemed to go suddenly mad. As the mania seized him he burst from the ranks, and we quite thought he was on the point of running *amok*, but in a second two priests and two soldiers flung themselves on him. The sword was wrenched from his grasp. Fiercely he struggled for a while, and then utterly collapsed, and lay a limp bundle of rags on the ground. He too was carried off senseless, and still the others danced on regardless of everything but the work in hand.

My thoughts reverted to the story of the priests of Baal, who on Mount Carmel three thousand years ago 'cried aloud, and cut themselves, after their manner, with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed forth.' What an extraordinarily brave man Elijah must have been to mock them and to gainsay them when thus worked up to a state bordering on dementia! A man's life, I am convinced, would not have been worth a minute's purchase if he had stood forth in the Valideh Khan the night I was there and bidden the atrocities cease.

We had seen enough. One of our number had turned faint and ill, and we hastened to the exit. There we got mixed up with the crowd, which included some of the mutilated men staggering along to the Turkish bath outside. However, we extricated ourselves, and were relieved to get out into the cool, pure night air, and to hasten down to the water-side, where a steam-launch was waiting to take us across the Bosphorus to our homes in Moda Kadikeuy (ancient Chalcedon). As we steamed across we talked of the horrors of the Indian suttee, of the car of Juggernaut, of the child-sacrifices to Ashtaroth, of the abominations of Moloch, and we came to the conclusion that man in all ages has found strange ways by which he thinks to propitiate his God and save his soul alive.

MOTHER LOVE.

TAKING her flight!
The babe I pressed so fondly to my breast,
The dancing child I have so oft caressed,
The growing maiden, awkward, tall, and shy,
The woman-girl with glowing, love-lit eye.
They each in turn come hov'ring o'er my bed,
I feel the touch of hands upon my head,
The sound of voices ringing in my ears,
Until it seems as though the passing years—
Repenting of their passing—turn, and try
To bring me back the child for whom I sigh.
But would I have her back? My heart says 'Yes.'
When from the 'Everywhere' a sweet caress
Presses my lips. 'Mother, I love him so;
Give me your blessing, dear, and let me go.'
God
Bless my child.

Be still, my heart! Why shed these blinding tears?
Have I not oft throughout the passing years
Pictured the sight that I might live to see:
My baby-child—a woman—come to me,
Lay her dear head upon my mother-breast,
While her soft lips her secret sweet confessed;
Felt the soft trembling of the woman-form,
The clinging of the arms so soft and warm;
Seen in her eyes that sweet, mysterious light,
Offspring of purest love and true delight;
Felt in the throbbing of her loving heart
My woman-child and I are not apart;
Heard her dear voice in trembling accents say,
'Give me your blessing, dear, again to-day'?
God
Bless my child.

And as, across the hills, I sit and gaze
Another picture rises out the haze:
My baby-woman in a new, sweet form—
The form of motherhood—is softly born.
Hand clasped in hand, she turns from him to me,
And in her eyes the mother-love I see,
As from the soft, warm shelter of her breast
Into my arms her infant dear is pressed.
Upon my heart again the dear head lies,
Mother and wife love shining in her eyes.
Again I hear that tender, sweet request:
'Mother, I want your blessing, dear—the best
That you can give, but not alone for me;
Mother, this time include your children three.'
God
Love my dears.

A. N. I. L.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

BYGONE PERTHSHIRE; OR, SOCIAL LIFE FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By Sir ALEXANDER MUIR MACKENZIE, Bart.

PART I.

THERE comes a time in every man's life when he is reminded he has entered on the down-grade, and that according to the sage advice of the great Italian, Dante, '*dovrebbe calar la vela*,' and with lowered sail endeavour to glide with grace and peace into the haven where he would be. At such a time memories thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa arise, and recall over some fifty years many events connected with the social life of 'bygone Perthshire.' Avoiding the high-and-dry style of the guide-book, as well as that tendency of senility over-'anecdotage,' be it mine to record some notable events and notable personages of our beautiful county whose memories should be preserved in recollection of the forties and fifties. In such a review some leading ecclesiastical and political memories should naturally receive notice; but he whose privilege it is to act as scribe would disclaim any intention to do otherwise than recall the events without giving any colour from parti-spectacles.

Writing from this beautiful eyrie, high above the valleys, at the 'end of the wood,' '*Ceann na Coille*,' he enjoys a typical view of part of Perthshire—crag, strath, mountain, and glen. Below stands Dunkeld, with its lordly woods and tasteful grounds, the 'broad spreading' Tay 'bisecting' the county, as old 'Ricordo Corinensis' tells us in his *Itinerary*, and up whose course in days of yore have passed Celts, Romans, Danes, as well as in later days the *ashier roy* of the Sassenach.

On the 'long low line of the beautiful down,' to paraphrase the words of Tennyson describing Salisbury Plain, on the sky-line stretching far eastward, small mounds appear—the '*colles*' of Tacitus—marking without doubt the site of *some* conflict, according to certain historians, between the Caledonians and Romans in the time of Agricola.

A peep between the angle formed by the 'Doos' Nest' and Birnam Hill—the latter quite ready to take another march with its wood to Dunsinane in search of another Macbeth—shows us the Sidlaws, and you can trace the form of the Stormont and bonny Strathmore mansion-houses nestling in well-cared-for woods, farm 'toons' of various sorts and values, cottages and crofts. A church here, a school there, remind us of John Knox's legacy—the parochial system; while, in the far distance, faint smoke denotes the busy hives of industry, such as Perth, Blairgowrie, or Coupar-Angus, and as far east as Dundee.

To the west run long stretches of hill and moor clad in imperial purple of brilliant heather, but invaded by patches of vivid green, skirted by natural groves of silvery birch, among which are scattered ruins of old crofts and pendicles—past with the 'bygone days.'

The strath is bisected by the brawling Braan, which has carved for itself during the ages a remarkable gorge, showing in many a pot-hole or smoothed ledge the power of some great glacier which came grinding down when the world was young—the same action, '*ohne hast, ohne rast*,' which has rounded so many of the *meals** that guard the strath. On the skyline is the Sma' Glen, through which it is quite permissible to imagine the Romans under Agricola pushing forward an outpost or two even as far as Fortingall on the Lyon.

Below us, the ancient Cathedral, guarded by the parent larches, reminds us of the good Columba and his attempts to bring the heathen Clandonnachie and others under the gentle yoke of Christianity. The iconoclast of the Reformation has broken down the beautiful architecture, and eighteenth-century bad taste has disfigured the interior, yet may we not look some day for a restoration of what must have been one of the most beautiful churches of Christendom?

* *Meal* or *mol*, the round top.

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As typical of a past generation, let us revisit Birnam, and mark two small yellow houses notable in their day and before this pretty health-resort was known to the tourist.

The one, Birnam Inn, cosy and unpretentious, the rendezvous of all good Tories under the genial presidency of 'Lochy' Macpherson, where the mail-coach from Perth to Inverness would stop to pass the 'time o' day,' change horses, and take a *deoch an dhoris* of Atholl brose before proceeding northward.

The other, a small house farther up the hill—a 'Fox's Lair,' as it was there that the redoubtable 'Fox Maule' met with Dr Chalmers, and schemed the great Disruption,* or secession of the Free Church from the Establishment.

It was there, furthermore, that Free Trade, as advocated by Cobden and Villiers, would be discussed, involving as it did the transference of power from the great landowners to the Manchester manufacturers.

'The old order changeth, giving place to new;' and certainly in many instances properties have changed hands, sold or let to those who have successfully acquired fortunes in other professions more lucrative than that of the mere landowner. Landed estates cannot ever bear increased taxation, heavy jointures, and death-duties, which last straw is responsible for so many broken backs. But let it honestly be recorded that the new race of landlords are doing what the old race tried to do, and the note is one of general improvement all along the line, whether the land is in the hands of the representatives of old families or those of new proprietors.

The great desire to acquire sporting rights enhances the value of property, whether on Highland moor or Lowland strath, and where reasonably enjoyed, gives such a zest to country life, to say nothing of the plentiful shower of coin of the realm that follows in its wake.

The change to Free Trade from strict Protection altered considerably the social life of Perthshire. The Cobden school, by the shifting of industrial work from the farmer to the manufacturer, the change from 'wheat to wheels,' gradually transformed the conditions of country life, and the wealth and power has been transferred from the land to the towns. But the people have gained all along the line, for have not most of the landlords' rents found their way into the pockets of the labourers, whereby their material comfort is much enhanced?

In the 'forties' stage-coaches, post-chaises, and the carrier's cart were the only received mode of locomotion throughout the county. The writer well remembers that 'wonder of the world,' the construction of the first railway through the Stormont. Many were the wails, lamentations, and anathema launched against the evil thing, the demon steam, as invading sacred solitudes, frightening horses, and general degeneracy. Just as our ancestors set up a howl against the introduction of stage-coaches, and much for the same reason,† alleging the degeneracy to man and horse, were the stout hackney and pillion-riding abolished.

But 'progress' prevailed, and now our straths and glens are penetrated by King Steam, bringing many a necessity, and cheapening many a luxury to the richer as well as the poorer classes. The heavy weights on the springs of industry, as well as a perpetual annoyance, the tolls and pontages of bygone days, have been abolished, and much satisfaction and better management have been the outcome.

Of the notable castles and mansions within the county most have preserved their original features, whilst many have been restored and improved to suit our modern requirements.

It is impossible in such an article as this to give the history of more than one or two notable families; and only a few houses more or less typical can be selected and described.

Amongst the foremost stands Blair Castle. Having lost most of its architectural features about the middle of the eighteenth century, the house has been beautifully restored by the seventh Duke of Atholl with considerable architectural truth and taste, preserving the old historic form, with additions strictly conforming to the same style. The grounds, handsomely set out and embellished under the master's eye, preserve the old landscape form, fitting so admirably with its Highland surroundings. That fine body the Atholl Highlanders, numbering some two hundred strong, was formed in 1839, as a bodyguard to accompany the late Duke George to the Eglintoun tournament. They acted also as bodyguard to Her Majesty the late Queen in 1842, for which service they received a Queen's colour.

In the early days the men were armed with Lochaber axes and claymores, and at this date are provided with the best modern rifle. It is interesting to note that the sons and grandsons of many of the old Atholl Highlanders are now serving in the ranks of that most practical and useful body the Scottish Horse, under the Marquis of Tullibardine.

The visits of the late Queen to Dunkeld and Blair Atholl in 1842 and 1844 are well described in Her Majesty's own words in her *Journal*, as well as in the *Chronicles of the Atholl and Tullibardine Families*, written in 1896 by the seventh Duke

* Is it permitted in a note to remind politico-ecclesiastical students of the present day that the secessionists under Chalmers always claimed to be *the* Established Kirk of Scotland, when once the link between Church and State was broken, as was attempted at the time of the great Disruption, when so many of the Fathers and Brethren, for conscience' sake, left the fold of the Presbyterian Church as by law established and confirmed by the Treaty of Union?

† See *Social England* (*circa* 1680).

In the latter journey Her Majesty drove from Dundee to Blair Atholl *viâ* Coupar-Angus and Dunkeld, so that she must have passed Delvine, where no doubt every available loyal subject, even the four-year-old young laird, the present writer, would welcome her right heartily.

In 1863 Her Majesty paid a visit to the late Duke, then on his deathbed, a kindly and gracious act from the Queen to one of her most loyal subjects and affectionate friends. The present King Edward and his Consort—then Prince and Princess of Wales—paid a visit to Blair Castle in 1872, when their Royal Highnesses were received by the Duke of Atholl at the head of his regiment, with Lord Dunmore, Lord Strathallan, and other officers. Among the distinguished guests were the late Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, 'Lochiel,' and many notables.*

The Royal party enjoyed a deer-drive and a gillies' ball, held at that time in the old riding-school, which is now replaced by the splendid ball-room.

The visit over, a start was made for Braemar, the Atholl men escorting the Prince and Princess, mounted on hill-ponies, up Glen Tilt, fording the Tarff, and as far as the 'Baineoch,' where Lord Fife's men, under Lord Macduff, the present Duke of Fife, took charge of the Royal party.

Deer-stalking is the chief sport at Blair, and is carried on in true Highland fashion and in accordance with all Highland tradition.

The late Duke George was an enthusiastic otter-hunter, and kept a goodly pack of useful hounds for this sport. There were not many rivers or burns in his day that were not visited, and with varied success. It is rumoured that on one of these 'hunts' a certain well-known sportsman was sent on to occupy a knoll surveying the river, and 'view' the prey away. Lo! after a time the pack came up, and there was our friend asleep at his post, 'Which shall be called "Monte Christo,"' said the Duke, and so it is to this day. Perhaps Mr Christie may explain.

A mighty man in Strathtay was a collector of all objects of natural history, and he loved to experiment on the *vile corpores* of the various fungi as well as of the various wildfowl which are to be found in abundance on the river. A certain laird, being bidden to take his dinner on one of these culinary experiments, exclaimed, 'Na, na; ye canna catch me making ma denner aff puddock-stools and sea-pyots.'

The 'fold' (as Dr Browne euphemistically terms a herd) of Highland cattle is a grand feature of the district, as are the Highland blackfaces, the hill ponies, and the 'garrons.' These last are of a rare strain, and can as easily as they did in the forties carry a sixteen-stone stag from the recesses of Glen Merk, march gaily with a Scottish horseman fully equipped to follow a raid in South Africa, or even an attack on Dunkeld, in this century.

Scone Palace preserves its originality, the fit home for the early kings of Scotland and for bonny Queen Marie, and, as in the 'forties,' is a hospitable centre for the county. The late Lord Mansfield, then Lord Stormont, contested the shire about 1840, and the following anecdote is given as illustrative of the jovial old days of open canvassing and open voting. On a canvassing tour through a Highland glen, along with two stalwart lairds, he entered a farmhouse, and was apparently rather long over his errand. One of his supporters went to spy. 'Losh me, Kindrogan, Lord Stormont's kissing the wife!' 'Weel, Dirnanean,' was the sententious reply, 'I dinna see hoo *we* can interfere.'

His lordship took a leading part in all county work, administered as it was at that date by the Commissioners of Supply, but was strongly opposed to most modern innovations. Traction-engines were his particular *bête noire*, and these were accordingly threatened with prohibitive restrictions. The late Lord Kinnaird, in his persuasive manner, tried to have these restrictions modified, but the aged peer thus disposed of the question: 'My noble friend will never be content until he has a cast-iron sermon preached by steam!'

Lord Stormont acted usefully in shaping the present County Council and bringing the various interests into line. When the new body was constituted, 'Let us hope,' he said, 'that the work may be carried on as efficiently, as economically, and as pleasantly as it has been under the old régime.'

Murthly Castle, the lordly seat of the Stewarts, has its story well told in the volumes of the *Stewarts of Grandtully*, by Sir W. Fraser. The shell of the 'new' castle was commenced by Sir John Stewart, it was said at the time, as a rival to the palace intended to have been erected at Dunkeld by the Duke of Atholl, but never finished. The old house is still the home of his successor, as it was of the old race of Stewarts, a fine specimen of baronial architecture.

The late Sir William Stewart had a varied history. His many adventures and experiences in the Wild West of America about 1830–40, involving much personal danger in the savage life of the prairies, are recounted in a 'fictitious autobiography' (Edward Warren), and published in 1854. The stirring scenes are thoroughly illustrative of the frontier life of those days, and there used to be a collection of paintings at Murthly Castle in commemoration of some of the most notable events. A beautiful chapel was built at Murthly, and dedicated to the Roman Catholic faith, in memory—it was said—of the kind nursing by the Spanish monks after some border raid. Sir William, when at Murthly, always slept in the garden-house, where, reclining on his buffalo robes, he would recall many a wild ride

* See *Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine Families*, vol. iv.

or wilder hunt, as often as not he being the 'hunted.'

The splendid collection of conifers at Murthly was commenced by him, and is the pride of all Perthshire.

Grandtully, also belonging to Sir William Stewart, must in its old state have assisted Sir Walter Scott in his portrayal of 'Tullyveolan,' many of the features being easily traceable, although 'bees,' and not 'bears,' are on the heraldic device. The bears are the supporters on the old house of Traquair, the probable original of Sir Walter's creation.

The adoption of Craighall, the romantic seat of the old family of Clerk-Rattray, as the original 'Tullyveolan' is not so well established, and chiefly rests its claim on a fanciful story by Lockhart; but there is no doubt that the gorge of the Ericht was in Sir Walter's mind as a suitable place in which to confine the redoubtable Baron of Bradwardine.

The venerable Castle of Methven, scene of one at least of our memorable battles of Perthshire, has not changed in outward appearance. Colonel Robert Smythe, dignified old soldier, with his ever-at-hand jewelled snuff-box and gold-headed cane, with my aunt, the eldest daughter of the late Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie of Delvine, exercised a gracious hospitality within and without the old walls. He was succeeded by his brother William, a noted convener and general adviser to the county for many a year; and if he repressed in somewhat majestic manner the incautious views of the younger spirits in the way of progress, it was in accordance with his own sagacious saying, 'Never abolish anything until you have something better to place in its room.'

(To be continued.)

A STORMY MORNING.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE shy young squire of a neighbouring small property had been strangely attracted by Ida Pegram on the several occasions when he had been over to Brayborough. It would be hard to say why; but she was clever, and she moved in a different sphere from his. And she took him in hand, and dazzled him with names and anecdotes of people until—being rather a foolish young man, with aspirations towards a society that would wring him out and throw him away like an old clout in a year—he had almost begun to think of ways and means, and to wonder whether his good old mother and chubby-faced young sister might not be relegated to the dismal little dower-house belonging to his estate.

He now stood by the chair of his charmer, offering to help her with her skates, when Betty strolled up. He gazed at her open-mouthed, having only been introduced to her in the dusk in the drawing-room at Brayborough when he had called on his way home from the county-town, and had never really seen her before.

'I think you do not skate, Miss Fitzhugh?' said Ida Pegram acidly, grasping the situation and noting the open-mouthed admiration of the newcomer by her budding admirer. 'I suppose you have no chance of learning to skate in your barbarous part of the world,' she continued rudely.

Betty stopped short and looked at her. Miss Pegram moved uneasily in her chair. In her clear voice Betty said slowly, 'No, we do not learn skating in R——shire: the winters are too mild; but we learn manners.' And she turned on her heel, a very storm of rage in her heart, visions of the stately, beautiful old home rising before her angry young eyes.

'I beg your pardon, Miss Fitzhugh. Will you let me help you?' said a boyish voice behind her; and Miss Pegram's admirer flew for a chair for her, helping her with her skates, Betty submitting to be helped a good deal, with perhaps a rather small feeling of satisfaction in seeing Miss Pegram evoluting alone in the distance.

Betty was not a skater, but her nerves were steady, and her beautifully proportioned figure soon found its balance, so she began to glide along, greatly to her satisfaction, in a wonderfully short space of time, and would quickly have become proficient in the graceful art; but from the appearance of the sky skating days were numbered, and it promised, moreover, to be a very quick thaw.

The evening was drawing in; the sun was setting behind the thick belt of fir-trees that sheltered the lake from the north-east winds; the ice was becoming sloppy. The skating-party began to disperse.

The younger Miss Pegram skated hurriedly up to her sister, saying in an undertone:

'I say, Ida, I can tell you one thing, and that is that if you don't make it up with that Fitzhugh girl Daddy Forsyth will never ask us here again. He is devoted to her; she is his favourite niece. It suits me to come here, so you must do something before we go in, for she is just as likely as not to complain of your rudeness to "Nunky." I cannot think why you were such a fool, and you sent young "Neips" flying after her, too.'

Ida Pegram also had begun to regret having indulged in the luxury of being rude to the girl she disliked and envied so much, as Brayborough was a card of considerable value in her hand. So, after a little humming and hawing, with a grimace of disgust she skimmed after Betty.

'Let me help you, Miss Fitzhugh,' she said. 'I

can see you will soon pick it up; the ice is nice and clear now, and we could have a good turn. I am afraid you were annoyed at my silly little chaff. I can assure you I think Scotland quite too charming. Do come.'

'No, thank you,' said Betty sturdily. 'I can get on quite well alone. I prefer it; and I am going home,' ignoring the conciliatory tag of Miss Pegram's insincere little speech; and she skated slowly, steadily, and uncompromisingly towards the bank, leaving Miss Pegram alone with her helping of humble-pie.

CHAPTER XVII.

INTO the concerns of the other young bear of our story we cannot penetrate far. To follow the intricacies of the doings of a young man just about to start in life is beyond the power of my pen. Suffice it to say that young Fitzhugh for the moment was not doing well. Residence with a crammer who looked upon his pupils simply as receptacles for so much learning, the measure of which had to be filled by a certain date, and who cared naught for their bodies and less for their souls, was not a very favourable moral condition for a lad rather easily led, and perhaps a little weak and vain, open to be chaffed into doing things he did not really care about, and which were better left undone.

London was close at hand. Need we say more? The hours of tuition over, who so free as the cubs of Mr Prosody? And a sorry use did some of them make of their freedom.

Betty, kneeling at the side of her white bed, pouring out her whiter soul to her God in prayer for the welfare of Jack, little knew of the fires he was passing through. Who shall say that her prayers were in vain? The boy was right enough at bottom, and would come quite right in time. He was a boy of refined instincts, to whom the coarser vices were repugnant. The doubtful company in which he often found himself at the instance of 'other fellows' bored him, and he secretly sickened of the supper-parties and resorts so attractive to many of them; but he would have plunged into almost any depths rather than have it supposed that he was 'better' or more virtuous than they. A strange frame of mind, but not uncommon after all. Show me the lad who would not prefer to be thought worse than better than his fellows!

The race-meetings to which he was dragged were no snare to a boy to whom the horse was but a beast that must be made to get over the ground as quickly as possible, so as to waste no time that could be devoted to shooting, and the gambling habit into which he had drifted had no real hold of him. He gambled, also, because 'other fellows did it.' No great harm was done, though he lost considerable sums of money.

The very undesirable club to which he belonged numbered among its members a poisonous set of older young men who lived chiefly by the plucking of the tender young pigeons for whom they were always on the lookout. Dunscaith was strictly entailed, and this predatory crew made it their business to find out how far they could go with each and all of their victims, and for how much plunder they were good. Drink disgusted young Fitzhugh. So, to take him all round, there was every reason to hope for his future when he had cut his wisdom-teeth and found his balance.

Geoffrey Erle belonged to this same club; in fact, it had been at his instigation that young Fitzhugh became a member—'my club' being a huge delight to the boy in his earlier days, and a sign of manhood in his young eyes. Now, however, he kept pretty clear of the older man, being most guarded in his intercourse with him, and he also fully intended taking his name off the club before long.

The fact was that Geoffrey Erle was on his last legs. His name was in very bad odour even among the not very fastidious set he moved in. Though not actually brought home to him, a certain very shady transaction had come to light, and it was doubtful if he would be able to claim the shelter of this fifth-rate club much longer. He was at his wits'-end; he did not know where to turn for money. His skill at cards was no longer of any use to him, for men excused themselves now from the parties at piquet and écarté he had formerly found so lucrative, and he had surprised more than one carefully veiled glance of intelligence pass between youngsters to whom he had proposed a game, and they had inevitably shied off. The betting-ring also knew him too well; and acquaintances hurried past him in the streets and parks. 'Curious what a hurry every one is in nowadays,' he said, with writhing lips.

His position in society had always been doubtful and precarious, and he knew that he was on sufferance; but now all invitations had ceased, and he felt, as he expressed it to himself, that the 'game was up.' Some considerable time after leaving Dunscaith he had written to Betty, and his letter had been in the worst possible taste. He had ended it with a passionate sentence, erased so as to admit of its being perfectly legible. It filled her with disgust. The hateful scene at the stepping-stones came back to her with loathing unspeakable. All semi-tender thoughts towards him vanished. She tore his letter into shreds, and decided she would never write to Mr Erle as long as she lived. Released from the personal influence of the man (a factor whose power must never be underrated between young people of opposite sexes), the proud virginal nature of the girl rose in revolt, the veil was rent from her eyes, and she saw Erle as he was: underbred, brutal—in fact, not a gentleman. His letter sealed his fate with her for ever before she left Dunscaith.

Geoffrey Erle was furious at her silence, with impotent rage and passionate desire. He would have liked to injure young Fitzhugh, to get him into his power and work him deadly harm; but the boy kept out of his way and was evidently bent on dropping him; while, as to the girl, he had no hold over her whatever—not a scrap of a letter, not even a little gift to show and make the most of. He thirsted for a sight of her lovely face as a man in the desert thirsts for clear water, and he knew that before long he must go under, and that in his social world his place would know him no more. He was doggedly determined to see Betty again somehow, and he sat in his dingy attic thinking, thinking, thinking, his hands clasping his aching head, while the traffic roared in the street below as the sea roars for fresh victims.

(To be continued.)

OLD IRISH SILVER, AND WHAT IT FETCHES.

ONE of the minor, though not on that account less pathetic, evidences of the long-continued disturbance of rent-contracts in Ireland, terminating in Acts of Parliament, that permanently left owners of land with incomes much reduced, has been the quantity of family heirlooms and relics that have come into the market. When necessities began to press in homes that formerly knew no want or scarcity of money, it became recognised that somehow or other the 'sinews of war' must be obtained for daily needs. Borrowing-powers became exhausted, and available articles of value were, reluctantly at first, packed up and sent off to dealers in such goods for what they would bring. The habit grew and the necessity increased, with the result that many a country-house in Ireland to-day is depleted of old ornaments, trophies, gifts, and household treasures that had rested secure for many generations before. To Dublin in particular, perhaps, did the majority of these goods travel in the first instance; and hence the number of dealers in antique furniture, old silver, and curios in the Irish capital has greatly increased. To London, also, many of the best specimens found their way; and the seekers after workmanship of the olden time think naught of a journey to a far-distant country-seat when a dispersal of the household gods is about to take place.

That Irish silver was beautifully wrought in former times can be seen in most of the examples that remain; and there are some peculiarities of shape and manufacture that render them different from what has been produced in other countries. The now well-known potato-ring—or circular stand on which was placed the dish containing the national vegetable—is probably unique; and the number of these, varying in kind and beauty, that have come to light show to what an extent they were in use at some former period. One of these, 'boldly pierced and chased with figures of a lion and eagle, vines, shells, and scroll-work,' only four inches high, fetched at Christie's some years ago sixty-four pounds sixteen shillings, or eighty shillings an ounce; while on another occasion, at the same place, ten pounds an ounce was realised for a similar article; which is, however, overtopped by the price (thirteen pounds thirteen shillings per ounce) obtained by Messrs Bennett of Dublin in 1902 for one decorated like it, though eighteen ounces in weight. Again, in 1903 Messrs Christie disposed of a potato-ring thus described: 'pierced with a trellis design, repoussé, and chased with birds, festoons of flowers and fruit, and with old Dublin hall-mark.' It brought one hundred and forty-three pounds, being at the rate of two hundred shillings per ounce, and was three and three-quarter inches in height. Another potato-ring sold by the same firm was purchased for one hundred and thirty-five pounds fifteen shillings, or one hundred and eighty-eight shillings the ounce; it bore the Dublin hall-mark of 1772, and was pierced and chased with figures of birds and a squirrel among branches of fruit, flowers, and scrolls. In March 1904, from the Townsend collection, there was sold by auction in London an old potato-ring, 'pierced and chased with a windmill, cottage, a seated figure, and a swan among branches of flowers, and scrolls,' bearing the date 1760. It weighed slightly over eleven ounces, and brought one hundred shillings the ounce. On another occasion a potato-ring, dated Dublin 1757, fetched about double this amount, as two hundred and twenty-five shillings per ounce was paid for one some pennyweights heavier, the sum being one hundred and twenty-nine pounds eighteen shillings and ninepence for this ring, which was pierced, repoussé, and chased with figures of sportsmen and a lady, with buildings, trees, and flowers in scroll, having also borders with wooden lining. The above-named represent some of the specimens of these curious and uncommon articles that were formerly in general use throughout Ireland, then passed into the limbo of forgotten domestic goods, and in a later age acquired increased value both from their antiquity and peculiar construction.

The making of spoons would seem to have engaged the attention of early Irish silversmiths, and very beautiful examples are met with of this simple, homely utensil; engraved gravy and tea spoons and 'rat-tailed' table-spoons of the eighteenth century being thought worth as much as three to four shillings an ounce; while a plain soup ladle with a shell bowl, made by John Hiller of Cork in 1765, realised five shillings and six

pence per ounce; and four large table-spoons (Dublin, 1761) and three engraved dessert-spoons (Dublin, 1804) were disposed of for six shillings and three-pence per ounce in London some years back. An old Dublin punch-ladle, chased with flowers, shells, and scrolls, having a twisted bone handle, realised two pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence at Christie's in 1903; while a pierced and engraved fish-slice (Dublin, 1795) and an old Dublin butter-spade with ivory handle were sold in 1904 for one pound fifteen shillings. Two silver sauce-boats, both described as plain, one made in Dublin and the other in Cork, each dated 1758, fetched such widely different sums as fourteen shillings per ounce for the former and forty-one shillings per ounce for the latter.

The city of Cork, indeed, shows largely in the relics left by its manufacturers, and their work is in many instances quite equal to that of their Dublin brethren. A helmet-shaped sugar-bowl made there in 1795 went for thirty-one shillings and six-pence the ounce at Messrs Bennett's rooms in 1903; and a small oval tray, bearing an early Cork mark, made its price at seven pounds three shillings. A two-handled cup with the Cork *sterling* mark, by Carden Terry, dated 1750, having scrolled handles, fetched twenty-eight shillings per ounce at Christie's; a helmet-shaped cream-jug with scroll handle, on three shell feet (old Cork *sterling* mark), five pounds nineteen shillings and sevenpence; a circular sugar-basin with narrow escalloped edge, on three feet, brought six pounds nine shillings; and a shaped plain mug with scroll handle, on round foot, four pounds seventeen shillings and ninepence. A cup with two harp-shaped handles, *circa* 1750, made seven shillings and threepence per ounce, or a total of seven pounds fifteen shillings; a circular sugar-basin, chased with festoons of flowers, on three lion's mask masked feet (old Dublin), brought nine shillings for each of its four ounces; and on the same occasion (the day Captain Machell's racing-cups were sold at Christie's) a bowl and cover, with old Dublin hall-mark, made within a few pence of eleven pounds.

Silver waiters appear numerous enough. In 1904 there was one disposed of at thirty-one shillings the ounce, with gadroon and shell border, dated 1730; a pair the previous year, with shell and scroll borders (Dublin, 1765), sold for thirteen pounds fourteen shillings and fourpence, or fifteen shillings and sixpence per ounce; and another old Dublin pair, smaller in size, for nineteen shillings the ounce. Robert Calderwood of Dublin made a pair of 'small plain waiters,' six and a half inches in diameter, in the year 1760, which were sold again in London in the twentieth century for sixpence less than one pound the ounce, or fourteen pounds fourteen shillings and fivepence altogether. Thomas Walker put his initials with the old Dublin hall-mark on a circular bowl and cover, 'chased with masks, foliage, and scrolls, trellis and scroll-pattern panels, and amorini supporting shields,' in the year 1740, and it realised the fair price of thirty-eight pounds eleven shillings in 1904.

Thomas Johnston of Dublin made many things that have come down to the present day. One pair of decanter-stands, with engraved borders and beaded edges, formed in 1777, brought four pounds fifteen shillings; and another pair by him, also of the same date, seven pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence. The two-handled cups with moulded handles and a rib round the centre, engraved with a coat of arms, made by John Letablere, Dublin, about 1720–40, brought forty-seven pounds; and a plain tazza with moulded border in the centre, also with coat of arms, made by John Hamilton, Dublin, in 1735, secured nearly thirty pounds on the same day; while a pair of Queen Anne circular tazze, with repoussé, gadrooned borders and feet, the centre engraved with a coat of arms of feather mantling, only eight and a half inches in diameter and two and a half inches high, and weighing twenty-two ounces, made by E. Workman, Dublin, in 1709, realised seventy-nine pounds six shillings.

David King, warden of the Dublin Goldsmiths' Guild in the year 1699, was the maker of a set of William III. candlesticks, which were thus described when sold in London in 1903: they were four in number, 'of tripod form, resting on escallop shells as feet, the triangular base finely chased with classical acanthus foliage in relief, on a ground worked to a matted surface; the stems are vase-shaped and enriched with swags of flowers and drapery, a gadrooned band below the nozzles, and circular wax-pans, all chased with bands of rosettes and interlaced ribbons.' After this description it causes no wonder that six pounds per ounce was the price obtained, the total amount for the set coming to six hundred and sixty-one pounds ten shillings. A pair of snuffers made by Alderman Thomas Bolton of Dublin fetched ten pounds per ounce; they were first put in use nearly two centuries ago.

This brief list of beautiful old Irish silver deals only with articles that have been disposed of by auction and the prices named for them in the public press. Thousands of similar specimens are in circulation and have found new owners and homes in all parts of the world. The Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland has in some of its members found worthy chroniclers of the fame of the old goldsmiths' art in Dublin and Cork; and the history of their ancient guild in the Irish metropolis, dating from the fifteenth century, has been pleasantly related in their *Journal*, where also can be found a list—the first ever attempted—of those who 'exercised the mystery' in the city of Cork from 1601 down to the nineteenth century. So profitable and so highly thought of was the craft that in the eighteenth century many of the leading families apprenticed their younger sons to the principal goldsmiths of their day, and the particularity and regard they showed to the honour of their work is borne testimony to in the examples that have come down to us in these latter days.

THE BOXER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER III.

AT this point in the story Foster paused, lit another cheroot, and settled down to a contemplative smoke as if there were nothing more to tell. I waited a while, expecting every moment that he would take up the tale again and finish it. But he seemed to become oblivious to my presence. When the cheroot was half-through, and he was dropping the flaky white ashes for the third time into the tray, I ventured to put in a question by way of a reminder:

'Did she bring Rob to Pekin?'

'Eh?' said he in a sharp, inquiring tone, suddenly roused from his reverie. 'Oh! I beg your pardon, Dick. I had clean forgotten you. I was dreaming about Tsie. Yes, she brought him to Pekin.'

'How did she manage it?'

'I cannot say. A whole month went by before she brought him, and a lively month it was, I can assure you.

'I came upon Alice and Macpherson, as I told you, beyond the Eastern Gate. We made for the river. We were fortunate enough to bribe a boatman, who hid us five days in his leaky and evil-smelling craft, and pulled us slowly up the stream to a bend in the river where we could make a bee-line for Pekin. And a bee-line we might have made, and brought up within sight of the city in three days, but for the disturbed state of the country. As it was, we had to avoid with the utmost care all the towns and villages *en route*, creep through the rice-fields, hide in the plantations, and shelter more than once in ruinous and deserted Buddhist temples; and it was only after seven days that we discerned in the distance the long-stretching line of the city walls.

'Alice was worn to a shadow. She never complained, nor did she once refer to Rob in any of the very few words that she spoke during that terrible journey; but from the set of her face and the hunger of her eyes I knew that he was always with her. During her waking moments she could not banish him from her mind. Mercifully, she was able to sleep. That saved her. Still, if those days had been prolonged she would have lost her reason. Macpherson was tenderness itself while she was awake, and forcedly cheerful; but when she was asleep, and we were watching, hollow-eyed and weary, the lines of his face would settle into a dour and sorrowful expression very painful to see. We never slept while Alice was asleep. We took ours in turn when hers was over, and then only in short snatches, for we were liable to be pounced upon in our hiding-places at any moment by some prowling Boxer band. It was a very narrow squeak with us many a time; indeed, once we should have been taken most surely but for a Buddhist priest who befriended us, and sent the suspicious searchers another way.

'It was this priest—blessings on his old bald head!—who told us that the city was in arms, and the Legations invested, and the Europeans fighting for their lives. He wanted us to stay with him, and not to venture into the weltering pandemonium ahead of us. He promised us the security of the temple cells behind the gigantic bronze image of the silent Buddha, into which no Boxer dared penetrate without his permission. He said he could easily procure food for us. He was quite alone, the last of his company, a man wrinkled with long years, and very few worshippers visited the temple at any time; so that, said he, we should be perfectly safe. Would we stay with him? And all this, mind you, out of pure kindness, and without a hint on our part of any reward. We resolved, however, to go forward and enter the Legations if possible, and take our chance with the rest. It was a better chance, after all, than remaining with the priest, for even among the very few worshippers there might be some lynx-eyed spy, and nothing could have saved us if our presence had become known. Then Alice was intent upon entering Pekin. Thither Tsie was coming with the child she was yearning for, and she must be there to receive him when Tsie was ready to relinquish her charge.

'The question we had to face, however, was this: how could we venture safely in the direction of Pekin, and secure an entrance into the besieged Legations? I knew the chief would be expecting me, and on the *qui vive* to render me what assistance he could as soon as he became aware of my arrival. I offered to go forward alone and reconnoitre, while Alice and Macpherson took advantage of the priest's hospitality, and, if practicable, communicate with the chief, make arrangements for our reception, and return for them within three days. How it was to be done I had no more idea than the man in the moon. They thought it was too risky, and tried to dissuade me, and proposed that we should move together or not at all. They were willing to share the risk, but they were not willing that we should separate. The priest thought I was mad, and that the demoniacal divinities were tempting me to destruction. But, you see, Dick, I was in Chinese toggery, and the yellow stain still remained on my skin; indeed, the constant exposure to the sun seemed to have burnt it in, to say nothing of the want of a wash during the greater part of the journey; and, with my knowledge of the lingo, and a facial expression which had already served me well in more than one ticklish situation, I was persuaded that I could mingle with the m

and act the Boxer with the best of them. So I talked the two round, and they gave in—rather reluctantly, however—and let me go.'

'You haven't got rid of the stain even yet.'

'No; but it is gradually disappearing. It isn't quite the same subdued saffron that it was then. You would scarcely have known me, Dick, in that sickly colour, and with my face touched up and settled into this shape—see!' and he elevated the corners of his eyebrows and drew back the muscles of his jaws until, for all the world, he looked like a Celestial. I could not forbear a smile. 'There!' he continued, resuming his normal expression, 'picture me in national costume, and with that look upon my face, helped out here and there by a deeper stain, and you will readily understand that my greatest fear was not that the Chinese would penetrate my disguise, but that my own friends, if I came near enough, might shoot me for a Boxer.

'The priest was able to furnish me with an enormous sword and an antiquated bow with a sheaf of arrows—the former to further help out my disguise, and the latter to enable me to carry out a project which was already forming in my mind. I started in the night, and entered Pekin unchallenged and unsuspected with the dawn. It was an easy matter to attach myself to the floating rabble of the city, and to pretend to take part in the attack on the Legations. To my surprise and indignation, I found that the regular troops also were engaged in this nefarious design, and that the anti-foreign palace clique, who were then in the ascendant, basking in the favour of the guile-loving Empress Dowager, were fully aware of it. A piece of dastardly and treacherous work was this, openly connived at by those who were bound by all the ties of international friendships to protect the very people whom they were now strenuously attempting to overwhelm and destroy. From these regular troops I kept aloof, and mingled only with the mob. My chance came on the very first day.

'I had prepared a short letter to the chief, and wrapped it neatly round one of the arrows. When the favourable moment came I uttered a fearful yell—which was almost lost, however, amid the yells of the demons about me—and let the shaft fly. High above the buildings it soared, and I watched it fall softly well within the enclosure. There was nothing more to be done. The rest I had to risk. No answer was possible. But I was hopeful that the white band closely and neatly tied round the arrow would be noticed by some one, and passed on to the man for whom it was meant. If it came into his hands, I knew that he would not fail me. At midnight on the third night following I expected that willing helpers would be ready to assist us into the fortified buildings of the Legations where they abutted upon the city wall.

'By eleven o'clock on the night named the wall was looming like a great black line immediately before us. We had approached the city with the utmost possible cautiousness, unobserved so far as we knew, and we were now creeping through the semi-darkness from shadow to shadow towards the blacker shadow still which was cast by the straight, high line of solid masonry all along the ground. Once within that blacker shadow, we should be ready to take advantage of the help we were expecting as soon as it came. We reached it at last, and pushed forward rapidly over the intervening, uneven space, until we were huddled and pressing together against the wall itself.

'We were early—too early for our comfort. As the minutes passed tardily by I became increasingly anxious. The suspense was painful. What if my message had miscarried? What if a watch had been set beneath the wall, and the sentry should discover us, and give the alarm before the time came to help us in? I could feel Alice's slender form quivering beside me. We dared not speak. We had to wait, and to think our own thoughts without exchanging them, and to quell our fears without the assistance even of a friendly whisper to each other. How slowly the time went! We seemed to have been there half the night, when suddenly, causing Alice to start, the great midnight bell boomed out its message, the bell of "The Maiden's Shoe," leaving behind it that peculiar sighing tone which serves to keep the tradition alive. My heart sank within me. Midnight had come, and there was no sign of help from the summit of that gigantic wall.

'The tone of the bell, however, was still vibrating through the quiet midnight air when there came floating across it a long, low whistle. My heart leaped at the sound of it; my spirits rose; my fears vanished. Help was at hand. I answered the whistle softly but clearly, knowing that it would carry far on a night like this.

'"Foster, is that you?"

'"Yes!"

'"Are the others with you?"

'"Yes; we are all three here."

'"Right!" returned the chief, for it was he. "Look out for the rope! We have a pulley rigged up all in readiness, and we'll have you on the top of the wall in the twinkling of an eye. One at a time, and, of course, the lady first."

'Down came the rope, a little to the left of us. I seized it eagerly, and helped Macpherson to place his wife within the triangular section at the bottom of it. The chief had been thoughtful enough to place a board across the base of this section; through a couple of holes at each end of the board short lengths of rope were passed and knotted securely underneath; above, they met at the apex of the triangle, and formed with the board an excellent and comfortable seat. When Alice was within it I gave the signal, and she rapidly drew away from us up the side of the wall, showing that strong and willing hands were pulling at the rope, and ready to receive her at the top.

'In a few minutes it was down again.

'"After you, Macpherson," said I, holding it for him.

'"No," he replied; "you first."

'Barely were the words out of his mouth before a cloaked figure sprang upon him out of the darkness, and struck at him so fiercely that, with a groan, he fell senseless to the ground. I whipped out my revolver, but I was reluctant to fire lest the noise should bring others upon us. How many there might be lurking in the darkness I could not tell. Grasping the short barrel, I struck at our assailant with the rough butt-end just as he bent to lunge with his weapon at me. He was a shorter man than I, and my stroke, a downward one, took him between the eyes and rolled him over without a sound. I fell upon him instantly, and slipped the blade out of his nerveless fingers. It was a formidable dagger of native workmanship. I had caught sight of the steely glint of it as my arm descended, and the thought had flashed through my brain that poor Macpherson must be very badly wounded, perhaps killed outright. If the fellow had resisted ever so slightly when I took his weapon from him, if he had stirred at all, I believe I should have slain him with it. My impulse was to slay him, and I instinctively drew back my arm in preparation for the stroke; but as he lay there perfectly motionless I shrank from a deed that seemed to me at the time very like murder.

'Macpherson uttered no second groan. I placed the dagger in my belt, and lifted him from the ground. Limp and heavy was he, and the warm blood from the wound somewhere about the neck or shoulder ran over my hands. With a great effort I managed to settle myself in the chair, and to pass my arms first about the ropes and then around him. Soon we swung clear of the ground. We were pulled upward very slowly, and, notwithstanding my careful attempts to prevent it, we spun round and struck the masonry two or three times before we came to the top. I could hear the laboured breathing of the men who were hauling at the rope as we drew nearer. They were panting with their exertions when they gripped us and pulled us over the parapet. Macpherson was a dead-weight, and I could not assist them. It was as much as I could do to keep my hold of my wounded companion, and I bore the marks of the ropes across the muscles of my arms for many a day.

'The men could hear that something unusual was taking place in the darkness below them, but they knew not what. From the extra weight—and we are neither of us small men—they surmised that we were both in the triangle, and that one of us must be injured. They were not surprised, therefore, when I told them in a whisper to handle Macpherson carefully. My first thought was for Alice. I did not wish her to overhear me. I wanted to save her, in her weak condition, from what might easily prove to be a fatal shock. So I whispered my instructions, and then turned to the chief.

'"Where is Mrs Macpherson?"

'"Gone to the women's quarters. My wife was here, and took her away at once."

'"I'm glad of that."

'"Why?"

'"Because if her husband isn't killed he's pretty near it, and she is not in a fit state just now to hear news like that."

'He told one of the men to run for the surgeon. Then he said, "How did it happen?"

'I told him, and he thought with me that the whistling, soft as it was, and the few words we had spoken, had attracted the attention of the guard; that the fellow had crept upon us silently while we were watching Alice's ascent and securing the rope the second time; but we could neither of us understand why he was alone, and why he had uttered no warning cry. Surely there must have been others on duty as well as he, and he could easily have summoned these others to his assistance instead of attempting single-handed to despatch us both. He must have been quite stunned by the blow I gave him. So far as we could discern from the top of the wall, he had not yet recovered his senses. The chief smiled at my squeamishness, and said it was a pity I had withheld my hand. He certainly deserved the quietus I was tempted to give him with his own blade.'

THE VANISHED SALON; OR, THE LOST ART OF CONVERSATION.

By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

SAD it is, but true: with the literary salon has vanished conversation carried to the point of a fine art. Men and women talk, but they no longer converse in the traditional sense of the word. The art of conversation has indeed had no protracted reign. Its zenith was reached under the famous Madame Geoffrin and still more famous Mademoiselle de Lespinasse; its nadir followed the closing of Madame Mohl's doors a century later. 'Happy period,' wrote Sainte-Beuve of the former epoch, 'when existence was devoted to sociability, and every circumstance was rendered subservient to the most engaging intercourse, the choicest conversation!'

The eighteenth century was a talking age. Interchange of ideas upon every conceivable topic formed the staple occupation of cultivated, leisurely

folks. In one sense the age may also be called a second Renaissance. A succession of startling scientific discoveries had recently been made; and poets, philosophers, great personages, and fine ladies now threw themselves heart and soul into the latest revelations mathematical, geographical, astronomic. Newton and Locke had given an impetus which was followed throughout Europe, especially in France. Never in any period of the world's history did people talk so much, so well, and to so much purpose. Hence the *éclat* of the eighteenth-century salon.

Two contemporaries of Voltaire played a leading part in this brilliantly intellectual cycle. Mademoiselle de Lespinasse has recently been introduced to the general English reader by a novel based on her story. Equally renowned as a cultivator of conversation is her friend Madame Geoffrin. The history of both women is curious and very characteristic. Like most of the great men she invited to dinner weekly, Madame Geoffrin belonged strictly to the bourgeois or middle-class. The daughter of a valet in the service of the Royal Family, married at fifteen to a rich nonentity, she combined the prim sedateness of her social status with the romantic tendency of her time. Madame Geoffrin it was who released Stanislaus Poniatowski from prison by paying his debts, a service he repaid by an invitation to his Court when King of Poland. This journey was the only one of a long life spent exclusively within the boundaries of Paris, and as exclusively devoted to table-talk.

Her sole schooling had been conversational, nothing more. Brought up by a grandmother 'who talked so agreeably of things she knew nothing whatever about that no one regretted her want of information, and whose clear intelligence and mental alertness and perspicacity stood in place of knowledge and instruction,' the little girl learned to read, to reason, and express herself adequately. 'My grandmother made me think,' she wrote to her friend Maria Theresa. The austere bourgeoise, who dressed with Quakerish sobriety and tied her cap under her chin *à la* Maintenon, was on intimate terms with kings and queens as well as with *beaux esprits* and philosophers.

The secret of Madame Geoffrin's success as a hostess did not, however, lie in conversational gifts. She had taken La Bruyère's maxim to heart: 'The art of conversation consists less in displaying it oneself than in developing the powers of others.' She gave the key-note; others supplied the melody.

There was one difference between her salon and that of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. The Egeria of D'Alembert, the middle-aged authoress of immortal love-letters, could not afford hospitality. Her visitors dropped in from five to nine o'clock for the sole purpose of talking. No refreshments were offered. Madame Geoffrin, on the contrary, being rich, gave bi-weekly dinners—dinners, to quote Dr Johnson, 'worth inviting a man to.' Only men—and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse—were invited, the hostess being of opinion that the presence of her own sex at a dinner distracted the attention of the other, and rendered conversation fragmentary. These brilliant weekly dinners were followed by little choice and restricted suppers, one or two ladies, queens of the *grand monde*, being then admitted to the latter.

Mademoiselle de Lespinasse made up for want of position, fortune, and good looks by intellectual and social endowments. Her personality must have been magnetic, for as a very young and quite inexperienced girl she took captive that *blasé* leader of society and woman of the world, the Marquise de Deffand. When, after ten years' partnership, the pair quarrelled, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse inaugurated a literary centre of her own, outshining the salon of her patroness. The most eminent men, the most distinguished women, became habitués of the Rue de Bellechasse. During four successive hours daily the hostess would by turns talk enchantingly, and, in the words of a contemporary, communicate her intellectual alertness to her guests. 'Our minds, our characters, were so well known to her,' adds Marmontel, 'that a word from her sufficed to bring out both.' And, like another celebrated Frenchwoman, the heroic Madame Roland, she possessed in its entirety her own language; rich in ideas, she ever expressed them in choice and forcible French.

Madame Recamier's salon bridged over the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; and Madame Mohl's, which closed its door with the fall of the Second Empire, may be said to terminate the series. The cold, statuesque lady preceding her reigned as a queen of beauty, swaying men rather by loveliness than wit or eloquence. It is now confidently believed that Madame Recamier's nominal husband was her own father! During the perilous days of the Revolution, alike her life and her honour had been saved by this fictitious marriage.

The salon of M. and Madame Mohl held in the gloomy Rue du Bac during the régime of the third Napoleon, at least Napoleon so-called, had this peculiarity: madame was a clever but eccentric Englishwoman, and monsieur was a typical German. The vivacity of the one and the learning of the other, who had taken French nationality, account for their social success. They gave very good dinners, too, after which hosts and guests would doze on sofas or in arm-chairs, waking up with renewed vigour for the reception that followed an hour later. The open-sesame of this charmed circle was a conversational gift. Whenever, away from home or amid new acquaintances, Madame Mohl heard a witty retort or brilliant speech, she whipped out her pocket-book and secured the utterer for her salon. As every one of note frequented the Rue du Bac, her invitations were always welcome. The quaint little old lady—for she was past middle age when she married M. Mohl—had one weakness she never got rid of: even when an octogenarian she affected

the ringlets and *robe décolletée* of a former period. When on a visit to English friends during the Franco-Prussian war she disappeared just before the arrival of visitors invited expressly on her account. Afterwards she explained to her hostess that she had retired for a few minutes for the purpose of putting her hair in papers, as it had got out of curl!

Many circumstances account for the dying out of the literary salon under the Third Republic. Neither a free press nor free speech had existed under the Imperialist régime. What with the awakening of the political spirit and the passionate fervour of parties, other interests became relegated to the background. In small groups people met together no longer for the discussion of literature, the arts, and science, but for the thrashing out of political and social questions. If conversation as a fine art no longer flourishes in France, our neighbours have by no means lost the gift of easy, lucid, and copious expression. The French mind is logical, and as a vehicle of expression the French language is unrivalled. It is rare indeed to hear random thoughts haltingly put together in France. Especially noticeable is this among the young. A youth, for instance, will pay a visit of ceremony to a recent hostess. Without the slightest hesitation or awkwardness he will at once enter upon some topic of the hour, do his best to prove entertaining, and having, in French phrase, 'been at the cost of conversation' (*'fait les frais de la conversation'*) for a quarter of an hour, will make his obeisance and take leave. The peasant will also think before opening his lips, framing his speech deliberately; and among all classes natural aptitudes and a tendency to reason are fostered by education and bringing up. Declamation is assiduously taught.

With ourselves, unfortunately, too often prevails the national happy-go-lucky, hit or miss, take me or leave me method of expressing our thoughts. We are apt to neglect the conversational development of children, and social intercourse does not repair the omission. In so far as materials of table-talk go we are infinitely better off than the contemporaries of Madame Geoffrin and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse; but minor matters occupy the time and attention of those men and women who make up what is called society. Golf, tennis, hockey, polo, and bridge form the staple of conversation.

Outside this section are others equally unfavourable to the furtherance of table-talk. One class is solely occupied with philanthropy, another with social work, a third with labours in the educational field, a fourth with novel-reading. Never, surely, at any period of history had human beings so little leisure for the interchange of ideas as average English men and women at the present day.

The enormous demand for novels is doubtless due to such excess of mental activity and differentiation of interests. Daily wear and tear both physical and mental leave little margin or taste for conversation. Topical matters are just touched upon, that is all. Goethe's axiom, 'What we do not discuss we fail to grasp,' is for the most part ignored. Much interesting and illuminating discourse takes place among the thinking few; but we can boast of conversation neither as a fine art nor as a national accomplishment.

There is surely a fine field for feminine initiative here. Alike in society and the home, conversation is very much what women make it. If hostesses would taboo perpetual chatter of golf and bridge the tone of table-talk would be at once raised. Clearness of thought and clear, direct utterance are acquired not at school but in the home. The mother who, like Madame Geoffrin's *bonne maman*, trains her children to think and to express their thoughts accurately and agreeably, confers upon them an inestimable boon and at the same time benefits the world in general. Society would become more interesting, intercourse would be more stimulating, and hospitality in the material sense of the word would be less onerous. Hosts and guests might meet, as under Mademoiselle de Lespinasse's roof, in order to talk, without the enticement of costly banquets and collations.

A MYSTERIOUS TREASURE-CHEST:

A NARRATIVE FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE VAN GIESENDAM FAMILY.

By WILLIAM RUTHERFORD.

FOR more than five generations a tradition, or rather an old tale of the sea, has been transmitted from father to son in our large family; and although some accretions have attached themselves to it, as has frequently been the case with oral traditions in the absence of actually written historical narratives, this particular story is faithfully believed to be true by every member of our Van Giesendam family.

My grandfather was past ninety years of age when he used to tell me how this narrative thrilled his childish mind when told to him as he sat upon his grandsire's knee.

I well remember, myself a boy of ten years, how intensely interested I became when, in our old Yorkshire home on a winter's Saturday night we had gathered about the kitchen fireplace, how we youngsters piled on the firewood, how the flames roared up the huge chimney, how the gale shrieked without, while the great oaks bent and

creaked as the snow-whirls came in gusts. Then all were silent, and my father began the story, as we drank in the tale and marvelled.

The narration continued through four or five Saturday nights, and after each nightly recital how timidly we climbed the narrow stairs to bed, and how we buried ourselves in the billowy feather-beds and fell asleep, dreaming of Holland (the home of the former Van Giesendams), Java, the Indian Ocean, pirates, doubloons, and, in short, of all sorts of impossible things! Again, in the long July evenings, as we sat beneath the trees in the apple-orchard in the gloaming, my father would delight us with an absorbing tale gathered from the exhaustless 'book.' What *the book* was we did not comprehend in our early years; when we were older we were told of the singular discovery of this most singular book. Of the nature of this book we will ere long furnish a full and detailed account.

My great-grandfather, Petrus van Giesendam, was born in Welskue, a small hamlet not far from Amsterdam, in the year 1740. He is the hero of our tale, and first told his marvellous experiences to his son, which have been told and retold through the passing years even down to the present day.

The following is the story, the simple story as told in 1780 by Petrus, who was at that time a man of forty years of age. He died in Amsterdam in the year 1800. His son Egremont came to Yorkshire in 1804. From him came the numerous Van Giesendams who are generously sprinkled throughout the north of England.

THE STORY.

I, Petrus van Giesendam, first saw the light in the village of Welskue, Holland, in July (the 14th) 1740. My honoured father was a shipping merchant of Amsterdam, trading in ships to the Dutch colony of Java. I pass on, omitting mention of my childhood, in which naught of special interest occurred. At seventeen years of age I had completed my course at the Latin School of Amsterdam, that old centre of learning situated on the Bruicke Canal, where for centuries the youth of Holland had been educated. To complete my scholastic pursuits, my father sent me to Bonn on the Rhine, to the great university.

This was a rare chance, at which I eagerly grasped. I matriculated in due course, and remained for two years deeply engrossed in the study of science and languages, hoping in time to take a post-graduate course, desirous of a doctor's degree. I received one Saturday night a letter from my father telling of the sudden decease of my dear mother, and at the same time begging me, as he was then quite alone and had fallen into a depressed state of mind, and his business affairs did not look at all prosperous, to abandon my university career and return at once to Amsterdam.

He desired me to enter his office and assist him with the labouring oar; in short, to acquire the details of the business which he had inherited from his father, and transmit the same to future generations.

To make a long story short: with many misgivings and sacrifices, I returned to Amsterdam, entered the family business, and made such favourable progress that at twenty-one years of age I became my father's partner, and to me he yielded 50 per cent. of a richly paying business. I gradually became as deeply interested in invoices and bills of lading of sugar, coffee, indigo, cochineal, and other Javan staple products as I had been in the eager race after science, and in the pursuit of roots, verbs, and phrases of half-a-dozen languages.

I was always a very busy man, always energetic in whatever I attempted; and after the day's thought and labour, what a delight it was to ascend to the outlook on the roof above our office, and view our ships and brigs as they came from and sailed to the rich and valuable Dutch possessions in eastern Asia! There was ever a halo of mystery and magnificence in my imagination hanging about the very name of Java and Sumatra. I thought of those charmed localities by day and often dreamed of them by night, never expecting to behold that Eastern paradise.

In the autumn of 1764 I suffered from great nervous depression, accompanied with fever and calentures; for nearly six months I was useless to my business and a burden to myself. Good old Dr Taedings, who knew my constitution and every bone in my body as well as our ships' repair-book knew every timber, plank, and beam in our sailing craft, put his foot down firmly, and emphatically declared I *must* take a voyage to Java in one of our own ships; the sea-air, he insisted, would make a new man of me, and the change of scene and diet would save my life. The very thought of this voyage so delighted me that upon retiring to my bed I actually slept through the entire night, a blessing which I had not enjoyed for more than four months.

I acted upon the doctor's advice, and in ten days' time I packed myself aboard the good brig *Tanzer*, two hundred and ninety-three tons burthen, and sailed away through the Zuider Zee out into the North Sea, bound to Batavia. I pass by the wonders of the deep; the long day's sunshine; the glorious nights, now brightened by innumerable brilliant stars fastened by the great Master-workman's hand in the dark, silent blue vault above, again doubly brilliant with the silver beams of the radiant moon, lightening the wave-caps and rendering the sea all about us dazzling like a veritable silver path. It occupied one hundred and seventy-two days to complete our voyage, when at last down went the red iron anchor and held fast in the grand and picturesque roadstead of Batavia. I was a new man, entirely renewed in tissue and fibre. I felt as if I could fell an ox, and entertained no doubt as to my ability to devour a large portion of the same.

I spent nearly two years in Java, travelled from

one end of the island to the other, climbed the glorious mountains and enjoyed the curious flora and fauna of that very remarkable island. I learned, too, the details of sugar-making and many of the secrets in the culture of cocoa, coffee, and many other valuable products, the knowledge of which proved of great value to me in after years in the profitable conduct of my business. I made a close study of india-rubber and hardwood forests, and my ships were the first to fetch into Holland the gum of the rubber-tree and valuable dye-woods.

It was in December (the 16th, I think) 1766 when I set sail for Amsterdam. As the anchor was weighed and topsails sheeted home, our course was directed seaward with a full moon shining down upon that giant mountain looming behind Batavia known as Gunong Salak, which rears its lofty summit above the clouds to a height of over seven thousand two hundred feet.

Our little bark, the *Operdoork*, had been at sea nineteen days when, one sultry afternoon, the first officer came aft into the cabin, and shortly thereafter the captain, with 'Chips' the carpenter, went forward, where they remained fully one hour.

The captain returned alone to the cabin, and when I entered, a few moments later, I found him in a deep study poring over a chart of the Indian Ocean which he had spread upon the table. With an anxious face he was hard at work with dividers and parallels, with now and then a glance at a tell-tale compass which was screwed to a beam in the ceiling above. I asked, in alarm, what was the cause of his anxiety; upon which he seriously informed me that the four large water-butts stowed in 'the eyes' were leaking badly, and in twenty-four hours the ship's crew would be reduced *to a single water-butt* of two hundred gallons. To ensure the safety of all, he thought it his duty to make for the nearest land, in order to resupply the bark with fresh water, after repairing the water-butts.

'Now,' said he, 'the island of St Paul's is bearing south-east by south-half-south, eleven hundred miles distant, but I find on my chart a tiny islet two hundred and seventy-five miles nearer, on the same course. I purpose to run for this islet (St Gobbo), eight hundred and twenty-five miles distant.'

As part-owner of the bark and cargo, I gave my full consent, and begged him to press on as rapidly as possible. No sooner were the words out of my mouth than the captain shouted to the man at the wheel, 'Steady your course there; keep her south-east by south [we had been steering due east for ten days], and let her go at that.' The bark came round to her course gently, thus bringing the wind just abaft our beam, and a cracking breeze it was, too; and with all her canvas drawing, the 'old girl' scrambled along in fine style, making no less than nine knots. If this breeze held we could make St Gobbo in less than four days, and by God's grace the wind did hold, strong and fair, and we did make it at 11 A.M. on the fourth day, after squaring away and running for it. This wee islet was merely the top of a sunken volcano; its height, however, was considerable, with riven giant boulders scarred and barren, whitened by age, as it reared itself alone in the ocean, where it appeared long ages ago when the foundations of our globe were first laid. Oh, the desolateness and solitariness of this scrap of earth's surface as it appeared to us as we approached it!

We came to anchor inside a coral-reef of dazzling whiteness, behind which grew literally thousands of palm-trees; and as for ferns and wild-flowers, they presented a perfect picture.

The water was so transparent above the white coral bottom below that we could in ten fathoms deep see our anchor and trace the iron cable right away up to the hawse-pipe. An eighth of a mile from the shore the islet extended upwards to an elevation of about five thousand feet or more, a conical formation, with faint smoke issuing from the apex and drifting to leeward in light clouds. The circumference was not over four miles in extent. This spot was a very tropical paradise, like the bright land of the lotos-eaters where it seemed 'ever to be afternoon.'

At five o'clock we rowed ashore, the captain, the first officer, the carpenter, and myself, with two sailors plying the oars. We made the boat fast to a palm-tree and sprang up the bank, beyond which, among some dark ferns, we soon discovered a spring of cool water.

We took our bearings, and made a white cloth fast to a small tree to direct us on the morrow, when a singular incident took place, of which I proved to be the hero. I had strayed perhaps two or three rods beyond the spring to collect some fern-fronds and wild flowers, when I tripped and fell flat upon my face. With difficulty I extricated my foot from an iron ring-bolt; and upon my crying out my companions came upon the scene, and we soon discovered a buried iron sea-chest such as ships in those days usually carried on long voyages. So firmly was it embedded in the ground, and so stiff was the ring in its position, that we simply marvelled with astonishment. The sun was setting, and as darkness in the tropics follows quickly, we decided to return to the ship and begin work on our 'find' early the following morning. To come and go was quite safe, for there was neither man nor beast on this solitary islet, but birds without number had their abode there unmolested.

Very early on the following morning we returned with a party of six sturdy sailors to unearth and fetch to the ship the mysterious chest. We were furnished with picks and crowbars, and carried with us the cooper's broad axe, with which we cut down saplings and made rollers. We made an excavation, and managed to turn over the huge chest, which proved to be in a sad state of decay and rust; in fact, its handles were quite rusted away, and many of the great knobs or bolt-ends had completely disappeared.

We found the outer case of the chest very badly gaped and yawning with loosened joints. It occupied no less than three hours to roll and haul our burden to the boat. Then arose a difficulty, for there were no means of getting such a heavy weight into our boat. The chest was, in fact, six feet long, two and a half feet wide, and eighteen inches deep, and we computed its weight at over half a ton. To solve the difficulty, we rigged a stage-float upon four tight water-casks, and in this manner managed to convey the cumbrous mass to our ship. With a pair of strong slings and all hands swigging away at the downfall, we finally got it safely on the deck at sunset.

The next morning, by the aid of a couple of cold chisels and a heavy top-maul, we removed the outer case, and by freely plying our chisels we managed to cut away one end of the inner chest, and upon removing the contents we found, with much surprise, that we had actually come upon a gold-mine.

I subjoin a memorandum of the contents, a copy of which, with the items themselves, I delivered to the collector of the port of Amsterdam upon our arrival there:

A copper box of Spanish workmanship containing twelve hundred and forty-one doubloons, a strong tarred canvas bag with seven hundred and ninety half-joes, about two hundred pounds value in loose Spanish silver, among which were found many spade guineas of 'Olde Englande.' We also discovered no less than seven jewelled swords such as were worn by naval officers, and a goodly lot of curious old silver plate quite black with age—some pieces, I noticed, were church-plate.

There was a small silver heart-shaped box containing precious stones of great value; there were many gold rings, nose-rings, ear and finger rings, and curious anklets and bracelets of rare Indian workmanship; beautiful work of mother-of-pearl; wonderful Oriental chains; crucifixes; gold-beaten skull-caps such as are worn by women of the East; silken robes, stiff (but faded) with gems and jewels. We also discovered a roll of valuable Italian parchments. There was a masonic pyramid of pure gold eight inches high studded with jewels, also other masonic emblems, and items of value too numerous to mention. There was one object which deserves particular mention: this was a silver five-pointed star ten inches across. A diamond was set in its centre, its radii were encrusted with gems, and its effect upon the eye was overpowering.

In a silken pouch I discovered a globe of Japanese crystal having silver wings. This crystal was no less than five inches in diameter, and resembled a mass of purest water.

A bale of priests' robes and a pair of silver candelabra closed the list. These latter were doubtless a portion of plunder taken from some Romish church.

Having safely stowed away the chest's treasures, we turned our attention to obtaining a supply of fresh water. To cooper our casks and fill them occupied four days; then we weighed anchor and stood away for Agulhas, the very southernmost point of the continent of Africa. That remarkable headland was doubled without any unusual event happening, and on the twenty-eighth day we called off St Helena for water and fresh vegetables; and after a voyage of one hundred and seventy-seven days, on June 11th, 1767, we came to anchor in the harbour of Amsterdam, with its old familiar dikes, canals and bridges, and sand-dunes, and with the kindly sunlight gilding the spires and roofs of the dear old Rathhaus.

As owners of the bark we received from the collector a receipt covering the contents of the sea-chest. Promptly the Dutch Government divided the valuables *pro rata* among the owners, officers, and crew; even the cook and cabin-boy received their portion.

My father and I purchased many curios and valuables from the sailors, which are to this day safely retained as sacred mementoes in the Van Giesendam family; and they will, I trust, remain such for future generations.

One fact I will mention which has ever been kept a secret in our family; that is, when the chest was opened on the deck of the bark at St Gobbo, among the many articles hereinbefore mentioned I found and retained a package weighing about three pounds. This I opened secretly in my cabin the same night. After removing three wrappers of tarred canvas and a thin leaded paper covering, I discovered a book ten inches long by five inches wide, which proved to be the most remarkable volume I have ever set eyes upon. Its stout covers of Italian leather, closed by means of a very curious silver clasp, were stamped originally with gilt embossing, which had lost its former brilliancy through a very long period of disuse. Its pages were of that peculiar kind of vellum or parchment for which the Italians were so celebrated in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and these vellum pages were perfectly preserved in every way. The title-page was beautiful to behold, as it was engrossed by a master-hand in brilliant colours, and this fact gave to it the true flavour of Florentine art. This remarkable book had its origin on the sea. It was developed, not in Florence, or Pisa, or Venice, as one might readily suppose, but the wide, boundless sea claimed it; for at the bottom of its title-page we find inscribed in gilt letters:

'OCEANUS,'
A.D. 1694.
Scripsit Guiacomo Guardiano.

Doubtless this singular work was engrossed and compiled on the high seas by the Italian whose name is mentioned above. By his own account in the preface, Guardiano was a native of Pisa, born in 1629, and had been liberally educated at the University of Bologna. After leaving Bologna he entered a Spanish warship, and became lieutenant on board the *Carolo Secondo*.

In 1660 he, with a score of followers, seized a small brig in Valencia, and sailed for Mexico to cut off certain Spanish galleons bound with treasure for Spain. For thirty years, under various names, he roamed the seas, a reckless, daring pirate. His autobiography written in this book reads like a novel. He was a clever scholar, and was conversant with the languages of Spain, England, and Italy. The language employed in the preparation of the book is, strange to say, in very fair English.

Here is to be found a tabulated list with names of English, French, and Spanish, as well as other vessels burnt or destroyed over a period of many years. There are finely executed charts of coasts along the shore-line of Mexico and New England, also of localities along the fringe of the Indian Ocean, and many islands of Polynesia, together with accurate soundings in many harbours.

There are memoranda of various landmarks where this daring pirate had buried 'certaine windfalls' of treasure. Doubtless even at this day these marks might guide a clever mariner to a small fortune. This singular book also contains a remarkable table of logarithms for computing lunar and solar observations, also telling how to find a ship's position on the ocean when sun, moon, and stars are obscured. The drafts of ships, mountains, landmarks, and palm-trees appear like engravings. Very interesting is the draft of the harbours of Manila, Hispaniola, Vera Cruz, Batavia, and others in the Far East. His pharmacopœia is very cleverly arranged, and his method for allaying fevers and for curing calentures is novel but efficacious.

There are many sea-songs jotted down, which appear to be written in a different handwriting from the other parts of the book. These are unique and quaint ditties, no doubt the precursors of later songs; a few even seem to foretell the immortal Dibdin, that king-songster of the jolly, roving sailor.

I will not prolong the description of this wonderful volume. The Van Giesendams treasure it as if it were gold. It has been preserved through five generations, and I trust my descendants will never part with it.

Among the names which this sea-rover assumed was one alias, Hansius Rupertius. From the State archives of Antwerp we learn that the above-named pirate was hanged in chains in that city on July 27th, 1696, or two years later than the date of the book. The night previous to his execution he confessed to a Romish priest that the most precious of all his buried treasures would be found on an island two days distant from St Paul's Island (he did not give the position of this island). No less than three expeditions were fitted out secretly by certain knowing ones of Antwerp to recover the treasure, but all to no effect.

What others had sought for in vain at great expense and trouble we had unexpectedly discovered while we were merely looking for ferns and fresh water.

THE MAIDEN STACK.

This is a Northern legend, told
When nights of winter are dark and cold;
Told in the peat-fire's kindly glow—
This wild love-tale of long ago!
While far to seaward the waves fall back
From the desolate spires of the Maiden Stack.

A MAID was she, of mortal maids most fair;
Prouder, alas! than mortal maid should be.
Around her ivory bosom fell her hair
Rippling like sunlight on a summer sea,
And under level brows her steadfast eyes
Gazed cold as when on snow the wintry moonlight lies.

So much she scorned love and life's homely ways
That on a fearful island-pillar's head
She lived aloof her lonely nights and days,
Where never foot save hers had dared to tread;
And vowed the man might win her who should dare
Climb the grim pathless steep, and clasp and kiss her there.

One night the moon full-orbed hung in the sky,
And the shamed stars had vanished in her light;
The tide, bound in her silver slavery,
Crept upward with a marge of foamy white;
Only the narrow strait lay, sullen-black,
Between the mainland and the towering Maiden Stack.

And from the height the Maiden's eye could know
Each reef and skerry to the open main;
And backward, up the narrow winding voe,*
The cloudless radiance showed each patch of grain
Pale on the barren slopes; and, close beside,
Poor huts where hearts with love and life were satisfied.

There was no voice of any screaming bird,
No swooping heron whistled far below;
In the clear silence not a sound was heard
Save the faint lapping of the tidal flow,
Or far-off booming, like a tolling bell,
Where on the outmost drongs† the vast Atlantic fell.

There sat she on her pinnacle of pride
Binding her hair, without a hope or fear,
And basking in the silence glorified
Of plenteous air and moonlit spaces clear,
When close beside her rang a bitter cry
Full filled with more than pain or mortal dread to die.

Athwart the tufted verge the Maiden hung.
Lo! one had dared all that a man might dare.
Under the eyebrow of the cliff he clung,
Yielding his victory up to dark despair;
Far, far below, his skiff lay like a shell
Amid black teeth agape to grind him when he fell.

O Love-in-Death! passion most purified!
Most all-compelling! Knelt the Maiden there,
She stretched white arms, she drew him to her side;
Then in the glory of her golden hair
He twined his bleeding hands, and, nigh fordone,
Drew down her face. They kissed. Thus was the Maiden won.

M. FALCONER.

* Narrow inlet of sea. † Isolated teeth of rock.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

BYGONE PERTHSHIRE; OR, SOCIAL LIFE FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By Sir ALEXANDER MUIR MACKENZIE, Bart.

PART II.

THE Menzies family of Castle Menzies were truly notable in the forties. Lady (Caroline Norton) Menzies was a splendid old-fashioned Highland lady, with her multitude of dogs, busy among her sheep, and as able to ride from Edinburgh to Rannoch as to lead off in the historic Perth Hunt medley—a remarkable *grande dame*. The late Sir Robert Menzies and his brother Fletcher are associated with the best recollections of the agriculture as of the sport of the day, both indefatigable walkers, Sir Robert having performed many feats in that line. He once, when in the Militia, beat the coach from Perth to Aberfeldy. On another occasion he started from Rannoch with sheep to sell at Fort William, but not choosing to sleep at the Fort, took the road home, missed his way at Loch Ericht, and so on to Dalwhinnie, having twenty miles to walk back to his breakfast at Rannoch.

He had a happy knack of 'hitting the nail on the right head,' to use his own quaint expression; and woe to the wight, be he personal friend or foe, who should make a slip at any of our many county meetings. There happened to be an island in the Tay, a constant source of dispute between Sir Robert and the opposite riverine proprietor, Lord Breadalbane. The latter, in his supposed rights, sent his men to cut and stack the rough hay on the island. The wily baronet bided his time, sent men and carts across the water during the night, and lifted the crop to his own side, writing to thank Lord Breadalbane for being 'so good as to cut and cole his hay for him.' I do not think the hay ever recrossed the water.

Few in Perthshire—ay, and beyond Perthshire—but remember hospitality as practised in that venerable mansion where Sir Thomas Moncreiffe and his beautiful wife, Lady Louisa, held sway. Their much-admired daughters were just growing up—eight—if *moins que les Muses, plus que les Graces*. Sport was of the best, as life was of the merriest. Sir Thomas was *facile princeps* as a good shot, golfer, and curler, with such comrades as 'Dupplin,' Lord Charles Kerr, and many other well-known sporting cronies. A shoot on Moncreiffe Hill, with its infinite variety, was a white-star day.

John Grant of Kilgraston hunted the Perthshire hounds for many a day, and some notable runs were recorded. I remember seeing the meet on the lawn at Delvine, whence Meikleour woods were drawn, and a good fox took the hunt to Newtyle. The exigencies of farming, wire-fencing, and pheasant-preserving have relegated this sport to the shades. The writer was witness to the murder of a 'tod' at Rohallion in the early sixties, making, by the way, the thirteenth variety of game shot on that day.

Even now in many a Perthshire home are treasured memories of the old risings, and relics of the period are jealously preserved. During the times under review there were living personages who had almost been in touch with the leading notables of the Jacobite period. Among the Jacobite relics, literary as well as material, there is a very fine collection at Blair Castle, made by the several Dukes of Atholl, while the stories of the '15, '19, and '45 are well and interestingly told in the volumes of the *Chronicles of the Atholl and Tullibardine Families*, by the seventh Duke, 1896.

At Meikleour the descendants of the late Baroness Keith and Nairne conserve the Jacobite associations of the place, and the Oliphants of Gask have many a relic to show and story to tell.

At Delvine there is a case of miniatures, gloves, and other relics, together with a 'pardon' to George Mackenzie, 'son to Delvin,' signed 1725, and original letters from Flora Macdonald to Mrs Mackenzie of Delvine. There are many other collections, but notably those at Fingask, where the Threiplands conserved so much of Jacobite spirit and

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loyalty. Among the happiest recollections of the writer are those of the late Sir Peter Threipland and his sisters. The story of the family is well told in a memoir by Robert Chambers, LL.D., in 1853, but some personal and social recollections may well be added. With what pride did the three old ladies —the Three Graces they were called by the wits of the shire—display to their friends the tartan-plaid of Prince Charlie, and the many other relics they and their forebears had gathered together! With what gusto they would sing 'Bonnie Prince Charlie,' 'Awa', Whigs, awa',' and such-like spirited Jacobite ditties! Judge of the consternation when, at a notable conversazione at Edinburgh, these ladies, being asked by no less a good Whig than the redoubtable Fox Maule himself to sing a good Scotch song, struck up 'Awa', Whigs, awa';' and when it was whispered to them there were some strong Hanoverians present, said, 'Would ye prefer to hear the "Wee bit German lairdie"?'

Their faithful serving-man had his ideas on many lately appointed baronets, averring there were in reality but five—all Jacobite—among the first, naturally, he of Fingask. 'But, John, there are more than five.' 'Hoots,' says John, 'the deil tak' the rest.'

I wonder can any one now sing the old song describing the fate of King Arthur's sons, the 'miller,' the 'weaver,' and the third, whose climax is thus described:

And the divil ran away with the little tailor,
Wi' his broadcloth under his airm.

Considerable changes in sporting methods have taken place, a good deal due to improvement in the weapons now used as compared with those of bygone days. The breech-loading rifle and gun have taken the place of the old-fashioned muzzle-loader—its impedimenta of powder-flask, shot-bag, wads, and caps being now replaced by the handy cartridge. E.C. is used instead of the noisy and cloud-obscuring black powder, and quieter shooting, if not better, is the result. But the best-known sportsmen in Perthshire were very loath to give up their muzzle-loaders, shooting with them until the very latest date. Deer-stalking is carried on much as in the days of Scrope, and a description of a day with 'Tortoise' or 'Lightfoot,' as told by that inimitable writer, or a deer-drive in the forest of Atholl, is much on the same lines as in the forties.

The use of the expanding bullet is, in the long-run, more humane to the stag, although possibly not often affording the picturesque 'bay' in a birch-fringed torrent, so beautifully depicted by Landseer in his illustrations to Scrope's work.

Grouse-shooting in those days was exclusively over dogs, and driving was practically unknown. Lodges were models of Spartan simplicity. To recount a brief personal recollection of the ways of the forties:

About the end of July preparations would be made for a migration from the Stormont to the Pass of Drumochter—'a pairfect exodus,' quoth my old nurse—forty miles distance over the great Highland road to Inverness. The dogs were sent off to walk *viâ* Pitlochry (in which town there was then no slated house), provisions despatched in special carts, and the servants by mail-coach. The family followed in barouche-and-pair, changing horses and postillions at Dunkeld, Moulinearn, Pitlochry, and Dalnacardoch. How we all packed into the then small lodge with its limited accommodation is difficult to understand. We youngsters had to climb to our garret by a ladder. There was a huge peat-stack for fuel; while an outside bothy served as quarters for the gillies, as gun-room, and general store. From the rafters above would depend two polished bullock's horns, one of which served for 'pouther,' and the other for 'mountain dew.' A large roll of pigtail tobacco hung near the door, from which each man would cut his daily allowance. Our own ponies, at that time easily picked out of the droves that traversed the country, would be sent on to carry the panniers.

Renting moors commenced, I believe, about 1809, and to illustrate the increase in rents, that of Drumochter was about eighty to ninety pounds for the season, while now the price paid is about eight hundred pounds, giving at the same time very much improved accommodation as compared with the primitive quarters in the olden days. But down to so late a date as the close of last century stood a shooting encampment of the old style. On the shores of Loch Ericht, opposite gloomy Ben Alder, stood two or three tents which, with a shepherd's bothy, served as sleeping and dining apartments. A heather bed and a peat in which to place the guttering candle served as furniture; the burn acted as bath and basin. Grouse would be calling outside the very door, but you must climb the steep brae behind the camp to secure a blue hare or two, else you went supperless to bed. The host, gallant old Sir Robert, was deadly enough with his muzzle-loader, which antiquated weapon took a good deal of charging, the wads as often as not being supplemented by utilising the scrap of newspaper that, having served as wrapper for the frugal lunch of oatcake and cheese, justified its existence by assisting as part of the charge in dealing death and destruction around.

The off-days would be spent rowing the four-oared boat up to Dalwhinnie loaded with grouse-boxes. The up-to-date sportsman would look in vain for a croquet-lawn, a game of bridge, and the latest edition of the gambling news.

Golf was ever a Perthshire game. Sir Thomas Moncreiffe, George Condie, James Condie, 'Golfing Charlie,' with such professionals as Allan Robertson and Bob Andrews, and whiles Lord Charles Kerr, the late Lord Kinnoull, and Major Boothby, were constant frequenters of the North Inch at Perth. As an offshoot to Perth there was the Delvine course, a good enough round for the clubs in use in those days. The flat-headed driver, 'lang,' 'mid,' and 'baffy' spoons, cleek, heavy (and they *were* heavy)

and light irons, with wooden putter, were alone in use, with the feather ball in lieu of 'gutties,' haskells, or any of the new style of golf-ball.

Salmon-fishing has a strong hold on the Tay, and the present up-to-date fishermen may be congratulated in not having to wield the huge 'flails' that were used in the bygone days. The uncountable and unaccountable collection of 'flies,' together with a quantity of curious 'lure,' give, or ought to give, more chances than we had with such flies only as the 'black dog,' the 'dusty miller,' the 'wasp,' and occasionally a small minnow. Sir John Millais rejoiced in a day at Dunkeld or Stobhall, and John Bright, the people's 'Rienzi,' was 'many a time and oft' seen landing a fish in the lower reaches.

In bygone days a good morning's sport could be had at Delvine stalking wild geese through high broom-bushes, while now not a puckle remains enough even wherewith to fashion a curling-besom.

Once a year the great Perth Hunt meeting of all notabilities in Perthshire, with a few chosen friends from the adjacent kingdom of Fife, took place on the North Inch of Perth.* Races of more or less merit were viewed from the grand stand by ladies of high degree, while the lords and the lairds congregated about the steward's box or the then small ring. The science of racing has never been a Perthshire strong point, and occasionally ironical comments have been passed on 'them 'ighland chiefs' who, arrayed in philabeg and sporran, appeared impervious to the persuasive requests of the professional bookmaker.

In the evening the county rooms at Perth were crowded with 'stalwart men and bonnie lassies,' dancing 'high and disposedly' the dignified quadrille, the trois temps waltz, intermingled with strathspey and reel, finding a climax in the historic medley. This ceremonious rite is still strictly adhered to, and is thoroughly characteristic of the county. A mixture of the dignified minuet and the abandon of the Hungarian *czardas*. In Charles Reade's novel, *Christie Johnstone*, the contrast between the stately crochet of the strathspey and the wild demi-semi-quaver of the 'reel o' thulichan' is graphically put; but the medley of these two is an excellent exemplar: first the slow measure, with dignified action and grace, in its somewhat intricate manœuvre; then to the wild crash of the fiddles, and an accompanying 'Hoch' or 'Heigh,' it is down the middle and back, set to corners, for all the world like the revel in Alloway Kirk, with lads and lassies to fill the place of Cutty Sark. Heavy and thunderous were the suppers and speeches. Rounds of beef, turkeys, and 'jeelies,' washed down by an abominable compound of port wine negus called 'plottie.'† The innovation of the first stand-up supper in 1875 was strongly resented, and was humorously described by Sir R. Menzies in a travesty of the 'Barrin' o' the Door.'

On the close of the ball, at some 'short hour ahint the twal,' it was the custom for the roisterers to adjourn to the Royal George Hotel and finish the night with grilled bones and a bowl of punch to put them in good trim for meeting the Perthshire 'John Peel' in the morning.

Curling was in strong force during last century. In fact, a well-known baronet wrote thus on some important matter: 'Business is all very well, but it must not be allowed to interfere with curling'! It is told of the Dunkeld Club that once, after a match at Blairgowrie, 'the Duke of Atholl was taken away by Bailie —— to his dinner, and we to the hotel. It was getting late, and the late Mr Christie was sent to say it was time for the road. "Oh, Mr Christie," says the hospitable Bailie, "come and sit down.—Annie, a tumbler to Mr Christie." Again the party at the hotel despatched another messenger. "*Même jeu!*" as the French say, and down sits Mr Jack with his tumbler, and so on till the translation was complete, and the whole of the Dunkeld curlers were seated at the Bailie's hospitable board, not to rise till a very early hour "o' daylicht."'

Agriculture in Perthshire has undergone many changes, but always on the line of advance, as testified by the fine breeds of all classes of stock and the heavy and well-cultivated crops of cereals and roots, aided by improved transport and intelligent use of hand-labour-saving machinery. 'Pity the puir whāāls,' an old lady cried when she heard that a new illuminant was to take the place of the evil-smelling oil-lamps of old; and each new machine received its anathema as tending to displace manual labour. 'There's the wives coming doun to brak yer machine,' the present writer heard when he brought the first reaper into the Stormont, the said 'wives' being anxious to 'sheer' the hay and corn crop with the antiquated hook or sickle. Yet what farmer would not secure his crop with a reaper and binder if he had the chance of working on the more speedy system?

The abolition of the law of hypothec, whereby a small farmer obtained eighteen months' credit, for that of forehand rents, naturally changed the character of the applicants for farms, the former class pledging their skill and hard work, the latter finding the necessary capital for a rent to be paid before the crop is disposed of. Discussing the expediency or legality of this method of charging a rent on this security, says a supporter of the system: 'Man, it has divine authority. How could Adam pay his rent until he had reaped his first crop' (of apples)? The change was inevitable to satisfy all interests; but there are many now successful farmers who owe their start and present position to the humble law of 'hypothec.'

A review of agriculture, and indeed of most of the

* The proper distinction used to be 'Princes of Perthshire' and 'Folk of Fife.'

† Why so called no one knows, but in *Jamieson* to 'plot' is to burn or scald.

social life of the county, would be incomplete without some reference to one who for many years was a singularly happy link between all classes. The late Mr James Small of Dirnanean, a typical Highlander, as much respected for his sound judgment in matters of business as beloved for his kindly, helpful nature, was a prominent man in the fifties and sixties, as in all meetings, county, sporting, or social, he was ever a useful and joyous spirit.

Time and space do not allow of more pleasant reminiscences, and some, indeed, may have been omitted or unduly curtailed; but even this imperfect sketch may recall memories of bygone days, and I would fain hope that he who has to record the events of later years may have as pleasant a task as this one has been. If we have not marched as speedily as some might wish, we have not walked over a precipice. If 'human natur'' has caused us to see life not exactly 'eye to eye,' it has not plunged us into revolution; so may each of us say, 'Meant well, tried a little,' (even though) 'failed much,' * from our hearts believing,

> If each of us will do his best,
> God Almighty does the rest. †

A STORMY MORNING.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE shooting expedition to Longmarsh after duck and wildfowl, the long walk home in the dusk, and the pleasant talk had drawn Lord Harlestone and Betty very much together, and insensibly a new phase of the friendship between them was entered on.

She attracted him immensely; not so much by her beauty, though that was undeniable, but her charm was so great. Who can analyse charm, and say in what it consists? It is quite independent of beauty, some lovely women lacking it completely. Betty was such a strange mixture of joyous child and pathetic woman, with a note in her soft voice that sometimes reminded him of the birds on the lonely shores of the remote land where her race had reigned so long. There was a queer little dignity about her, very taking, and she never giggled, or clipped her words, or talked slang, or made faces of fascination.

In Betty's eyes he stood out detached from the throng at Brayborough, a tower of strength and comfort in the house, where the guests did not trouble much about any one or anything which did not directly concern themselves and their amusements. He had a way, too, of being at hand at moments when Betty felt lonely and in need of a friend.

Lady Forsyth's letters, interviews, visits, dress, card-playing, and naps took up all her time; and though most kind and affectionate always to Betty, she did not interest herself in the girl, or try to find out how it was with her, what she was doing, what friends she was making. A childless woman, and not wishing it otherwise, the mother-feeling had been left out of her composition altogether. There are many such women.

Lord Forsyth's time was likewise fully taken up with innumerable matters connected with his estate, position in the county, horses, hounds, and a thousand things; but he kept a kindly and watchful eye on Betty, and had her with him as much as was possible, picking his company for any out-of-door arrangements, exclusive of hunting, in which she could join, Lord Harlestone being always included; the two men, despite difference in age, being staunch friends, liking and respecting each other.

The result of all this was that Betty and Lord Harlestone were much thrown together, and she had drifted into a habit of turning to him, consulting him, and appealing to his opinion on many points as a matter of course.

Will it be believed when I say that the thought of love in connection with Harlestone had not entered her head, though his companionship had become so necessary to her, and so much part of her life, that she sometimes said to herself, 'What should I do if Lord Harlestone were to go away? He is so good to me.' And his handsome, high-bred face rose before the eyes of her mind.

In some ways Betty was more like a boy than a girl. Her bringing-up chiefly in remote Dunscaith, without the companionship of other girls, often so unwholesome—I might say poisonous in many ways, with prurient discussions, burning curiosities, and vague longings—Jack and she counterparts of each other in most tastes and pursuits, had left her mind a white sheet as far as questions of love and marriage were concerned.

Lord Harlestone was quite unaware of his own feelings towards her. I do not think aforesaid thoughts come into the mind of a man as they do into the minds of most women so quickly and with such concentration. If they did in passing, he put them aside with a scoff; but his hand thrilled at the soft clasp of hers when they met in the morning and parted at night. He gave himself recklessly to the moment and to the pleasure he felt in the society of one so fresh and real as Betty. He was a mighty hunter, not a marrying man, he told himself, and a trip to the Pamirs, with visions of big game, and so on had been much in his mind. Lately they had taken rather a back place, and Betty's little face, with its serious look and brown eyes, came oftener before him than the great horned creatures to whom he had been faithful for so long.

* R. L. Stevenson. † Browning.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE southerly wind and the cloudy sky and the hunting morning were all there at last. The thrushes and blackbirds pulled long worms out of the lawn, and chortled over them among the evergreens. Soft gray clouds, with a white light behind them where the sun was, covered the sky. Many drops were on the thorns, and a smell of earth and dead leaves in the air.

The meet was at the house—a pretty sight always; the non-hunting ladies, beautifully arrayed in velvet and fur, on foot and in carriages; horses, horribly fresh after the frost, squealing and arching their backs like cats; saddles feeling very hard and slippery; rough-riders on plunging young horses; the inevitable boy on the pony, in every one's way; the beautiful sleek hounds, calm and expectant; the huntsman, purple of face and civil of tongue; the whips, smart and workman-like, making strange remarks to the hounds, particularised and emphasised by far-reaching lash: who does not know it all, down to the glasses of cherry brandy so difficult to imbibe on a fidgety horse? But with dear Whyte-Melville's inimitable volumes sitting on their shelves in serene superiority, unapproachable in their descriptive power of this wonderful and most attractive of sports, who shall dare take pen in hand and give a history of a day with hounds? So let us humbly try and relate little things that happened.

Betty was to ride Erl King, a great, raking chestnut that required some riding. He was a magnificent fencer, and with her light weight on his back, would make little indeed of the stiffest country. She came down to breakfast looking trim and sweet and fresh as a rose—a white rose always!—her well-fitting habit and neat little boots perfect and correct. The Miss Pegrams looked at each other. They had settled in their own minds that the Fitzhugh girl would certainly not be likely to ride.

'How should she, living up there? I suppose a bareback pony is about all she was ever mounted on,' they said sneeringly.

Of course the Miss Pegrams rode. They did everything; but, as they confided to each other, they only liked riding horses 'that did not do anything.' The latest kind of habit always had a place in their huge dress-baskets; but on this occasion Lord Forsyth had said he would be unable to provide them with mounts. They had omitted to tip the groom on a previous visit, so that worthy had reported to Mr Leather, the stud-groom, that 'them Miss Pegrams always gives 'osses sore backs;' which remark had percolated to his lordship's ears, to be made a note of.

'There are a couple of crocks at Braybridge livery stables, if you and your sister like to hire, Miss Pegram,' he had said. 'They can both gallop and jump. Several people from here have ridden them.'

So, as they did not like to be left out of anything, the 'crocks' had been sent for, and at that moment were kicking up the gravel outside.

'I suppose you have not had much practice, Miss Fitzhugh,' said Ida Pegram as they stood over the fire in the drawing-room warming their boots. 'If you like you can ride about with Mabel and me. We do not follow on strange horses that we know nothing about,' she said sourly.

'Thanks,' said Betty. 'I always ride with Uncle Forsyth.'

'Come along, Betty,' said his lordship, putting his head in at the door. 'Run and put on your hat. We will mount in the stables. I have had your sandwiches and flask of horrid cold tea put in the saddle, dear.—I think your nags are at the door, Miss Pegram.'

Uncle and niece betook themselves to the stables by the covered way that led to them from the dining-room. Betty patted the shining neck of her splendid mount.

'You'll find the King a bit skippy after the frost, miss,' said the stud-groom as he swung her into the saddle. 'But, lor'! that won't make much odds to you,' he said to himself, looking after her admiringly as she and her uncle paced out of the stable-yard.

Lord Harlestone joined them on the lawn.

'Well, you have got a few stone in hand, Miss Fitzhugh,' he said.

Erl King snatched at his bridle and executed a little dance. A shade of anxiety crossed Harlestone's face.

'Leather said Erl King was a bit skippy,' said Betty, with a joyous laugh; 'but he'll soon settle down when they find. He's such a darling!'

And the great horse arched his neck as if he understood.

The Miss Pegrams were seen approaching. They did not look their best on horseback, sitting up to their pommels in an ungainly manner, and their hats never looked as if they would remain on their elaborately dressed heads. The 'crocks' were not behaving very nicely either; horses always take advantage of nervous riders, and they grunted and squeaked, and made mild attempts to buck. They were excellent, useful creatures, with not an ounce of vice between them, and they loved hunting and hounds, and wanted to gallop and jump and enjoy themselves, and they did not like the Miss Pegrams.

Ida Pegram clawed at the reins. Her animal curveted up against Erl King's glossy flanks, which he resented.

'I think you should ride him on the snaffle, Miss Pegram,' said Betty kindly. 'I know he is supposed to have a very good mouth.'

Ida Pegram turned green with rage and fear.

'There is Uncle Forsyth beckoning,' said Betty to Lord Harlestone. 'They must be going to move.' And they trotted up to his lordship, leaving the Miss Pegrams to their fate.

Mrs Williams had accepted a mount from young Hamond of the Guards, to his enormous pride and delight, not quite unmixed with misgiving. The animal was an excellent hunter, with a very light mouth.

'He will jump anything you put him at; but you must leave his head alone,' he said as she put her foot in his hand preparing to mount. With dismay he observed a nasty little spur on her heel, but did not like to say anything.

The bay gave a plunge as she settled herself into her saddle, and he saw that there was no fear of her being unseated easily.

'Preserve us, what hands, though!' he said to himself. 'He won't face a hurdle if she pulls him about like that,' as Mrs Williams pranced about, turning to this side and that to show off her figure, and patting the bay's shining neck, on which the veins stood out.

The hounds at last moved off. It was a bad scenting day, and the crowd headed the fox more than once. The coverts near the house were drawn for the best part of the morning, which suited a great many people very well indeed. Cantering across grass fields, trotting down muddy roads, thronging through gateways, regardless of the heels of kicking horses, advertised though they might be by the warning ticket in the rider's hatband. One thrusting young farmer got a resounding smack on the knee-cap from the iron hoof of a young thoroughbred ridden by a second horseman, and his language scorched the air. Little fences taken at a fly by some who rode to sell. On went the hunt.

'Hang this coffee-housing, Betty!' said his lordship as they sat on their horses outside a covert. 'Hark! what's that? They've found, by Jove! and I do believe we shall be in for a good thing yet. He is sure to break at that corner, please the pigs. Come along. There, I told you so; there is a hat by that gate!'

They jumped a small fence, and settled themselves down with beaming faces into their saddles. The field had thinned considerably now that the real business of the day had begun. Some went home; some rode down lanes to points they knew of; some, bolder, followed lines of gates, earnestly hoping none might be found to be locked. The second horsemen rode in groups, posting themselves on any rising ground they could find. Hounds were running well and fast, there was no doubt of that.

A rough-rider, schooling a young horse, came crashing along, making a big hole in a stake-and-bound fence, and getting over with a scramble into the same field with the hounds.

Mrs Williams, sitting down well in her saddle, came tearing across the same field. A saw at the bay's mouth, a vicious application of the spur, both as unnecessary as cruel, and he refused the fence.

'D——!' said the lady, bringing her crop down savagely on his glossy shoulder. 'Look at that beastly girl. How I hate her!' as Betty, with a joyous smile on her lips and a light in her eye, steadied her great chestnut for the fence, which he flew like a bird. 'And look at that fool Harlestone following her,' continued Mrs Williams, with another whack on her horse's neck.

History does not say whether she eventually surmounted the obstacle; but she appeared at the tea-table that evening in a still more beautiful tea-gown than usual, with yet blacker lashes, quite as pleased with herself as ever.

It was a real good thing, as Lord Forsyth had hoped and expected it would be, and but few saw it out. The brush was presented to Betty. Erl King had carried her splendidly, making nothing of her light weight over the osiers with which that part of the country was well supplied, and she rode him with judgment and care, as if she loved him, and he responded gallantly.

She, Lord Forsyth, Lord Harlestone, and Mr Hamond rode home together, and Lord Harlestone did not think much of the Pamirs that evening.

Young Hamond rather moodily wished that he had not wasted a day's hunting by lending one of his string to Mrs Williams. He had been told of her difficulties at the fence by a kind friend (there always is one), and knew pretty well what had happened to poor Cherry, his bay hunter, and who was in fault. It was not Cherry.

(To be continued.)

FISH-HOSPITALS.

A LITTLE trout that inhabits the New York Aquarium, while jumping for a minnow, chanced to strike its nose against the glass wall of the tank in which it was kept. The accident caused a sore spot to form, which was noticed by the watchful keeper. At once he sent for the man who is called the fish-doctor, and the little trout was taken to the hospital.

It may seem strange that fish can be treated in a hospital; but this forms a very important addition to the New York Aquarium, which is one of the largest in the world. It contains fish from nearly every country on the globe, including the species which live in fresh-water as well as salt-water, and ranging from specimens a few inches in length to great man-eating sharks as well as black-fish. When so many varieties are kept in confinement it is a well-known fact that they frequently become injured or afflicted with some disease. Unless of an unusually hardy variety, they seldom recover from the trouble, dying sooner or later. For the purpose of healing injuries and relieving the fish of any diseases which they may contract, this curious

hospital has been arranged. It is divided into regular wards—tanks of water. One is for fish suffering from contagious diseases, so that they can be kept from others. Of course the larger fish are kept by themselves in a 'ward' of suitable dimensions. Another ward is provided for those recovering from their ailments; while the 'surgical' cases, as the fish-doctor calls them, are likewise kept by themselves.

Since the hospital was opened the doctor and his assistants have learned some interesting facts. One is that salt-water is an excellent remedy for many diseases of fresh-water fish, and if they are left in the salt-water a few days or possibly weeks, it often heals sores caused by their striking the aquarium walls or other fish, as well as the growths of fungus, to which smaller fish especially are very susceptible. The salt-water is obtained directly from the ocean, but is weakened by mixing it with a certain proportion of fresh-water, and it is also kept at a temperature about the same as that of the water from which the 'invalid' was taken. On the other hand, if salt-water fish are treated to an occasional bath of fresh-water of the right temperature, it has been found very beneficial for them.

Every care must be taken in removing fish. They must not be touched with the hands except when it is absolutely necessary. Even in using a net, skill must be exercised not to injure the fish. One will understand this when one knows that to take a fish out of water amounts to the same thing as putting an animal or a person under water. Imagine some giant whose hands are as large as your body taking you from a nice warm bed and suddenly plunging you into a pool of cold water and holding you submerged for several minutes. That is the sensation of the fish brought into the air. So the transfer of an injured fish from one tank to another must be done gently and quickly.

The most common disease among fish is the growth of fungus. If not properly treated, the fungus will spread over the body of the fish till it dies. A wall-eyed pike, for instance, had its gill and one side of its body almost covered with fungus when it was taken to the hospital; but the disease soon showed signs of yielding to the treatment. Pickerel are the most susceptible to fungus formations. The common brook-sucker is the most stubborn in yielding to treatment when disease has once taken possession of it. Trout and salmon were formerly troubled very little with disease, but they are now seen in quite large numbers under the care of the fish-doctor. The carp is an exceedingly hardy fish, and is seldom sick. The goldfish is usually in good health, but occasionally has inflammation of the gills. This is precisely the same affection as inflammation of the lungs in a human being, and leads ultimately to consumption and death. When the goldfish once gets this disease there is no cure for it.

The men who handle the fish actually believe that when those which are sick are taken to the hospital they seem to realise that their keepers are doing all they can for them. Although some of the fish are very savage in their normal state, once put them in the accident-ward and they become subdued and peaceful. Many fish of different varieties are often placed in the same tank in the hospital, but none of the patients attempt to make it unpleasant for the others. Some of the fish are treated for wounds they receive in fighting. Once two sturgeons became involved in a fierce fight. Before the keepers had discovered the disturbance the fish had cut each other with their lance-like bones. They were placed in the accident-ward, where one died. The other, although badly cut in various parts of the body, recovered, and is now back in his old tank.

The surgical operations form the most remarkable treatment of the fish sent to the hospital. In very bad cases of fungus growth, the foreign substance is removed by the knife. Sometimes abscesses are lanced, but it is seldom that these operations prove successful, and they are only resorted to in extreme cases. Frequently, however, fishes are operated on when their air-bladders fail to perform their functions. A deep-sea bass lost complete control of his air-bladder. Of course he was helpless. He turned over on his side and could not sink, as the sac was filled with air. He would have soon died in his helpless condition, as his gills were above the surface of the water. The bass was taken up carefully and a surgeon's needle inserted just behind the pectoral fin into the air-bladder. The air escaped, and the bass was again able to manage himself. A few days in the hospital tank healed the puncture in the air-bladder, and then he was as well as ever.

The reason why the air-bladder becomes unmanageable is principally due to the rapid manner in which the fish is pulled out of the water when captured. It is brought quickly to the surface with its mouth open. When it is caught, its air-bladder is filled with water so as to enable it to maintain its specific gravity at a great depth of the sea. The suddenness with which it is jerked to the surface prevents it from properly ejecting the air, and congestion is the result. Under these circumstances the fish suffers out of water much as a person does when drowning. The conditions, although reversed, are similar in effect. So it is proper to speak of a fish having been drowned.

A treatment for deep-sea fish when they are unable to expel the air in their bladders is massage. A young shark and a dog-fish were once doctored in this manner with the most satisfactory results. They were unable to expel the air from their air-bladders, and would have soon drowned had relief not come promptly. The operator—one might properly say the masseur—grasped the fish firmly by the tail with the left hand, and, drawing its body out of the water upon a shelf reaching into the tank, allowing the head to remain submerged, massaged the back of the gills toward the nose.

After a few minutes' action of the hand, the air was forced out of the bladder and rose to the surface in a series of bubbles. When liberty was given to the fish, it swam away as if nothing had happened.

The habits and peculiarities of the fish in the aquarium have become so well known to those in charge that they are able to note every symptom of disease. This watchfulness is the means of saving the lives of many of the specimens placed there. One may tell by the countenance of a man if he is feeling distressed, and symptoms may be observed in fish. A black bass dying from asphyxiation becomes pale in colour, but five minutes after death resumes its natural colour. By close study, certain peculiarities have been observed in all the species, and it is through these indications that the 'doctor' keeps his charges in such good health and nurses many of them back to health.

The temperature of the tanks is closely watched. For the tropical fish a temperature of from seventy-two to seventy-three degrees is maintained. For the semi-tropical fish that come to these waters in July and August the temperature is kept at sixty-eight. For fish that remain in the waters about New York the natural temperature is continued. Fish like the striped bass are easily cared for, as they make their homes in the bays and rivers of New York State the year round. They are, however, the aristocrats of the finny tribe, as they summer at the seashore, and when the cold weather comes, move to their winter homes up the rivers.

When a fish is nearly well he is taken from the other patients in the hospital and placed in a convalescent tank. Sometimes it is not safe while he is convalescing to put him in a tank with other fish, especially if he is of a pugnacious nature, for then the old desire to fight will come back to him. The angel-fish—whose name, by the way, belies his habits—is a good example of this. One of these fellows was recently sentenced to solitary confinement in the aquarium because he was so vicious in disposition that he killed two of his mates.

THE BOXER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER IV.

'MACPHERSON had been struck under the breast-bone, and the blade had run deeply into the upper part of his left lung. Evidently his assailant had aimed at the heart, and a slight swerve on Macpherson's part had saved him from instant death. Alice knew nothing of it until the following evening. Completely worn out with her unusual exertions, and with the sorrow, silently borne, arising out of the uncertainty as to what had happened to Robbie; soothed also by the gentle ministrations of her own countrywomen, to which she had long been a stranger, she slept soundly, and only asked for her husband when she awoke wonderfully refreshed late on in the afternoon. She was thankful that his life had been spared. Again I noticed that while suspense played havoc with Alice's nerves, when she was brought face to face with actual calamity she pulled herself together, and became calm and steady. No more devoted nurse could Macpherson have had than his wife. He would have been gone long ago but for her assiduous attentions. He would never have left the Legations alive. And Alice herself, now that there was another pressing call for her sympathy and service, did not brood so much over the absence of her child.

'My work was cut out, along with that of the others, in defending the Legations. We were fiercely set upon by the swarming rabble, and we had to beat them off time after time. Our greatest fear arose from the attacks of the regular troops. Their efforts to capture the Legations were more systematic, and they were armed with modern weapons. But so long as our ammunition lasted we were confident that we could hold out; and we were hoping every day, and sometimes against hope, that the relief expedition would reach us ere we were reduced to our last cartridge.

'These attacks were made mostly from the surrounding streets and buildings, and not from the open ground beyond the city wall. We were fairly free from molestation on that side. The wall was too strong and high, and the ground before it too exposed, to give them any chance of success there. But within the city, in the narrow streets and among the angular buildings, they were sheltered, and could shout their execrations, and wave their banners, and fling their weapons, and fire at us without running any great risk themselves. For, notwithstanding their belief that the initiatory rite into the Doubled Fists of the Heavenly Harmonies had made them invulnerable, they showed a careful regard for their skins and a wholesome dread of the leaden messengers that swept aside their magic and laid them in the dust.

'One beautiful evening, ten or twelve days after our entry into the Legations, my attention was drawn to two people, a man and a woman, who were gazing toward the city wall. As soon as they saw that I had noticed them, the woman made a sign as if to detain me, and they came nearer. They were in Chinese costume. The man was armed in the Boxer fashion: a huge sword depended from his belt, and a dagger like the one which had been used against Macpherson was thrust into a handy sheath by his side. I examined them through the binoculars. The man's features were hidden beneath the broad brim of his conical hat

and the woman's face was muffled in a wrapper. What they wanted with me I could not imagine. I kept them under the surveillance of the glasses until they were close under the wall. There, after a whispered word or two, the man left her, and retired to a point of vantage whence he could survey the whole length of the wall that formed the outer limit of the Legations. By his movements I gathered that he had posted himself there to watch against the approach of any one at all likely to bring them into trouble, and to warn his companion.

'The woman threw aside her wrapper and lifted her face. I had no need now of the binoculars. I knew her at once.

'"Tsie!" said I, in perfect amazement. Then, my mind leaping immediately to her promise, while a sudden fear clutched my heart, "Where's Robbie?"

'"Quite safe," she replied. "It was him I came about. He is in the city, in the care of those who will do him no harm."

'"Why have you not brought him?" I asked, greatly relieved.

'"I could not. I dared not until I knew that I could see you, or my master or mistress, or until I could send a message to one of you. I scarcely dared to come myself. My father brought me."

'Ah! here was the secret source of Tsie's information about the movements of the Boxers. Her father! He was one of them. But his love for her, daughter though she was, must have been stronger than his hatred of the foreigner, stronger than his attachment to his curious spiritual creed.

'"We are running a great risk," continued Tsie, "and we are not at all sure that some stealthy footstep is not following us, and that the prying eyes of a very cruel enemy are not searching out our whereabouts to betray us into the leader's hands. We must be gone. I came to say that at daybreak I will bring Robbie with me if you or the master will be here to receive him."

'"The master cannot, Tsie. He is wounded almost to death."

'"Alas! I am very sorry for him."

'"I will be here."

'"It is well."

'Before I could speak another word she had muffled her face again and was moving toward her father. I watched them till they were gone, and thought, even as they thought, that our brief interview had been unobserved.

'I was on the alert long before daybreak. The same rope that had helped us into the enclosure I had in readiness—upon testing it I found that it ran smoothly over the pulley—and I had secured the assistance of a couple of strong men to whom the weight of Tsie and the child would be the merest trifle. For fear of disturbing Alice and distracting her attention from her husband, who needed all her care, I said nothing to her, but waited with the two men, who were more than willing to serve me when they knew what I wanted them for, eagerly expecting the arrival of Robbie and his faithful nurse with the coming of the dawn.

'As the darkness began to lift I gazed intently in the direction of the nearest gate of the city; but no one was in view. Apparently the whole plain was deserted. The light increased, but still they did not come. It was not yet sunrise. The soft gray dawn, however, was spreading rapidly along the eastern horizon, and I began to be anxious for their appearance. I was afraid lest some unforeseen event had intervened and made it impossible for Tsie to keep her promise.

'Then, almost under my very feet, from a fold in the ground well within the shadow of the wall itself, a shrouded form arose, which I knew instinctively could be no one but Tsie. My instinct was immediately confirmed when I noticed that beneath her cloak she was clasping a heavy burden to her breast. Far afield had I been looking for her, and she was there beneath me, clothed in garments the very colour of the soil, lying close along it, adapting her lithe body to the curve of it, and so motionless that I did not detect her presence at all. She must have been there half the night, with Rob sleeping in her arms.

'Swiftly, suspiciously, she glanced around her, and then slipped like a shadow to the place where the rope would fall.

'"Ready, Tsie," said I as the seat swung beside her.

'"The child is asleep," said she.

'"All the better for that. Bring him up. We are quite ready."

'"I cannot bring him. You must fetch him, please."

'"But you are coming too, Tsie?"

'"No; it is forbidden."

'"Forbidden! How? Why? You must come, Tsie. You will be safer here. Don't wait."

'"I cannot come," she responded sadly. "It is I who must say, 'Don't wait.' I cannot send him up asleep, and if he were awake I should have to tie him securely to the seat. No; it will be better for you to come down for him. But come down quickly, please;" and there was a tone of insistence as well as entreaty in her words.

'Without more ado I had the rope drawn back, and descended, and Tsie was about to place the sleeping child in my arms; but I demurred to receive him in so summary a fashion. There was that in Tsie's face which told me she would flee as soon as she was rid of her charge, and I had made up my mind, if it were possible, to persuade her to enter the Legations and resume her place at Alice's side. When she saw me hesitate she seemed bewildered for the moment; then she glanced fearfully along the wall, again held out the child, indeed almost thrust him upon me, and, because I would not take him, appeared about to place him on the ground beside me and flee after all.

'"What are you afraid of, Tsie?"

'"Of the man to whom I am betrothed—my father's enemy and mine, and the enemy of my master and mistress, and of little Robbie here, whom he would kill."

'"Your betrothed, Tsie! I did not know that you were betrothed."

'"Yes, when I was very young. It is the custom of the country. We should have been married a long time ago; but I loved my master and mistress, and the child, and the marriage was delayed. My father would not force me, and I would not leave those who had saved my life. Then the child was even as my own. So the man began to hate me, and became an enemy to all of us. But everything is different now. My father says that when the child is gone he may take me, and perhaps he will change. Whether or no, I shall be his, and he can do with me what he pleases."

'"But, Tsie, this cannot be. You cannot give yourself to an enemy."

'"It is my father's will, and we are betrothed."

'"You say he would kill the child."

'"Yes!"

'"Perhaps it was he who nearly killed your master."

'"Yes! I fear it was he."

'"Would you be certain about it if you saw the weapon he used? See, Tsie, this is it;" and I took it from my belt and showed it to her, in the hope that the sight of the blade would cause a revulsion of feeling, and lead her to place herself under the care of those whom she had served so faithfully, and who would give her a warm welcome again as nurse, attendant, and friend.

'She took the dagger into her disengaged hand, still holding Rob closely to her breast with the other, and carefully examined the haft of it—a bronzed dragon inlaid with silver, and, apart from its personal interest, a curious example of native workmanship. "Yes," said she; "it is his. He must have guessed that you had fled to Pekin, and, failing to trace you on the journey, he must have pushed on to intercept you. He would be on the watch when you approached the city. We missed him after you left, and I was afraid that he had followed you; and since we came he has kept us almost constantly under his eye."

'"And you will marry him, Tsie, knowing what he is?"

'"We are betrothed, and he has waited, and now there is no help for it."

'"That is not so, Tsie. The help for it is to place yourself and the child you have brought in the seat beside you, and when the men have drawn you over the wall you will be beyond his reach."

'"His vengeance would still pursue me, and my father sees no reason why I should not marry him when Rob is with his mother again. And when he knows that the time of waiting is over he may change and become another man."

'"And he may not, Tsie. Probably he will not. A revengeful, bloodthirsty villain such as he seems to be does not readily change."

'"It is my lot, and I must bear it. I have promised my father, and a promise like that cannot be broken."

'She held firmly to this decision, and resisted my most pressing appeals. The delay distressed her. The full morning was upon us, and her eyes were moving anxiously every few moments in the direction of the city gate. Further persuasion was useless. So I took the sleeping child into my arms after she had passionately kissed him, seated myself in the swinging chair, and said, "Remember, Tsie, I am your friend always; and if you need assistance, as I fear you may, do not hesitate to let me know. Farewell!" and we drew away from her as the men hauled steadily at the rope, and she watched us until we were helped over the parapet.

'No sooner were my feet on the top of the wall than a great shout caused me to look over. Two men were running toward the lingering maiden, one after the other, and each brandishing a long, bare sword. Tsie also had heard the shout, and dropped upon her knees. I handed Rob to one of the men. The sudden and rather rough transmission awoke him, but my thoughts were with the maiden underneath. I loosened my revolver, wondering what was about to happen, and keeping my eyes upon the runners. It seemed to me that they were foes, and the one was pursuing the other; but I did not realise the danger that Tsie was in. The foremost of the runners, hearing that the other was gaining, and indeed close upon his heels, stopped, and almost in the same instant turned as on a pivot, with the point of his sword held straight before him. His pursuer, unable to stop himself or to swerve aside, ran violently upon the weapon, and dropped in his tracks without a sound. The impact had driven the blade clean through his body. It had also forced the other man backward, so that he fell, but still retained his grip of the weapon. In a moment he was on his feet again. He drew back the blade and wiped it leisurely on the clothes of the dead man.

'Tsie was still kneeling, and apparently oblivious of what had taken place. She only could have told me whether the slain man was her father or the vindictive rascal to whom she was betrothed; but she never moved. One or the other it must be. I called to her, but she gave no sign. The slayer did not seem to hear me. So I watched him to see what he would do. I have regretted ever since that I did not shoot him off-hand. He came forward slowly to where Tsie was kneeling—so slowly that I was completely deceived, and thought it must be her father. For a moment he stood beside her. He was looking at her; but from the height above him I could not see his face. Then, swiftly, and ere I could prevent it, his sword whirled once in the air, and descended clean across the neck of the kneeling maiden, and her severed head rolled in the dust. But he knew not that his own time had come. Absorbed in his own devilish work, he had never

raised his eyes to the top of the wall. His body fell across the fallen body of the faithful Chinese maiden, with a bullet through his heart.'

It was a tragic finish to Foster's story. The sadness of it kept me quiet for some time. When I had recovered a little I said, 'And what about Yu Hsien?'

'The Governor of Shan-si? Haven't you heard? He gathered all the missionaries who would trust him into the prefectural city of Tai-Yuen-Fu, and housed them in the Yamen, as he wished to house the Macphersons. Without the least suspicion of the Governor's treachery, they dwelt there for a little while in supposed security. But when no more were available, and the time was ripe to carry out his fiendish plan, he turned the Boxers in upon them, and not one remained alive to tell the tale.'

On my way home I called at Nagasaki, and saw Alice Macpherson. Little Rob was with her, but she was mourning the loss of her husband. He did not recover from his wound. Eventually Alice came back to England; and Foster's sister Mary informed me only a few days ago that her brother was returning for a well-earned furlough, and that little Rob was already beginning to call her Auntie.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

PRODUCER-GAS.



VERY day the internal combustion engine is gaining in popularity and extending the sphere of its use. As everybody knows, this type of engine depends for its motive-power upon the sudden explosion produced by the ignition of a mixture of gas and air in the cylinder. The explosion pushes out the piston, which turns the crank of the engine, and the piston on its return forces out the burnt gas and air, and then sucks in a further supply. On its second return journey it compresses this charge of gas and air, and just before the outward stroke the charge is fired either by an electric spark or other means. It will be seen that the motive impulse occurs only once in two revolutions; that is to say, only one stroke in four is effective, the other three being utilised for expulsion or exhaust, suction, and compression. An immense impetus has lately been given to the internal combustion engine industry by the introduction of the producer-gas system, by which it has been proved that from ten to twenty horse-power can be obtained at the cost of one penny an hour for fuel. The gas is produced by passing steam over incandescent carbon, which enters into combination with the oxygen and frees the hydrogen for use in the gas-engine. Complete plants consisting of engine and producer are manufactured by several well-known firms, and recently a number of trials have been conducted under the auspices of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, who wished to ascertain the workability and economy of the process. The report on the subject was signed by Professor R. Stanfield of the Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh. Plants having a capacity of fifteen to twenty brake horse-power at full working load, and also another series of five to eight horse-power, were exhibited and tested by the Society under carefully-thought-out conditions. From the report of the Society we learn that all of the ten complete plants sent in for trial gave remarkably satisfactory and very uniform results (which are given at full length in the report), and demonstrated the wonderfully economical nature of this means of producing power, and also the simplicity and easy workability of the process.

A DAM FOR NIAGARA.

A curious and unique piece of engineering work has recently been successfully performed on the Niagara River just above the falls. Owing to the continual drain upon the water made by the intakes of the various huge electric power schemes, the American and Canadian cities of Niagara Falls have found their own water-supplies seriously diminished. The water-level at their joint intake has fallen considerably on account of the large consumption by the power companies, and it was consequently decided to place a short dam in the river to hold up the water-level to the required point. The problem was how to construct a dam in such a rushing stream, and a novel device was hit upon. A concrete column fifty feet high and nearly eight feet square was built on a massive wooden trestle close to the edge of the waterway. At every eight feet of its height the column was divided by wooden wedges and greased paper, while an exceedingly heavy chain ran down the centre throughout its length. After the concrete had had plenty of time to harden, the whole column was tilted into the stream, and as it fell it broke into a number of huge separate blocks attached to one another by the central chain. The column now lies in a broken, irregular mass at the bottom of the stream, being sufficiently submerged to allow the surface water to pass over. After the column was in the river the depth of water at the intake rose ten and a half inches, which it is believed will be sufficient.

REPAIRS WHILE YOU WAIT.

The enterprising shoemakers who undertake to repair the footgear of the weary traveller while he waits are in danger of being superseded, for by a

recent invention it becomes possible to sole and heel one's own boots in two or three minutes. In the patent boots the soles are attached to the inner soles by means of brass screws inserted in eyelet-holes around the welt. When the sole wears out it is simply unscrewed and a new one screwed on in its place. The heel is treated in a similar manner, except that the screws are driven into the holes in the under-surface of the heel itself, so that they serve the double function of attaching the heel and acting as protectors. The attachable soles and heels are to be sold in standardised sizes. It is stated that the military department of America has ordered sample supplies with the object of having them tested by men on active service.

THE MERCURY VAPOUR LIGHT.

An interesting experiment has lately been tried at the London County Council School of Photo-Engraving and Lithography with a view to determining the relative values for photographic purposes of the light given by enclosed arc lamps and the new mercury vapour lamps. Two Cooper-Hewett mercury vapour lamps specially designed for 'process' work were compared with two enclosed arc lights, the electric supply being continuous current at two hundred volts. Before the experiment, and without the knowledge of the experimenters, an independent electrician tested the current consumption of the two circuits, and found that the vapour lamps took three and a half ampères, and the arcs fourteen ampères. The experiments were carefully conducted, and they were repeated several times. The results in every case indicated that the mercury lights required four times the exposure necessary to procure the same results with the arcs. It would seem, therefore, that, photographically speaking, the two illuminants give, current for current, practically the same result; but that is, of course, no criterion of the visual values of the sources of light. Photographic effects are produced largely by the actinic rays in light, which are of little visual value, and in those rays the mercury vapour light is peculiarly rich. Curiously enough these lamps, simple as they are, are far more expensive than the arc lamps with all their complex mechanism, and the cost of upkeep also appears to be considerable. On the other hand, the light is produced practically without heat, and the simple tubular lamps are convenient to use and reliable in their action.

TRANSPORTATION IN CANADA.

A former resident engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Montreal writes a letter of protest in reference to a recent paragraph in this column dealing with the new railways under construction in Canada. He calls attention to the fact that nine-tenths of the population live within a few hundred miles of the border, on a strip of country stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and for these lines of communication connecting with any part of the world are within easy reach at all times of the year. What is true of the immense tracts of sparsely populated country in the north of the Dominion is by no means applicable to the region —immeasurably more important—with which our correspondent is concerned. We hasten to assure him that the railways of which he speaks with such pardonable pride were not mentioned in our note simply because we were dealing only with the *new* schemes. He says: 'Let the writer come to Canada and travel in the depth of winter in a palatial vestibuled train of sleeping-cars from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with all his meals served as well as he could get them in London or Paris. He might get tied up for a day, but not for six months.' The invitation is alluring, and the writer would gladly accept it but for considerations of time and space. Meanwhile he tenders sincere apologies if he has, most unintentionally, wounded Canadian susceptibilities by an insufficiently discriminating allusion to the greatly differing conditions of Canadian life. We on this side of the Atlantic are proud of Canada—as proud, perhaps, as the Canadians themselves—and certainly nothing was farther from the present writer's intention than to seem lacking in appreciation either of Canada as a country or of the wonderful progress of its people.

A NOBLE BRIDGE.

The immense bridge now being thrown across the St Lawrence River a few miles above Quebec will be in some respects the most remarkable in the world. It will have a single span of eighteen hundred feet clear between towers—ninety feet longer than the two equal cantilever spans of the Forth Bridge. The depth of the river and the necessity for keeping this important waterway unobstructed made the construction of piers impracticable. The importance of the bridge will be gathered from the fact that the river is at present unspanned until Montreal is reached, one hundred and sixty-five miles higher up, and below the city of Quebec the bridging of the river is impossible owing to its great width. There are very important lines of railway on either side of the river, which will intercommunicate as soon as the bridge is complete. The structure consists of a giant cantilever on either shore supporting an immense central span at a height of one hundred and fifty feet clear above high-water mark. The total width will be seventy-five feet, providing space for two steam railroads, two trolley-roads, two highways, and two side-walks, which last are to be placed outside the trusses. The structure will be formed entirely of rolled steel girders, not a single casting being used anywhere upon it.

A FLOATING EXHIBITION.

A company has been formed in New York to equip a steamship as a floating exhibition of American commerce to visit all the principal ports of the world. The idea is to fit up a steamer of about eight thousand tons with exhibition stands on

the various decks similar to those which are familiar at the large exhibitions held from time to time in the big cities of the world. Only exhibits of a genuine and serious character will be accepted, and speculative and doubtful shows are barred. Each person or firm who subscribes for not less than forty square feet of exhibition space will send a representative to arrange their exhibit on the arrival of the vessel at each port, and explain it, quote prices, &c., and generally promote the business of his principal. Accommodation will be provided for two hundred representatives, and three decks will be devoted to the display of goods. It is proposed to visit every port of importance in the world, and upon arriving to invite merchants and others interested to visit the ship and inspect the exhibits. The route mapped out will, it is expected, take about fifteen months to traverse in this manner. The expense of the trip is to be covered by the sale of space to the exhibitors; but it is pointed out that the scheme is set on foot not as a money-making venture, but as 'a dignified, broad-minded plan to further the cause of America's export trade.'

JAPANESE SURGERY IN THE WAR.

Not the least wonderful thing in connection with the recent amazing war is the fact that the percentage of deaths from wounds treated by the Japanese surgeons was only a small fraction of the mortality which is usual. In a very interesting article by Dr Saleeby in *The World's Work* for December, some excellent photographs and descriptions are given of the methods of the Japanese surgeons and nurses. The teachings of Lister were implicitly obeyed, and every possible precaution taken to prevent the ubiquitous microbe from gaining access to a wound. The uniform of the nurses included a head-dress which entirely enveloped the hair—for hair is a favourite haven for bacteria—while the 'bearded surgeon is looked upon as an anachronism.' Dr Saleeby calls attention to the psychological condition of the patients, which was all in favour of successful surgery, and doubtless contributed not a little to the marvellous results. The Jap has absolute confidence in his doctor, and is entirely without apprehensions. Truly they are an amazing people who actually prepare themselves for a battle's chances by taking an antiseptic bath and donning sterilised underclothing, so that when a wound comes it shall at least be clean, with the least possible likelihood of bringing septic poisoning with it. In the same way typhoid and dysentery, which in our own recent war carried off more men than the enemy's bullets, were practically eliminated. The Japanese soldier, however thirsty, obeyed the order not to drink unboiled water, and the commanding officers listened to the advice of the medical men in the choice of sites for camps, &c.

JUMPING-SHEET FOR USE AT FIRES.

Particulars have been sent us of a new jumping-sheet to be used by firemen and others where life is in danger on the upper floors of burning buildings. The contrivance, which is known as J. Hill and Company's Patent Life-Saving Jumping-Sheet, is an ingenious combination of netting and ropes so arranged as to best stand the sudden strains it will be called upon to bear. The whole is covered with strong canvas, preferably white, so as to be easily visible from considerable heights, and is fitted with a number of strong loops or handles to hold it by. The device has been well tested by different fire brigades, and as a result orders have been given for further quantities.

ELECTRICITY FROM WIND AND WATER.

The idea of harnessing the great forces of nature to serve the purpose of man is one which naturally appeals to the commercial instincts of those to whose interest it would be to sell for monetary consideration the power thus apparently obtained for nothing. As a matter of fact, however, most of the suggested schemes are foredoomed to failure because the initial cost of the necessary plant, the expense of upkeep, and the cost of conveying the power from the place of production to the points where it is saleable run in the end into more money than a straightforward steam-engine. The last-mentioned consideration suggests electricity as the cheapest means of conveying power from point to point, but a dynamo must be rotated rapidly, and most of the sources of natural force, though powerful, are slow, and the consequently necessary gearing is wasteful; and so is the conversion from motion to electricity and back again. So the wind spends its force upon the trees and the waves upon the rocks, and save for a waterfall here and there, nature's turbulent strength is still almost untamed to man's requirements. With the immense machinery kept in constant motion by the waters of Niagara we have all been made familiar, and we know how their mighty strength is made to do useful work for hundreds of miles around—led captive by a copper thread. The still mightier Falls of the Zambesi in the heart of Africa are marked for the same fate, and there is even talk of driving the machinery of the Rand with power derived from the Victoria Falls. The question of driving dynamos by windmills is receiving earnest consideration in several countries, notably America and Holland. In this case the problem is not the conveyance of power over large distances—for windmills may be erected almost anywhere—but the storage of the power of the gusts to be available during the calms. Here the electric accumulator naturally offers itself, but it presents the disadvantages of heavy first cost with the necessity of constant skilled supervision. Compressed air has been suggested as a means of storage, and also water in elevated reservoirs; but both involve expensive pumping machinery. Except on such a large scale as would pay for a staff of attendants the wind-driven dynamo does not appear to be economical, and upon that scale the question of distribution expense becomes insistent. A water-

current motor—after the style of a submerged windmill—has been patented in America. It may be driven by the steady current of a river or by the alternating action of the tides, for its vanes are self-reversing. The device appears to be open to the objections already mentioned in connection with other sources of slow though powerful energy. Also from America comes particulars of a compensating shaft designed to convert unequal energy into a steady and useful force, and it is said that so irregular a power as that of the waves acting upon a float may be transmitted to machinery in the form of steady and intermittent motion.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

The Rev. John Watson, South Yell Manse, Shetland, desires to thank the unknown sender of *Chambers's Journal*, and to say that it is greatly appreciated.

IRRIGATION.

India has benefited by irrigation work, while much more remains to be done. Egypt depends almost entirely upon irrigation for its fruitfulness and prosperity. The great dam at Assouan can hold back a thousand million tons of water. There is a proposal to utilise the waters of the Blue Nile and control irrigation of the Soudan, and to complete the irrigation of Egypt. There is much need of installations in some parts of South Africa; at Weenan and Winterton, in Natal, there are irrigation settlements, the last having cost thirty-five thousand pounds. Some six hundred thousand pounds are being spent on the Roosevelt Irrigation Dam for Arizona. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has a scheme for the irrigation of large tracts of land in the neighbourhood of Calgary. The irrigation works of the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company have wrought wonders in Alberta province at Lethbridge and neighbourhood, seven hundred miles west of Winnipeg. Thriving townships are springing up. The company has brought a supply of water from the Mary River in two hundred miles of canals. From the main channel or branches water is carried in a ditch to the highest point of the land to be irrigated, and from the end of the ditch it is admitted over the irrigable area by means of small channels cut by plough, hoe, or spade. What was prairie land, only used for grazing, is now rapidly becoming an area of intense cultivation. Thousands of acres of beet, for sugar, have yielded about five pounds an acre. Australia, which suffers periodically from drought, has found the great benefit of artesian wells, of which Queensland has over five hundred, the deepest over five thousand feet; New South Wales has under three hundred, the deepest four thousand feet; and South Australia has forty. The artesian water is mainly used for watering stock, and partly for irrigation purposes. South Australia has flourishing date-plantations at Lakes Harry and Hergott of over three thousand palm-trees, yielding excellent fruit. The necessity for irrigation and its possibilities are alike endless in tropical climates.

SEUMAS.

LITTLE Seumas sat alone on the long Rock of the Lythe, fishing.

The cuddies were scarce, there was a heavy swell, and Rory Chisholm had taken away his best rod, leaving him one that was bent and twisted and not strong. If a lythe came, or even a big rock-perch——

And the little face puckered at the thought.

It did not matter to Seumas that the sun was setting in a golden splendour over the purple hills of Oravaig, leaving a quivering blaze of glory on the restless waters, and turning the mists of the Long Island to a veil of rose.

He did not heed that the sky above was an arch of dream-like wonder, lakes of a green indescribably clear and bright, rolling masses, hills of cloudland, purple, dove-colour, edged with fire.

And all along the west there stretched one belt of gold, dazzling, gleaming.

Ripples of opal broke on the black rock, washing unheeding bare toes; behind, there was a stretch of hill deep-brown with the peat, crimson where the firelit heather grew.

Far away was a mist of soft blue smoke where the redoubted *cailleach* (Gaelic for old woman) with whom Seumas lived was cooking her dinner.

He must go home now; the colour was fading from the sky and the tide was done.

A little pattering figure, with eyes full of a certain apprehension, he came to the dim doorway, through which the smoke curled. A sharp voice greeted him. The loss of the rod and his want of fish did not improve matters, and it was a very miserable little creature that curled itself up on the bracken-heap, thinking, as it had thought twenty times daily for a hard year, how well it was before the mother and Callum Beag had died, when there was porridge at night and a gentle voice to go to sleep upon.

Next morning broke as mornings can break in those western lands. The clouds had sailed away in the night, and the first glimmer of dawn crept up into a silver-blue sky, against which the great hills stood like cut sapphires.

Then came that first light of gold, warming the cold, clear beauty into something more of life, that the world's children might awake, with their toil and sorrow and poor little spites and angers, in a

less dreadful contrast than that stainless, sinless dawn. Not a breath of wind broke the reflections on the sleeping sea. There were the hills, rose and gold where the dawn-light struck them, purple gloom in the deep corries; there was the sky.

Little Seumas went down to the shore very hungry, for the *cailleach* was not in the mood to give him his breakfast that morning, a thing which occurred somewhat too often.

However, Donald Gillies, off to lift his lobster-creels, was moved to produce a large piece of scone, in which Seumas's white teeth were shortly buried.

He never went to school, the *cailleach* having up to now evaded sending him there on account of his contributions of cuddies to the pot.

She understated his age with a bland, wrinkled face and blinking eyes that somehow conveyed no other impression than that of truth to the mind of the inspector, most casual of men. So Seumas stayed, and sat on the rocks fishing, and walked on the hill herding the cow, and tasted the one rare joy of his life.

Round the bend of the hillside, by the wide amber-and-golden shore of Camas Beag, there stood a house, long, low, white-harled, with red chimney-pots peering through the trees. There lived the idol of Seumas's heart, and others. 'The Lordship,' old and white haired, with kind, keen eyes; 'Ma Leddy,' old likewise, kind likewise, white-haired likewise; and the idol—theirs also—the grandson.

Seumas, for one, could never have described this personage. Too much splendour is apt to dazzle. Perhaps other eyes, strong with the light of noon-day, would have beheld only a tall young man, with a strong, sunburnt face, and very clear and gentle eyes.

A young man, like many others, fishing and shooting and walking, loving the free, fresh air and the swing of the sea, and caring not greatly for books. With a simple people it takes little to please, and Lachlan MacColl gave that little.

The keeper loved him because he was the best shot in Scava. The fishermen loved him because he knew no fear, and steered better than any man in the five islands. The old and the poor and the little ones loved him because he was courteous and thoughtful and gentle as a woman.

On this fine morning of which we write, Lachlan the well-beloved came down to the shore at the same moment as Seumas.

'Well, little man, how are the cuddies?'

Seumas looked up with wide eyes. Mr Lachlan had on the green homespun coat with those wonderful carved horn buttons, and his Sunday kilt—on a Tuesday!

'I am going over in the white boat to Shuna, little Seumas. You may come with me if the *cailleach* will let you. Away to ask her.'

And Seumas flew. The *cailleach* was feeding her hens, and scowled unpropitiously; but when she heard the errand she gave a grumbling consent. The lad would get his food for the day, and if any fish were caught while he was out with the gentleman, he always brought some home.

The soul of Seumas rejoiced within him as his bare feet pattered over the heather to the Rhu Bawn, where Angus was making sail on the white boat.

Mr Lachlan knelt in the stern, fixing the rudder, his black head beaten by the flapping sheet, which Seumas clutched and held. Lachlan looked at the little boy as he settled himself to the tiller, and his face, which was unusually grave, grew rather sad.

'Poor little chap, how thin he is! I am afraid that old scamp starves him, though she was well paid for keeping him after Peggy's death. There won't be any one to see to him after I am gone. The poor little beggar is attached to me, and he won't be happy.' Aloud: 'Seumas, I am going away.' The little boy started, and looked up into the speaker's face as if he hardly understood. 'Going away, little chap; and very soon, too—to-morrow.'

Now Seumas turned away, and a little sniff came which went to Lachlan's heart. Alone in the boat, —for Angus had been left behind—with one hand on the tiller and one keen eye on the sail, he pulled the crouching figure on to the seat beside him, put his arm round it, and spoke rapid words of comforting, home-sounding Gaelic that, truth to tell, by no means arrested the sniffs.

'Soldiers must fight, little man, and the time for that is now. You will be pleased when you see Mr Lachlan coming back in glory, with Rory the piper playing pibrochs before him, and all the dogs in Tynlone barking behind.'

This graphic picture drew forth a smile, and the sniffs ceased.

Very soon a long, green island appeared round the point, and Lachlan tacked across to it, slipping down the sail in the placid waters of a little bay. On the rocks stood a girl, bareheaded and tweed-clad, with a bright, welcoming face, and a kind word for little Seumas.

To Lachlan she said, 'I saw the boat rounding the point, dear, and I was so pleased. I did not think you would be over to-day, as you said you had some business at the farm.'

Mr Lachlan had landed, and Seumas witnessed a very warm greeting that left the rose-colour in 'Miss Morag's' face considerably brighter.

'Seumas,' said the young man, turning, 'will you run up to the house, laddie, and maybe Kirstie will give you a piece.'

Away went Seumas, to spend a very happy day, helping John Coachman to catch the black pony in the park; picking currants for Kirstie, who was not particular as to the exact number deposited in the basket; and, finally, playing a wild game of shinty with little Master Allan, Miss Morag's brother.

Only when the light in the west faded was Seumas bidden to go down to the shore, where he found Mr Lachlan and Miss Morag, both grave

enough now, holding each other's hands very tightly, and looking out to the still, golden waters, the far-off purple hills of Oravaig, and the great quiet of the evening sky.

Long after the boat had slipped away into the Sound—Mr Lachlan's oars leaving golden rings and the keel a wake of fire—little Seumas looked back and saw the dark figure of Miss Morag standing motionless on the rocks.

Mr Lachlan's clear blue eyes looked very sad, and, with the instinct of a loving animal, Seumas crept up and put a tousled head against his knee. The strong, gentle hand that he loved stroked his hair. 'Dear little chap!'

And next day it was all over the island that Mr Lachlan had been summoned away to the war.

The golden autumn was succeeded by a stormy winter. Great waves came sweeping in on the Camas; gulls screamed over the mist-dimmed hills; there was rain, and cold, and terrible shrieking gales that shook the 'great house' and sent the Lordship out to look at the chimney-pots and the trees, and wish, for the ten hundredth time that day, that 'the boy' was at home. Everything made him wish that. The crofters quarrelled; Donald Gillies's red cow chased John Chisholm's mother, producing war to the knife; and there was no kind, firm young master to explain and soothe.

Angus the fisherman found that the boat-house had been opened in his absence, and three of his best lines were gone. 'And indeed it wass a ferry bad thing,' &c. The poor old Lordship groaned wearily.

Others groaned and sighed also: Seumas, and a tall young girl standing in the wind and rain at the end of an avenue waiting for the post-cart.

With Seumas things went badly. The *cailleach* had rheumatism; her bones squeaked and rattled; her temper—— But he could tell tales of that.

One day the thrushes began to sing, and the Lordship, looking up at the sky, said, 'My dear, there will be snow. Please God, the roads be not blocked.' And Ma Leddy thought also of the mail-cart, and echoed his prayer.

But they were blocked. The snow came down in large, soft, white flakes, covering the hill-land and lying deep on dead bracken and tangled heather. It fell swiftly on the great, sharp hills, whose crests rose against the sky, till they looked like ghosts, dim and terrible.

All night it fell—strange thing for that mild, western island—and when, next morning, Seumas awoke there was a drift against the door of the croft that took his little arms two hours to dig through. Four silent days went by, with black skies and an inky sea, the white ghosts towering everywhere; then a change came. The clouds swept eastwards, the sun came out, and there was a hard frost, with a green arch of jewel above a sleeping land. But the roads were hard at last, and dangerous still, yet passable for one of the mail-horses, Dan o' the Letters carrying the precious bag on his back.

When they arrived Seumas was up at the house warming his toes by the kitchen fire. Dan brought in the treasure, and the Lordship opened it there and then, not able to wait till old Maggie should produce her silver tray and carry the letters into the drawing-room in state. As the heap poured out on the floor, the old man bent and picked up a tight roll, tearing off a cover with trembling fingers. Ma Leddy had arrived by this time, and, regardless of the assembled household, all loving and all eager to hear, the crumpled pages of a week-old *Scotsman* were unfolded. There was a dead silence, a strange, stifled exclamation—and the paper dropped. Little Seumas could never explain what came to him in that moment, what strange thing rushed upon him and swept him out of the kitchen, down the steep path, and on to his face in a snowdrift, where he lay unheeded, that dreadful, stifled sobbing in his ears, and the Lordship's stricken face before him.

What did it mean?

And when his question was answered Seumas did not understand. Neither did some one on the long green island; neither did two desolate old people in the house by Camas Beag; neither did old nor poor nor little in Oravaig. All they knew was that a black cloud had come with the snow, and remained, and would remain.

And far away, in a barren, dusty land, a young soldier had fallen asleep with a smile on his face, because he found that though he could not go home to all the love that waited him in Oravaig, he was going, also home, to One who loved him better still.

But Seumas did not know this.

THE OLD SONG.

One weary day I chanced to lift a book,
And turned its pages over one by one,
When with a flash of pleasure, at a look,
I saw a song which I heard long since sung.

Its notes were soft, its melody supreme,
Its pathos lonely, and its passion clear.
I stood aghast as if some pleasant dream
Were passing on too rapidly for e'er.

My eyes were opened now the years were gone,
The singer far away in other clime;
But still the message in the twilight wan
Sang in my memory its sweetest rhyme.

I raised my hand and vowed within me then
I'd haste away across the farther shore;
And so I wandered far o'er peak and ben,
But yet I never found the singer more.

WALTER SMITH.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN DE LONGPRÉ.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

Quand les Français s'ront virair d'bord
Nos murs de cœur de quêne,
Quand j'haîsteron leû tricolor,
J'n'iron pus à la saîne—
À la saîne,
J'n'iron pus à la saîne.

GUERNSEY FISHERS' SONG.

May Frenchies man our oaken walls
And turn us French again,
And may we hoist the tricolor,
If we ever forsake the seine—
The seine,
If we ever forsake the seine.

ON May-day 1812 a smart brigantine lay moored to the quay at St Peter Port, Guernsey. There was no doubt about her quality; she was a privateer; and no one thought the worse of her for that. Britain was at war with France, and the Channel Islands were making a good thing out of it. When patriotism and profit pull together everything goes pleasantly for everybody. No one has ever doubted the loyalty of the Channel Islanders. Their patriotism is an enthusiasm. They are also a practical people. No people on the face of the earth, except the Scotch, have a surer eye for business. On this occasion their hardy seamanship showed them the way, and they took to privateering with a zeal in which duty and rapid fortune-making were nicely blended.

Every kind of sea-going craft was furbished up and armed under letters of marque. Sloops, brigantines, and even small frigates were unkennelled from Guernsey and Jersey—licensed hounds of the Atlantic—and drew every channel and bay on the indented coast of Brittany for their quarry. They were as bold as dogs in their own yard, and would chase the French coasting-vessels right up under the guns of fortified towns, sometimes stealing a prize from beneath the indignant eyes of helpless shore-troops. There were few French battleships about. They were mostly cooped up by the British fleet behind their breakwaters in the great harbours. The English privateer had things pretty much his own way; and if he lost a few ships to the enemy, he usually recouped himself handsomely out of the hauls made by the remainder.

That year 1812 was a notable one. The British soldier had proved his stubborn fighting fibre at Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz; and though news travelled too slowly for Guernsey to have heard of the victories, she could not have been more confident than she was that one Britisher could whip three Frenchmen out of hand. There was nothing uncongenial to the islands in a tussle with France. The sturdy islanders are northerners by extraction and temperament. They speak an older tongue than that of their Norman cousins on the mainland, and practise another form of religion. They dislike nothing more than the thought that the French flag should ever flaunt above their granite cliffs.

Captain De Longpré was giving a farewell dinner on board. He was quite a young man, and he cut a pleasant figure. Short, square-shouldered, and strongly knit, he was born for the sea; one of those men who give you the impression of bigness till you come to count their inches. Captain De Longpré held himself well, not to say aggressively. It was impossible to snuff him out. He was well conscious of himself. He had a fine pair of legs, and he knew it; his back was as straight and as strong as that of an ox, and he let his sailormen know that too. His vanity was immense, but it was of that child-like quality which offends nobody, and tempts everybody to feed it by concessions. On the present festal occasion the captain's front was set off by a gorgeously embroidered waistcoat, with elaborate shirt frills; while his back was fashionably attired in a high-necked coat of a delicate blue, with gilt buttons, and tails. There was a long table on deck beneath an extemporised marquee. On either side of this table sat the ladies—mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and friends of the officers. Between each was a young gentleman in high coat, gilt buttons, and frilled shirt-front. At the head of the table the sanguine face of the captain rose with a

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challenging air out of the white cravat which closely swathed both chin and neck. Suddenly his blue eyes took a grip of his guests and he rose to propose a toast, 'To the sweet lips that will greet our return!' Then he stepped up lightly on to the board, holding masterfully the glances of the bright eyes which flashed upon him, as the driver of a team gathers up all the ribbons in his hand.

Holding a brimming glass of champagne in one hand, and lifting his scabbard clear of the table hamper with the other, he paced his way daintily with out-turned toes down the whole length of the table, gravely stooping and kissing the ladies to right and left as he went. This performed, the well-turned legs, clad in lilac smalls and white silk stockings, made their return backward, toe behind heel, without disturbing decanter or bowl; and so, regaining his chair, he tossed off his wine with a bow to the laughing faces which rosily applauded the feat.

There was no diffidence about Captain De Longpré. He came of a race of French grandees, swaggerers all, but whose swagger was redeemed by their tenacity of purpose—Huguenots and Camisards who had lost title and fortune in their long struggle for their faith. They all of them loved an audience, and never turned their backs upon a heroism. They were chased out of France at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and, settling in the Channel Islands and the south of England, added a fine Gallic strain to the more sober British stock.

After dinner there was a dance; then last good-byes, not wholly without tears; and then night settled down upon the *Julie*.

Somewhere from an open club-window on the quay came the rowdy refrain of a drinking-song:

Chaque jour, le premièr chos' que j'fais,
À ma bouteill' de grog je vais;
Et les vaisins m'entend'nt chanté
Longtemps devant lius déjuné;
Un fais d' grog!
Un fais d' grog!

First thing every morning I
To my flask of grog do fly;
And the neighbours hear me shout,
Long before their breakfast's out,
A go of grog!
A go of grog!

'Ho, ho!' said the captain to the mate, who walked the deck with him; 'I'll wager you won't hear a sound from one of the lazy beggars before we are off in the morning. See that all is ready for a start at sunrise, Mess Le Brun.'

Le Brun, the first-mate, was a thick-set, middle-aged man, with a shrewd, dogged face, long upper-lip, and the obstinate chin of the Norman. He was shaved save for bristly side-whiskers, and his iron-gray hair was tied back with a black ribbon into a tail. He gave his orders, the awning was rolled up, the decks cleared, and with a final look round he disappeared down the hatchway, leaving the quarter-deck to the captain.

That gentleman was in a pensive mood, and began to hum the refrain of the psalm:

'En ceste mer navires vont errant.
There go the ships, &c.'

Then piously concluding the verse, '"These wait all upon Thee"—Ay, ay,' muttered the captain, 'that's true enough. We will not forget that. No, no.' From which it will be properly concluded that these marauders had not the slightest twinge of conscience as to the righteousness of their trade. That they could be considered sea-robbers never once occurred to them. So, the watch being set, Captain De Longpré went down to sleep the sleep of the just.

With the first gray light of morning a couple of boats dropped from the quarter, and with much straining of blue-jerseyed backs, towed the ship clear of the castle-rock into the tideway. There her sails were at once caught and filled out by the brisk north-westerly breeze.

There is no sweeter sight than the roadstead outside St Peter Port. The water is blue as sapphire and clear as a diamond. The granite rocks lie like red minsters upon a dream-sea. The islands seem to float like a fairy archipelago. The *Julie* alone seemed alive as she responded to her helm and swung round upon her course southward.

The men worked with a will, and everything was made taut and shipshape as on a man-o'-war. The only idle figure on board was a boy, a lanky youth with a pale face and large ears, who leaned against the rail, biting his lips sulkily and fixing his eyes on the coast. Him the captain took by surprise, clapping him on the back with a resounding slap, so that he gasped and leaped to attention.

'Hallo, my *coq de gamme*,* what cheer? Eh—what? God bless my soul, stiffen up, man! That's right. Never think of yesterday. You shall see some sport, I promise you; something to brag of when you get back, and make *p'tit* Jean go green with envy.'

The boy muttered something in reply, and stood rather sheepishly. His eyes had a furtive look and did not easily meet his questioner. Truth to say, Guernsey is not a specially safe place for a certain class of youth; and so James Gautier had been packed off for this voyage by an anxious parent, who snatched at a chance to make a man of him. De Longpré, who would never disoblige a friend, took the cub with a shrug of resignation, and handed him over to Le Brun to be shaped into what might be.

Le Brun was an old hand at such work, if not over delicate in his handling. Coming along at that moment, he whirled away the reluctant James and set him a job. '*Mort-dà!*'† said he, 'my captain that *cabot*‡ will bring us no luck. I'll have to try the rope's-end before all's done. *Goderabetine!*§ I shall, sure as fate.' And with the worried look

* Gamecock.
† *Mort Dieu.*
‡ Gudgeon.
§ Od-rabbet-it!

of a responsible usher, Le Brun hurried after his charge to see that he was at work.

Every sail now tightened to the wind. The great boom of the mainsail creaked as the canvas bellied and strained. Blue seas flecked with foam chased up astern, and the brigantine scuttered before them, leaving a white turmoil in her wake. She went with a steady rush to meet her fate, and barely deigned to dip her pretty nose in the hollows beneath her bow. The low rocks and sandy beaches of Herm and Jethou caught the warm light of the morning, and the cliffs of Sark, six miles away, lay purple against the golden east. Farther away was the long line of Jersey, a misty strip above the windy sea. There was no hint of misfortune anywhere. Captain De Longpré threw out his chest and took a deep gulp of the salty air; then he called Le Brun, and they went together over the ship's armament. The long gun amidships under its tarpaulin was uncovered and overhauled. The brass carronades were run out and in. The armoury, with its racks of muskets and piles of cutlasses, axes, and pikes, was compared with the written lists. Ammunition was set handy. Nothing was overlooked, for they were now in the swim, and any moment might find them hotly engaged or running for their life.

The plan of campaign was to stand on and off from the French coast, skirting the land till they passed Ushant, or perhaps as far south as Belle Isle or La Rochelle. They knew every fathom of these waters, every current and every submerged rock. Not a bay or estuary on that indented shore but was as familiar to them as their own front garden. They were like an angler on his own favourite river, who knows every stone beneath which a trout may be expected to lie.

Leaving Jersey on their port-beam, they steered south till they sighted the cliffs of the mainland, and then tacked westward. The roadsteads were empty. Not a sail showed. The coasting-craft were as shy as rabbits on the verge of a plantation. Nothing happened till they rounded Ushant and the dangerous rocks which thrust up their heads like sullen marine monsters out of the cruel tide. Crossing the narrow entrance to the bay of Porspaul, they stood on till Moléne rose in sight. Here for the first time they saw their chance.

Just rounding the edge of the islet, and showing her topsails above the low cliffs, came a brig. With the silence and expedition of long practice, the men fell into their places. Arms were served to all, the carronades were loaded, and two sailors stood handy to whip off the tarpaulin which disguised the long gun and bring her into action at the first signal.

Scarcely a word was spoken. The stubborn Guernsey man does not give tongue like his mercurial French cousin. Gradually the brig beat out against the wind and disclosed herself. Every one expected that she would check and turn, and make a run for it to Le Conquet, lying only ten miles to the east; but she made no attempt to escape.

Captain De Longpré roared out a great laugh, and turned to Le Brun, who stood with a huge nautical telescope clapped to his eye.

'What do you make of her, Mess Le Brun?'

'*Câpre*,* my captain,' replied the mate, still searching her with his glass.

'Eh, what?' shouted the captain. 'A tartar? And as empty as a pea-shell, you may warrant. What! she is a Nantes boat? And making for port? Well, then, she may be worth squeezing. Anyhow, we shall have to fight. She carries more than we do. But we will give her a run first, and get clear of these rocks.' So the brigantine went about and made for the open sea. The Frenchman left no doubt as to his intentions. He crowded on sail and followed. There was no doubt, either, that he had the legs of the Guernseyman. Presently there was a white burst from his bows, and a ball came skimming and hopping over the waves. It stopped short, but a few minutes more would bring the French long gun within range.

Captain De Longpré made no reply, and for half-an-hour both vessels held on in silence. The wind had dropped considerably, and the brigantine's great cutter-rigged mainsail gave her some slight advantage. She could now have held her own, but she allowed the brig to draw up slowly closer and closer. Once a ball from the Frenchman flew high through her rigging and carried away some light hamper; but still she made no sign. Another shot came on board and stove in a boat. The men began to fidget and looked expectantly for orders. But the captain did not seem to heed them. He was staring at the south-westerly horizon, where a curious haze was gathering. The wind continued to drop. The air became chillier. A few whiffs of white vapour floated like ghosts over the sea, which had suddenly changed from blue to gray.

Then all in a moment came the sharp command, 'Stand by to bring her about;' and the brigantine, curving like a yacht upon her course, swept past her enemy's bows. The swift movement brought the two ships close together, and the *Julie* got in her whole broadside, raking the brig from stem to stern. Then she curved again and rounded the other's stern, pouring in her fire from every gun. So far her handier rig had helped her.

But now the wind sighed itself out in a last expiring breath. It fell so suddenly and absolutely that the *Julie's* impetus barely carried her clear. The sails flapped heavily on both ships. They drifted side by side.

A moment later and they were bumping their sides against each other. The Frenchman got in a broadside and threw out grappling-irons. He had a full crew, almost double that of the *Julie*, and a boarding-party came tumbling over the bulwarks with wild shouts. But Captain De Longpré was

* Corsair, privateer.

ready for them. He had had the two carronades dragged into the bows so as to enfilade the whole starboard side of his own vessel, and as the boarders touched the deck they were swept away like dead leaves. Then the captain's whistle sounded, and the men who had been crouching at the hatchways sprang up and fell furiously with their cutlasses upon those who still dropped from the Frenchman's deck. It was soon over. The fierce rush following the murderous sweep of the carronades sent the few survivors clambering back like monkeys.

The carronades were quickly reloaded, and the men were drawn back into shelter before the confusion was over. The little brigantine had one advantage, which she knew how to use. She lay lower in the water, and her guns pointed fair against the brig's high side, while the Frenchman could not sufficiently depress his artillery at such close quarters as to bear upon her. Longpré made the most of this, and searched the other's vitals with his balls.

Meanwhile the light grew dimmer. The vapour wisps which had flitted past upon the falling wind cohered and hung in ragged veils, then in solid banks along the sea. Streamers of mist twined themselves about the masts of the two vessels, and gathered up the smoke of the guns, and lay in dusky masses in the folds of the listless sails. Some sharpshooters who had climbed into the Frenchman's tops came hastily down again. Up there they could see nothing. It was soon not much clearer below. Men aimed at sounds and fired into black confusion. Presently they could not see one another's bodies; but still they fired, and the reek of the powder thickened the mirk of the fog. A boarding-party which had mustered at the bows of the brig to storm the *Julie* behind her carronades hesitated and peered, fearing the unknown. Then at some imperious command they launched themselves into the fume, and clung to whatever they could clutch. Some slipped back into the ghostly sea and vanished, shouting. Others found a footing, and with eyes straining beneath their arched hands, tried to discover the direction in which they ought to rush.

Captain De Longpré shouted for his men, but could not tell how many mustered to his call. Nor could one tell friend from foe. At a touch man would seize man and throttle him, till perhaps he found his face pressed close to that of a struggling messmate. Then the French boarders, led by some daring spirit, began to feel their way along the deck, and one of them slashed at a figure which rose up suddenly before him. There was a shriek and a counterstroke, and in a moment everybody was cutting and hacking madly on all sides of him. Out of the mist waved dim arms brandishing weapons and hewing wherever the fog seemed to thicken into a human form. It was a fantasy of hysteric rage. Every man thought himself beset, and swung his weapon for his life. And a light wind came up in puffs; and the two ships, locked together, drifted along the steaming sea.

Captain De Longpré had been caught by a swingeing blow from behind, which took him on the back of the head and shoulders, and pitched him headlong under the raised deck in the bows among a pile of ropes, spare sails, and such gear. For a few moments he lay half-stunned, and then found that he was grasping a sack which seemed to have some animal within it. He felt it move, and suspecting some foul play, punched the sack vigorously to discover what it contained. After a hearty knock or two a whining voice came forth:

'Oh, monsieur, kind monsieur, spare me, monsieur! Indeed, monsieur, I am only a poor boy! Kidnapped from home, monsieur. I never did France any harm'——

'Bah!' cried the captain, giving the sack a kick. 'Here's a pig in a poke for you! Never did France any harm, says he! Ha, ha, ha! Do you think I'm a Frenchie? Come out of that, my lad; come out, I say;' and he shook the miserable James Gautier out of the sacking in which he had enveloped himself. 'Now, down you go below, and help to serve up powder and shot; and if I hear of your shirking again, *mort-di!* I'll deal with you myself when this little affair is finished.'

Even as he spoke two figures in close embrace came spinning through the mist, fighting blindly like men under water, with heavy sobbing breath, and so plunged against the bulwark, which, there weakened by a ball, gave way, and both of them disappeared with a dull splash into the sea. Gautier tore himself from the captain's grasp and dived head first, shrieking, among the lumber.

It was impossible to tell how the fight was going. Men felt about them with outstretched fingers and the cutlass-point, and what they touched they grappled with. But presently a great silence fell over all. No one dared fire lest he should annihilate his comrades. It was a dreadful game of blind-man's buff, in which all were blind men. At last even the shuffling of feet on the decks ceased, and each man became a dumb watch-tower, with peering eyes and ears that painfully listened for any hostile sound.

Then De Longpré put a whistle to his lips and sounded it gently thrice with a certain graduation of pause between each note. It was a signal which the crew were drilled to understand, and meant, 'Leave whatever you are doing and gather about me.' It was not the first time they had rallied round that note; and as the signal was softly repeated at short intervals, they made for the sound, and one by one found the little group which clustered in silence around their leader. Then the captain whispered his instructions. The idea was a bold one: nothing less than to board the French ship in a compact body, striking down each man as they encountered him, and relying upon the surprise for a complete success. It seemed perfectly feasible, since they would hold together, while the others would be unable to combine. A rope was stretched along the front rank to preserve the line, and with

the noiselessness of cats they crept into the bows, and clutching the stays of the brig, dropped like phantoms upon her deck. One of the men stumbled against a crouching figure, and crammed the hilt of his cutlass between the Frenchman's teeth before he could cry out. The movement had started well, and the Guernseymen had already broadened out their front to the length of the guy-rope to make their sweeping advance, when a sudden violent shock sent them tumbling upon each other in disorder.

In a moment all was uproar on both vessels. What had happened to them? Had they drifted back upon the islands? Had they struck a reef? The sails flapped heavily above them, and something denser than the fog overshadowed them. Then out of the obscurity came shouts and rapid questionings in French. Then, quite suddenly, a strong breath of air which cut a lane through the fog, and, lo! between their locked bows was inserted, like an immense wedge, the prow and painted figure-head of a French frigate.

(To be continued.)

CHINESE CITIES.

By Rev. E. J. HARDY, Author of *How to be Happy though Married*, *John Chinaman at Home*, &c.



THERE is a general resemblance between Chinese cities. In all that I have seen, except Peking, the streets are only wide enough to admit of two sedan-chairs passing each other, and any one who likes makes the way even narrower. There are on both sides of the street fruit-stalls, temporary restaurants, and tables at which sit gamblers, fortune-tellers, and medicine-sellers. Old things that look as if they had never been new are spread out on matting for sale. You may have to step over people covered with terrible sores, who have been dumped down in the street to die or to get *cash* from those who pass. There is a great noise of bargaining, for the lower class of Chinamen haggle for a *cash* at the top of their voices. Yet, with all the din and hurry, there seldom occurs an accident or an interruption of good nature.

From time to time the traffic, which consists only of human beasts of burden, only of coolies carrying chairs and other loads, is impeded by a wedding or funeral procession, or by the shabby grand retinue of a fat mandarin. After this, perhaps, come a dozen or more blind people each resting his hands upon the shoulders of the one in front of him—literally the blind leading the blind. You will often see a procession in honour of an idol. The idol is carried in a gaudy chair, and is preceded and followed by banner and lantern bearers. A horrible sight, or rather smell, in Chinese towns is that of buckets of night-soil which are carried away for manure.

The streets are always wet from the spilling of water and urine from buckets carried to and fro. They are generally paved with granite flags, but the pavement is irregular and in many places broken, and a careless step lands you ankle-deep in foul mud. The streets, too, are slippery with decayed animal and vegetable filth. Dogs abound, and are nearly as dirty and have nearly as many sores as the beggars. There are shelters like dog-houses at the upright wooden bars which divide the different wards; but these are not for dogs, but for watchmen. On the dun-tiled roofs of the mostly one-storied houses in which most of the inhabitants live, seed, firewood, and other things are dried. At long intervals paper or other lamps provided by interested shopkeepers show up the darkness, so to speak, of Chinese towns at night.

Once at Amoy we walked into so many pools of black water and tripped over so many paving-stones that we had to buy a bamboo torch and get a boy to carry it before us. We learned then why every self-respecting Chinese carries with him a lantern at night. A feature of Chinese cities is wall-literature. It suggests the 'agony' column of a Western newspaper. Mixed up with trade advertisements and with notices of lost property, sometimes consisting of human beings, there are announcements of remedies for every disease, pills for the cure of opium-smoking, lists of subscribers to a coming festival, warnings against profaning paper or female infanticide. It is scarcely necessary to add that wall-literature has often been directed against foreigners, and especially against missionaries. The beggars raise our indignation chiefly by the way they ill-treat children. A sobbing woman bends down dramatically over a little child who is forced (what pain to a child!) to lie as still as death. The passers-by are meant to think that the child is dead, and give money.

Nothing impresses one who visits a Chinese city for the first time so much as the signboards that hang perpendicularly from shops and hongs. A good one is a valuable piece of property. In bright colours and gold are inscribed the sign of the firm, and some such words as 'Never-ending success,' 'By Heaven made prosperous,' 'Trade revolves like a wheel,' 'Virtuous and abundant,' 'Health and happiness rest on all who enter here'—this last over an opium-smoking den! Hints like the following may be read: 'Gossiping and long sitting injure business;' 'No credit given: former customers have taught caution.' The shape of the signboard and its colour, as also the colour of the letters upon

it, indicate different trades. The brightly painted large paper lamps that hang over the shops also add to the cheerful picturesqueness of the streets of Chinese cities. Only banks and pawnshops are closed in front; other shops are quite open, and you can look at articles being manufactured on the premises similar to those on sale. In the streets are peripatetic vendors and tradesmen of all kinds. There is the cook with his portable kitchen, and the gardener with his basket of flowers and vegetables slung from his shoulders by a bamboo pole. One sees in the streets travelling blacksmiths, itinerant porcelain-menders, ambulatory seal-cutters, migratory bankers, peregrinatory makers of sugar puppets. In the unhalting procession there comes a coolie with a tub of water at one end of his pole and a chopping-block at the other. After a long chaffing palaver about the price, some one orders a pound and a half of carp. The seller nips a fish four or five pounds in weight out of his tub, puts it on the chopping-block, slices it up by the backbone, and leaves the remainder flapping upon the block. The author of *Chinamen at Home* tells us that when on one occasion he remonstrated against such barbarity with a native Christian he was thus answered, 'I am a very tender-hearted man, sir. I could not be a butcher and kill cattle; but a fish utters no cry.'

Books, most of them of the 'penny dreadful' kind, or even more voluptuous, are spread out for sale at the street-side, and so are sheets of pawn-tickets.

The Chinese have no objection to publicity. They take their meals in the street. They wash their feet, sitting in front of their houses, in a basin of hot water. They get their teeth drawn amidst an admiring crowd by a dentist who has round his neck a ghastly string of fangs, testimonials of his skill.

The names of the streets are such as these: the Street of Benevolence, the Street of Ten Thousandfold Peace, the Street of a Thousand Beatitudes, the Street of One Thousand Grandsons, and so on. A particularly unfragrant street is called the Street of Refreshing Breezes! By a similar touch of perhaps unconscious satire one of the noisiest streets in Peking is called the Street of Perpetual Repose. At the entrance to most streets in Canton, as in other Chinese towns, there is a gateway, which is shut up at night by means of upright wooden posts. My attention was called by a friend who knew the language to the name of the street which was put up over one of these gateways. It was the Street of Increasing Virtue. I had myself remarked the increased number of gambling-dens, fortune-telling establishments, and other rascalities which it contained.

Many of the streets are roofed, to keep them cool, with matting or with plates of thinned oyster-shell fastened together.

Words cannot describe how Peking looks and smells upon a wet day, but we had during our stay in the city this experience. The only cleaning or repairing that has, as a rule, ever been done to the streets is to throw dirt and refuse into the middle from either side. In process of time two great dikes full of ink-black, stagnant water have been in this way formed. In one of these, if a person were jostled off the street, he might be drowned; and probably Peking is unique in this, as in other things, that people have been drowned in her neglected streets. My friends would not venture out on this wet day, so I amused myself looking into shops and learning the customs of the people in their homes. When they saw that I was interested in them, and was making overtures of friendship, they would invite me to come in, show me their things, and offer tea, cakes, a pipe, or a cigarette. Imagine a Chinaman's reception were he to try and get into the houses of London people absolutely unknown to him by simple civility! I was followed by a crowd, but always by a good-natured crowd; and on one occasion they became so pleased with my smiling confidence in them that, taking me by the hands, they brought me into a mosque and showed me sacred books and other curious things.

The great breadth of Peking's chief thoroughfare is concealed by two lines of booths that have sprung up in a kind of ditch that extends on either side. Behind these booths fantastic poles, gilded sign-boards, carved woodwork, waving streamers, and lanterns prevent passers-by from ignoring the shops. In this broad way may be seen *literati* nodding behind saucer-like spectacles in screened sedan-chairs; boys perched on the tails of diminutive donkeys or bestriding shaggy ponies bitted with a cruel arrangement of wire; ramshackle wagons drawn by mixed teams of mules, asses, and oxen yoked together by entangled rope-traces. There are people from Thibet, Manchuria, and Mongolia; those from this last place frequently in charge of strings of camels far finer than I have ever seen elsewhere. A man sits on every sixth animal, and drives them.

At every street corner there is something that calls together crowds. They are now gazing at a man who swallows a large ball and a sword, and who puts wooden skewers up his nostrils and into his eyes. A snake-charmer charms street-arabs as well as snakes. The story-teller seems to be much appreciated, judging from the number of open-mouthed listeners he has. Acrobats perform feats, and musicians tweak a single-stringed guitar. Gambling proclivities are pandered to by a sports man who backs against all comers a well-nourished fighting cricket. People who possess only one pair of shoes get them mended while they wait by cobblers sitting at street corners.

Pedlars call attention with rattles and curious cries to the carved jade snuff-boxes and other curios which they have spread upon the ground. Those who would keep their heads cool amid all this excitement have them shaved by a wandering barber. He uses no soap, and his apparatus is very simple

two sets of boxes or drawers, one containing drawers for cash and razors, and a seat for the person to be shaved; the other a stand that encloses a pan of lighted charcoal for heating water.

The large amount of wood in Chinese houses and the carelessness of their inmates cause fires to be very common. Not seldom they are kindled by those who wish to rob during the confusion. Every fire that destroys ten houses must be reported at Peking. If eighty houses are burned the head official in the city is degraded one step. If they cannot secure immunity by bribery, the people through whose carelessness the fire originated have to stand for a certain time in the street wearing the wooden collar called the *cangue*. This explains the fuss there was at Woochow when, during our stay, two houses burst into flames. Immediately people began beating upon cans, drums, trays, cymbals, or blowing upon a bugle or large shell. Soldiers belonging to different corps ran to the scene to prevent every one except themselves from plundering. Some carried spears, gingalls, and blunderbusses; others revolvers and rifles, in the use of which they were probably very inexpert. A military mandarin followed on a very small pony at a more dignified pace. He knew that if the fire caused a riot, and the riot led to a rebellion, which in many provinces is always on the point of breaking out, he, like the Ephesian town-clerk (Acts, xix. 40), was in danger of being called in question for the day's uproar. Then the fire-brigade appeared; and they were a curious sight, with their gaudy banners and their hand-pumps. They had no 'water-dragons that save from fire,' as the Chinese call the fire-engines at Hong-kong. The Woochow folk who could assist in no other way endeavoured to frighten the fire-demon by discharging volleys of fire-crackers. Truly a homeopathic remedy!

A STORMY MORNING.

By LADY NAPIER of Magdala.

CHAPTER XX.

HUNTING weather had apparently come to stay. Delightful days, soft and gray, the fences quite bare of leaves, uncompromising and black; the ground elastic under the horses' hoofs, neither too soft nor too hard; and the horrid March days, with blinding sun, and hail-showers, and piercing winds from the north-east, as yet far distant. Blissful days for many. 'It is worth a guinea a minute,' said young Hamond, capering to covert on a smart little hack with a bogged mane and the shortest tail ever seen, and smoking a cigar the size of a small umbrella.

'Too lovely,' said Betty, on a fine young hunter of her uncle's. She rode so well and with such consideration and nerve that Lord Forsyth was only too delighted to mount her. As he said, any horse was the better for a day with her on its back; an opinion in which Mr Leather fully concurred.

'Quite the horse-breaker,' said the Miss Pegrams spitefully to each other. They had declined further experiences with the 'crocks,' and contented themselves with displaying a series of smart hats in the carriage.

'I can tell you one thing,' said Lord Harlestone, who came riding up, 'and that is that if this open weather goes on much longer some of us will have to hunt on our ten toes. Two of my horses won't come out for another fortnight. The scent has been so wonderful, they got such gruel-lings.'

'We shall have to fall back on the Miss Pegrams' crocks,' laughed Betty.

How she loved it, and how strangely happy she was with a new feeling at her heart, a softer light in her eye! It was a joy to wake up in the morning. Why, she never asked herself. Harlestone was always at her elbow. Curiously enough, no one had as yet remarked it, except perhaps Mrs Williams; but she was occupied with her own affairs at that period, and they were sufficiently complicated to require most of her attention.

Somehow Betty was looked on as a child. She had certainly been presented at Court; but she had been out very little, and knew few people and was known of few. Then she was so much with her uncle, hunting, walking, and pottering, as he called it. She was so quiet and retiring in the house that she was almost overlooked among the rather noisy set of people who frequented Brayborough.

Some woman would occasionally remark, 'Goodness! how wonderfully pretty that girl is!' but most of the men were already appropriated and held in silken bands that would shortly spell bondage, and the remainder were hunting-men, who hunted six days in the week, and would gladly have hunted seven had it been possible, and who went to sleep in arm-chairs after dinner. 'No use to any one,' as one fair lady spitefully remarked, looking down on a sleeping form wrapped in the embraces of the most comfortable chair in the room, riding the run in dreams.

The Miss Pegrams after the episode on the ice were almost nauseatingly civil—hanging round her, admiring her clothes, asking if they might not call each other by their 'first names,' as our friends across the herring-pond term it; but Betty was not easily mollified, and kept out of their way as much as was consistent with civility. Like all bullies, they were cowards. 'Collar them, and they will

cave in,' as some one remarked of other members of their family.

I like to think of Betty during those happy days, for days were coming to her that were very far away from happiness.

She was out hunting one afternoon, riding from covert to covert, Harlestone as usual by her side, when a horse's head was pushed in between them, and a well-known voice was heard as the rider obtruded himself with a 'Beg pardon,' and a touch of his hunting-crop to his hat to Lord Harlestone. 'Miss Fitzhugh and I are old friends.—How do you do, Miss Fitzhugh?' and Geoffrey Erle appeared once more on the scene.

Lord Harlestone looked freezingly at him, and moved aside.

'Saw Jack the other day in town. Goin' the pace, I can tell you,' said the man, with a coarse laugh, to Betty. 'I say, that's a nice nag of yours; one of "Nunky's," I suppose. You'll show us all a clean pair of heels on him, by gum!'

Dislike and loathing swept over the girl, and she responded very distantly. She saw that he had deteriorated even in speech, and she instinctively felt that there was something wrong about him, and that he would not have dared to use that vulgar and familiar tone to her at Dunscaith.

So this was the plan that Erle had evolved for the purpose of seeing Betty again. After much thought he had managed to get together a 'hunting kit,' as he called it: a red coat with the collar of a hunt he had never belonged to and was never likely to belong to, smart boots and breeches, and so forth. With his hat set a little on one side, he felt he had turned himself out quite to his own satisfaction. He borrowed a horse belonging to a weak-minded friend, which was standing at some livery stables at a little town not far from Brayborough, and he had not forgotten to borrow and fill a very long hunting-flask. To his rage and disgust, he found the horse was a brute and a cur, and that even with his riding nothing could be made of him should hounds run. And run they did.

'This is your best way, Miss Fitzhugh,' said Lord Harlestone a little coldly, pointing to a rather nasty double with a ditch on the taking-off side just ahead of them. With intense relief Betty put her mare at it—an Irish mare that did it in two like a clever cat. Erle's horse absolutely refused to face it, and they left him, cursing loudly, on the other side. He had a good eye for hounds and country, however, so did not despair, and came up with them again late in the afternoon.

He did not see Betty. Lord Harlestone's horse had cast a shoe, and he had ridden to a blacksmith's shop to have it put on; and Betty had decided to ride slowly home alone, as further sport seemed unlikely that afternoon, two coverts having been drawn blank.

She was terribly disturbed. The sight of Erle again, and his manner to her, and the horrible remark about Jack, took all the pleasure out of her day. Constant companionship with a man like Harlestone, high-bred and refined, whose thoughts and ideas were in such perfect accord with her own, showed up Erle in most repulsive colours.

'Surely he could not have been like that at Dunscaith,' she thought. 'We could none of us have stood him. "Nunky," indeed! How horrible and vulgar and familiar he was, and swearing, too, so shockingly at that fence! What can he have meant about Jack?'

She rode on, sick at heart, and at the cross-roads there was Erle trying to read the names on the sign-post. The long flask had done its work.

'Oh, here you are, Miss Fitzhugh! Not got much to say to an old friend, eh?' as she prepared to move on. 'Any message for Jack? I shall see him at the "Empire" to-night, I don't doubt. Ha, ha! Boys will be boys, you know. Going? Won't you shake hands? I don't suppose we shall meet again. I am going out to America as soon as I can get off, and shall try my luck at Klondike some time.'

She put out her little hand, and he held it as in a vice, bending forward to gaze in her face with hungry eyes. At this moment the sharp trot of a horse was heard, and Lord Harlestone passed them, raising his hat formally to Betty. He saw the man holding her hand, and a great flood of anger sweeping over him showed him clearly the nature of his own feelings towards her.

'How can she?' he thought. 'Such an unspeakable bounder, and she so high-bred and particular that she would not look at young Hamond when he asked that vulgar riddle before her the other day. I saw her face of disgust.' And he rode on, a heavy frown on his brow and with a pain he had never felt before wringing his heart.

'Let go my hand, Mr Erle,' said Betty, coldest, bitterest anger in her voice and despair at her heart, for she had seen Lord Harlestone's face as he rode by, and knew that he had seen.

'What must he think?' she said to herself; and then she knew that what he thought meant all the world to her, and that she loved him with all her being.

Erle flung away her hand with an oath.

'Go!' he said. 'Go to your fine lovers, and remember that none will ever love you as I have. Curse you! Curse all women!' and he turned his horse's head and rode away into the gathering gloom.

CHAPTER XXI.

'CURIOUS taste your little friend Miss Fitzhugh seems to have,' drawled Mrs Williams to Lord Harlestone that evening over her cup of tea, having with some difficulty contrived to pin him in her corner. 'Did you ever see such a bounder as that man who came up to her at Holt's covert? I am

told she is engaged to him, and that he was up at that place of theirs in Scotland all the autumn, and that they are waiting until she comes of age to marry.'

'Really!' said Lord Harlestone uninterestedly. He could have slain the woman then and there with pleasure, and felt sure that she was not speaking the truth. Nevertheless, a cold chill of doubt crept over him. 'After all, I am nearly double the child's age,' he thought, 'and girls take such odd fancies sometimes, perfectly unaccountable to every one; and often you find the nicer the girl the odder the fancy. She may have been looking on me all this time simply as her father's friend, and I have made a ghastly mistake in allowing myself to care for her as I shall never care for woman again. I never believe a word, though, that Mrs Williams says. I shall just ask Forsyth.'

Harlestone's was an unusual character. Intensely proud, and at the same time diffident, he had never felt in the least degree disposed to propose to any one, and few women attracted him. Hot-tempered, he might easily be blinded by passion; and when he did love, the woman he loved would be placed on such a pinnacle that any fall from it would be fatal.

Betty did not appear at tea-time, and came down to dinner looking pale and tired.

Harlestone avoided her all the evening, and slipped off early to the smoking-room. He sat there smoking and staring gloomily into the fire.

'How white and sad the child looked!' he thought. 'Is it possible she can care for that cad? I wish I could get hold of Forsyth.'

Lord Forsyth came in.

'Who was that fellow, Daddy, who seemed to know your niece so well, who shoved himself alongside of her at Holt's covert?' said Harlestone.

'He is a fellow called Erle,' answered his lordship. 'That young ass Jack picked him up at some race meeting. It appears Erle was staying at a house in the neighbourhood of the boy's crammer's, and he got hold of Jack, buttered him up, I suppose—the boy is as vain as a peacock—and got himself asked up to shoot at Dunscaith. Jack got rather sick of him, I believe, and had to take him south, as he could not get rid of him otherwise.'

Harlestone groaned in spirit. All the possibilities of the case rose before him, converted by his own fears into certainties. He loved Betty. He did not attempt to disguise that fact from himself. The scales had fallen from his eyes when he had beheld the scene at the cross-roads, the figure of the man and girl outlined sharply against the evening sky. He had seen him clasping her hand and the eager way in which he was bending forward to gaze in her face, and it was enough.

'I shall hunt, this month,' he muttered to himself as he knocked the ashes out of his last pipe on the bars of the grate, 'and then I shall send the horses up to Tattersall's and go and get ready for the Pamirs. I shall keep out of the child's way as much as possible, for I can't trust myself.'

With a stretch of weariness and a shake of his great shoulders, he marched up to his room to bed.

CHAPTER XXII.

BETTY was miserable. The joy seemed to have gone out of her life. She was wretchedly anxious, too, about her brother. Erle's foul insinuations haunted her day and night, and she pictured Jack in vague and terrible surroundings, which she felt must be all that was wicked and bad. He sometimes wrote to her short, affectionate scrawls, full of chaff, but telling her nothing about himself or his doings.

Then young Hamond had taken to 'buzzing' round her, as she called it to herself, boring her unspeakably, always seeming to be near her in the hunting-field and in the house. In his own elegant phraseology, he was quite 'off' Mrs Williams. Perhaps her day on Cherry had brought about that mysterious result, and he thought Miss Fitzhugh 'simply a ripper.'

Betty could have sobbed with misery and with loneliness. Lord Harlestone seldom spoke to her excepting as politeness required. The huge floating parties at Brayborough, if one may use the expression, made the change easy and unremarkable. If there were any out-of-door diversions, walks, and so on planned by Lord Forsyth on off-days, Harlestone generally excused himself on the plea of having budgets of letters requiring attention, and arrangements to write about connected with his proposed two years' trip to the Pamirs. His one object seemed to be to keep out of her way. Once he came up with her on her way home from hunting, and her heart seemed to leap into her throat; but others rode up and joined them, and the changed state of things between them appeared to be unalterable.

It is impossible to describe how the girl missed him. His companionship had become so much to her; he was so pleasant and clever, he had seen so much, and then he was so gentle and kind. He had insensibly glided into her life, and she had hardly a thought apart from him.

'How good he was to Johnnie when he got caught in that horrid trap and I thought his foot was cut off,' thought Betty, with tears in her eyes; 'and how fond Johnnie was of him! He took to him at once, a thing Johnnie never does. He must have thought little of me indeed, seeing Mr Erle holding my hand like that. How I wish I might go home to Dunscaith!'

She was, however, not to go home to Dunscaith then. It was impossible she should leave Brayborough. There was the Wilton Hunt ball coming on, and possibly a dance in the house, could Lord Forsyth be induced to face the horrors of such a domestic upsetting. And, above all, Lord Forsyth would be both hurt and offended at her leaving just then.

(To be continued.)

A VERITABLE 'MAGNUM OPUS.'

By W. B. ROBERTSON.

THOSE that have not seen the one hundred and seventh issue of the *Post-Office London Directory* can, of course, have no idea of its magnitude. For their benefit, then, let it be plainly stated in matter-of-fact terms that the volume weighs thirteen and a quarter pounds and is seven inches thick. The superficies of its pages—which, excluding advertisements, number five thousand—is ten and a half inches by seven inches. Of books of serious import it is often said that they are not to be taken up lightly. This is more literally true of the tome before us than of any other book we wot of; yet it may be safely asserted that no book is more frequently taken up or consulted. Before proceeding to dip into these five thousand closely printed pages, which on a rough estimate seem to contain about a couple of million entries, we shall refer to one or two points in the development of this monster.

It made its modest bow to the public as *The New Annual Directory for the Year 1800*, and was printed on a page a little less than half the size of this *Journal*. There were two hundred and ninety-two of these pages, giving simply the names of from eleven thousand to twelve thousand people and their addresses, with a list of bankers and some postal and shipping information. The volume was handy enough, and no doubt useful enough for those days. It was published under the patronage of the Postmaster-General and by a Post-Office department now long extinct, under which the old letter-carriers collected and arranged the entries. In 1836 Mr F. F. Kelly was appointed to this department, which soon afterwards succumbed to an attack in the House of Commons by the Hon. Thomas Duncombe, the then well-known Radical member for Finsbury. This led to the publication being withdrawn from the Post-Office and the old letter-carriers being superseded by special agents for the collection of the necessary information. Mr Kelly retained command, and in this way became the founder of the business now known as Kelly's Directories, Limited.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to note, to the rather scanty information the Directory gave regarding London was added for the first time a list of London newspapers. These comprised nine morning dailies and five evening dailies, of which there still survive the *Times*, *Morning Post*, *Morning Advertiser*, *Public Ledger*, and *Globe*. In the list were also ten Sunday papers, of which the best-known survivor is the *Observer*. Under 'London daily morning papers' we find thirty-one entries in this year's issue, and under 'London daily evening papers' fifteen entries. Weekly and other periodical journals are now legion. In 1840, in addition to the alphabetical list of residents, the book gave an alphabetical list of streets with the residents repeated under them, and an alphabetical list of trades with those engaged in them. The number of its pages now increased to eight hundred and twenty, the page itself becoming larger. In 1843 it came out with its first map of London—a rather crude affair when compared with the detailed and highly finished map we are all—visitors to London as well as Londoners themselves—so familiar with and so much indebted to. Another important step has lately been taken—namely, the addition of the London county suburbs. The county of London covers an area of one hundred and twenty-one square miles; the territory dealt with in previous issues covered only about sixty square miles. The enlarged area taken under its wing has added two pounds one ounce to the weight of the book, and over eleven hundred to the number of its pages. It must not be supposed that the compilers are proud of the dimensions of their book; on the contrary, they are continually battling to keep them down by the exclusion of superfluous entries, the adoption of smaller type, the use of finer paper, and a resort to contractions so far as is compatible with intelligibility. Still the ponderous tome grows, and still it must grow with the growth of London.

The main sections of the book are the streets, commercial, and trade sections, comprising in the main portion of the book six hundred and eighty-seven, nine hundred and twenty-five, and eight hundred and forty-four pages respectively, and in the suburban portion three hundred and sixty-six, two hundred and thirty-one, and two hundred and ten pages. Naturally, the commercial and trades sections are highest in and immediately around the City and lowest in the suburbs. Looking through the streets section, we miss Tweezers Alley, which lies at the back of W. H. Smith & Sons' Strand premises, and is mainly devoted to stabling. Curiously enough, too, there seems to be no Carpenter Street, though those responsible must have been driven hard for names, seeing they have given us twenty-three High Streets, fourteen King Streets, thirteen Charles Streets, twelve James, twelve Church, eleven George, and ten John Streets. Their thoughts would appear to have run more in the direction of food than of crafts, as witness Pickle Herring Street, Ham Yard, Sugar-loaf Walk, Mulberry Place, Honey Lane, Pepper Street, Salmon Lane, Bacon Street, Bread Street, Goose Yard, Cherry Garden, Poultry, Cow Lane, Lamb Passage, Milk Street, Beer Lane, Fish Street, Pudding Lane, and so on. Perhaps it was this same disposition to look on the best side of things that led them to name the approach to Shoreditch workhouse Paradise Row. A Paradise Street in Rotherhithe seems so far to belie its name as to need

police-station in it, and another in Marylebone is bisected by Grotto Passage and Paradise Place. Eden is represented by a Grove and a Street, the Grove being intersected by Hope Street and the Street commencing with a pawnshop. Adam and Eve are present in the shape of a Court and a Yard in which is a smithy. They are stronger in the trades section—six fully licensed public-houses bearing their conjoint names. Tranquil Vale should be a desirable place of abode. It is far, however, from the centre—namely, at Blackheath—and contains an infants' school. There are three Trafalgar Squares in addition to the one that is known all over the world. One of these in Fulham appears to have only two sides, and is mainly occupied by people who let apartments; another in Camberwell has only one of its inhabitants entered in the Directory, as has also the third, which is in Stepney. No one seems as yet to have had the audacity to annex the names of Pall Mall or Piccadilly.

In these street names the numbers favoured are three and seven—thus, Three Colts Street and Lane, Three Herring Court, Three Cranes Lane, Three Crown Square, Three Mills Lane, Three Nun Court, Three Oak Lane, and Three Tuns Passage; there are also Triangles, Trident Street, and several Trinitys. As to seven, we have Seven Dials, Seven Sisters, Seven Star Alley, and Seven Step Alley. Other figures occur in Nine Elms, Five Bells Wharf, Half-moon Lane, First Avenue (Paddington), First Street (Chelsea), and One Tree Hill (Peckham), which, being uninhabited except by open-air orators and their followers on Sundays, is not given in *Kelly*. One suggests nothing, and there is a Nil Street, immediately followed by Nile Street, famous for its 'guns.' These streets are in Hoxton, and the 'guns of the Nile,' which is a market street, were a set of thieves of both sexes—burglars, pickpockets, warehouse-robbers, van-stealers, shoplifters, and such like. The present King, when Prince of Wales, visited Nile Street to lay the foundation-stone of some workmen's dwellings. The women inhabitants, to show their loyalty, hung articles of wearing apparel across the streets by way of relieving their mean and dull appearance. One brazen daughter of Eve, bolder than the rest, displayed a garment of under-wear that shall be nameless, and afterwards declared that as the Prince passed under it he broadly smiled. Shepherdess Walk is the pastoral name of the dingy street that runs past the west end of the Nile.

Reverting to the duplication of names, we note there are two Lombard Streets besides the great banking centre—one on the south side of Fleet Street, where *Punch* is printed, and the other in Stepney, seemingly devoted chiefly to embroidery and the drying of herrings. There are also seven London Streets, besides a London Road, Place, Mews, Lane, Fields, and Wall. There are also sixty-six Great Streets, Roads, Alleys, &c., and eighty-six Little, which says something for the modesty at any rate, even if it reflects on the inventiveness, of earlier generations.

In the commercial section of the Directory we have the names of something like one hundred and eighty-five thousand people and firms arranged alphabetically, with their postal and telegraphic addresses and telephone numbers, and forty-six thousand more in the suburban portion, with similar information about them. One naturally looks to the Smiths to see how they bulk. They occupy eighteen columns, and the number to the column is about a hundred. Strange to say, they are run close, not by the Joneses or the Browns or the Robinsons, but by the Macs, who, from Macadam to M'William, occupy fifteen columns. Jones and Brown are a long way behind, with only nine columns each, and Robinson shows only a beggarly four columns. What is it in the virile Smith that makes him outnumber all others? Perhaps it is due to a lack of originality or individuality, and to that tendency we have of following the crowd. All the chances, for instance, in the case of a waif needing a name are in favour of its being called Smith; and any one seeking to change his name to conceal his identity cannot do better than bury himself in the greatest crowd.

These, however, are mere surmises, and must be treated as such, for we note some of the mighty dead calling on us to lift them out of the obscurity they have fallen into in these degenerate days. Here, for instance, is the sublime Plato running a dining-room; Livy the historian of Hannibal lets apartments, while Hannibal himself has become a Mincing Lane merchant; Homer the blind old bard of Scio's Isle keeps a 'pub,' and Julius Cæsar a chemist's shop; Noah and John Bunyan are now greengrocers; Crusoe has dropped the Robinson and become a merchant, while his man Friday is a butcher; Oliver Twist, too, is here as a bootmaker. In such matter-of-fact ways does romance usually end.

We notice that Mr Tipple keeps the Noah's Ark public-house, and that Mrs Diggins lets 'digs;' and so do Mrs Thunder and Mrs Barks and Mrs Tongue and Mrs Chat(t)er. It is astonishing how many of our names are derived from the human anatomy. There is, for instance, Hand—one of whom, by the way, is a bootmaker—Head, Body, Toe, Leg, Shoulders, Knee, Kneebone, Bottom, Neck, Hair, Eye, Tooth, Lipp, Cheek, Bone, Chinn. Then from the animal world we have Hog, Heron, Herring, Fish, Gill, Roach, Pike, Elephant, Bird, Swan, Starling, Crow, Rabbitts, Fox, Linnett, Canary, Bugg, Hawk, Finch, Bee, Nightingale, Moth, Lion, Pidgeon, Rook, Raven, Wren, Sparrow, Lark. Then from the vegetable world, Apple, Flower, Spink, Daffodil, Vine, Fig, Fruit, Ash, Beech, Oats, Moss. The months of the year are represented by August, March, May; human relationships by Boys, Cousins, Sisters, Stripling, Child, Husband, Uncle, Lass, Brothers, Brotherhood, Ladd, Fathers, Neighbour. States of mind are represented by such names as Fear, Funk, Grave, Gay, Jolly; states of being—shall we say?—by Liermann and Lies; numbers by Two, Twelves, Twentyman, Twins. But why go on? The heavenly bodies are there in Sun, Moon, and

Star. Heaven itself is there; so is Day and Nox, but not night; so is End, but not beginning.

We must proceed now to the trades section, in which there appear something like a quarter of a million entries in the London portion and over sixty thousand in the suburban. Perhaps the most swollen trade is that of the publican, with fifty-four columns in the former and ten in the latter. The favourite names for public-houses appear to be Red Lion and White Hart. Of the former there are forty-eight, and of the latter forty-three. Odd names are exemplified in the Three Loggerhead, Rent Day, Bombay Grab, Baptist's Head, Brazen Serpent, World Turned Upside Down, and World's End. The Stock Exchange members run to fifty-eight columns. Bakers appear to number one thousand six hundred (or about a fourth of the publicans), butchers one thousand four hundred, tailors two thousand seven hundred, dressmakers two thousand, builders two thousand, people who let apartments three thousand five hundred, with five hundred boarding-house keepers, chandlers' shops three thousand three hundred, dairymen one thousand six hundred, about seven hundred clubs, and over two thousand confectioners. At the other end of the pole there is one dripping-merchant, one fat-melter, one peat-merchant, one skewer manufacturer, two rat-catchers, one ormolu manufacturer, and one turtle importer. New trades are every year being introduced and old trades dying out. The motor industry has given rise to many trade headings quite unknown to the Directory a few years ago. Fifty years ago there used to be a list of 'cuppers,' but cupping dying out, so did the cuppers. One of the industries just mentioned is dying—namely, ormolu manufacture, and the present single representative adheres to it simply because it was introduced into this country from Paris by his great-great-grandfather in 1762. People scarcely know nowadays what ormolu is, though picture-frames and decorative work generally, when decoration was less common than now, were largely composed of it. It is really finely chased brass gilt, and is in gold what old Sheffield plate, now a lost art, was in silver. Other trades just to be noted are muffin and crumpet makers, valentine and poetry-card makers, asses' milk vendors, crinoline-steel makers, birch-rod makers, blood-driers, panic-bolt makers, tattooists, embalmers, badger-hair merchants.

Other sections in the book which can simply be named are the Official Directory, an alphabetically arranged list of those holding appointments in any Government or law office; Parliamentary Directory; Postal Directory; City, Municipal, Parochial, and Clerical Directory; Conveyance Directory, in which it is astonishing to find how many carriers' carts still come into London from the country round about; Banking Directory; Law Directory; and Court Directory, in which are given the names and addresses of persons occupying private houses of some standing. In this last-mentioned part appear the people of fashion whom we still associate with the West End, though during the last fifty years they have set their faces almost completely in a south-westerly direction, where now stand some of London's finest streets and squares, such as Belgrave Square, for instance, on a site that far into last century was known as the 'Five Fields,' a rather uncanny neighbourhood.

The merit of such a book as the *Post-Office London Directory*, with its uncountable details, depends upon its accuracy and the convenience of its arrangement for reference. On these points it has never been impugned, and notwithstanding its great size, it is, from its shape and make, the easiest book in the world to open. Some idea of the labour involved in keeping it up to date year after year may be gathered from the fact that the amalgamation of the Union Bank of London with Smith, Payne, & Smith's Bank, under the style of the Union of London and Smith's Bank, necessitated alterations in more than nine hundred places. Then what a crop of libel suits the proprietors would lay themselves open to if they did not verify every notice of alteration! An enemy of Smith, for instance, might cause them to be notified that Smith had shut up shop. Such kind of mischief has been attempted; but no communication involving any alteration in the book is acted upon until it has been verified by personal inquiry by one of the agents.

FATHER RHINE.

By FRANCIS E. ROMANES, Author of *The Legend of Rodderburg*.

PETER BUSH sat one hot afternoon under the shady trees of his inn-garden, which looked out upon the river. His time was his own, as two hours at least must elapse before the evening guests began to drop round for their *Schoppen* of wine or their *Krug* of beer. Peter therefore felt very much at his ease sitting there, drawing at his long pipe, and watching the blue smoke sail away over the parapet or twist in ringlets up among the leaves.

The Rhine was extraordinarily low that season—so low that the shingle stretched away in front of the inn's miniature sea-wall like an ocean beach, and the children wading could hear each other's cries from shore to shore. In the west were the wharfs, red-roofed houses, and gray steeples of Bodenheim. To the north, the bridge flung its arches across the stream.

In time, to judge by the numerous mounds of stones and gravel that appeared on the shore, as if piled there by giant hands, the beach bid fair to

vanish altogether—giant hands indeed, the great crawling paws of a dredger.

Peter smiled blandly to think of the hard road and busy quay that one day would exist below his garden-wall.

For some time the machine had been silent. It was labouring sluggishly up-stream now, to recommence operations directly opposite the inn. The iron duct, resembling some gruesome reptile creeping on stilts over the sand, was being placed anew. Shortly, driven by tons of yellow water, a freight of boulders, sand, and gravel would be sent spinning along, and tossed many feet beyond its massive jaws.

Next summer, should all be well, Peter would have a companion at the inn. Already overtures had been made to the present owner for an easy-payment purchase of the house and garden. Then Peter and Betine would indeed be landlord and lady of the 'Vater Rhein.'

Was not the room upstairs about furnished? Had not two highly polished wooden bedsteads stood—for how long was it?—side by side, waiting proudly patient, with their red spring mattresses and bolster wedges, for the dressing of snow-white linen Betine must provide as her wedding portion? Moreover, on the pine-wood floor lay a tiny carpet; and the wardrobe and two chairs comprising the remaining decorations seemed as anxious that the room should be tenanted as the forlorn-looking beds themselves.

Slowly, with a grinding noise, the chain of iron pails began to revolve. Little whiffs of steam spouted impudently from the vessel's side. A thousand devils seemed let loose. Earth trembled at the uproar. Even the sea-gulls, which had flitted from their far Dutch coasts, flew piping off, settling on shore or dropping lightly on the stream a hundred yards away. And there was a great scurry of bare legs and splashing of water as the children fled from the artificial thunder.

Just then Peter looked up. Something heavier than usual was coming along the duct. A square-shaped article: 'Not a boulder that.' Peter shaded his eyes, gave one long look, and perceived the object to be a chunky-looking wooden box. On it came, tossed like a child's plaything, and at length, with force enough to burst each rusty band that encircled it, was pitched up the dripping pile. On the summit it gave one drunken sway as if dazed by the race it had run, and settled back firmly between two blocks of stone.

The sun was just disappearing behind the minster church of Bodenheim, and the sky was all one blaze, out of which the spires stood up like charred trunks in some forest fire.

That instant, as if by command of the vanishing disc, the dredger eased its grinding. Slower and slower went the chain-belts, and at last ceased from motion. Peter looked furtively round. No one was in sight. Not a sound was to be heard. Even Lotté the maid-of-all-work had ended that seemingly interminable ditty she had been singing (to herself) all day long in the tap-room.

Several of the dredger's crew were again preparing to move their vessel. Some were laying tarpaulins over the silent cogwheels and chains. Others had landed and were dragging the snake-like duct away piecemeal in preparation for the morning's work. Soon they too would be on board, and the beach deserted for the night. The box had remained unseen. Peter waited until the dredger was up the river, round the bend. Then, whistling gaily to disarm suspicion, he went leisurely down the well-worn terrace-steps and on to the shingle below. But in a short time his whistling ceased, and a shrill little chirp as of some night-bird took its place. Afterwards the sound became fainter. Peter was out of sight behind the heap, but at intervals the bird continued to call.

Betine was knitting by the street door when she heard the well-known cry. She turned quickly, and, passing through a stone-flagged passage, soon reached the garden. Here, carried by a puff of flower-scented wind which tossed Betine's flaxen curls like sheaves in an autumn gale, the sound became more distinct. 'It was Peter, sure enough!' How long would it be necessary for him to summon her like that? Only one year more. This time next summer. Betine reddened and lowered her eyes. She still continued her knitting as she picked her way over the rough stones, but looked up and round at intervals to learn where her lover lay hid. The signal was repeated. Betine commenced to hurry her steps.

'Quick, *mein Schatz*,' said a warning voice. 'Come behind the pile. I can't see any one at the inn yet. Can you?'

'No; more's the pity,' Betine returned, mistaking his manner. 'But what on earth have you got up there?'

Peter was on his knees, fumbling among the stones.

'Earth!' he cried; 'sky you mean. The Rhine gods have sent this. Treasure—that's what it is! But,' he panted, scrambling down, 'it would take the opposite of Rhine gods to move it. I must fetch a pick and crowbar.'

'Rhine gods—nonsense!' said Betine. Nevertheless she grew a shade paler. There was, after all, a good deal of superstition in her nature. She finished sceptically, however: 'It's only an old box, with nothing in it, I'll wager, but rusty nails.'

Peter shook his head. 'To-night,' he declared solemnly, 'we shall see.'

Betine ventured a peep from behind a boulder. She touched his arm.

'Some guests have arrived at the inn. Lotté is serving them now. Go up, Peter; I will wait here a while. Some one might see us come out together, and give old *mama Klatsch* [gossip] a chance.'

Peter laughed. 'We'll be safe from that old lady's tongue for ever before the snow flies,' he said, looking confidently up at the ancient box.

Night was falling rapidly. Betine almost commanded him to go at last.

'Don't even tell your mother, mind,' Peter said, putting on his coat. Then he strolled away, humming a lively air, and vanished behind the mound.

But to go back to the afternoon. Far up above the town, across the river, a boat lay drawn well up the beach. She was not an elegant craft, but picturesque enough, lying over on the yellow sand, with the water lapping her tar-smeared stern.

Just as Peter sauntered whistling down the steps a telescope closed with a click, and, uttering many guttural expressions of satisfaction, two creeping figures disappeared from view. Beyond the boat, a tow-path stretched away, ribbon-like, up and down the stream. Farther back waved gently, as an ocean swell, the still green ears of a field of rye.

At sundown there was a movement among the grain; the stalks were pushed rudely aside; two bearded faces appeared at the opening. Later, the boat, propelled by four powerful arms, shot rapidly into mid-stream and edged away towards the opposite shore.

But Betine guessed nothing of all this. Nor did Peter, although, being an old river-man, he should have, and never ceased to lament his stupidity all the days of his life.

Meanwhile, on a bank of dry sand, Betine had sat down and recommenced her work. But soon it became too dark for knitting. The busy fingers stopped. Immediately she must start for home.

Then she began to think. 'Supposing Peter were right, and the chest really contained treasure. That would mean—endless were the joys—marriage, the inn, travel perhaps!' Betine looked up now with some degree of awe. There, endowed with an ever-increasing interest, still secure between the twin boulders, lay the chunky wooden box. But suppose some one should come and take (steal) it while she was away—before Peter arrived? And Betine, in spite of a growing hunger and the certain knowledge of a rating at home, determined to stand watch till her lover's return. An hour and more passed; she knew by the clocks of Bodenheim. The air was becoming cold. 'When would Peter come?' Betine got up and moved round the pile. About a hundred yards off was the lighted inn-garden. That was her Peter, that big form moving about among his guests and stopping for a time at each table. Lotté seemed to have wings as she flew from door to terrace; and the hum of many voices came from afar, as the buzz of a swarm of bees.

Away in the east, behind the hills, the sky was showing signs of the moon's pale light. Soon the whole stretch of water would be shivering under her yellow beams. To the north seemed to hang a row of sparkling jewels, and a great red lamp warned all the silent passing barges of the bridge's central arch. It was indeed a glorious night. Betine, standing there alone, gave a deep sigh, stretching out her arms as if to clasp it to her breast. If Peter would but look he would see her and surely come!

Suddenly a grating sound came from the gravel-heap at her side. Betine started round in a frenzy of terror. The chest had changed its position. Some portion of sand must have given way. Presently, as though impelled by an irresistible force, it slowly rose on end, seemed to hesitate a moment, then, with one big rock as a companion, rolled heavily down the slope and lay upright at Betine's feet.

But this last strain had proved too great for even these time-worn bands. The moon's rays shone on a gaping lid. Betine was on her knees in one moment, and buried to the elbows the next in a confusion of gold and silver trinkets, black and tarnished by time. Deep down, beneath some flimsy fabric so rotten with age that it flew away in tiny pieces like burnt paper from an open fire, Betine found a leathern case. She pressed the little button, fearfully at first—harder still! The cover flew back. Blinking like a big green eye, and encircled by a string of priceless pearls white as the neck they had once adorned, gleamed an emerald that would have charmed the evil eye of old Nero himself.

Betine gasped. Hark! was not that the sound of creaking oars? The girl ceased her wondering and looked cautiously round. All was silence: only the wash of the river, the ever-diminishing babble of voices from the inn.

Peter would soon be here. What a surprise to see the wedding-gift the Rhine gods had brought her! Betine unbuttoned her dress. Something glimmered for a second about her throat. A little click—the clasp still worked to perfection. Another moment, and with its dainty circlet the gem was secure from mortal eye, hidden safely away in the folds of a summer dress.

From the west, unheeded, the night-clouds had arisen. Betine gave a little disappointed cry as the moon disappeared into their sombre folds, leaving the beach in all but absolute darkness.

Swiftly and noiselessly, manned by two crouching forms, a boat came floating down. Unheard by the kneeling girl, the prow scraped on the sand. Two dusky figures approached unseen. A sudden rush—a heavy blow which sent the whole earth swinging round. Betine remembered no more.

When she recovered Peter was bending over her. Where was she? Ah! she remembered now.

'The box!' she whispered.

'Oh, drat the box!' he cried. 'It is gone for good. Perhaps it *was* only old nails after all. But you, Betine, not dead, thank God!'

Betine looked up, and smiled to notice, by the light of a lantern he had brought, how pale her lover looked.

'Peter,' she said faintly, 'my wedding-present—see!' And Betine drew something from her bodice.

THE END.

AMERICAN GOLD-PROSPECTORS.

By Day Allen Willey.



CLIMBING over mountains, trudging along gorges and valleys, spending week after week in the wilderness far from any human habitation, are thousands of men, many who have spent half of their lives in this manner. The American terms them prospectors for the reason that they are searching for indications of wealth which may be concealed beneath the rocky ledge or in the sands of the watercourse. They include the 'pocket-hunter' who disdains to search for gold except in the form of pockets, which are crevices occasionally found amid the rocks where, by a strange freak of nature, lumps of the yellow metal have been deposited. Pockets have been found which have yielded their discoverers a fortune; but it is another instance where fortune is fickle, for one may search year after year without being rewarded. The other kind of prospector is satisfied to obtain the gold or silver in any form, whether it be in flakes so fine that the particles are little more than dust, or imprisoned in pieces of quartz which must be crushed before it can be secured. Both classes of gold-hunters, however, roam over the region between the Pacific coast and the eastern foothills of the Rocky Mountains, except those who have gone into Alaska and British Columbia. Although over half a century has passed since the nuggets were found on Sutter's Creek which caused California to be called the Golden State, one may chance upon the prospector throughout the western country described, perhaps on the outskirts of some mining town, perhaps fifty miles distant from any abode of man.

There are prospectors whose heads have become gray in the search for wealth, others just past the age of boyhood. All are easily recognised, however, by the kit they carry on their backs: a shovel and a pan, a gun, and a supply of provisions on which one depends when he cannot secure food in the wilderness. Those who venture into the mountains may take a small iron bar or pickaxe. When the prospector enters a region where he believes he may 'make a strike,' he looks out sharply for ledges of rock which overhang a valley, and for the dry bed of a stream. As he goes over the bed, now and then he digs up a shovelful of the sand and places it in his pan. Then filling the pan with water, he stirs the sand and water together and gradually pours the mixture over the rim. When the pan is nearly emptied, eagerly he looks for anything which may glisten. If the sand is of a dark colour his interest is increased, for this is usually the gold-bearing sand, as the miner calls it. Should he find the glittering particles, he washes more of the sand, and perhaps remains on the spot month after month, securing the gold in this crude fashion. The old miner knows that such metal found in the beds of streams is usually washed down from the rocks above, and endeavours to find the vein or lode from which it came. This he does by breaking pieces from the ledges here and there, and examining them. Sometimes he has come upon riches in a single day by happening to hit the right spot.

Every state and territory in which gold and silver have been found in any quantity has its stories of discoveries which, while they seem like romances when told, are examples of the adage that truth is stranger than fiction. Montana furnishes several of the more interesting. Every prospector in the Rocky Mountains has probably heard the tale of how old Tom Cruise discovered the great Drum Lomond Mine. For years the old miner had been sluicing out the gold in the bed of a creek a few miles from Helena. Some days he secured less than a dollar's worth, and other days five times as much. The uncertainty was discouraging, but he had experience enough to know that the ledge from which the gold had been washed must be somewhere in the vicinity, so he explored the valley, but without result. Then he climbed the sides for hundreds of feet. At last he saw a projection which was apparently rock covered with earth and leaves. A few digs with the shovel laid bare the outcropping of the ore-vein which was to become one of the most famous in the world.

In the long list of accidental discoveries which have made fortunes either for the discoverers or others to whom they divulged them, that of Park City will always occupy a prominent place. It was not always termed Park City, and many of the miners in Utah to this day call it Parley's Park, its original name. Sitting on a ledge of rock to rest while travelling through this region, a prospector began knocking away at the surface with his pick without thought that its point was entering a mass of silver ore. Noting the glitter of the fragments, he took them to the nearest town and had them assayed, more out of curiosity than otherwise, for apparently they contained too much of the white metal for it to be genuine. The assay showed no less than twelve pounds of silver to the ton. News of the discovery soon spread, and openings were made from which ore yielding over three million pounds of pure silver has thus far been taken, and no one knows how much more lies in the bowels of the hills.

Such are instances of mines which have not been exhausted since they were opened. There are darker chapters in the history of the western goldfields; for example, Treasure Hill, situated in Nevada, the state to which the great Comstock Lode has given such a reputation. Nearly half a century ago the ore from fully a hundred openings in the mountain-side on which it stands was brought to

Treasure Hill, making it one of the richest and, for the time, one of the most active communities in the West. Companies were formed by the score to secure the deposits of precious metal.

Then came the day when the pioneer miners cutting into the hillside found the veins were giving out. They began selling out shares in companies in which they were interested. As quickly as when the veins were discovered, the announcement spread that the end of the ore was in sight. A panic followed, and Treasure Hill was deserted. Possibly its hotels, stores, and dwellings are standing yet. A few years ago a traveller passed through the place, and actually saw glasses and bottles on the bars of the saloons, cues and balls on the billiard-tables in the hotels, row after row of dwellings, some with doors open, but not a human being was visible. Yet the day may come when the prospector will again explore the shafts and tunnels, and perhaps with a few blows of his pick will open up another source of wealth as great as that which built the city. It is the possibility of securing riches in a day or perhaps an hour that tempts the prospector to struggle along year after year, although he well knows that where there is one chance of success there are a hundred of failure.

With the progress which has been made in the sciences and the invention of machinery, elaborate expeditions are now equipped to prospect for gold and silver. In fact, some of the large deposits discovered recently have been due to the work of such parties, some of them fitted out at an expense of from twenty to thirty thousand pounds sterling. They can well be called expeditions, for they contain wagon-trains or strings of pack-mules carrying not only food and other supplies, but machinery for boring far into the rock, for breaking up and testing the formation, and even for determining the amount of gold and silver in each ton of ore. The man to whom the surface of the rock is like pages of the open book, the geologist, forms a part of the force. Chemists accompany the party to detect the presence of the precious metals by the use of acids. There are electricians who employ the electric current to force the boring-tool into the rock and take from it pieces which may lie hundreds of feet beneath the surface and contain specimens of ore. Even furnaces are carried on these expeditions, by which the ore can be smelted and the metal separated from the dross; and a mapmaker is also taken, so that if a discovery is made he can prepare a drawing of the locality for the fortunate owners.

Some of these expeditions carry enough supplies to allow them to go into regions where the ordinary prospector would perish of hunger and thirst. They have penetrated far into the desert, and have succeeded in revealing sources of wealth which have been previously unknown. Several have been formed to search for lost mines, deposits of gold which have been discovered but whose location is no longer known, yet whose names are probably known to every prospector in America, and not a few have lost their lives in the attempt to rediscover them. Somewhere in the Mohave Desert in Arizona is the Bryfogle Mine, so called because a prospector of this name came out of the desert with a bag containing several pounds of nuggets of pure gold. He sold them to secure supplies, and went back, never to be seen again, apparently the secret of his wealth buried with him. Since then hundreds of fortune-seekers have unsuccessfully endeavoured to trace his path, many of them dropping by the way, overcome by hunger and thirst.

As the train on the Southern Pacific Railway passes through southern California, the passengers can see a group of three hills rising a few miles from the track. On one of these hills is the Pegleg Mine, for which search has been made in vain for the last quarter of a century. The first white man who is supposed to have found it was 'Pegleg' Smith, a cripple, who set people of Lower California wild by the sight of the many nuggets which he brought from it; but he also disappeared, and his secret was buried with him. Since then tradition has it that two other white men and one woman have visited the mine, but all are dead, and so far as is known, they never disclosed the secret of its location. Undoubtedly the south-western Indians have been familiar with many of the richest deposits, especially the Apaches, and could account for the disappearance of many a prospector who has sought them and never returned to civilisation.

THE MOON.

She comes at night when the long day wanes,
And the sun glows red on the farmyard vanes,
Climbing up into the darkening sky
As the last wild rays of the sunset die;
She lights the ploughman his lonely way
To the little thatched cot where his children play;
And the sheep that lie in the straw-walled fold
Bleat through the night in her spectral gold.

Dark in the forest her shadows fall,
Where the owls sit watching her blazing ball
Imaging there on the mossy floor
Chestnut and oak and sycamore;
Soft she shines on the gray stone tower,
Ghostly white on the stones that cower
There in the long rank grass where lie
The dead that are sleeping dreamlessly.

She threads the mist with a silver woof
As it rolls like a sea round the high-peaked roof;
Gleams on each diamond window-pane
Where the child in unconscious dreams is lain;
Breaks in flood from the sailing cloud
Like an angel out of a winding-shroud,
The night, night-long, to reign supreme
And charm the earth with her slumbrous beam.

A. W. Howlett.

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A WINTER SHORE.

By R. A. GATTY, LL.B.

THE people who throng the sands which lie between Redcar and Saltburn and enjoy the sea-bathing during the summer holidays can hardly realise what a change comes over the scene in the winter months. Those smooth, level sands, so firm to walk upon, become covered in a northerly or north-easterly gale with rolling breakers, extending far out to sea, for there is nothing but shallow water, fatal to the life of any ship which may be driven on the coast. The mariners know this, and keep far away out as well as they can; but occasionally they get driven in and engulfed. I was an eye-witness of this some ten years ago, late in the month of October, when a Scotch schooner called the *Vigilant* came ashore on the sands. It had been blowing hard all day, and the huge breakers, with their crests of foam, churned up the spindrift, which the gale carried like flakes of snow over the sea-banks. The power of such waves is enormous, and they have been known to remove the entire sands from Saltburn to Redcar, a distance of some five miles, and leave exposed the lias rocks on which the sands ordinarily lie.

It was a gun fired by the coastguard which warned everybody that something was wrong at sea, and drew crowds of anxious onlookers to the sea-front. It was afternoon, and the tide was coming in, and we could see, less than a mile away, a small schooner drifting helplessly towards the breakers. Preparations were already going on for launching the lifeboat, and before the danger-zone was reached by the schooner, the boat, filled with brave fellows, was battling its way to the ship. How that lifeboat lived in those boiling billows and made her course was a miracle to witness; but she reached the schooner, and we all expected she would take off the shipwrecked crew. The captain of the vessel, who was a Scotchman, had not signalled for assistance, and his answer to the appeals of the lifeboatmen was that he intended to stick by his ship. There were signs, he thought, of the gale moderating, and he intended to anchor in the bay for the night. Every one said he was a madman to think of such a thing, but no persuasion could move him, and the lifeboat returned to the shore.

The promised moderation of the weather did not continue, and once we thought the captain had altered his mind and was running up a signal of distress, but it proved only to be a riding-light which now swung to and fro as the schooner tossed among the breakers. The darkness then came on, and all that could be seen of the vessel was this speck of light upon the waters. The coastguardsman told me the anchor could not hold for long, and before daybreak the ill-fated ship would be knocked to pieces and the men drowned. My bedroom window faced the sea, and many times in the night I got up and looked at that dancing light, and thought of the wretched men in their hopeless position. Just as day was breaking the gun was again fired, and once more we made our way to the beach. The tide was now running out, and the process of launching the lifeboat was more difficult than on an incoming tide, for the flatness of the shore required the horses to go some way out into the breakers to get depth of water to float the boat, and the poor beasts found it no easy matter to face the heavy seas.

Meantime the *Vigilant*, having dragged her anchor, was now at the full mercy of the terrible waves. These broke over her in drenching showers, but each time she righted herself and did not founder. We could see the forms of the crew huddled together, and lashed, no doubt, to their places, for the seas were pouring freely over the deck. With a cheer from the group of helpers, all pushing vigorously behind the horses, the lifeboat once more started on her perilous voyage, and the cheers grew louder and louder as she got within touch of the vessel. This time there was no hesitation on the captain's part. Helping his three mates over the side into the boat, one of them so exhausted that he could not walk, he reluctantly took his place among them. The lifeboat made a safe

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journey to the shore, and we crowded round to see this gallant Scotch captain who had stuck so bravely to his post. It was not foolhardiness or wilful recklessness of his own life and those of his crew, but, as he explained it, a sense of duty to his ship and her owners which made him hold out among the terrible breakers. Had the wind gone down as he hoped, or had it even shifted, he thought it possible to prevent the *Vigilant* from becoming a wreck. He had sailed in her for twenty years, and he knew her capabilities and had faith in her staunchness. About the latter there could be no doubt. She was real Scotch like her captain, and though every one prophesied the waves would hammer her timbers into matchwood, and bump a hole in her by striking the sand, nothing of the kind took place, and as the rough sea receded she grounded safely on the beach.

Not a hundred yards from the scene of the wreck stands the little, whitewashed inn of old Saltburn, and here the crew of the *Vigilant* were taken by sympathising friends, and beds prepared for them. The captain, however, declined to go to bed, and said he was not much the worse for his experiences of the night, but the others were greatly fatigued. He was a short, thick-set man, with a weather-beaten face but a cheery expression, and over a glass of hot grog he freely told us the story of his misfortunes, culminating in the loss of his ship, which greatly affected him. I was glad to hear afterwards that his gallant conduct was duly recognised by the owners of the *Vigilant*, and he soon got another ship. Nothing could be done with the old schooner but sell her by auction for breaking up, and as a memento of the occasion I bought the *Vigilant's* bell and converted it into a dinner-bell.

Stories of wrecks, with their attendant acts of bravery, are so common that it may seem superfluous to add to their number by giving this account of the *Vigilant's* misfortunes; but there are few men, I venture to think, who would have dared to anchor their ship in the raging waters of this inhospitable coast. On the first occasion of the lifeboat reaching him the captain might have accepted the proffered safety with every feeling that he had done his duty. He could see before him nothing but the furious waves breaking one after the other, showing their great white teeth like hungry beasts waiting to devour him. What a heart he had, that Scotch skipper, and how modestly and quietly he took our praises when he came ashore! The only weakness he betrayed was in accepting somewhat too freely the good cheer lavished upon him. Small blame to him, after all he had endured that awful night among the Saltburn breakers.

A walk along the beach in winter-time will often bring up some sad reflections. One afternoon in November 1905 I was again on the shore where the *Vigilant* was lost, and as I walked by the edge of the water I noticed a great quantity of cork, which the tide was bringing in, and presently I came upon a broom with a long handle painted white, and apparently in excellent condition. I looked round to see whether there was any one who would care to carry home this useful article, and hailed a man who was apparently a fisherman, and asked him if he would care to have it. The man replied that he did not live anywhere near, and he had some miles to walk and did not wish to carry it. He suggested that we should leave it out of the reach of the tide, where some person coming along might find it. He took the trouble on his own initiative not only of stepping into the water to fetch it, but he went out of his way a couple of hundred yards to place it on a bank of sand. I then asked him if he could explain the presence of the broken cork which was lying in all directions; and after carefully examining some he gave it as his opinion that it was the cork of which cork-jackets are made, and that it possibly came from a wreck which had taken place off the Tees' mouth a few days previously during a bad storm. I walked a little way talking to my new acquaintance; but the wreckage had given me a feeling of depression, so bidding him good-day, I retraced my steps homewards.

The fact was my mind had gone back fifty years and more to a very similar scene, when as a young boy I had walked along a winter shore with my brother after a storm which had left the sands littered with oranges, most of which were burst when we tried to suck them, and full of sea-water, while the edge of the tide was brown with linseed from a lost ship. I remember we had gone round a point where the rocks began, and climbing over a boulder, we came upon the dead body of a man. It was a gruesome surprise to us children; and I noticed on one of his feet he had a wooden sabot, and I had already picked up a sabot some way back along the beach. I never forgot the shock of finding this poor drowned sailor, and on this afternoon I felt at any moment one of the great waves might bring to light a similar fatality. What strange things early impressions are! They will lie dormant for years and years, and then some chord is struck and the scene reappears with wonderful distinctness, which age seems rather to strengthen than make dim.

I told my adventure to the man at the pier, who laughed at the whole thing. 'There are worse things come ashore,' he said, 'than dead bodies. When a vessel is wrecked on those rocks yonder, and everything gets smashed up by the waves, I have known bits of men floated in by the tide—an arm, a leg, and such-like. These do make you feel queer, I can tell you.' We hear of people wishing to be buried at sea, but it always seems to me a very unquiet resting-place. There may be depths where everything is perfectly still, but they can only be found in the great oceans. Currents, too, must always be moving things about, for was not a portion of a railway carriage, after the Tay Bridge disaster, washed up on the coast of Norway?

While we were talking at the pier, a fisherman came up with a spade and tin can on his way to get worms on the shore. He was an old friend whom I had known many years, and one of those who had assisted at the wreck of the *Vigilant*. I inquired what fish he hoped to catch, for the sea was far too rough for any fishing-boat to put out. He said the codling were now about the pier-head when it was high-water, and if the sea went down a bit and the swell became less strong, there would be a chance of getting some the next afternoon. The codling liked rough water, as it churned up food from the bottom and exposed the worms; but if the waves were too rough they kept out in deeper water. I strolled along with him to the bait-ground, and he explained to me the difficulties he had to contend with over getting worms. Owing to the roughness of the sea, the sand was constantly changing, and this gave the worms no chance of growing to any size. It was different at Redcar, where the shore was more protected by rocks and bait was plentiful. Here you might dig for hours with very poor results.

There is art in everything, and I soon found there was something to learn even in the simple matter of digging up worms. We came to a part of the sands which was covered with worm-casts, and it looked as if every time you put in the spade you would turn up bait; but this was not the case. I noticed the fisherman carefully scanning the ground, and he explained to me it was no use digging at random, and that you had to look not only for the presence of a worm-cast, but also for a blow-hole. He very soon called my attention to a small circular hole in the sand about eight inches away from a worm-cast. 'This,' he said, 'is where we shall find the worm's head, and his tail will be where the cast is. He will be lying between these two points, and all I shall have to do is to dig straight down and get him.' Suiting the action to the word, he put in his spade, and he found the worm exactly in the position he said it would be, and of the exact length of the distance between the blow-hole and the cast. He was thus saved the trouble of digging for worms of small size, besides knowing the exact position of the worm before putting in his spade. The blow-holes are only made by the worms when the tide is making.

The fisherman informed me that the razor-fish from the long razor-shells would be better bait for the codling than worms; but these only came ashore in certain tides when the sea coal-dust appeared. I remembered having seen the shore strewn with coal-dust of sufficient quantity for men to scrape it together and carry it away in carts for fuel. It must be poor smudge at best, and it comes, no doubt, from some exposed coal-seam out at sea. We were successful in getting a fair amount of worm-bait, and as my friend the fisherman prophesied a change of weather, and a breeze off the land when evening came on which would knock down the sea, I returned home with pleasant anticipations of the next day's fishing.

Many people think there is no art in sea-fishing, and I admit when you are out in a boat and get among a shoal of fish, and have nothing to do but sink and pull, the glut of the catch robs it of all pleasure. This is not the case with the codling in the breakers. You may perhaps get a big fish ten or twelve pounds in weight, but there is never that abundance to produce any feeling that you are getting too much.

It was high-water about five o'clock, and shortly before four I joined the fishing-party on the pier, which consisted of the fisherman, who brought with him two dogs—one an Aberdeenshire terrier answering to the name of 'Wreck,' and a Pomeranian called 'Floss'—and two other men. 'These dogs won't stay at home,' the fisherman explained. 'They belong to the inn down there on the beach, and that little rascal Wreck, he will be in at everything that is going on, and follows me about all day. He knows as well as possible we are going to fish, and there he is now rushing down the pier barking to send away those gulls you see flying over us. That's his way, and nothing can live for him. Why, when I go on the rocks after soft crabs for bait, he has his nose under the seaweed all along hunting for big crabs, and if one of these gets his claw into Wreck's lip he never shakes him off—he knows that's no good; but he stands still and waits till the crab lets go, and then, my! you should hear the crunch. You want to know why he is called Wreck? Well, I'll tell you. About eight years ago, one December morning, we saw a schooner in difficulties about a mile out, and it was one of those storms like that which wrecked the *Vigilant* about two years before. There was nothing for it, we saw, but she must come into the breakers and be lost; so the gun was fired to summon the lifeboat-men, and we all went down to the shore to give a helping hand. There were five men on board the craft, but the poor chaps were done up and starved with cold, and they could do nothing to save their ship, which seemed to come dead on for the pier-head. It was a marvel she did not strike it and go to pieces at once; but just at the critical moment a great big wave washed over her and turned her a little on one side; but when we looked after it had passed there were only four men on the deck—one had gone, poor chap! into the breakers. He had this little dog Wreck on board with him, a Scotch terrier; and the boat was Scotch, and all the crew. Well, this wave which took the poor fellow's life was perhaps the means of saving the others, for it turned the schooner so that she came right forward to the beach instead of heading for the rocks out yonder, where she must have gone to pieces. We got the lifeboat out, and it was a rough time for them, I can tell you. One wave washed three of the crew into the sea, and the

next brought one of these back right into the boat without his moving. The other two, who had cork-jackets, were caught by the men, and pulled in just in time. The lifeboat had no more accidents, and got to the ship and took off the four men; but no one, in the hurry and excitement, thought of the dog, so the little chap was left on board to take his luck. The men were well looked after and provided for; and meantime the schooner was tossing up and down, and we expected her to break up any minute. She was right far in now, and not many yards from where the *Vigilant*, you remember, came ashore. After some hours the tide turned, and the *Loch Alsh*, as the vessel was called, grounded on the sand. The same tide left the body of the drowned sailor, who was mate on board, not far away from the ship. You would think, now, that little dog, after all the shaking about he had had, would have jumped off the ship when she was clear of water and made for the land. Not a bit of it. He knew he was left in charge and all in the boat was under his care, and so when the coastguard officers went to board her and take over everything into their hands they found a Tartar awaiting them. There stood Wreck on the deck, showing his teeth and snarling, with his hair all up his back standing on end. Not a man of them dared go aboard, and it was not till the sailors had come and taken away the dog that they could go about their business. That's pluck for you, if you like.'

I need not say that Wreck is a general favourite with everybody, though he clings to the company of the fishermen in preference to any other society. His poor master lies buried in the churchyard of Marske-by-the-Sea, not far from the grave of the father of the celebrated navigator Captain Cook. At the time of the wreck the minister of a parish in Aberdeenshire was communicated with, and he said that the mate's name, Matthew Cowling, which was tattooed in full on his arm, was a common one, and it was impossible at the moment to identify him, but it would be known by his not returning home. I venture to give his name, as perhaps this story in the *Journal* may find its way into the hands of some of his relatives, and they will be glad to know that all was done that could be at the time, and that his little dog still survives, well cared for, on that distant shore where Cowling met his terrible death among the Saltburn breakers.

A STORMY MORNING.

CHAPTER XXIII.

'AFTER all, it can't be much trouble to give a dance at Brayborough,' said Ida Pegram. 'All you have to do is to roll the carpets up and order supper and a band. Such a lovely floor!' she said, executing a *pas* on a shining interval between the doorways. 'Why don't you go in at your uncle, Betty?'

'I never bother Uncle Forsyth for things,' said Betty; 'and I don't see why he should give a dance if he does not want to, and it bores him.'

'What an odious little cat!' said Mabel Pegram as Betty left the room. 'And he would do it for her directly. Two dances running, and you might have brought Neips up to the scratch, Ida. I am afraid one is no good. He will be too shy and flustered with the lights and the smart "lydies." I suppose he will be one of the stewards?'

Ida Pegram made an impatient movement and exclamation.

'It is all very well snorting,' said her sister; 'but time is not standing still with either of us, and it would not be such a bad business after all. You would live near here, and come in for all that is going on, if you keep in with the Forsyths; and there are the S——s, and a lot of other houses, and summer cricket-parties; and it is quite a tidy little old manor-house—quite nice. Of course you would shunt the mother and sister, and alter the house a bit, and add a room or two.'

It was the day of the Hunt ball. Betty had come in from a round of the hothouses with some of the newest batch of guests, and was going to her room when her uncle called to her from his sitting-room as she passed the open door.

'Come in, Betty. I have something here I should like you to have,' he said as she came up to him. He unlocked his bureau and took out a worn velvet case from the depths of one of the drawers. He touched a spring, and the case opened, disclosing a beautiful comb of fine diamonds.

'Oh, dear Uncle Daddy!' said Betty.

'It belonged to your aunt, child, and I should like you to wear it to-night and keep it. She was very fond of it, and often wore it. I never showed you this, did I?' and he took out a miniature from the same secret recess.

Betty might have sat for it, the likeness was so strong. Her eyes filled with tears. She stooped and kissed him.

'Bless you, child!' he said. 'Now run away; I am busy. What a bore this ball is!'

Brayborough was full to overflowing. Omnibuses, broughams, brakes, landaus, all in request to take the ball-goers to the scene of their triumphs, disappointments, heartaches, boredoms, business, as the case might be. The toilets were gorgeous; Lady Forsyth resplendent in white and gold, ablaze with the family diamonds. Most of the ladies had looked on the Wilton ball as an occasion amply

justifying a new gown. It was a very smart ball indeed, and all the houses round had filled up for it.

Betty was lovely. 'Darling white,' as Lady Forsyth called it, with La France roses on her white shoulder and a great trail on the soft gown that was swathed round her slight figure, hanging to perfection; the beautiful diamond comb sparkling in her dark hair.

The Miss Pegrams were in smartest black, with splashes of vivid scarlet; and Ida Pegram's sallow cheeks had mounted a little colour for the occasion, and an artistic touch had made the pale eyes less like those of a cod-fish than usual.

Mrs Williams was there, of course, and radiant, a glitter of gold and green and jewels, reminding one, somehow, of a mermaid, or the Lorelei, or something uncanny and wicked, alluring and unclothed. She was in wildest spirits, and ready for anything, having pulled off a coup in the City, thanks to the advice of a stockbroking friend.

A start was made, grumbling men collected, and the train of carriages in due course deposited their freight at the doors of the Corn Exchange at Wilton. The ballroom was large, beautifully decorated with bunting and flowers, and dazzling with electric lights. The floor was beyond reproach.

Lady Forsyth and her party made their way up the room to the seats set apart for the mighty.

'Why don't they begin?' said Mrs Williams to Lord Harlestone. 'Oh, I see; the S——s! There they come! Did you ever! Why don't they do the whole thing, and have a Lord Chamberlain with a white wand to walk backwards and show them to their thrones? I never did see such absurd side!' as the great people advanced up the room, Lady S—— bowing from side to side as though a royal crown sat on her brow instead of her second-best tiara.

'Can you imagine her ever having been pretty, with that tier of chins and that cross expression?' said Mrs Williams. 'I remember—that is to say' (hastily pulling herself up), 'I have been told she was a perfect dream of beauty. People used to stare at her so in the streets that she could not go out for a walk. Oh, do look!' she continued excitedly. 'There is that ridiculous woman Lady Clamjaffary, with her nodding plume. Did you ever hear about the portraits?'

'No. What happened?' said Harlestone.

The woman's spirits were infectious, and she was amusing in her spiteful way, so he sat on by her side.

'Well, she had poor little Clam painted in his peer's robes—with his coronet on his head, if you please—Clam, who never goes near the House of Lords, and is only really happy when he is pinching his fat cattle. She got little Brown, who is so clever, and who would be so rising but for the bottle, to paint it. You know she is an awful screw, and she ground him down to paint her portrait as well for very little more than he usually asks for one. Do you understand? He was to paint the two for the price of one!'

Harlestone nodded.

'Brown, poor little creature! is always hard up, and did it; but, *en revanche*, painted little Clam with an expression as if he were going to cry! It was a wonderful likeness and a splendid bit of work, artists say. Lady Clam could do nothing. She was simply livid. Clam's portrait was hung in the Academy. Every one used to go and see it, and go into fits over it. Hers was not hung, which piled up the agony.'

Harlestone burst out laughing.

'I see they are going to start with a sort of royal quadrille,' he said. 'Will you come and join the dance? I am only good for a square to-night. I knocked my knee against a gate-post, and am quite stiff.'

'Not I,' said she. 'I am far too much amused looking on! Look at Lady Clam pointing her toes and smiling on her inferiors, and her plume nodding; and look at Lady S——'s scowls. I suppose a triple tier of chins is trying;' and she cackled on in her disagreeable, drawling voice.

Betty was very much in request, and her card was full before she had been long in the room. She kept two valses for Harlestone, with an aching heart; but the evening wore on and they were never asked for.

Harlestone did not dance at all, but seemed to spend most of the evening talking and laughing with Mrs Williams, greatly to the satisfaction of that light-hearted dame. The atmosphere about the front benches was slightly oppressive; but the ball was cheery and bright, the band and programme excellent.

At length there was a pause, and the mighty retired for supper.

Colonel Fraser hurried up to Betty.

'Miss Fitzhugh,' he said, 'Glengorm has got his piper—he is up in the gallery looking on—and we have got them to give us a Highland schottische on the pipes. It is pretty cool cheek of an old buffer like me; but will you dance it with me?'

'I should love to,' said Betty brightly.

The skirl of the pipes resounded through the room. A great lump rose in her throat and the tears rushed to her eyes at the familiar music. All her unhappiness came over her like a rising tide, and a great ache for Dunscaith.

Colonel Fraser looked at her and saw there was something amiss with the girl.

'Come along, Miss Betty,' he said. 'I know what it is. The pipes have made me feel like that before now. Cheer up, *sllasa!*'

She danced with dainty grace, and the colour had come into her cheek and the light into her eye, as the most exciting and beloved of music ceased. Her partner whirled her light figure round for the last time, landing her close to Harlestone, who was leaning against the door-post looking at them.

'Well done, Miss Fitzhugh!' he said; and Colonel Fraser mopped his brow.

'Come along and have some supper, Miss Fitzhugh,' said the latter. '"That was real fine," as we say in the north.' And they went downstairs.

Harlestone must have taken that opportunity to ask for a lift home with Lord Forsyth, as Betty did not see him again that night.

'My dance, Miss Fitzhugh,' said young Hamond as they re-entered the ballroom, and the strains of lovely old *Wien mein Sinn* thrilled forth. He put his arm round her slender waist, and they floated away.

'Do come and sit in here and get cool for a minute,' he said. 'I am sure you don't want to dance those disgusting kitchen lancers.'

She went with him, and they sat in a sheltered nook under a spreading palm.

He took her fan gently out of her hand and began fanning her; but, shutting it up suddenly with a snap, 'Miss Fitzhugh,' he said, 'do you think you could ever care enough for me to marry me? I never cared for any one as much as I care for you, and I know quite well how unworthy I am.'

Betty was greatly distressed.

'Dear Mr Hamond, it is quite impossible,' she said. 'I cannot tell you how it hurts me to give you pain,' as she saw his face flush and then grow pale. 'I am so very, very sorry.'

'Is there no chance—ever?' he said. 'I never had much hope, I must say.'

'Please do not let us talk about it any more, Mr Hamond. I shall always like you, and look upon you as a dear friend.'

Young Hamond smiled grimly as she rose.

'I suppose I must not ask if there is any one else?' he said.

'I don't think you ought.' It was her turn to flush. He saw it, and set his teeth as they moved out of the recess and back into the ballroom.

'What luck some people have, to be sure!' said Mabel Pegram, who had peered into the recess out of the corner of her eye, and guessed what had happened by young Hamond's serious face and Betty's disturbed look.

'Why could he not have fixed his young affections and his twenty thousand a year on me, I wonder?' she thought to herself. 'And look at Ida's struggles with that wretched Neips; I don't believe she will land her stupid fish after all. All the men seem to have gone mad over that minx Betty Fitzhugh! What can they see in her, I wonder?' thought the hack of many London seasons and country balls.

The great people were departing. Lady S—— looked more amiable, and actually spoke to Mrs Harold, who was standing with a handsome daughter near the doorway.

Lady Clamjuffary also was kind to her inferiors, telling them what a good ball she thought it, and that their girls enjoyed balls of that sort so much more than they would the crushes in 'our London drawing-rooms;' causing more than one well-bred and well-born country dame to long to lay hands on the nodding plume that waved above the vain, pasty face of her condescending interlocutor.

A good many suppers had been disposed of by this time; the room was hot; the ball was growing a little rowdy.

Lady Forsyth said that no dog was ever as tired as she felt, and began to collect her party. So that year's Wilton Hunt ball began to come to an end, and was pronounced even a greater success than usual by all as they drove home in the darkness, some happy, some sad, some bored, all tired.

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

IN the August issue of *Chambers's Journal* I ventured to suggest—in an article entitled 'The Domestic Tyrant'—that ladies trained as servants should be introduced into our households with a view to raising the standard of domestic service. It was impossible with the limited space at my command to enter fully into this important subject. Most thinking people are agreed that some radical change must be made if the home-life so dear to us is to be maintained. Young couples starting housekeeping are launched at the very outset into a sea of troubles, and experienced matrons are finding it impossible to keep up the high standard of comfort and excellence to which they had attained. The cry of the present day is not so much for servant-girls as for *a properly trained service*. It is wonderful that we have submitted so long, and in so many cases, to pay wages for ignorance and incompetency. As things are at present, no improvement can be expected from the servant-class themselves; we are only too thankful to engage a perfectly ignorant girl if she is honest and respectable, and we pay a large wage for the privilege of training her.

Now, side by side with this class are numbers of ladies who, by misfortune, are reduced to penury, and who struggle to make a living in overcrowded shops and workrooms, in second-rate studios, or as lady-clerks and typists. Most avenues are closed to them; and whereas under the old régime those who would have been considered quite efficient in 'the arts,' and competent enough to impart their

acquirements to others, are nowadays—when the standard of merit is so high—asked for certificates which they cannot produce. They flood the market as mothers' helps, lady companions, paid attendants, and some would even go without salary in return for a home! Now, many of these ladies, if properly instructed, would make excellent servants, the necessary training being neither long, arduous, nor costly; and the reward steady work, a comfortable home, and good wages!

I have recently heard of the Guild of Aid, Zeals, Bath, a home where lady-pupils are trained for any kind of domestic work for one pound weekly, daughters of clergymen for ten shillings. These fees include board and lodgings. Lady probationers are also taken for regular resident work at the central home. One of the most important features is the scheme for providing temporary aid to those whose servants have suddenly left them through illness or otherwise. The guild has been in existence thirty years, and has done much good work. It is supported to some extent by voluntary contributions, and is exclusively a Church of England institution. Further particulars can be obtained from the organising secretary, Guild of Aid, Zeals, Bath.

In my former article I pointed out that training is already being given in the Arachne Club, 60 Russell Square, London, and in the Guild of the Household Dames in Cheltenham; and that such homes for the training of ladies for domestic service should, in connection with women's clubs, be established in each capital in the United Kingdom, and associated under one central committee of management, these central committees having power to appoint sub-committees for the personal supervision of *each home* in the town in which it may be established. Certificates should be granted by the head-office only, thus ensuring a genuine guarantee of efficiency, the competition for these being open to every class of servant.

This suggestion naturally leads one to consider the desirability of associated registries, so that any one applying for a servant would be in touch with all the other registries connected with these training centres. Every lady on parting with a maid would be required to forward *confidentially* a true and genuine character of the latter to the branch through which she had been engaged, for the information of the next applicant. This would put an end to the repeated writing of characters between ladies which has become such a burden at the present time, while all servants of good character who have gained certificates in any branch should have the benefit of these registries. It has often struck me that while we as mistresses are anxious to gain all possible information about the servant we engage, the girl herself has very little idea of what we are offering her. We give a few isolated facts, such as the number of the family, number of servants kept, wages given, &c., and the girl accepts the situation in blind ignorance of the house to which she is going and the household she is to serve. I have even known ladies who resent as an impertinence any reasonable question the girl might ask. Would it not be well if ladies employing these registries would give the manager a full and detailed account of the house and of the situation they are offering? This could be shown to a servant before her interview with her possible mistress, and so save much future disappointment.

Now, if we are to have either the superior girl we are always seeking or lady-servants, we cannot expect them to remain in houses where no thought is given to the comfort of the maids. True, there are many, many houses where only kindness and consideration are shown them, and where the structural arrangements and the furnishing of servants' quarters leave nothing to be desired. On the other hand, how often are they consigned to gloomy, overcrowded bedrooms, with dirty wall-paper, hard, comfortless beds, odds and ends of shabby toilet-ware, and bare boards; while the servants' hall is a cheerless room, with stone floor, deal table, and uninviting forms!

Bear with me if I plead for a little comfort and even a little beauty for our servants. I feel sure in many cases it is just thoughtlessness which is responsible for this state of things, a general idea that 'anything will do for a servant's room,' which the mistress rarely, if ever, enters. It is wonderful how little expenditure is needed to produce a pretty little bedroom; a light-ground paper and white paint are no more costly than dingy paper and mud-coloured paint. The bare floor could be stained or covered with a rug or art square. Oetzmann supplies an iron bedstead, spring and wool mattress, wool bolster and a pillow complete for one guinea; and the whole room could be transformed and refurnished for a few pounds. In many cases, by simply repainting the old furniture an equally good effect could be produced. The bare servants' hall, also, by a little thought and at small cost could be remodelled into a cosy sitting-room.

Now, think for one moment what all this means to the lady-servant coming possibly for the first time into her new life amongst strangers! How the touch of refinement in her immediate surroundings cheers and encourages her, and how proud the ordinary servant-girl would be of her pretty room! When possible, every servant should have a room to herself; but, where space does not admit of this, at least a bed of her own, with curtains dividing the room so as to ensure privacy.

In old houses, and where there is a large family, it is not always easy to allow sufficient accommodation; but in the building of new houses the architect's attention should be specially directed to the servants' quarters, where the windows should be planned so as to give separate light to each little room or portion of a room arranged as cubicles. A fitted

bath should be provided, and some form of sitting-room or servants' hall, however small, where they can escape from the kitchen and receive their friends.

Then there is the question of food. There should be neither waste nor unnecessary luxury; but servants cannot work well and keep in health if they are not properly fed, and the mistress (or housekeeper) should see that what is needful is provided for them. I have not forgotten the matter of relaxation and of holidays; and it is most important that servants should be allowed as much time to themselves for recreation and outdoor exercise as is possible. But the arrangements of different households as well as the ideas and circumstances of employers vary so much that details must be left as a matter of mutual agreement between mistress and maid. In some instances the adoption of a pretty uniform instead of the ordinary black dress might help to make service more attractive.

May I add a few words to intending lady-servants? It is not enough that a lady should know merely a little about housekeeping; she must be willing to undergo a proper training and gain her certificate. This is necessary as a test of her physical as well as of her moral ability, and would prove if she were really strong enough for this form of work, and if the cheerful carrying out of orders was possible to one who had hitherto only issued them. It is useless for a lady to take up this work unless she is determined to be a thoroughly good and efficient servant, and to bring into her new life a bright and pleasant spirit. Of course, many houses are totally unsuited to the lady-servant; but she would be perfectly invaluable to elderly couples whose families have all scattered and left them in their old age, and in the houses of ladies living alone she would essentially find her sphere. Quoting from a letter in the August issue of *The Gentlewoman*, a lady writes: 'I wonder whether any of your many readers who are contemplating how to earn their living have ever turned their attention to lady-maids? I have been for the last eight years a lady parlour-maid, and after a previous four years of teaching, can truthfully say that the latter is the easier and better-paid employment. I have only lived where gentlewomen are kept.' After describing her work, &c., she concludes: 'Let girls think, and think twice, before they accept the miserable pittance of a nursery-governess or mother's help, when by donning a cap and apron and boldly going as a lady's-maid they can earn good salaries and lighter hours. My own life is so happy, with so much comfort in it, I should like other girls to join the ranks as well.' This letter is certainly very encouraging to other lady-servants.

I should deeply regret if anything written in this or in my former article should suggest a want of appreciation on my part of the good, superior servant still to be found in many households: the girl who began at the lowest rung of the ladder, at a small wage, and gradually worked herself up to thorough knowledge of her duties and the responsibility of her position. Indeed, I am voicing the cry of these very servants when they tell me how they deplore the change in the character of the girls now coming into service, their ignorance of the proper methods of work, their rough, rude manners in the servants' hall, and their lack of all interest in the family they serve. I have just received a letter from a servant in which she tells me that she has been in her present situation twenty-three, and her fellow-servant nineteen, years, and that others are known to her who have remained in one place ten, twelve, fourteen, and seventeen years. To my regret, she does not give me her name and address that I may tell her how I rejoice to hear of so many maids still left of the good old-fashioned school; if only there were plenty of them we should hear nothing of the 'servant problem' which threatens to break up the home-life of our country.

What I desire is that the tone of domestic service should be so raised by the introduction of lady-servants that it may induce a better class of ordinary servant-girls to enter it, and thus give an ample supply of superior, well-trained women in our homes. When this good time comes, then only will the present domestic tyranny give place to domestic peace.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN DE LONGPRÉ.

PART II.

THAT was a *mauvais quart d'heure* for the crew of the *Julie*. The captain of the French frigate, an irascible little man, stout and puffy, with a cocked hat and epaulets that looked too large for him, swore that they were all pirates, and spoke of the yardarm. De Longpré flushed as scarlet as his flag, and nearly brought them all to ruin by losing his temper and blurting out counter-insults. As it was, the French captain took such umbrage at the look in his eye that he had running tackle rove, and brought him up, with arms bound, under it. A moment more and the Frenchman would have heard some home-truths which would have rankled in the quick of his self-love so long as he lived; but before De Longpré could shake a word out of his indignant throat, the first lieutenant whispered in his captain's ear something about letters of marque and reprisals, and with a dramatic gesture he ordered the whole party to be packed below as prisoners of war. Not a scrap of difference, however, would he make between

officers and men, and all were huddled together in a dark and evilly smelling compartment between decks. There, before they had settled themselves, was presently flung in a tearful and dishevelled youth. James Gautier had been discovered among the lumber under the fo'c'sle deck, and dragged out by the leg to share the captivity of his countrymen. They were too much disheartened to have any hard words to spare for him. Le Brun seemed plunged in thought as he chewed an immense plug of tobacco; and the eyes of De Longpré were moist. He had lost his beautiful *Julie*.

A still further humiliation was in store for him, for a few hours later he and his men were transferred to the *Julie* herself, to be conducted to Brest in charge of a prize crew. And here the adventure would have ended had not the *Julie* sprung a leak. She was rather badly battered, and, as the sea rose with the wind which dispersed the fog, she was soon in difficulties. The lieutenant resolved to run for the nearest port, and barely reached the inlet which forms the harbour of Le Conquet, the westernmost point of France. There, in the quaint little port, the dejected group was landed; and from thence they were taken, under a sufficient escort, overland towards the military prison at Brest.

A march of ten miles along the main road brought them at nightfall to the town of St Renan, only seven miles from their destination. It was a sorry crew which was bundled into the old inn and shut into a room connected with the kitchen. Nearly all had got some bruise, and many were badly hurt. There was not a man of them who had not some interest in the venture of the *Julie*, and a cloud lay on every face. They flung themselves down on the floor and barely stirred to welcome the cabbage-soup which was presently served them in rough earthenware pans. They gathered that they were to spend the night there, and, with the experience of old hands, proceeded to fit themselves in.

In the kitchen things were different. Evidently the guard was amongst friends. The smell of a good supper came through the chinks of the door, and the sound of the rattle of plates. Then some one raised a rollicking song with a thunderous chorus. More friends came in. A fiddle began to scrape, and there was a stamping and shuffling of feet. A fellow flung open the door of their prison room, and, shouting, 'Sleep sound, *mes enfants;* we will sing you to sleep,' banged it to again. There was a roar of laughter. As the night went on the uproar increased. Much wine was drunk, and cognac was not wanting.

De Longpré sat moodily in a corner, and pushed off impatiently with outstretched legs those who came too near him. Le Brun crouched close at hand, and presently they began whispering together.

'It could be done, I tell you; it could be done,' said De Longpré.

'No, no, my captain; do not think of it,' urged Le Brun. 'It would be madness.'

'Madness or not, I am for attempting it,' said De Longpré.

'Well, my captain, then, of course, you may count upon me.'

'No, Mess Le Brun,' replied De Longpré; 'I am no longer your captain here, and I command no one. I only take with me those who may decide to come.'

The noise in the kitchen swelled into a tempest. Some one brought in a drum and began to bang it. De Longpré got up and went the round of the room, talking for a few minutes with each man. From the shaking of heads it was plain that no one agreed with him. So he completed the circle till he came to James Gautier.

The unhappy boy was sitting on the floor with his knees drawn up to his chin and a look of intense disgust on his face.

'Now, look here,' said his guardian; 'pull yourself together, my lad, and listen to me. We are going to make a trip together, you and I. I don't say there is no danger in it, but that will depend upon whether we keep our heads cool or not. All you have got to do is to say nothing and follow me. Just watch me and do as I do. Do you hear? I am not going to stay to be rotted in a French prison till this war is over, and I am not going to leave you behind. You were given to my care, and I think I shall do better for you even by running a little risk than by accompanying you to prison. Now, don't say a word. It is settled. You come. Take off your boots, and hold them in your hand.'

James looked up hopelessly, like an animal in a trap; but he yielded to the stronger will, and did as he was told. Then De Longpré tried the handle of the door. It was locked.

A few minutes later an unsteady hand fumbled at the latch and the key turned. A hot face, with the kepi stuck on wrong side foremost, was thrust in with a '*Hold, mes enfants!* are you all asleep? Sleep on, then, till I want you. *Au revoir!*'

De Longpré thrust a boot between the bottom of the door and the jamb as it closed; and as the man heard the top of the rickety structure bang to he shot the lock and lurched back to his comrades by the fire. The way was so far open. De Longpré peeped through. The kitchen was full of smoke. A high settle screened off the space opposite the big fireplace, where the fun was waxing fast and furious. A girl came in with a tray and bottles, and passed behind the settle. De Longpré seized James Gautier by the arm and drew him through the door. They were both in their stockings, but a booted footfall would not have been heard in that din. They slipped into the passage, the boy still held fast by the wrist. A moment more and they were in the road, where they were met by a gust of wet wind.

'Now then,' said De Longpré, 'hold up your head; no slouching, mind, or looking behind you. Take my arm and walk boldly on. But first, quick,

up this doorway, and on with your boots. So! By my soul, if you do not do as you are told I will flog you within an inch of your life!'

Thus admonished, Gautier tied his laces with trembling fingers and yielded to the push which sent him out into the street again. Happily for the venture, the night was murky. They dared not walk fast, but a few hundred yards brought them to the open country. They turned into one of those sunk Brittany lanes which run vaguely and distractedly among the fields. This one wound horribly, but they kept to it for nearly an hour till the increasing light warned them the morning was very close. Then they left the lane, clambered over one or two embankments, and buried themselves in a dense clump of hazel and oak which formed the junction of two hedges.

As the shadows became less dense they were conscious of a towering mass close at hand, which rose to the height of a tall tree. It was rudely quadrangular and pointed stubbornly to the sky. They had approached one of those strange menhirs, relics of an ancient race of nature-worshippers, hewn out of the granite and defying the wear of time. About four feet above the ground projected two boles of granite like breasts, and, even as they looked, a white figure stepped timidly from behind a dike and approached the monolith. She seemed clothed only in her hair, and almost before the bashful captain could hide his head and drag down his companion, she had touched these protuberances with her body and disappeared. They had unwittingly intruded into arcana where the mystery of the past still claims and gets its tribute from untutored hearts. They lay close and still, but the woman would scarce have noticed them, so anxious was she to regain her home before the light should reveal her to any 'peeping Tom.'

In the meantime things had become complicated at St Renan. As soon as the runaways had got clear of the house, Le Brun softly extracted the key from the kitchen-side of the door, locked the door from the inside, and then dropped the key into a crack beneath the wainscot, where it might remain hidden for a considerable time. When next the door was tried it was, of course, fast shut. The man without seemed to be searching along the floor for the lost key. When he did not find it he called a comrade, and they searched and talked. Then everybody in the kitchen seemed to become conscious that something was wrong, and there was a silence followed by a hubbub. Then they shook the door violently, and finally kicked it open. You may be sure there was trouble enough when they counted heads and discovered that two of the prisoners had gone. There could be no mistake that two had vanished, but how they had escaped remained a profound mystery. The window was closed and barred, and the door was certainly locked fast. The man in charge swore that he had locked it, and locked it was; only what had become of the key and of the prisoners he could not tell. Perhaps they were wizards! Bah! That would not do. Let the other prisoners therefore speak and explain. But they had no explanation to give. They had all been fast asleep. They!—what could they know? Were they not all locked in? Le Brun was specially indignant. Were they, then, supposed to guard one another, that they should be taken to task in that fashion? No doubt, and of course, they had all been asleep, and if two had been spirited away he only hoped there had been no foul play which would lead hereafter to international complications.

So, much valuable time was occupied, and when a search-party at last started to scour the district, De Longpré and the boy had put some distance between themselves and their pursuers.

The two fugitives found themselves in the most uncomfortable condition. They had no food, and their dress was likely to betray them the moment they were seen. The only thing in their favour was that they both spoke French like their mother-tongue. So they set to work to tear off any badges which could suggest the British service, and resolved to lie close in their covert all that day. They were cool enough beneath the bushes; but as the slow, still hours passed they got both hungry and thirsty. They could hear the sound of voices from a farm close at hand, and once a woman came with a pail and milked a cow tethered in the field behind their embankment. For a moment they were tempted to beg a drink of her. The boy had started to do so. But the risk was too great. The apparition of two dishevelled gentlemen, begrimed and battle-torn, would have told its tale too plainly. A sudden scream would have ruined all. So De Longpré pulled him back, and they licked their dry lips to the swish of the milk in the pail. Once they heard footsteps in the lane and the beating of bushes and grass, as though men were searching the neighbourhood, but no one came into their clump.

Toward evening the boy began to whimper, but with De Longpré's fierce eye upon him he held himself in, and by-and-by lay face down in the grass in a sort of torpor. At last night fell and again with gusty rain. As soon as it was dark they stumbled to their feet and made in the direction of the farm. De Longpré debated within himself whether he should go to the front door or to the back; in other words, whether he should present himself as a gentleman or as a tramp. The danger of detection in either case was considerable; but he came to the conclusion that at that stage of his journey he still bore too many traces of the gentleman to pass presentable for a beggar.

The knock was answered by a lusty farm-woman. They hoped that madame would pardon such an intrusion; but they were officers from Brest who had wanted to see the neighbouring menhir, but had had an accident and lost their way, and, in short, they wanted some bread and butter and cheese and a draught of cider. It was a lame sort of story, but

Longpré's air gave it sufficient credence, and madame would have them come in and refresh themselves. But no, they would not do that; they were in too great hurry to be gone. Let madame do them the favour to bring a good slice of bread to the door, and after they had drank the cider they would eat it as they went their way. When the woman was gone De Longpré felt in his pockets, but not a French coin could he find. Nor had Gautier one. Here was another difficulty. He solved it by gallantly offering her a silver pencil-case as a memento of their visit, and then, rather to her surprise, took off the whole yard-long loaf and a thick block of cheese which she had brought; and so, with a low bow and a profusion of thanks, vanished into the darkness.

De Longpré would not let the lad stand to eat, but hurried him away, and not till they had put several fields and dikes between themselves and the house did they venture to fall upon their provisions. Through the whole of that night they pressed steadily northwards, guessing at their direction, following the lanes so long as they seemed to lead aright, and then clambering over embankments and striding across fields heavy with growing crops. Once a dog came after them with a great hubbub; but a luckily aimed stone sent it back howling. When the day dawned again they were both thoroughly exhausted. They found themselves by a rapid little stream whose overhanging banks were densely fringed with alders. Here they ate what remained of the bread and cheese, and drank deep draughts of water. Though the rain had ceased, they were drenched to the knees by their passage through the wet fields. They were in a desolate place, far from any road, and it seemed as though they might commit themselves to sleep.

'We'll take watch about,' said De Longpré; 'two hours each. Now then, turn in, my lad, and I will not wake you unless you snore.'

The boy was too tired to need encouragement, and was asleep in a moment. De Longpré gathered an armful of long grasses and ferns, and a leafy bough or two, and strawed them over the boy as he lay. Then he set himself to pass the time as he might. The sun was soon up, and promised to be hot. A light mist drove over a piece of moorland opposite, and melted away. Here and there a trout rose in the pools, and De Longpré began to wonder whether they would accept anything so primitive as a bent pin and a frayed strand of linen from his shirt. While watching them he noticed that the current, curving sharply, had hollowed out a considerable cave beneath his feet, the roof of which was formed by the tough roots of the alders. Nearly three hours had passed before he shook James Gautier into consciousness and closed his own eyes.

It seemed but an instant after that he was struggling for his life in the midst of an infuriated horde of sheep. He fancied they were trampling upon him, goaded forward by demon-like drovers with staves. He opened his eyes and sat up, and certainly the baaing of sheep was around him everywhere, and the shouting of men. Gautier was fast asleep, so he jogged him sharply, placing a hand over his mouth lest he should speak. The sheep were being driven down to the water, and were presently penned within a fold which lay along the edge of the stream. By the worst of bad fortune they had hit the watercourse at the place where the farmer washed his flocks. In a big pool just below, two men entered to their waists and received the sheep, turning them over and allowing them to splash their way to land. Some of the stronger sheep gave trouble and struggled to free themselves, and one of these, escaping from the hands of the man who guarded the gate of the fold, raced along the bank and crashed into the place where De Longpré and the boy lay hid. It was a frightful moment, but the sheep leaped out again, and was caught a few yards farther down. In the confusion De Longpré laid hold upon James Gautier and drew him over the bank, slipping in with him under the projecting eave. It was a poor hiding-place. The water, though shallow, was over their ankles, and they were soon very cold. But it appeared their only chance, and they took it, or rather De Longpré did, supporting the boy, and compelling him to endure. It was full noon before the last of the protesting wethers lumbered, dripping, out of the pool, and the shepherds rounded them all up to return to the pastures. Then two woebegone and pale-faced tatterdemalions crawled up the bank and flung themselves down. The hot sun soon dried them, and without a word they both slept the sleep of utter exhaustion.

De Longpré woke first, as the shades of evening fell upon the moor. He was desperately hungry. Food must be got somehow; but even if they found a farm, how should they pass themselves off? There could be no more masquerading as French officers on the stray. Torn and muddied, they looked like tramps clothed in once fashionable cast-offs. Then as tramps they must beg. Anyhow, they were not hampered with packs. As soon as it was dark they both started, following the stream, which flowed due north, and presently they saw lights. They were considering their plan of approach when a big dog suddenly leaped the embankment and bore down upon them with savage barking. James Gautier picked up a stone, and the dog, after the manner of his kind, instantly checked. Before De Longpré could prevent him, the boy had flung the stone with all his strength. There are few dogs which are not daunted by the threat of a stone, and this one turned tail as he saw the missile in the air; but he turned to his undoing and ran on to his death, for the heavy block of granite caught him fair on the back of the head and rolled him over and over. De Longpré drew his companion sharply back among the furze, but there was no further sound. The dog lay still. The deed was done. They must trust to get their bit of

bread and be far away before morning revealed the murder.

It was a timid knock this time that De Longpré rapped against the back-door of a farm, and the girl who opened the door would have banged it in his face had he not inserted his foot. Then she made as though to run. It was a moment for swift decision. De Longpré threw himself upon his knee and put his finger to his lips. Then, as the girl hesitated, he said in a low, intense voice, 'Ah, *ma belle*, you would not betray two unhappy young men to their death! Look at us. See, we supplicate you. If you have no pity on me, at least compassionate this poor boy. It is true we may have run away out of the army, but mademoiselle will understand! When there is a mother and a sweetheart in the case! Has mademoiselle never a sweetheart? I cannot believe that.'

Apparently mademoiselle did understand, for she made them a sign to be still, and slipped through a side-door, from which she emerged with a bowl of milk and a loaf. De Longpré gallantly kissed the tips of her fingers, and again they slunk away into the night.

This time they had the stars, and steered a north-westerly course by their guidance. They crossed several streams, and towards morning they saw the glimmer of the sea. As the sun rose they found themselves on some low cliffs overlooking the broad sands, while upon their right lay a few fishermen's cottages. Some fishing-cobles were drawn up on the steeply shelving beach, but the tide was out. It would be afternoon before they could be floated. There was a hay-field close at hand, with high dikes covered with brambles, and here De Longpré resolved to hide till he could form some plan of escape. Any immediate food was out of the question, excepting a young turnip or two, not the most digestible matter with which to fill empty stomachs. So the hours dragged wearily, since they were now too excited to sleep. When at last the tide had risen, they peered again over the cliffs. One of the cobles was already lapped by the crisp little advancing waves. She lay lower than the others. Steadily the tide enveloped her. It had now touched its highest point, and the stern of the coble rose and fell gently on the water.

It was now or never. They had picked up a broad-bladed scythe left by a mower. They slid down the face of the incline, ran across the shingle, and with a few slashes had severed the tight-stretched rope by which the coble was attached to her anchor. Then they shoved with all their might, and, aided by the sharp angle of the beach, ran her into deep water. There was a sudden barking of dogs, and some men plunged through the shingle from the huts under the cliff.

But they hauled up the heavy sail, and the land-breeze caught it and blew them out. The angry fishermen wasted some time volleying pebbles at them, and then rushed to launch their other boats. But it was now too late. Every moment the boat gained more speed as they got farther from the shelter of the shore. By the time that the next coble was in the water and her sail up, the runaways had gained enough offing to hold their own. A strong southerly wind bore them out upon the Channel.

'Hurrah!' cried De Longpré; 'hurrah! We have done it, my boy. Never say die. We shall make Guernsey to-morrow.'

But the wind gathered force and took an easterly turn, till it was all they could do to keep their boat's head to the north.

To add to their difficulties, she proved to be a leaky old tub. Gautier had to bail hard to keep her free from water. More than a hundred miles of sea lay between them and the nearest English port. If they reached it at all, they would have to fight with starvation and thirst. Happily for them, they were pretty well trained now to do without food. The human frame soon learns to be patient of a meagre diet. It is harder to endure without water. A passing squall of rain enabled them to moisten their lips. Gautier bailed, and if he ceased for a moment, was goaded to resume his task by the relentless tongue of the captain. De Longpré himself bailed as best he might with one hand, while he steered with the other. He had no means of knowing whereabout in the Channel he was. Not a sail was in sight. He ran before the wind with his helm slightly a-port, so that in any case he might make the English coast. All through the night he held on, keeping the coble before the waves, which grew in size and chased him the more swiftly as he left France farther behind. With morning light he still held on. Gautier was lying in the bottom now almost awash in the water, which he feebly scooped over the side. A few more hours must see the end of it. De Longpré dared not release the helm for an instant lest they should broach-to and be swamped, and the boy's strength was done. The leaks gained fast upon their failing efforts.

It was high noon, and they were very low in the water when they sighted the first sail since they had quitted the coast of Brittany.

'Up, lad! Up!' shouted De Longpré; and the youngster made shift to raise himself against the mast and wave his coat. It seemed very long before the English cutter, as she turned out to be, could send them a cockle-shell of a boat, and a difficult business it proved to transfer themselves into it. But this also was accomplished, and none too soon. The coble, overweighted with water and drifting, was caught by a combing wave, and sank heavily before their eyes. Somehow they reached the cutter, and when they had told their story, were hospitably treated, and landed at Plymouth.

It was two sorry persons who thus returned in sea-soiled rags to the protection of the British flag. But people were kind to them. They lent them money and clothes, and a ship bound for Guernsey shortly took them back to home and friends. Poorer, but not down-hearted, De Longpré steppe

again upon the quay at St Peter Port. Gautier's father had no difficulty from that moment in keeping his son at the desk. But De Longpré was a son of the sea, and how he persevered until he had wrested from her the moderate fortune which he enjoyed in his middle life might form the foundation of an interesting tale.

THE END.

ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION FROM A COLONIAL POINT OF VIEW.

By A Victim.



ANY letters and articles discussing the suitability of the orthodox system of training pursued by most of the larger English public schools to the requirements of young men destined to enter the ranks of the Greater Britons beyond the Seas have recently appeared in the columns of the *Times* and other journals. The subject is one of such immense general, or rather Imperial, importance—for the immigrant who finds himself sadly handicapped by a faulty system of education previously received in England is apt to lose his earlier feelings of patriotism and attachment to the mother country—that it deserves the fullest consideration. Perhaps the writer, as one of a very large number of colonists who entertain strong views concerning it, may be permitted to add his humble contribution to the controversy.

No doubt, changes and improvements have been made in the curricula of the great English public schools since I left England more than twenty-five years ago. Still, judging by authoritative statements recently made, many of the old methods still survive. I will briefly sum up the kind of education bestowed on the scholars attending the particular institution where I received my early preparation. The school referred to was one of the ordinary type. Muscular Christianity (to shock the shade of Kingsley) was its prevailing spirit. Almost all the members of the staff were clerics possessed of a formidable array of degrees. Spacious playgrounds and gymnastic appliances were provided, and the school was as 'select' as high terms of admission could make it. The chief subjects taught, placing them in the order of importance which apparently they held in the opinion of the management, were theology, ancient languages, ancient and modern history, mathematics, geography, modern languages, and science. The last-mentioned subject was decidedly the least esteemed. It was, as the late Herbert Spencer complained, treated as the Cinderella of the educational family. The merest smattering of chemistry, geology, and botany was all that was imparted to us. Physiology seemed to be regarded as an unclean subject. We learnt a great deal about our souls, but nothing at all about our bodies. What information, too, we received on scientific subjects was purely theoretical. Practical science was quite ignored, and if a single student left our school with any knowledge of the construction of the simplest machine, he must have gained it for himself. Theology reigned supreme. We were required to know the various readings and explanations of every doubtful Biblical passage; to be thoroughly acquainted with the names, dates, &c. of every ancient Jewish king and prophet; to be able to verify every prediction; and to know our Greek Testament almost by heart. We read, of course, the usual Greek and Latin authors, painfully committed to memory some thousands of lines from the ancient classics, and practised assiduously the profitable art of turning wholesome English into barbarous Greek and Latin verse. The mythology of the Greeks and Romans, it is hardly necessary to add, was carefully studied; and I am afraid a good many of my fellow-pupils took a greater interest in the exploits of Jupiter and Hercules than in those of Cromwell and Wellington. History, like wine or certain works of art, was valued according to its age. We acquired a great deal of knowledge about the early Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, and fairly full details of the condition of England about the time of the Heptarchy; but a mere outline of the events that followed was deemed sufficient. The development of the British Constitution and the history of British colonial expansion were treated as subjects quite subsidiary in importance to the rise of the Roman Republic and the colonisation of various Mediterranean islets by the Greeks. The Gracchi were esteemed above the Pitts, and the campaigns of Hannibal and Alexander took precedence over those of Marlborough and Napoleon. Of our mathematical studies it is unnecessary to say much. We were taught a fair amount of what undoubtedly was useful; but a great deal of our time was employed, like that of the old schoolmen, merely in tying and untying knots. Subjects of such importance as book-keeping, shorthand, and geometrical drawing were quite neglected. Our geographical course was limited to the acquiring of a fair general idea of the relative positions of the chief natural and artificial divisions of the world; but the only country concerning which we were thoroughly informed was Palestine. How often we went over that interesting region, drawing numberless maps, carefully distinguishing the tribal boundaries and identifying to the satisfaction of our reverend professors the exact sites of all places mentioned in Scripture, from Ur of the Chaldees to Sarepta, and tracing the various journeys of St

Paul and the early evangelists, I shudder now to recall. The British Empire, however, claimed no special notice. We were infinitely better informed about Jerusalem and Bethel than about Melbourne and Montreal, and were left somewhat under the impression that Botany Bay was the capital of Australia, peopled mainly by convicts, bushrangers, and blacks, and that Canada was, as the French monarch conceived it, but 'a few acres of snow.' Our ignorance of the marvellous rise of our Indian Empire would have fully justified Macaulay's satire. As to commercial geography, we were entirely above that. We were not supposed to take any interest in the sordid operations of trade. If a sixth-class boy contrived to find out that his native country was rich in coal, China in tea, and Australia in gold, he was supposed to know quite as much as befitted an educated English gentleman.

The foregoing is not a caricature. It is simply fact. In justice to our instructors, perhaps, it should be remarked that they certainly did not undertake specially to prepare their pupils for a colonial life; indeed, possibly the comfortable belief prevailed among them that each of their charges, after a brief supplementary university course, would step at once into the enjoyment of an income of at least a thousand a year, or receive, without effort, an eligible Government appointment. Bread and meat being thus provided, they may have thought it necessary only to administer to us a diet of bon-bons and sweetmeats; or, to vary the metaphor, Providence having already supplied us with suitable garments, they thought their own functions were merely to adorn our persons with jewellery and other external embellishments. Unfortunately, however, many of us required not precious stones but bread; and that we certainly did not get. We left school as well fitted, so far as training went, to face the hard struggle of life in a British colony as hothouse plants, suddenly transplanted into the midst of a bed of hardy annuals, to withstand the inclemencies of the weather.

Possibly the kind of education which has just been sketched out is a very useful preliminary to entering certain professions. Subjects which, to the practical man, appear to be of very doubtful utility were formerly, I know, necessary to candidates at many public examinations; and students who later succeeded in obtaining entrance to such professions, or who graduated at one of the universities, would afterwards, very likely, find advantageous openings in the colonies. The remarks that follow, embodying the conclusions of one who has had a quarter of a century's diverse and somewhat trying experience of colonial life, refer only to those who come to the colonies straight from the public school, without any further mental equipment than that supplied there. I think I may say confidently that at least ninety-nine out of every hundred of such emigrants would, after five years of colonial life, declare that, on acquiring the rudiments of learning, they would have gained knowledge far more useful to them later in the course of three years spent in a carpenter's shop or on a farm than during twice that period passed at almost any of the large public schools in England.

So far as Australia at least is concerned, the young Englishman fresh from a public school, but without a university degree, its necessary sequel, unless he possess special interest or be favoured with exceptional good fortune, is likely to find the country one of bondage rather than of promise. Like the unjust steward, he is unable to dig but ashamed to beg. Except, perhaps, a miserable clerkship, he has hardly a chance of obtaining any position even of the most moderate degree of respectability. And so numerous are the applicants for such positions that his chance of securing even a clerkship is very minute. A short time ago one of the State Governments in Australia announced publicly that some thirty clerks were required in one of the departments, the salary offered being thirty shillings a week, with little hope of any substantial increase. Over a thousand applications were received in a few days. In the good old times Government 'billets' used to be regarded as certainties for the indigent man of education. They are extreme improbabilities now. The unpolished democratic politician, like his rude forefather Jack Cade, regards such accomplishments as a knowledge of French and Latin with pronounced aversion; and the cultured applicant for even a small slice of the State loaf is generally sent empty away. There are plenty of colonial youths, many possessing political connections, who receive first consideration; and an influential member of a labour union would be preferred to all the scions of the houses of Howard and Courtenay. Business men naturally require that a certain amount of business experience be possessed by their assistants; and the boy from a State school, conversant at least with book-keeping and commercial forms, has a far better chance of obtaining a position in a merchant's office than a fine classical scholar fresh from Eton. As a farm-hand, a man who knows neither how to milk nor to plough cannot expect his services to be highly valued. Native youths, natural bushmen and accustomed to ride and manage stock since early boyhood, are obviously better fitted to supply vacancies on stations than polished but inexperienced 'jackaroos.' Knowing no trade, the latter cannot become tradesmen, and physically they are quite unfitted for the trying work performed by navvies and wharf-labourers. A few become jockeys or gentlemen riders, a few more journalists or popular politicians; others become very humble members of that department of the bar which is principally adorned by ladies, or join the ranks of bookmakers and turf-sharpers; but the majority, after a vain appeal to fortune, sink beyond hope of salvation. Only a very, very few, by commencing their own education afresh, and by dint of strenuous and long-continued labour, ultimately fight their way to dry land through a sea of

troubles. The last sad solace of the greater number is either the bottle or the bullet.

In the course of my wanderings I have met highly educated men working as fossickers on gold-fields, as bullock-drivers, rouseabouts on stations, shepherds, and hopelessly broken-down tramps or sundowners. The moral fall of the educated man is usually irretrievable. He falls, like Lucifer, 'never to hope again.' He frequently conceals his identity under an assumed name, and one would be surprised often if one knew the real antecedents of the bloated, foul-mouthed Long Charlie, Bullocky Tom, &c., one may fall across in a condition of pitiable bestiality in some bush shanty. One of the roughest characters I ever came across was the brother of an Irish peer. Yet these poor reprobates were very likely at one time sensitive and refined gentlemen. The iron has entered into their souls and there rusted, corrupting their entire moral natures. The squalid hardships to which poverty introduces such men are intolerable to all but a few possessed of exceptional strength of character. A refined nature—one that cannot learn to bear poverty—turns at first with uncontrollable disgust from the manners, language, and habits that prevail among those whom destitution has made his equals. Very often, like the ascetic of old, he flies to the desert to escape human society altogether, and lives a lonely and miserable life as a Bush shepherd or digger. Occasionally his violent revolt against the social conditions to which he attributes his downfall urges him to become a political agitator and the preacher of anarchic doctrines. More often, however, he loses all self-respect, and falls far below the level of those whom he had formerly despised as inferiors. The 'broken' gentleman of Australia is, as a rule, one of the most debased and pitiable specimens of his kind. The education he has received makes him, at each downward step, all the more sensible of his fall; he bitterly contrasts the realities of the present with the hopes of the past; and the lingering instincts of honour and refinement only intensify the consciousness of his degradation. He seeks the usual remedy to ease his mental torments, and then his fate is sealed. Very shame would prevent his accepting the hand of succour, even if it were offered.

It may be unhesitatingly asserted that the usual education bestowed at an English public school is, in itself, absolutely useless for the purpose of fitting a young man for life in the colonies. It is too much for an honest trade, too little for an honourable profession. It does not supply a single real want; and just as many a shipwrecked passenger has been drowned by the weight of gold with which he had loaded himself, so the man whose head has been filled with classical learning often finds his stores of knowledge rather an encumbrance than a help. Such men feel the want of congenial intellectual companionship and the many little material refinements of life, when entirely cut off from them, far more than those who were never habituated to such luxuries. They fall into habits of morbid introspection fatal to active endeavour. They find a golden knife but a poor instrument with which to cut their daily bread. Literary tastes sometimes stand directly in the way of a student's advancement. I have known a squatter, himself a man of some education, declare that if possible he would never employ a man who was fond of reading. His opinion was that the studious employé would prefer his book to his employer's interests.

What, then, is the kind of education best adapted to the future colonist who does not aspire to, or perhaps is prohibited from entering, a profession? It may be suggested that, in place of Latin and Greek, and one or two other purely ornamental subjects, each youth should learn a trade of some kind, after the laudable Jewish custom. Five years at school followed by five years on the farm or in the workshop should thoroughly prepare any young man of ordinary industry and intelligence for a successful colonial career. If the German Emperor does not disdain to have his heir taught the art of the locksmith, it is hard to see why the most aristocratic Englishman should treat with contempt the suggestion that each of his younger sons at least should be qualified to earn his bread after the fashion of St Paul, by toiling with his own hands. Carpenters, engineers, and mechanics of every description can generally find employment where the poor scholar would be driven to beg. I have known two young men of good family and high attainments whose fathers most wisely, before sending them out, had apprenticed them respectively for some years to a watchmaker and to a blacksmith, so that each had become a competent workman before leaving England. A thorough knowledge of book-keeping, shorthand, and typewriting is indispensable to success in a commercial calling, and young men with these qualifications can generally find remunerative work in large towns. It might be added that one trade thoroughly known is more useful to the emigrant than a mere smattering of several. 'Handy' men are plentiful in Australia, but the really competent workman is always preferred for any special kind of work. Excess of science, however, is sometimes out of place. I recollect once hearing a wealthy station-owner say with indignation that he had just dismissed a skilled carpenter, fresh from England, because he had taken three days to do what the station-owner could have done himself quite satisfactorily in half-an-hour. The poor man, it appeared, had been laboriously squaring and planing the rough timber provided for a station building instead of knocking the pieces together in the ordinary Bush fashion.

The English squire need not feel in the least shocked at the thought of his son becoming an Australian carpenter. Caste prejudices are unknown in Australia. The self-made man is looked up to there, and not down upon as in England. Many an Australian tradesman—the late Sir Henry Parkes, for example—has become a man of the

highest distinction in his adopted country or accumulated great wealth. Young Vere de Vere need not necessarily become a carpenter or mechanic, however—that is, by way of making a living. He may keep his trade as a second string to his bow; and should drought or fire ruin his hopes as a farmer or grazier, he could then make profitable use of his reserve of knowledge. His trade might prove the spare rudder and sail that, after the storm, would bring his vessel safe to port; without such resource it would probably founder. And the homely arts of the smith and the carpenter are always useful to know. My friend the blacksmith, before referred to (who, by the way, was not remotely connected with an English ducal house), found it very convenient to be able to shoe a horse when, as was the case with him, the nearest blacksmith lived two hundred miles away. He had, too, the consolation of knowing that if his flocks and herds perished through any great calamity, he could always, at least, earn his ten shillings a day by wielding his hammer.

To speak plainly, to send young men out to Australia with one or two hundred pounds, and no mental or physical training beyond that afforded by schools of the type of that referred to at the beginning of this paper, is not merely fatuous folly—it is sheer cruelty. The most fortunate of such youths have usually to content themselves ultimately with inferior, uncongenial, and ill-paid positions, the humble duties of which, for want of interest, they cannot discharge with much success. The back aches in proportion as one has to stoop over one's work; and the poor assistant in an up-country store, or tutor in charge of a dozen or so rough Bush children, looks back mournfully and bitterly on the times when tastes were being developed that could never be gratified, and expectations formed that could never be fulfilled. It is the fashion among amiable and well-meaning people at home, many of whom have never themselves suffered a severer hardship than that of having to eat an ill-cooked dinner or sleep on a hard bed, to enlarge upon the wholesome effects to others of 'roughing it.' The old Spartan system of exposing new-born babies is, in our times, replaced to some degree by the custom, equally rational and humane, of exposing infants in the legal sense, not indeed to the rigour of the elements, but to the more merciless trials incident to poverty and friendlessness in a strange land, without the slightest previous discipline to prepare them for the ordeal. To turn a pampered house-dog loose into the woods to make its own living there would be about as reasonable and humane an act as to land an English boy fresh from the ordinary public school on the shores of Australia in the condition in which he frequently is landed. If the picture of his possible after-fate drawn in the foregoing lines seems a somewhat lurid one, it certainly has not been drawn from the imagination. The author has, indeed, succeeded in weathering the storm. He records the results of his experiences and observations in the earnest hope that they may at least save a few from being exposed to its dangers.

THE WHISTLE.

He cut a sappy sucker from the muckle rodden-tree,*
He trimmed it, and he wet it, and he thumped it on his knee;
He never heard the teuchat† when the harrow broke her eggs,
He missed the craggit heron nabbin' puddocks in the seggs,‡
He forgot to hound the collie at the cattle when they stray'd,
But you should have seen the whistle that the wee herd made!

He wheeber'd on't at mornin' and he tweetl'd on't at nicht,
He puffed his freckled cheeks until his nose sank oot o' sicht,
The kye were late for milkin' when he piped them up the close,
The kitlin 's got his supper syne, and he was beddit boss;§
But he cared na doit nor docken what they did or thocht or said,
There was comfort in the whistle that the wee herd made.

For lyin' lang o' mornin's he had claw'd the caup‖ for weeks,
But noo he had his bonnet on afore the lave had breeks;
He was whistlin' to the porridge that were hott'rin' on the fire,
He was whistlin' owre the travise¶ to the baillie** in the byre;
Nae a blackbird nor a mavis, that ha'e pipin' for their trade,
Was a marrow for the whistle that the wee herd made.

He play'd a march to battle, it cam' dirlin' through the mist,
Till the halflin' squared his shou'ders and made up his mind to 'list;
He tried a spring for wooers, though he wistna what it meant,
But the kitchen-lass was lauchin' and he thocht she maybe kent;
He got ream and buttered bannocks for the lovin' lilt he play'd.
Wasna that a cheery whistle that the wee herd made!

But the snaw it stopped the herdin' and the winter brocht him dool,
When in spite o' hacks and chilblains he was shod again for school;
He couldna sough the catechis nor pipe the rule o' three,
He was keepit in and lickit when the ither loons got free;
But he aften play'd the truant—'twas the only thing he play'd,
For the maister brunt the whistle that the wee herd made!

CHARLES MURRAY.

* The rowan-tree or mountain-ash.
† Lapwing.
‡ The yellow flower-de-luce or iris.
§ Empty.
‖ Those who rose late had to clean the porridge-bowl.
¶ The division between the stalls.
** The cattleman.

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SIXTH SERIES.

IN THE MATTER OF A CONTRABAND.

By ARTHUR H. HENDERSON.

PART I.

'A TELEGRAM for you, Captain Ludecke.'

'Goot, mein dear! Gif it to me—queek!' The big German sprawled hastily from his cane chair and stretched out a fat, eager hand to take his message. The bearer of the flimsy envelope watched him with scarcely veiled dislike from under her delicately pencilled eyebrows. The stifling dusk of the closely shuttered bungalow whitened the fair-haired Irish girl with all the pallor of an unhealthy tropical land.

'Anything exciting?' asked Maureen Erleton. She spoke carelessly, but any one who knew her might have suspected a keenness of interest in the apparently listless tones.

The skipper tugged his black beard viciously. Then he expectorated with Teutonic violence. 'Schust anoder liddle piziness defelopment brofided,' he informed her grimly.

Telegrams are rare in the squalid little trading village of Dalu Bay, on the northern coast of Borneo. So also are ocean-going cargo steamers of the size of the *Clara* of Hamburg, which had now lain for three days in the bay ostensibly repairing her machinery. Her commander walked abruptly to the window, pushed aside the shutter, and blinked through the pitiless sun-glare which smote down on the white sand of the beach.

He was not pleased at what he saw. So much the frown on his perplexed, anxious face told to the motionless girl in the background.

Under the shimmering heat the surface of the sea lay oily and inert, save where it lapped sluggishly against the dingy mangrove swamps on the shore. A faint whiff of foul air floated seawards from the swamps inland. A couple of Chinese junks rocked idly at anchor, and the huge hulk of the *Clara* squatted ponderously to her mooring-chain, deep in the water, heavily laden. From Captain Ludecke's further earnest commentary the listener gathered that he would greatly have preferred that the one other vessel in port at the entrance to the bay should be in a more distant, still hotter, locality which is mercifully known of by report alone.

'In von day all mein plans bicked upside behint gomplete pecause she haf arrived out dere. Ach, dese hell seas!' said the captain, with temper.

The cause of his perturbation was a black, venomous torpedo-boat destroyer. A big, blunt-nosed gun pointed significantly at the *Clara*. The white ensign of Great Britain flapped lazily in her stern. Dalu Bay is British territory.

The door of the bungalow slammed noisily, and a man with a slightly befuddled appearance strode into the room, and dropped into a seat. Every one on the coast knew Ronald Harrison the trader, and no one trusted him. He was never apt to be handicapped in his dealings by troublesome ideas of personal integrity.

'I've seen the boy-officer of the *Squasher*, cap'n,' he said. 'He has been sent here to shadow you. He doesn't mean to let you clear. Fact!'

The skipper's stamp of anger shook the rickety floor. The trader tilted his cigar to an extreme angle with his nose, and drawled:

'You're in a tight hole, I reckon. I'll state the case, cap'n—short as may be. Big war on—Muscovite *v.* Jap. *Clara*, chock-a-block with contraband (arms, ammunition, and stores for the Russian fleet), puts into Dalu Bay for orders. British Admiral at Hong-kong gets wind of you, babbles about infringement of neutrality, sends destroyer to stick you up. Eh—what?

'Thousands of pounds for honest sailorman if you get through. You come to me for help. I'm ready, at a price—see? You pass me on a few of those extra gold ones, and I will take you through the inner island channel to-night. That tin-kettle warship daren't follow without a pilot; it's the devil's

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own navigation, and no one else here knows the course.'

'Except me,' interposed the girl nonchalantly.

Ronald Harrison looked obliquely at his stepdaughter. Her own father was dead, and her mother had married again soon afterwards. When the Borneo climate had ended that lady's not too creditable career, the girl had settled down to live, lonely and uncared for, with her stepfather at Dalu Bay. She knew he was unscrupulous and dishonourable, but at the same time he had provided for her—a penniless orphan—with a rough generosity to which she was keenly alive. Also, he had amused himself by teaching the girl many a seaman's trick in the treacherous tropical channels and cross-currents of the coast. In his way he was even fond of her, she believed when she ever considered the matter at all. But casual affection is unsatisfying.

'You had better leave us alone now, Maureen,' suggested Harrison brusquely. 'Captain Ludecke and I have our plans to make.'

She drew in her breath sharply. 'What plans?' she asked.

'Never mind,' said Harrison suavely. 'They do not concern you.'

'Oh, very well,' she answered, with some slight annoyance. She stood up. 'When do you sail?' she inquired indifferently of the skipper.

'Ouf!' snorted that worthy, with exasperation. 'How do I know to meinself, Fraülein? Lisden now. If I should haf kept avay von here so should I haf my voyage done midout being hoonted; also should I a blentiful fortune made. Now see how I haf drafelled, schweating, since many veeks von Hamburg vor nodings.'

Harrison was staring thoughtfully straight before him. Should he confide in this girl of his? She could help if she had a mind to. He glanced cunningly at her, and revolved the most wily of schemes in his head. Then he poured himself out a stiff whisky as a refresher, and determined to keep his own counsel. She might have the fool scruples of a woman, he meditated. He could do the job safer without her aid. It would be a delicate matter to manage, he foresaw. Soon he and the captain of the *Clara* were deep in cautious conference.

Some hours later, from her little bedroom in the bungalow, Maureen noticed a boat leave the destroyer for the shore. She could distinguish the cool, white uniform of the officer in the stern. A dull anxiety, which was new, gnawed at the girl's heart. She hardly understood her own feelings; in fact, she was distinctly annoyed with herself for having them. The war, not long begun, had seemed so remote; now its perplexities had suddenly come home to her. The sight of the white ensign on the warship brought bitter memories—only a year old in reality, but, oh, seemingly so far away!

What blissful times she had had during that last voyage to Singapore on the big liner! Morning, afternoon, and evening she had been with Bernard Anstice, the young English lieutenant, on his way out to join a ship of the China Squadron. How instinctively they had been drawn to each other! There had been no chaperon to interfere; Maureen Erleton had scarcely ever heard of such a personality. Those days with him—when his clean-cut, brown face and frank, laughing eyes were always seeking hers—had been the happiest in her life. Then that last evening of the voyage, in the moonlight on the white, wide deck! Ah, the fate which had separated them next day was cruellest of the cruel!

Then that long silence, bitter and unaccountable. She did not care now. She repeated, obstinately, to herself that she did not love him, that she was glad the dream was over. She shook herself impatiently at the queer ache of her heart. He had spoken of coming to claim her; he never had come. He had vowed he would carry her away to be mistress of that fair, sleepy, ancestral home of his in England. He had said so many things—things that no woman can hear without a thrill—all these, too, he must have forgotten. Long ago, no doubt, he had met some other girl, rich and clever, whom he preferred. Yes; she didn't care now—not she!

The afternoon had crept on, and the cooler air of the evening heralded the oncoming of darkness. For a long time she sat very still. Then her thoughts reverted unwillingly to the present; and as she did not know what to do, she resolved, girl-like, that she must do something. The smouldering uneasiness which she found so hard to define was growing insupportable. She must find out what mischief those two men below had hatched.

She went slowly towards her room-door and turned the handle. It was locked from outside. Her strong, little hands wrestled mutinously with it for a moment. Then a defiant gleam came into her eyes.

She did her thinking quickly. If she had been too absorbed to notice the stealthy footsteps in the passage when she had been trapped, she was alert enough now as she realised that something was indeed afoot so shady that she was to bear no part in it.

She crept to the window of her room and peered out warily. In a few minutes the dense darkness would have fallen with tropical swiftness. Stretching from the room beyond hers ran the bungalow balcony. Could she reach it? She could be reckless too.

A narrow wooden coping might give foothold. If she slipped the fall might injure her seriously. But, after all, it would matter to no one in particular now if she were killed outright. She calculated her chances on that coping with a measuring eye. She had passed along it once, in a childish freak, years ago, and her mother had

had hysterics, and had slapped her severely afterwards. Harrison had been away, and had never heard of the escapade. But at that time she had been smaller.

She slid off her shoes and stockings with sudden resolve. The small feet looked very white and delicate, but theirs was the dainty delicacy of youthful strength. Then, with fearless eyes, she lowered herself on to the narrow ledge, and proceeded to work along it daringly as if there were no such thing as gravitation. In a few perilous seconds she had passed safely on to the balcony and crouched down to listen intently. The slim girl-form in the universal blackness was still as stone.

Inside the farther lamp-lit room her stepfather was speaking. He had never been good-looking, and the present vindictive scowl by no means added to his attractions.

'I guess this will teach that blamed young chicken to stay in his own fowl-run for a bit, and not to come pecking after us. That sleeping-draught is good for six hours clear; 'tis a pity he didn't drink the lot. Now, cap'n, we'd best be looking slippy and sailing for that rendezvous you're wired to. The little warship won't dare move without her commander, and his boat's crew will take some time to find him here. He'll be missing for a spell. Eh—what?'

The captain of the *Clara* grunted with brutal delight. He pulled a dirty hat over the perpendicular hair which rose so assertively on his Teutonic head.

'Come den mit me, mein pilot; ve fix it peautiful. Ve vill leaf der officer of his lof to dream. She can to him consolation gif in dem morgen. He is peyond knowledge all past.' The speaker moved from in front of the window which his huge bulk had filled, and the watcher outside caught a fleeting glimpse of a third man lying limp and senseless on a chair. He was in naval uniform. The girl started violently at the sight.

And what was her stepfather muttering about intercepted letters?

Next moment, however, Harrison had extinguished the light, and the two men left the bungalow with haste. Their footsteps speedily died away. For a long time no sound broke the quietness until the rattle of a steam windlass hauling up an anchor-chain drifted noisily across the bay. But Maureen never heeded that.

(To be continued.)

BISHOPS AS LEGISLATORS.

By W. V. Roberts.

PROBABLY not many people could say off-hand precisely why it is that the Bishops of the Church of England sit in the House of Lords and take part in its legislative work, while the heads of all other Churches in the United Kingdom are rigidly excluded. The matter is not without interest. Clearly to understand it, however, one must go back to the beginnings of Parliament itself.

In Norman times the position of Bishops was very different from what it is to-day. Many, if not all, of them held lands as 'baronies,' and were required to render court and military service to the Crown. Their power was considerable. It was an Archbishop, Stephen Langton, who headed the barons when Magna Charta was wrung from King John, and it was probably at Langton's dictation that one clause of that charter provided that prelates and the greater barons—prelates being put first—should be summoned by special writ to the Great Council which was then set up, and to which may be traced the origin of the House of Lords. Thus we have the introduction of prelates into the Parliament of the realm.

Moreover, between the signing of Magna Charta and the reign of Henry VIII. it became customary to send the writ of summons to priors and abbots, heads of the religious houses which then abounded, with the result that these Lords Spiritual, as the prelates, priors, and abbots came to be called, outnumbered the Lords Temporal, or purely territorial lords. Consequently—the House of Commons not having then acquired any great position in the State—practically all power apart from the King was vested in the barons; this really meaning, in view of their great majority, the Lords Spiritual.

A great change came when Henry VIII. swept away the monastic houses and reduced the number of prelates or Bishops in the House of Lords to twenty-one, a proportion which, for the first time, gave the Lords Temporal the upper hand. Thereafter the Lords Spiritual formed but a minority of the peers, and their power steadily declined. Indeed, one of the last acts of Charles I. before leaving London to break with the Parliament was to give assent to a law which removed the Bishops from the House of Lords altogether, and they were not restored till the time of Charles II., in 1660. With that exception, however, the order of things established by Henry VIII. continued till the middle of last century. There were rather more than twenty Bishops or Lords Spiritual, and no new See was founded for over three hundred years.

But early in the reign of Queen Victoria it became apparent, with the great movement of population and the growth of cities, that some rearrangement was required, and there were proposals for carving out new dioceses. The question, however, arose whether the new Bishops should, as such, be

admitted as a matter of course to the House of Lords, and in the result it was decreed that though the number of Bishops in the country might be added to, the proportion sitting in the House of Lords should not be increased. The arrangement continued was, that the Archbishops of Canterbury and York should always, by virtue of their office, have seats in the Lords; that the Bishops of London, Durham, and Winchester should sit whether appointed directly to those Sees or translated from other dioceses to them; and that twenty-one other Bishops should sit in priority of consecration.

Thus a new Bishop could not immediately sit in the House of Lords; but on the death of an older Bishop the senior of those awaiting seats would be called, and so a rotation would be set up. That is the principle which has since prevailed. Meanwhile, the bishoprics of Ripon, Manchester, St Albans, Truro, Liverpool, Newcastle, Southwell, Wakefield, Southwark, and Birmingham have been created, and Gloucester and Bristol has been divided, so that a new Bishop may now have to wait several years before his turn comes to enter the House of Lords. But, as already indicated, if an appointment is made directly to the Sees of London, Durham, or Winchester, the Bishop takes his seat at once—the Bishop of London as Bishop of the capital city of England and Provincial Dean of Canterbury; the Bishop of Durham as Count Palatine and Earl of Sedbergh, an old-world town in the West Riding of Yorkshire; and the Bishop of Winchester as prelate of the Order of the Garter. But in the event of translation from another See to Canterbury, York, London, Durham, or Winchester, whoever is appointed to the See so vacated must take his place at the bottom of the rota and wait his turn for admission to the Lords.

The principle was recently illustrated with some point. In 1904 the two dioceses of Southwark and Birmingham were created. The Bishop of Rochester was translated to the See of Southwark, and as he already had a seat in the Lords he continued to hold it, so that the Bishop of the new See had a seat in the House of Lords at once, while the successor in the older diocese had to take his place at the bottom of the rota. The Bishop of Worcester was translated to Birmingham. He had then no seat in the House of Lords, but his turn came a few months after removal to Birmingham, and then his successor at Worcester had to go on the rota below the new Bishop of Rochester. The Bishop of Sodor and Man is excluded from this general arrangement, as he has his own position in the Manx legislature. Suffragans, of course, do not sit in the House of Lords.

With regard to Scotland, no provision was made in the Act of Union for the admission of Lords Spiritual to the House of Peers, and Scotch Bishops are therefore without seats in the legislature. In the case of Ireland, the Act of Union provided for some representation by Lords Spiritual. Two Archbishops, accordingly, sat in turn, and three Bishops in rotation. But this was ended with the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1869, and the English Bishops alone remain.

It will be clear from the foregoing that the Lords Spiritual can lay claim to great antiquity as legislators, and that they are the oldest branch of the legislature. Supposing we allow that they took their seats in the days of King John, and have continued to do so, with the little interval at the time of the Commonwealth (consequent on the action of Charles I.), then it follows that they can trace a line of succession longer than that of the Lords Temporal of to-day. Magna Charta was granted in 1215, and the Bishops may date their seats from then.

But the oldest peerage is that of Lord de Ros, created in 1264. Indeed, there are only four peerages that go back to the thirteenth century, so that the others must be relatively young compared with the bishoprics. Possibly that explains the precedence taken by the Archbishop of Canterbury. As most people know, his Grace stands first in the realm after the members of the Royal House. Was it because Stephen Langton as Archbishop of Canterbury, the most powerful man in the time of King John, took care to secure that position? One makes this suggestion with diffidence, but it is plausible, to say the least.

Another point shrouded in the mists of time has reference to the claim of Bishops to be styled 'Lord Bishops.' Every one is familiar with the phrase, 'The Lord Bishop of the diocese will preside.' What does it signify? Some contend that the origin of this is to be found in the fact that in the feudal times already spoken of Bishops were 'barones,' and that therefore lordship implied lordship over lands. Others maintain that the term indicates that Bishops are peers of the realm as well as Bishops, and that that is the true explanation. But lordship over land, as understood centuries ago, has gone, and in no sense applies to the present day. As indicating territorial possessions the phrase is meaningless. Then, as to Bishops being peers of the realm, it is clear that they sit in the House of Peers simply by virtue of their office. In the event of retirement from his episcopal office a Bishop loses his seat in the Lords, while a seat when holding office confers no title on his wife or child. Besides, the title of 'Lord Bishop' is applied alike to the newest Bishop, who may have to wait ten years for a seat in the House of Lords, and to a Bishop who has sat in that House for perhaps a quarter of a century. It is conferred on Colonial Bishops and is given sometimes to suffragans. All that can be said with certainty is that as applied to the higher prelates the title of 'Lord Bishop' has the sanction of long usage, and as such is conceded by courtesy.

Allusion was made a moment ago to the fact that a Bishop's wife takes no title in consequence of her husband's seat in the House of Lords. A Bishop takes rank next after an Earl and before a Viscount.

Yet his wife, unless she happens to have a title of her own as being the daughter of a territorial peer, remains plain Mrs So-and-so. That is a notable thing, seeing that Bishops are the oldest section of the Upper Chamber. If a lawyer is made a life-peer, a by no means unusual thing, the courtesy-title of 'Lady' is given to his wife. Why, then, is a Bishop's wife differently treated? Obviously the answer is that between the days of King John and the Reformation the status of women had little interest for celibate prelates, abbots, and priors, and that nothing was done to establish it; while in later days, with marriage the rule among clergy, the power of dealing with so large a matter affecting the peerage has not been vested solely in Lords and Commons. If every man made a Bishop became also a peer of the realm with a title in the peerage continuing in perpetuity, a question of numbers would soon arise, leading, to say the least, to a very critical situation.

Not that Bishops' wives are nonentities. Readers of *Barchester Towers* will not easily forget how Anthony Trollope described the way in which Mrs Proudie made patronage in her husband's diocese her own concern, and how she had something to say in nearly all that was done. The picture, it has always been understood, was drawn from life, and is believed to be as true to-day in many dioceses as when Anthony Trollope wrote.

But a far more important question arises in respect of the appointment, if not of the status, of Bishops themselves. It will have been gathered from what has already been said that Bishops were a power in the State before Parliament came into existence, and therefore long before the Cabinet was even dreamed of. The first great check to their position came with the stand made by Henry VIII. in relation to the Popes and the Bishops, and the net result of successive minor changes is that all Bishops have now to be appointed by the Prime Minister, subject only to the approval of the Sovereign. To describe minutely all the stages by which the nomination of Bishops passed into the hands of the Crown alone, and then into those of the First Minister of the Crown, would be to open a great chapter in constitutional history. It is enough for the present purpose to emphasise the broad fact that from one cause and another the Prime Minister has been made responsible for the selection and nomination of English Bishops.

There are some who cling to the old fiction that because permission to choose is sent to the Dean and Chapter of a diocese whose bishopric is vacant, therefore the choice lies really with the Dean and Chapter. But this permit is not sent till after the Prime Minister has made and announced an appointment, and the Dean and Chapter have no alternative but to accept his choice. Occasionally considerable indignation has arisen. This was the case when Mr Gladstone appointed Dr Temple to the bishopric of Exeter, a large section of Churchmen being in arms. There was a great outburst, too, when Lord Salisbury made Canon Gore Bishop of Worcester, the scene at Westminster Abbey being so great that consecration was delayed for a day. But though Churchmen stormed and stamped, the nominations had to be accepted, and were afterwards admitted to be exceedingly good.

Thus the making of Bishops is in very few hands. In the course of a century there may be only a dozen Prime Ministers, and a dozen men have, therefore, the nomination of the whole Bench of English Bishops for a hundred years. A dozen men may differ much in thought and principle, and their mode of selection may be curious. A headmaster of Rugby or a scholar at Oxford or Cambridge may be often preferred to one who has engaged in strenuous parochial work and who has already proved a success in the Church. Nobody would deny, however, that some really fine appointments have been made, and that the Episcopal Bench has been adorned by men endowed with great and divers gifts—statesmen like Dr Tait (who did so much to moderate feeling and secure the passing of the Irish Disestablishment Bill), public orators like Dr Magee of Peterborough, preachers like Dr Westcott, organisers like Dr Benson, sturdy administrators like Dr Temple, and scholars like Dr Creighton.

For a time the Bench of Bishops reflects to some extent a Prime Minister's theological views. It used to be said by way of complaint that Mr Gladstone appointed mostly High Churchmen, and at one time a large proportion of the Bishops had been nominated by Mr Gladstone. But to-day out of thirty-seven English Bishops there are only three who were appointed by Mr Gladstone, two were nominated by Lord Rosebery, while seventeen were chosen by Lord Salisbury and fifteen by Mr Balfour. Thus thirty-two owe their position to two men who stood in the relation of uncle and nephew.

Perhaps it is because Bishops sit in the House of Lords that the clergy of the Church of England, as such, are debarred from sitting in the House of Commons. Should a clergyman in holy orders desire to become a member of that House he must be 'unfrocked,' divested of 'the cloth,' and resume his position as a layman. Mr Arthur Acland, who was practically Minister of Education in Mr Gladstone's last administration, was unfrocked, and he is believed to be the only ex-clergyman who has attained to Cabinet rank. Sir William Marriott, once Judge Advocate-General, was unfrocked, and so was Mr Bowen Rowlands, K.C.; while unfrocked members of the late Parliament include Mr Cumming Macdona, Mr A. H. Morton, and Mr E. A. Villiers, who won a seat for Brighton.

By way of compensation, the clergy of other denominations may sit in the House of Commons, though it seldom happens that they do sit there without having first resigned their ministerial work.

The late Mr Edward Miall was a Nonconformist minister before he entered Parliament to lead the Disestablishment movement. The late leader of the Welsh movement, Mr Henry Richard, was at one time a Nonconformist minister. As to Scotland, the late Dr Robert Wallace had been a popular preacher in Edinburgh before entering upon membership of the House of Commons. It is true that some Nonconformist members of Parliament do occasionally preach or give addresses in places of worship on Sunday; but men of a clerical mind do not form so solid or so influential a party in the House of Commons as do the Bishops in the House of Lords.

A STORMY MORNING.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ONE dull afternoon, a few days after the ball, Betty slipped out of the house alone with Johnnie, whose ecstasies she could hardly control until well clear of house and grounds, and safe from pursuit.

They walked on and on to a ragged little fir-wood cutting the skyline with its black, irregular forms. A stream ran through it, spanned in one part by a rickety bridge. The banks of the stream were full of holes, and Johnnie promptly availed himself of the most promising of the many, and began scratching and squeaking, grunting and snorting, emerging every now and then with earth-caked head and bright, anxious eyes, to look up in his mistress's face and make sure that she was still there.

Betty stood by with one hand resting on the rail of the bridge, lassitude in every line of her tall figure, gazing absently at the little dog; and the stream rippled noisily on, as it would still ripple when all things present had passed away and other generations had come and gone.

A chill wind blew in her face, whirling some of the few brown leaves remaining on the trees into the muddy little river, which tossed them and carried them along.

A straggling company of rooks flew across the breadth of cold, gray sky. It was all dull, drear, and depressing as the girl's own thoughts.

'How different from our amber and silver and pearl!' she thought, watching the opaque ripples and bubbles of the stream at her feet.

Fate was approaching with swift steps, and the little river flowed on unheeding.

Harlestone had been out after wild-fowl nominally, in reality to get away from the house-party and indulge in his own thoughts, also cheerless enough; and he had taken his way home through this little wood.

'What evil spirit made me come this way and at the eleventh hour?' he thought, for he was leaving Brayborough very shortly. He was close upon her; retreat was impossible. He saw that she was alone, and that they must necessarily walk home together.

Betty neither saw nor heard him. The stream rushed and swirled noisily under the bridge, and she was watching Johnnie's tail, which was wagging feverishly at the prospect of worrying some poor little animal he fancied he was nearing in its hole.

She raised her head as Lord Harlestone came up, and he saw how changed she was, and how dark were the stains under her big brown eyes, and his whole heart went out to her in his great longing to comfort her and make her happier, even if it involved the destruction of his own happiness by finding that she was indeed fretting for Geoffrey Erle.

I can imagine the exclamations of derision and doubt as to the existence of such men as Lord Harlestone; but they exist nevertheless.

'I am afraid you are not happy, Miss Fitzhugh,' he said in his old kind voice. 'We have been such good friends, won't you tell me what it is, and perhaps I might be able to help you?' And he laid his hand on her small white one as a brother or father might have done.

Great tears rolled down the girl's pale cheeks.

It was too much for Harlestone.

'My darling, what is it?' he said, and he held out his arms, and she went to him and laid her head on his shoulder, on the rough old shooting-coat that smelt of guns and tobacco, and was so scratchy and damp.

'Will you marry me, Betty?' said Harlestone, and his strong voice shook.

There was an inarticulate murmur; but it was evidently of a satisfactory nature.

'Are you quite sure, darling?' he said gravely. 'I am so much older than you, and you have seen so little of the world, that perhaps I ought not to take advantage of your youth and ignorance. Who knows?' he added, with a sigh.

The girl raised her head from its resting-place on his broad breast.

'I am quite sure,' she said; 'but there is something I ought to tell you, and perhaps you will not care for me any more.'

He drew her closer to him. 'Tell me,' he said.

'It is about Mr Erle,' said Betty. 'You know he was a great friend of Jack's, who brought him to Dunscaith last autumn, and he stayed on and on. I have always gone out shooting and fishing with Jack; in fact, we have done everything together all our lives, and I hated Mr Erle's coming as I thought I should be out of it all, and Jack would not want me any more. However, he did, and I went out the same as usual; and Mr Erle was always pleasant and nice, and I talked a good deal to him, and often

felt very sorry for him, he seemed so unhappy sometimes, and said people were so nasty to him, jealous of his shooting and things,' she said sketchily.

Harlestone made an indistinct remark under his breath.

'I often walked home alone with Mr Erle after shooting,' she continued, 'just as I would have walked with Jack. Jack used to have a last try for game, or wanted to talk to the keepers, and sent me on home. Mr Erle and I were coming home one day, and there was a burn to cross, and Jack had gone round another way after black-game. There had been a little spate, and the stones were slippery. Mr Erle crossed first, and I stupidly slipped a little on the last stone, and he seized me round the waist and kissed my cheek. It was horrible of him;' and she buried her face. 'I was miserable, and Jack was so cross about Mr Erle's long visit all of a sudden, though I did not like to tell him of what had happened and make mischief. I was afraid he thought I had something to do with it. He took Mr Erle away a few days later, and did not come back himself as I had hoped. It was wretched.'

'Have you seen Erle since?' said Harlestone.

'Only that day out hunting, when he was so hateful about Jack, and so vulgar and coarse. I cannot think what can have come over him. I do not know what you must have thought of me, seeing him holding my hand like that.' And the tears shone in the pure eyes and trickled down the pale cheeks.

'Well, is that all you have to tell me?' said Harlestone.

'Yes,' she said; 'and indeed it is enough.'

'My precious one,' he said, and bent his tall head, and the beautiful lips were sealed to him for all time, as far as time concerned these two.

They walked home through the gloaming, and joy and peace unspeakable filled their hearts. They were too happy for much speech.

'We will get Daddy to ask Jack down here,' said Harlestone, 'so that we may make friends.' And the girl slipped her hand into his.

The Miss Pegrams were looking out of the window as Betty and Harlestone walked up the approach. A broad band of yellow light where the sun had set threw the two tall figures into strong relief. There was a nameless something; perhaps it was a tender bending of the man's head towards the maid's, a slightly closer proximity than usual, a lingering in their steps, that told its tale.

The Miss Pegrams decided that they had had enough of Brayborough, and that the time had arrived for them to move on.

(To be continued.)

RELICS OF THE INQUISITION.

By Edward John Prior.

THE dim past of strong beliefs and fanaticism, narrow-minded symbolism and marvellous craftsmanship, is vividly recalled by some eight hundred relics of the notorious Inquisition which have just entered upon another stage in their strange history. These relics are of great interest to antiquarians, and, by reason of their peculiarity, to the general mind. It is said that nothing is so interesting as that which happens on the other side of a wall; and the secrecy with which the remarkable conclave which burned and tortured in the name of religion conducted their proceedings has appealed to the curiosity and the imagination of every student of European history. These relics certainly stir that imagination. They consist of representations of men and devils and things—some fearsome, almost loathsome; others beautiful.

All the relics are made of leather, and are figures and articles of furniture which were once used by the mysterious Inquisitors. Their present owner is Mr William Smith of the Winslade Galleries, Westminster, to whose courtesy I am indebted for these few notes about them.

What their exact history is will probably never be known. Life-like as some of the figures are, they are, alas! dumb. If only they could speak, 'a tale they would unfold'—a tale of all that is dark and dreadful, but fascinating, in the history of a great Church. There is no doubt that the figures are those which were once used for processional purposes. Some represent the bright and enchanting things in Christian history; the others stand for the baser weapons of the religionist. The latter are images and figures which were used to strike terror into the heart of 'the unfaithful,' to foreshadow the bitterness of hell.

Their age is calculated at about four hundred years. Their manufacturers were probably devout followers of the Roman Catholic Church, who went to enormous trouble to shape them. Originally they were in the council chamber used by the Inquisitors at Lisbon in the sixteenth century, and now they stand in a specially built strong-room in Kennington. How they came to leave Lisbon and to be securely stored in London would doubtless form a fascinating story if it were told; but unfortunately many links in the romantic chain of events are missing. Some research, however, has revealed a few points in their history; and the story is wonderful. Writers of modern fiction could easily weave a novel round it.

They were removed from Lisbon at some date in the early part of the seventeenth century. There is evidence, too, that they were stolen; but whether the

theft, which was certainly on a big scale, took place at Lisbon or on the high seas is uncertain. Probably they were stolen at sea, for before the seventeenth century was very old they came into the possession of one Carlos Don Sebastian, who scoured the seas as a pirate, and who, in a will which he left, confessed that he had stolen them. The pirate does not mention how he stole them; nor does the will throw any light on what actuated him in securing so strange a cargo. There is some slight evidence that the relics have in the course of their chequered career been at the bottom of the ocean, but how this occurred is a matter of pure conjecture.

It is conceivable that for some purpose unknown they were being conveyed from the port where they had played an important part in the formidable *auto-da-fé*, or act of faith, when the pirate-ship captured them. Pirate vessels were not uncommon in those days of slow-sailing merchantmen and ineffective laws, and pirates were men whose strength and speed were their safety. There may have been an encounter, and the ship bearing a strangely mixed cargo of leather devils and angels was probably sunk by the might of Carlos Don Sebastian. It is just possible, however, that they were stolen from Lisbon itself. They may have been violently seized when they were being carried in dread procession, or they may have been removed by sacrilegious hands at dead of night from the chamber of diabolical reputation. The presence in the collection of various articles of furniture which would certainly not be used for processional purposes favours the idea that the relics were either stolen in one lot at sea or were taken from the chamber. But whatever the true history, there is no doubt that they came into the hands of the pirate, who disposed of them by will in the year 1650.

The will is a curious document. In quaint but fairly distinct lettering it sets out that 'I, Carlos Don Sebastian,' was a pirate; then in strange phraseology the bold buccaneer expresses contrition for his past life, and concludes by bequeathing some effects and the Inquisition figures, which he frankly says were stolen, to one James Allinson of Nespra Hall, Yorkshire. Antiquaries are endeavouring to trace the history of this James Allinson. All the evidence they have to go upon at present is a ruined mansion in Yorkshire and the knowledge of the existence somewhere of a manuscript book which is believed to deal with the history of the Allinson family. The present owner of the relics received information that James Allinson was a soldier. As most country gentlemen in the seventeenth century knew something of the military art, this is not at all unlikely, though what the connection between James Allinson and Carlos Don Sebastian was I do not know.

James Allinson died intestate, and the whole collection went into the Court of Chancery, remained there for a considerable period, and afterwards came into the possession of some one from whom, through the medium of a third party, they have been acquired by Mr William Smith. The 'third party' brought a specimen of the collection to the present owner eight years ago. It was a model of a vessel in full sail, beautifully made in leather. Mr Smith, recognising it as a thing of value, promptly purchased it, and during the succeeding years he has obtained through the same agency what he believes to be the entire collection. Who the principal is who has been disposing of the relics Mr Smith assures me that he does not know. The mystery which has ever been associated with these figures remains with them until this day.

As they were purchased they were securely packed away in the cellar of an old house in Kennington. Sometimes the collection was added to with single pieces; then a vanload of figures were obtained, and during the patient process of collecting the years slipped by. The lease of the house ran out, and it became imperative that the figures should be removed. The proud owner of the collection, who is a wealthy man, decided to build a special strong-room in which he could arrange his possessions to the best advantage, and to a substantial hall built in the heart of Kennington the figures have just been removed. Their removal excited a vast amount of interest. Curious people, seeing life-size and gigantic figures being carried out of a seemingly empty house, spread sensational reports. Crowds assembled to see what there was to be seen, and children agape with astonishment followed the vans.

After an inspection of the collection I am bound to say that it possesses unique interest. It stands in a hall fifty feet by seventeen feet, and fifteen feet high, lighted by small double windows and a skylight. It is approached through the basement of an ordinary dwelling-house, and as you walk through small rooms towards it, iron doors nearly half a foot in thickness clang behind you. The air is musty; the silence—in that busy part of South London—wonderful. The purpose of the building is space and also security, for the collection is a valuable one. Roughly estimated, its value is not less than twenty-five thousand pounds, and some experts who have visited the collection—and recently there have been many well-known visitors—place it at a higher amount.

To visit the building now, despite the obvious newness of the place, is to stand in the presence of the past. The sight of the curious relics produces a strangely mixed impression. There is something almost uncanny in the sight. Irresistibly there steals over one the conviction that the figures were once animate beings of flesh and blood, purposeful and passionate, who, at the sound of some great command, had suddenly ceased to move, and had stood still ever since, awaiting an order. This, no doubt, is a tribute to the skill of those who made them, and it helps one to faintly realise the real sense of terror which the figures helped to impart into the ceremonies for which they were created.

In the centre of the room there stands the table

at which, in time past, masked Inquisitors sat. Like everything else that was in the council chamber, it is made of leather. Leather deadens sound, as the Inquisitors knew. The walls and the ceiling were covered with the same material. Grim ingenuity! The table is ten feet long and eight feet broad, and is supported on the heads of ten small figures. In the centre of the table there is a life-size female figure holding candelabra which evidently afforded the light for the apartment.

There are leather settees which consist of rows of human figures in a sitting position. The occupants of the council chamber thus sat in the laps of these dummies. All the chairs are of similar design. What was apparently the presidential chair is a magnificent piece of work in brown leather, and the high back (the head of a venerable personage) is surmounted by a finely worked crown. This chair probably stood at the end of the chamber, at the head of the table, commanding a view of the entire apartment. From the nature of the relics it is not difficult to reconstruct the scene presented to any one sitting in that human chair of dignity. Leather-covered walls, leather ceiling, horrible figures at various parts of the room, grim hooded Inquisitors, stuffiness, silence. In each of the four corners of the ceiling there was a devil representing the vices of humanity. In a central position would be the clock. The clock is borne by the figure of an old man representing Time. In his hands he clasps a scythe, and over his head there is a chariot with galloping horses. The clock is still in good condition, and the face is artistically arranged within the wheels of the chariot.

Red devils with horrible grimaces and glistening eyes of glass used to hang on the walls of the council chamber. Probably by the side of them would be some of the really beautiful figures of angels which are included in this collection. Both seemed formed to emphasise in a striking manner the belief that there is joy or sorrow hereafter. A fine piece of work is a big dragon flogging the devil (also of large proportions) with a seven-thonged whip of snakes. There is also—curious object!—a female devil. She has the sinister look of what one regards as the conventional devil, and has wings. Together there is a male and female devil. On a fork the male holds aloft the body of a woman; the female holds the body of a man. A wine-cup has fallen from the hands of one of the victims, and coins are represented as falling away. The figures are symbolic of men and women snatched by evil hands when engrossed in the good things of this 'earthly tabernacle.'

The majority of the figures are undoubtedly those which were used in the Inquisition processions. They form a contrast to the processional effigies employed by the Roman Catholic Church at the present day; but there are some of splendid craftsmanship, rich with a wealth of suggestion, representative of the life of Christ. There is something extraordinary in the fact that the same hands that shaped the figures of the infant Jesus and of Mary His mother also created the monstrosities to terrorise those whose religious or political convictions were not those of the persecuting elect.

Christ entering Jerusalem on an ass is a touching and well-conceived piece of work. Originally the leather was gilded, but time and strange adventures by land and sea have rubbed off much of the gilt. A striking group consists of Mary on an ass, with the infant Saviour in her lap, Joseph leading the animal, and a lamb walking by the side. The ass is very life-like in appearance, and the position of the most famous mother graceful. The other figures carry conviction. Another group represents four brownies—queer little brown elfs they are—carrying an immense canopy under which sits Mary, with Jesus in her lap. Figures very similar in form are used in Roman Catholic processions at the present day. Yet another group represents Christ in the manger, and two life-size figures support the manger. There is the magnificent figure of a bishop in his robes carrying Christ on the Cross, and close at hand there stands a truly gigantic Crusader in armour. Solemn dignity has been imparted by the artist to the life-size figure of a pilgrim carrying a heart, and to four monks carrying boxes in each of which there are groups of miniature figures illustrating the comparatively brief and glorious life of Christ. The four scenes thus portrayed are (1) the Birth of Christ, (2) the Lord's Supper, (3) the Crucifixion, (4) the Rising from the Dead. Of course they are all in leather. The chief features of this remarkable collection may be completed by mentioning the big organ, the piano, the plate-chest, and deed-chest. Both the musical instruments are in fair condition. As curios they will long be treasured, and it is just possible that in the fitness of things they may once again be employed on their high errand in the service of religion—a religion divorced from the fanaticism to which it ought never to have been wedded by the excessive zeal of man.

There stand these mute figures—devils, angels, elfs—speaking with their dumbness of what is practically dead art and dead superstition. Singular sight in modern plebeian Kennington! Relics of a past one hopes never to be revived, fit ornaments for any twentieth century museum, absurdities, monstrosities, beautiful things shaped by the hands of unknown artists.

MERCANTILE PIN-PRICKS; OR, MR GREGSON'S COMMERCIAL EXPERIENCES.

By ALGERNON WARREN, Author of *Commercial Travelling*, &c.

'IS that all you want, sir? Goods by the usual route, I suppose?'

'Yes,' answered Mr Gregson to the commercial traveller, who, after booking his order, had taken the precaution to read it out to him, so as to make sure that each entry was correct. In this particular instance it had been a pleasure to the merchant to dictate it; for he knew that what the other said he meant, and that, unlike some of his kind, he was not the sort of man to impose upon him by means of specious assertions with a view to working off superfluous stock in total disregard of the buyer's interests.

'By-the-bye, Jones,' he added, 'how are you getting on with my neighbour, young Green?'

'Oh, sir, he is too clever in the wrong place, too foxy altogether to suit me. Always tries to beat one down, and cuts his own throat sometimes. Why, sir, when I was here last journey you know what a state the seal-oil market was in. Now I told him, "Mr Green, the market's moving; here's my to-day's price for ten tons. I can't hold it over—not for twenty-four hours." Well, he said he'd take the ten if I'd come down fifteen shillings a ton. "No," I said; "can't do it, sir." Then he said he thought he could do better, and he wouldn't give his order. Well, as you may remember, the next day the price was up a shilling a hundredweight. Then he wires to our firm to send him on ten tons. We weren't such fools, and wired back that we could only execute his order at the advanced figure. Well, although he was right out, he wouldn't close then and there, but wrote asking us to split the difference. By the time we got his letter there was a further rise on market, and it ended in his having to pay fifteen pounds more for his little lot than he would have had to give if he had closed at once with my first offer. You see, sir, he's one of those fellows that always think you've got some special motive when you say it's a good time to buy. He wouldn't believe me, you see, and went trying elsewhere, and so got landed. There's lots like him, sir, so sharp that they cut themselves. He got himself disliked on the road for that. When the old man was alive he sent this young one out "to learn the ropes;" but he wasn't a bit of good, so I've heard.'

'Talked too much of himself, I suppose?'

'That's it, sir—just what he always did; regularly spoilt his chances. I was just beginning to travel when his father was about leaving off; and I can tell you, sir, the old gentleman—well, he wasn't so very old then, but getting on a bit—was a much tougher customer to have working against you than the young one. Kept his mouth shut and his ears open, and went ahead. By giving others a chance to talk, he got a pretty shrewd idea when a man was beginning to get a bit "dicky." But that young my-lord made a thumping big bad debt the very last journey he took.'

'Well, of course, if he gave himself airs he wouldn't get on.'

'Quite so, sir. Well, good-morning to you, sir.' And with that, this capable 'commercial' departed, knowing better than to spin out chat in business hours and run the risk thereby of wearing out his welcome. Mr Gregson was just beginning to give attention to a rather intricate form of tender for goods which he had been asked to send in, when one of his senior clerks tapped and entered with a request to be spared if convenient on the following Monday.

'Anything very particular, Mr Snetham? You know we are close on a time when we are likely to be particularly busy.'

'Our club has a golf tournament, sir, beginning on Saturday at one, and it's to last two days, and I want to enter.'

'Can't they manage these affairs by having them on two or three Saturday afternoons running, instead of taking up whole working-days for them?'

'Well, sir, they don't come very often.'

'Really, Mr Snetham, I like my people to get a reasonable amount of pleasure; but, as you know, the length of the regular summer holiday has been increased for every one of you, and if you seniors come asking me for extra days for sport I am afraid it will have an unsettling effect on the juniors. Some of them are none too ready to stick to it as it is. The last two hours' work on a Saturday morning doesn't amount to much with them. I notice, if I happen to step into the outer office of a Saturday, that the railway time-table is pretty sure to be out of its place, and I know that it isn't in my interests that it is being referred to. However, that's not the case with you, and you can have your leave for the Monday; only, I warn you that if I find the business suffering from this continual asking for extra days off I shall have to make a hard-and-fast rule prohibiting them.'

'There!' soliloquised Mr Gregson after the other had retired, 'twenty years ago if a man of eight-and-forty or so like Snetham had come in to ask for a holiday for such a purpose his employer would, as likely as not, have recommended him to take himself off altogether. Clerks get more holidays than principals nowadays. Leave wouldn't be so much grudged to them, perhaps, if they hadn't such a knack of asking for it in busy seasons, and the seniors seem to have caught the tone from the lads. Talk about old heads on young shoulders; it is the

other way about at present! What with veteran cricket and golf champions, forty-five seems to be about the acme of friskiness.'

The merchant now found it expedient to repair to the commercial sale-rooms to note some latest market reports. Just at the entrance he encountered one of his business friends with a youth whom the other introduced as his son, who had just begun work in the City. The three entered the building together, and saw a knot of men crowding about a notice-board. 'Hope nothing's gone wrong,' said the parent, seeing more and more pressing up towards it. But when they got near enough to read they found that the excitement arose out of a cricket bulletin—namely, 'Visitors all out for 156. County eleven, 48 for 3 wickets.'

'There, Gregson!' said the father when his son had moved out of hearing—'there's a thing for my boy to see the very first time I bring him in here. His chief fault is that his mind is a bit too set on games. I've been telling him that he's got to earn his bread-and-butter, and that if he wants to be able to afford to play he must stick to work; and now, what is the youngster to think when I take him to a place supposed to be established for business convenience, and the first thing he sees there is a lot of men bustling as if their lives depended on it to read a cricket notice? Talk about all work; it's all shirk and go play nowadays!'

'Well,' said Mr Gregson, 'you wouldn't like your boy to have quite so close a sticking-time to business as you had; though I must say I'm inclined to agree with you.'

'Perhaps not; but competition is getting keener and keener, and it is not altogether a question of "like." It is "must" to an extent, if he is to do any good, what with the foreigner always trying to creep in. That is the great fault of our public schools in my opinion. They don't impress this sufficiently.'

'And yet you sent your son to one of them, if I remember rightly.'

'I know I did. I've seen what a capital moral tone there generally is about them, and what plucky, manly fellows they turn out. But the worst of it is that the masters in these big schools seem inclined, for the most part, to fight shy of pointing out continually to the boys that a large number of them will have to work hard to earn their daily bread. So, when they get pitchforked into commercial life without any preliminary insight, many of them kick at the drudgery of the details they've got to master, and get restless. They ought to have the dignity of commerce instilled into them from the first, and how we're going to do it for them I don't know, when they come and see these "sport notices" stuck up as prominently as they possibly can be in a business place of resort, causing as much commotion as if they notified a heavy drop in Consols or a serious accident with considerable loss of life.'

'I am afraid you will find yourself in the minority if you raise an objection.'

'Oh yes! I know I should. It infects the whole atmosphere, does this present athletic craze, and we who merely protest against such extremes are called selfish, money-grubbing fossils, who, because we don't care for sport ourselves, do not want any one else to. Well, Gregson, some of them will see the folly of it when it's too late. You and I were keen enough about volunteering in our time, and put our backs into it when we were at it. But we didn't clamour about it in business hours. No; and for the matter of that, we didn't run sport into the Sunday in the way it's done now. Seems to me in this age of enlightenment that the Englishman thinks that his chance of salvation depends mainly on the size of his bath-sponge. Good-bye; I've got a meeting on, and must be off.'

Mr Gregson noted the announcements of market changes, had some business conversation, and was preparing to leave, when he was hailed with 'I say, Mr Gregson! just a moment if you please.' He turned and saw a Mr Jenkins, with whom he was anything but intimate, although periodically thrown into his company through common commercial interests. He was accompanied by a young man who wore that too obsequious smile so annoying to many because they feel sure that its wearer is about to solicit a favour of them. 'Allow me to introduce my wife's younger brother to you. He has just taken an agency for goods in your line, and I hope you will be able to give him a turn. When will it be convenient for him to look in on you at your office?'

Had Mr Gregson been in the habit of thinking aloud his immediate utterance would have been, 'When I am out of it.' All he could do in self-defence was to say that the buying of the establishment was customarily conducted between certain hours, but that there was always a good deal of pressure on his time.

'Oh, Jack, here, won't mind even if he has to wait a minute or two. He shall come and see you to-morrow. I knew you wouldn't object to my taking this opportunity of saying a word for him.'

'Then you know me better than I know myself,' was Mr Gregson's inward reflection. 'Now, I shall have to spend time to no purpose in listening to this young fellow, who evidently is not up to his work, or he wouldn't let another speak for him in this way without saying a word to the purpose himself. These agencies are a frightful nuisance when they are taken up by youngsters who haven't had a proper business training, and who come offering goods without understanding how to do it, or knowing what facts ought to be ascertained beforehand.'

He got back to his office, and was immediately presented with a note marked, 'Bearer to wait answer.' On opening it he found that it contained an invoice sent two days before by Gregson and Company for some ten shillings' worth of a certain kind of oil supplied to a neighbouring wholesale firm; also, a produce broker's circular and the following letter:

'GENTLEMEN,—Will you be good enough to send us a corrected invoice herewith? You will see by the accompanying price-list that you have charged us much in excess of the proper value. We want to do as much as we can with you, but must ask you to put us on the best possible terms as regards price. —Yours,' &c.

'Well,' muttered Mr Gregson angrily, 'of all the unconscionable people I ever met with in business, I do think these are about the worst. They, a wholesale firm employing a hundred hands at the least, send us an order for a quantity of oil which any respectable retailer would think miserably petty, and then have the assurance to ask us to charge it at or about the value of the article when sold in two-ton lots and upwards!—Johnson!'

'Sir.'

'Just look at this. Haven't these people been asking for a good many quotations from us of late?'

'Oh yes, sir; but they have not ordered anything worth having for some time past. I was referring to their account last week, and they haven't had five pounds' worth in the last quarter, and yet I see by the "quotation-book" that they have asked for special prices at least six times within the last two months. They never order ten shillings' worth of oil without coming to ask the figure beforehand, sir.'

'Had they asked the price before they sent us the order for the peddling quantity on this invoice?'

'Yes, they had, sir, and were charged in accordance with the quantity scale quoted to them.'

'Well, I suppose they are too hopelessly thick-skinned to care if we deprecate their conduct in giving us so much trouble with their small orders. Let them be written to saying that they have been charged as quoted, and return them that circular, which they know as well as we do contains prices for bulk quantities only. It's from one of those greedy German firms who are always giving annoyance by scattering their price currents broadcast so that these fall into the hands of men who don't buy a tithe of the quantities for which the figures are quoted, and who, nevertheless, are always ready to badger us by comparing these quotations for large lots with our charges for the petty amounts that they buy of us; and they add insult to injury by their confounded tone of patronage, saying that they want to do as much with us as they can. It would serve them right to show them up in a trade journal.'

Further reflections were interrupted by his being told that the junior partner of a competing wholesale establishment was waiting to see him personally to get a special price. This firm perpetually made not over-scrupulous efforts to secure some of the trade of Gregson & Company, and he knew that the chances were twenty to one that the inquiry on this occasion would not be *bonâ-fide*. He first glanced around his office carefully to make sure that there was nothing lying about which he should not care to have seen by eyes which former experience had taught him were particularly prying, covered over some correspondence on his desk, and then ordered that the party should be shown in.

He entered, and any keen observer of human nature would have commended Mr Gregson for his caution. There was a look of cunning about the other which could not fail to be particularly repugnant to any straightforward business man.

'Can you give us a special quotation for best refined colza-oil, Mr Gregson?'

'What quantity do you want a price for, sir?'

'That depends on how favourably you can offer us,' was the evasive answer.

'Here is our scale price,' said Mr Gregson, passing him a list of figures.

'Oh, but won't you go a bit under these for us?'

'Those are our prices, sir, to any one who takes the quantities specified.'

'I don't think you are sticking quite close to these quotations, Mr Gregson. Our traveller in the west of England tells us that customers there say you are offering small lots at lower figures than you quote here.'

'Indeed!' was all Mr Gregson's disgusted comment. As he had anticipated, this unscrupulous competitor had no intention of buying from him, but merely wished to ascertain his selling prices so as to underquote him if possible.

'Then, I suppose, Mr Gregson, we can tell our traveller that our customers have made some mistake, and that these are the very lowest prices at which you are selling.'

'I understood, sir, that you wanted to see me about a special quotation for yourselves.'

'Well, we've got a stock at present, but might perhaps have been open to buy more if you could have quoted us specially low.'

'That's a lie, and you know it,' was his auditor's mental reflection; 'and it's you and the like of you that spoil honest trade by your dirty sharp practices.' Long experience, however, had taught him that, if he did not want to listen to a string of prevarications, he had better say as little as possible in a case like this. So he looked the other straight in the face and said, 'Well, good-morning, sir. If we find ourselves later on able to quote you to better advantage we will do so.'

The young man was acute enough to see that Mr Gregson was not going to commit himself. He had hoped to wring out an asseveration from him, and thereby pin him to a definite statement that he was not going to deviate under any consideration from the selling prices which he had indicated so long as the market value remained unaltered. Then, on the strength of this, the young man would have written to his own traveller straightway, saying: 'Messrs Gregson & Company's definite lowest figures are so-and-so; you can offer at a fraction lower to customers of theirs who don't deal with us at present.' He was nowise abashed at the imputation that he had not come with a real desire to

purchase. This, he thought, was rather a compliment to his sharpness than otherwise. Nor did he take exception to Mr Gregson's bidding him good-morning as a suggestion that he wanted to be rid of him. He went out as jauntily as he had come in, prepared to try it on again when opportunity should present itself. As soon as he was gone the merchant turned again to his uncompleted form of tender, the filling in of which these unwelcome interruptions had hindered. As he did so he bethought himself, 'We need something else badly in business besides the passing of the Prevention of Corruption Bill, and that is the universal commercial boycotting of fellows like that. Nothing short of it will drive a particle of conscience into them.'

SPITZBERGEN FOR A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

By E. H. Parker.

SPITSBERGEN, Spidsberg, or Spitzbergen, according to whether the Dutch, Norwegian, or German form be used, means, as the English word 'spit' suggests to us, the 'pointed mountains,' and probably first referred specially to the pyramidal hills surrounding Recherche Bay in Bell Sound; though it is true this spiked appearance may well be a characteristic also of other parts of the island group. At any rate, it appears that, strictly speaking, the heart-shaped main island was the only one originally discovered by Barendts, to which alone, therefore, the name Spitzbergen is properly applicable. The other large islands to the east of it, separated from each other and from Spitzbergen proper by straits or sounds, are North-East Land, Barendts Island, and Edge Island. Dotted around these four in various directions are the smaller islands of Prince Charles Foreland, Danes Island, Amsterdam Island, Wyches Island, &c. The whole lie between latitude 76·30 degrees to 80·30 degrees north and longitude 10·40 degrees to 21·40 degrees east.

Toward the end of the sixteenth century, when the Dutch and English mariners started out to rival and oust their competitors the Portuguese and the Spaniards, the idea of finding a north-east passage to China began to take possession of men's minds. Accordingly, on the 5th of June 1594, Barendts left Holland for Nova Zembla—that is, the Russian *Novaya Zemlya*, or 'New Land'—where they heard tidings of other Arctic lands five or six days' sail away. In May 1596 the same Dutchman Barendts, accompanied by John Cornelius Ryp, Heemskerk, and others, having sailed from Amsterdam, in due course discovered the small uninhabited Cherie Island or Bear Island (latitude 74·45 degrees north, longitude 19·10 degrees east), lying about half-way between the North Cape and Spitzbergen; and then they sighted Spitzbergen itself. They anchored in a harbour now known as Fair Haven, lying to the north of Amsterdam Island (latitude 79·42 degrees north), and on the 1st of July arrived safely back off the Bear Island group, the resort of millions of sea-fowl, and then also of sperm whales. The highest point (one thousand seven hundred and sixty feet) of Bear Island received the name of Mount Misery, and various points in Spitzbergen were duly named; but so far no nation has seen fit officially to appropriate either the Spitzbergen or the Bear Island group. Barendts thence passed on to Nova Zembla, where, after some stirring adventures, he died on the 15th of June 1597. Thus the honours of prior discovery belong incontestably to the Dutch.

The English were not long in hearing about and securing a share in the lucrative whale-fishery. In 1607 the renowned navigator Hudson appeared on the scene, followed about ten years later by Baffin. The competing whalers had the good sense not to quarrel on the spot, and a fair division of the spoil was accordingly arranged. The Dutch considered their prospects here as valuable as those in the Spice Islands; the English centre was fixed at Magdalen Bay, to the south of Fair Haven; and the industry was then pursued with such relentless vigour that at one time there were from seventeen thousand to eighteen thousand Dutch whalers and workmen on the spot, as a natural consequence of which the 'right' or sperm whale was almost extinct in these waters before the middle of the seventeenth century. By 1660 the industry had utterly collapsed.

Meanwhile the Russians, under the stimulus of Yermak and his Cossacks, had appropriated most of Siberia, and had come into collision with the Eleuth dominion of Ili, with the Kirghiz, and with the rising Manchu Empire. Hearing of Dutch doings in Spitzbergen, and feeling their own incompetence as mariners, they determined to attempt a permanent colonisation of its shores. The Samoyedes of North Siberia were eminently fitted by nature and habit for this work, but unfortunately their intellectual powers were too low, even if it had been possible to utilise a race then so little under control. Desperate efforts having been made in vain, under offers of liberal rewards, to induce suitable colonists to pass a winter in Spitzbergen, recourse was had at last to the extreme plan of offering pardon to any hardened criminals who would volunteer to remain a year there. This was in 1630, the year in which eight English whalers perished. Fourteen more who had been accidentally left behind found their way to the comparatively frequented Bell Sound, whence they were rescued in excellent health in May 1631,

having meantime undergone terrible hardships and anxieties and spent ten weary months on these inhospitable shores; for nearly four months (middle of October to early in February) they never saw the sun.

About a century after this, Russians in search of foxskins and bearskins frequented Spitzbergen pretty regularly during the summer months, when the sun correspondingly never disappears at all. Experience had now shown that the best and safest month of all is July, when the winds, barometer, and thermometer are steadiest, the sun brightest, and the mists least. Exact observations taken by the Swedes about a quarter of a century ago have in recent years confirmed these data, and placed them upon a secure scientific basis.

Dutchmen and other whalers continued until 1830 to visit the group in order to replenish their stores of fresh water and reindeer-flesh, and the Russian skin-hunters also kept up their visits until this date, after which the Norwegians alone worked the fisheries. At present they still hold the field; but there are incipient signs that the Germans will soon be up and doing. The sperm whales, it is true, have disappeared long ago, and the fishers have to content themselves with the much inferior blue whale, whose coarser blubber is boiled down chiefly for use as engine and engine-strap oil. The Norwegians also take reindeer, seals, and eider-down in great quantities; so that, what with the Dutchmen and Russians before them, they threaten soon to extinguish the exiguous remains of all animal and bird life in the vicinity.

In June 1773 the English Admiralty despatched the *Racehorse* and *Carcass*, under Captain Phipps, to explore the Spitzbergen group once more. With him, as captain's coxswain, was young Horatio Nelson, then fifteen years old. They saw the midnight sun on the 27th of June at a spot ascertained to be in latitude 74·26 degrees north, and on the 29th sighted the South Cape (Island) of Spitzbergen. On the 5th of July they anchored off Magdalen Hoek (latitude 79·34 degrees), whence Captain Phipps ran east and west for several degrees of longitude in front of the pack-ice, reaching a latitude of 80·48 degrees north. During the excursions made ashore and in the neighbouring sounds, young Nelson twice distinguished himself by his reckless bravery: once by volunteering single-handed to attack a polar bear with the butt-end of his musket, and again by driving off some savage walruses which were threatening to annihilate his comrades' boat. Phipps was under the impression that the year 1773 was an exceptionally fine one, although he discerned no opening whatever in the ice-pack; but as a matter of fact he achieved very little in the way of fresh discovery, and it was afterwards ascertained that in most years there were plenty of channels in the pack-ice.

In 1818 Captain Buchanan, in the *Dorothea*, with Lieutenant Franklin in the *Trent* (Captain Beechy second in command), anchored in Magdalen Bay, which was surveyed, and subsequently got as far north as latitude 80·11 degrees. On the 4th of June magnificent sun-effects were seen; on the 7th they examined the ice-pack, got amongst the ice-floes, and the *Trent* was subsequently fortunate enough to witness the collapse of half a million tons of glacier ice in Magdalen Bay. For some days the two ships were moored in the South Gut—that is, to the south of Danes Island, where in 1896 the luckless Andrée built his balloon-house, and whence he started on his fatal aerial voyage in July 1897. On the 30th of August the *Dorothea* and *Trent* left for England.

For nearly a century since then Spitzbergen has been almost unfrequented and forgotten, except for the occasional visits of hunters and whalers as above explained. There never were any indigenous inhabitants, and even now there are no foreign residents except between the extremes of May and October. During the past fourteen years, however, the enterprising Captain Bade of Wismar, in Mecklenburg, has led the way in making Spitzbergen the resort of summer tourists. He took his first batch in 1891, and has made two trips every year since then, always in July and August. He was there with his steamer *Oihanna* a week before the writer of these lines reached the pack-ice on the 22nd of July 1905; and, according to accounts received at Recherche Bay, actually gave several parties and 'receptions' on the pack-ice itself, within the clutches of which his tourists and steamer were forcibly detained for five days, having made a 'record' north for tourists of latitude 81·07. They visited the ruins of Andrée's house and went into Virgin Bay.

In 1893 the Hamburg-America Line sent the s.s. *Columbia* with tourists. In 1894 the Orient Company despatched the *Lusitania*, which on 11th August was fortunate enough to get as far north as latitude 80·15 degrees to examine the pack. The Norwegian Vesteraalen Company for several successive years ran a tiny pleasure-steamer, called the *Expres*, with tourists; and a small hotel was run up in 1897 on the shore of Advent Bay in Ice Fjord (half-way between Bell Sound and Magdalen Bay), in order to give tourists an opportunity of visiting Andrée's balloon-house from this centre; but the hotel is now closed for want of custom, or has disappeared. As a matter of fact, Advent Bay is a far better anchorage than Recherche Bay, but the surrounding scenery is uninteresting, and it is not so convenient for whalers, besides being a more exposed situation. The year Andrée was on Danes Island was quite an exceptional one, and indeed at least one steamer then managed to push its way past Wijde Bay to Hinterloopen Sound on the north coast.

In 1896 Sir William Martin Conway visited Recherche Bay, Advent Bay, Danes Island, and other places, crossed several glaciers, and forced his way over the main island from the head of one fjord to the head of another, these fjords cutting

deep into the main island both from north to south and from east to west—almost, in fact, meeting each other in one or two cases. Sir M. Conway visited Andrée at Danes Island, and was also fortunate enough to witness, a few days later, the return of Nansen to Hammerfest. The latest Admiralty charts (1898) give the results of his most recent observations, and indicate several very important changes in the position of Sassen Bay and other inlets within the area of Ice Fjord.

In 1904 the P. & O. pleasure-yacht *Vectis*, after a long detention caused by mist, failed to get into Recherche Bay at all, but examined the ice-pack successfully. In 1905 she was happy enough to encounter splendid weather in Recherche Bay on the 20th of July. The passengers had a broiling hot walk up the Fox Glacier, and even a dance in summer clothes on deck up to 11 P.M. Of course it was broad daylight throughout the night, but too misty for the sun to be seen. A huge ice-floe had meanwhile got detached from the ice-pack, and was suddenly encountered at 3 A.M. on the morning of the 22nd, in latitude 79·25 north, longitude 6·23 east. This was sixty miles farther south than was expected, so the ship immediately put about in order not to be closed in, as Captain Bade had been a week before. Nansen's extreme north in 1895–96 was latitude 86·13, and the Duke of the Abruzzi got a few minutes farther north. Since then Lieutenant Peary, U.S.N., has discovered that Greenland is practically an island, and is at present reported to be firmly resolved to reach the Pole this or next year by moving rapidly across the pack-ice.

To turn now to our personal experiences. On the 17th of July we crossed the Arctic circle at 8 P.M., having steamed for exactly twenty-four hours since leaving Merok on the Nordfjord of Norway. At 10.30 P.M. on the 19th we sighted and spoke the Norwegian whalers *Alfa* and *Beta*, engaged with the parent ship *Constanz* in towing in and cutting up several huge whales. From them we received confirmation of our exact position. These whalers carry in the bows a formidable harpoon, barbed at both ends, and fired off like a gun at a distance of from fifty to a hundred yards. A grenade or bomb accompanies the harpoon, and on exploding inside the huge animal, kills it. The steel cable for paying out in case the whale gives trouble before dying is fitted with an effective brake. Gas is then pumped into the carcass, and for some unexplained reason promptly finds its way to the tongue of the whale, which then swells to an enormous size, and thus floats the whole body sufficiently to permit of cutting and boiling being carried on *in situ*. The whalers are careful not to prick the tongue, on account of the fearful stench caused by the imprisoned gases escaping therefrom when it is pierced. Even without this, many of our fellow-passengers found the leeward side of the dead whales decidedly unpleasant company.

Owing to the supposed interference of the whale-fishery with the enormous cod industry, the Norwegian Government will not allow either fishing or cutting-up of whales within twenty miles of their coasts; hence, owing to the difficulty of conveying fuel and securing adequate supplies of fresh water, the blubber-boilers are hampered by having to do their work at sea, and thus at least half the value of the whale (often worth two hundred pounds) is wasted and lost.

Shortly after sighting these carcasses, surrounded by millions of hungry gulls, petrels, and other sea-fowl, we distinguished the blue and glacier-lined coasts of Spitzbergen. Early the next morning we were safely anchored in Recherche Bay (a well-sheltered harbour or inlet in the south shore of Bell Sound), the blind end of which points to the south. The whole bay is shut in by rows of pyramidal hills, the highest of which range from two thousand to two thousand seven hundred feet above the sea. To the west is Fox Glacier, to the east East Glacier, each about two miles across at their sea-foot, and apparently about two hundred feet in height. They are supposed to extend back some thirty or forty miles.

We landed on the mossy bank, which was still soaking under the effects of recently melted snow, clambered up the moraine of Fox Glacier, and walked over half a mile of the glacier itself. The mossy bank was richly covered with bright-yellow, white, and pink saxifrages, the last especially beautiful. No other plants and no insect or animal life were discoverable in the vicinity; but on the moss-covered islet of Bird Island—more recently charted as Training-Squadron Island—innumerable fulmar petrels, little auks, glaucus gulls, ivory gulls, eider ducks, and other birds drop their eggs into the ready-made holes in lieu of nests.

Some of our party plunged boldly up the snow-covered hills in a southerly direction, and were rewarded by discovering a bottle in a small stone cairn, inside which was a paper recording the fact that on the 3rd of August 1892 the French vessel *La Manche* had visited the port on its way from Jan Mayen Island (Greenland) to Ice Fjord (Spitzbergen), 'all well,' duly signed by two of the officers.

The Norwegian whalers in port were very numerous, and nearly all of them seemed to hail from Sandefjord, a few being from Tromsö. Every hour or two a fresh steamer came in with one or two whales in tow; and an enterprising Norwegian company called the Ornen Actie-selskab had even enclosed a plot of the moss-bank about two acres in extent, and had erected thereon a steam boiler with four tanks, in which blubber was being boiled out of huge hunks of whale-flesh, under more roomy conditions than on board the steamers. The melting snow provided an ample supply of fresh water for both boiling and ship uses, and this was being ingeniously conveyed by means of wooden chutes and rubber pipes down a small gully into cisterns and boats. Alexander Lange of Sandefjord was named on the enclosure notices as being the chief proprietor

or representative of the company. A good wooden hut with brick dividing wall for an iron stove was being erected in the centre of a second wire-enclosed plot in the interests of Consul Gjaever of Tromsö. According to the guide-books, this gentleman is the British Vice-Consul; but as his notice had also pasted across it a paper in German dated Hvalheim, with the words *Neue Marken*, or 'Fresh marks,' it is possible he may be the German Consul at Tromsö too, and that the ever-active Kaiser has ambitious notions in this direction. Indeed, a signboard already marks the *Station des Deutschen Seefischerei Vereins*.

A wooden cross stands hard by, announcing that 'These graves were restored by H.M.S. *Calypso*, 1893' —alluding to the visit of that ship and the *Ruby*, with two others of the Training Squadron, in that year. The graves in question were utterly obliterated by successive years of melting snow, but strange to say the cross remains uninjured. Another and smaller cross marks the grave of Hans Hovland of the *Allemannia*, from Sandefjord, who died at Recherche Bay on 29th July 1904.

With the exception of a small hut (behind Consul Gjaever's new house) where post-cards and fanciful but useless Spitzbergen 'postage-stamps' were being sold, there were no other buildings of any kind. Thousands of empty barrels awaiting their turn to be filled with whale-oil surrounded the boiling-house, which was also provided with a windlass and cog-wheel hauling-tackle for getting the carcasses up to the shore. The bones of the huge head were being sawn into convenient sizes for carriage to Tromsö, where they are made into chairs and various utensils.

Horn Sound, between South Cape and Bell Sound, is not often visited. A mountain there attains the height of four thousand seven hundred feet. We did not visit the site of the old Dutch settlement of Smeerenburg, lying in Smeerenburg Sound, otherwise called Holland Bay, between Amsterdam Island and that part of the mainland which is around the English site and burial-place at Magdalen Hoek and Magdalen Bay; nor did we visit Green Harbour, Coal Bay, Advent Bay, Sassen Bay, or any other part of Ice Fjord, which of all the fjords or inlets runs deepest inland; but, from all accounts, Recherche Bay, in Bell Sound, is much the most picturesque place, and the scenery in other places does not present much novelty or variety. In North-East Land the icefield itself attains a height of two thousand feet, which is almost as much as the altitude of the hills of Recherche Bay. Round to the north-east from Magdalen Bay are Liefde Bay, Wijde Bay, and Hinloopen Bay, all of which may be visited in 'open' years. The eastern side of the Spitzbergen group, not being under the soothing influence of the Gulf Stream, does not fall within the scope of tourist operations at any period.

A year or two ago the *Mexico* took a party of tourists to Spitzbergen, and a volume called the *Tour of the Mexicans*, apparently published for private circulation, was in the hands of one of our passengers. Lord William Percy had contributed to it an exhaustive chapter upon the birds of the Bell Sound neighbourhood (which presumably means practically also the birds of Spitzbergen generally), and Miss Wallace had added a chapter on the flora. As to the animals, besides walrus, seal, white foxes, white hares, bears, rats, and mice, there does not seem to be many. On our way back we had an opportunity of studying specimens in the Tromsö Museum. Sir W. Martin Conway's two works on Spitzbergen are, of course, the latest and most complete contributions to the literature of this subject; but the older works on Arctic discoveries also contain many historical details omitted by him.

A LITTLE GLADNESS.

How can you mend a broken heart,
Fallen prey to saddest blow?
With the wine-cup's merry glow?
With bitter jest and the barbèd dart?
Ah, no! Ah, no!
With just a little gladness—so.

How can you mend a wreath in twain,
By the storm-wind's blast laid low?
How join anew the ends to grow,
With what strong cord can you bind again?
What, oh! What, oh!
What but a little gladness?—so.

And how redeem the debt of years,
Repented oft in bitter woe?
By the present's penance slow?
By cruel thoughts, or angry tears?
Ah, no! Ah, no!
With just a little gladness—so.

. . . . .

In all these songs you must not hope
That they my serious views display.
Touches of sorrow, flashes of joy,
And all things only just in play.

Nor must you seek to find revealed
Which face I loved the most;
Though many bright eyes seem concealed,
Yet all things only were in play!

And if perchance a tear-drop fell
Upon the verses penned one day,
Long since that tear-drop has been dry
And all things only are in play!

Translated from the German
of C. F. MEYER *by* VIOLET DERING.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE COBRA AND THE MONGOOSE.

By Lieutenant-Colonel JOHN MACGREGOR, Author of *Through the Buffer State, The Girdle of the Globe*, &c.

PART I.

ONE of the first customers to claim the patronage of the fresh arrival in India is the Indian juggler. Perhaps I ought to put the native boatmen first; but, talking particularly of Bombay, to which the great majority of European travellers mostly do congregate on their way eastwards and on their way westwards, times have considerably changed of late years in this respect, and a good deal of the romance of landing in boats from the open bay has been done away with by the more modern and prosy methods of docks and quays.

For who that has ever heard the loud hullabaloo of the crowds of almost naked boatmen that were wont to surround the P. & O. ships on his arrival in harbour in the good old days will ever forget his first impressions: the threatening attitudes among themselves, the deafening war of words that never really ended in blows, and the apparently hopeless task of keeping one's baggage from being forcibly snatched away by a variety of vociferous claimants for the favour of taking it ashore?

Birds of passage like Sir Frederick Treves, according to his late book, are liable to look on India as a country of quiet melancholy. There is, indeed, on first experience, a certain amount of mystification and melancholy in the very atmosphere of the so-called Land of Regrets, with the dead stillness often of the air and the traditional associations of the country. But the East Indian, of whatever caste or creed, when on his native heath, or rather when in his native element, as on feast-days, is the most noisy and utterly abandoned of merrymakers. Let these passers-by witness the Mohammedans at a *mohurrum*, or Hindus during their *hooli* holidays, and they will probably change their opinion.

But leaving the boatmen of port-towns out of the question, the strolling jugglers were and are, and I fancy ever will be, an abiding presence in sultry India throughout the length and breadth of the land. On the very first morning, as the tourist flops down in his long arm-chair on, say, the elevated veranda of the Esplanade Hotel, Bombay, he will find the inevitable juggler appealing to him with uplifted eyes, accompanied by his bag, his basket, and the other paraphernalia of his craft; and though the mango-growing trick may be more mysterious, the fight between the cobra and the mongoose will be more interesting.

The inborn mutual hatred between these creatures must be supposed to serve some purpose in the wise economy of nature, and yet would look very strange did we not know that similar aversions exist between other more familiar creatures, and for reasons not always apparent. Irrespective of the danger of it, why does the mongoose attack the cobra? A live mongoose is said never to touch a dead cobra in the way of food, and the bristly carcass of a mongoose is probably too tough for even the capacious digestion of his natural adversary. We can only account for it, therefore, on the same principle that the best-bred game-dogs will not touch the flesh of the quarry that they are so fond of hunting.

The active little mongoose is almost always the aggressor, for the comparatively awkward cobra, unless he got him asleep, would probably never think of attacking his more nimble opponent; and it is generally the mongoose that is the victor in these encounters. Though the cobra rears his head, expands his hood umbrella-like to the utmost, and hisses viciously, his dabs at the enemy seem misdirected and aimless, for the wily mongoose suddenly becomes double his natural size by the erection of his tough, bristly coat in a way that seems quite to deceive even the wise serpent as to what may be bristles and what not. It is only just to say for the cobra, though, that if his fangs were not extracted or the poison-glands destroyed, a successful chance-peck would soon finish the mongoose, in spite of his activity.

The natural animosity is no doubt greatly toned

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down in the specimens possessed by the jugglers. Familiarity breeds tolerance, if not contempt, on both sides, so that they must attack one another with less ferocity than in their natural wild condition, and must often laugh in their sleeves when the farce is over.

I had the good or bad luck to come across many cobras here and there, the most of which I killed. Indeed, there is little to fear from a cobra in the open. If you do not attack him he is not likely to attack you, unless he takes it into his head that you are going to tread on the tail of his coat. It is a popular delusion that a cobra, after rearing himself, can jump at the enemy. This he is quite unable to do, for the motion of the head is along the arc of a circle of which the radius extends from the head to the part of the serpent touching the ground.

When marching from one station to another we camped at a certain place. The morrow being Sunday, I took a walk with a couple of young fox-terriers (Punch and Pickwick) on the open country highway. I saw in the distance the two dogs violently barking at something, at which they made frequent rushes, but always fell back terrified. I then noticed that they were barking at what appeared like a piece of stick standing on end. It struck me at once that it was a snake, and I ran up to it for fear that the dogs might get bitten. True enough, as I expected, they were barking at a cobra that reared himself defiantly against them.

The officer then commanding was a bit of a naturalist, with some local reputation as such; and as he had gone out shooting that day, I thought I would bring him a live cobra for his return. With my walking-stick I worried the reared head of the cobra from side to side till he got so wearied that he could not raise his head any longer. I then caught him by the tail, brought him to my tent, and put him into an empty gun-case. But I must have hurt him too severely in the process of capture, or the sanitary condition of the closed gun-case did not agree with him, for he died shortly afterwards, and so the colonel was deprived of the pleasure of making a pet of a live and kicking cobra.

There is no danger whatever in hanging a cobra with the tail-end in your hand, as he has no purchase to strike from, even if he could twist or double back upon himself—which he cannot do. Yet, though one may be convinced of this fact, there is something uncanny about the very presence of venomous snakes. Not long ago, while walking on the moor near where I am writing this random article, I came across a rather large adder, killed him, and was taking him home with me. On reaching the road where I had left my bicycle, I took the snake by the tail in my right hand, mounted the bicycle, and proceeded homewards.

My object in taking the snake at all was to show him to young children who had lately arrived here, and to warn them to beware of such creatures should they happen to come across any of them in their childish wanderings. As I went along, my thoughts ceased to be concerned about the snake at all. But somehow or other I felt an abrupt flop of the snake against my right leg. Though a moment's reflection would have reassured me, there was no time for reflection. Like a flash of lightning the thought struck me that I had been bitten by a venomous snake, when, with a sudden 'Ugh!' (as I must confess), I jerked my feet off the pedals, overbalanced the cycle, and came down with a great crash on the hard roadside. Such be the thoughts connected with snakes when you are struck by one all of a sudden, and thus may have arisen the well-known expletive of 'Oh, snakes!' with some people on hearing a particularly creepy or incredible story.

PART II.

On one occasion, during the late war in Upper Burma, when resting on a small tent-bed of an eighty-pound service-tent, I saw a cobra walking stealthily into my parlour, as the spider would say to the fly, through the open door. I say 'walking' advisedly, because serpents do actually walk on the end of their ribs instead of wriggling along after the fashion of worms. The presence of this snake naturally created quite a nasty feeling, with such a narrow compass to move about in; but the snake did not get out alive.

There are such incredible stories invented about cobras in India, and so extravagant, too, that one hesitates to mention one's own more modest though truthful experiences, as not quite thrilling enough to be placed on record.

My own most creepy sensation was at an up-country station in India. I had newly arrived there from Burma, and was writing at night-time on one of the usual kinds of writing-desks, with drawers on each side and an empty interval below and between; the desk being, as usual, placed against one of the walls of the room.

I was dressed, moreover, in thin, hot-weather clothing, and therefore particularly vulnerable to the bites of snakes. My legs were in the empty space beneath the lid and in the interval between the drawers on either side. But what was it that I suddenly observed creeping round from the end of the table to my right, and going into the hollow, almost in touch with my right foot? It was a vile cobra. I could not jump away on account of the position in which I was placed. I at once realised that to move in any way would probably rouse the serpent immediately to rear and strike. At any rate, whether it was by calm calculation or that I was too petrified with horror to move, I never did move a muscle till, to my intense relief, the cobra got beyond my feet to the back of the hollow against the wall. Then I moved away with less grace than agility, and shouted to my bearer, 'Boy!

boy!' at the top of my voice; for it is scarcely needful to tell that not even the common or garden bell-rope has yet penetrated into the remote Mofossil stations of India, not to speak of the electric press-the-button variety. Hindus, as a rule, are not fond of killing snakes, or anything else for that matter. Indeed, they look upon the cobra as sacred, and worship it in their purblind fashion, especially at the yearly festival of *Nag Panchami* (or the Feast of Snakes), *naga* being the Hindustani word for a cobra.

At this time, however, one or two of my servants were Mussulmans, who had no great regard either for cobras or Hindus, and we soon hunted out the cobra and despatched him forthwith.

Even the venomous cobra can be made a pet of, minus (if one is wise) his fangs and poison-glands; and as for the mongoose, he is one of the most companionable of wild beasts. There is more than one variety of this animal, and they vary in size according to their breed and geographical distribution. One of the most interesting pets I had of this kind was a mongoose that was sent me from the Sultan of Lahej, an Arabian district some thirty miles from our outpost of Aden, when I was stationed in that very sultry locality. I thought this Arabian variety was smaller than those I had seen in India.

Besides his penchant for snake-hunting, the mongoose is not only the sworn foe of rats, mice, and other such vermin, but is also very fond of sucking eggs, and I should think, therefore, a great robber of nests when he can get them. It must be said, however, that the 'Barren Rocks of Aden' and the neighbouring portion of 'Araby the Blest' are not very productive of nests to satisfy the cravings of the mongoose. But the surrounding shores abound in a variety of sea-shells, including those of the univalve or conch variety of various sizes. Whether by mistaking these smaller conical shells for eggs (which I very much doubt), or whether from sheer cussedness, this mongoose of mine took great delight in trying to break these shells. He would stand with his hind-legs apart, and his back to the wall or some hard object; and then, catching the shell between his fore-legs, he would try to smash it between his hind-legs against the wall, or whatever it was, behind him. Whenever he would be within hearing, I would only have to shout, 'Dock! Dock!' the name by which I called him, and he would immediately rush up to me, and generally jump on my knee with a peculiar whir of pleasure that was very quaint to hear. At other times he would try and rush up my leg inside my pyjamas, which was not quite so pleasing to feel.

But perhaps the most curious, if not the most tameable, pets that I have had were a couple of young civet-cats. I bought them from a native when they were quite young kittens, and they got so tame that their pet place of residence was my bed. They would often burrow themselves under the covering, when any such was used in so hot a climate, and purr away graciously and contentedly, much after the fashion of a domestic cat; but when they got angry there was a vicious spitting and hissing about them that I did not like. When they were about half-grown or more they were so tame that they would hop after me through the compound of the bungalow, as a cat will sometimes hop after a favourite through a garden at home. But as they grew still bigger they got less tame in their disposition; and as at that time, too, they began to emit what was to me a disagreeable odour, that of the civet of commerce, I was not altogether sorry when they deserted me to join the more genial company of their fellow civet-cats of the jungle.

To revert, in conclusion, to snakes. Some people doubt if there can be any recovery from the full bite of a grown cobra. The poisonous bored fangs of this creature work on a kind of hinge, and are folded back on the roof of the mouth when the animal is in repose; but when the cobra prepares to strike, the mere mechanism of the upper jaw in opening the mouth raises these folded fangs. If the fangs then hit the victim straight, I fancy recovery must be very rare. But there is not always a full complement of poison in the glands at the root of the fangs, and every successive strike makes the quantity less for the time being. Again, the dress may catch up the greater portion of the virus before the skin is reached; and, lastly, the fangs may not strike straight, and then they are easily doubled up on account of the joint spoken of, so that in such instances the front or outer portion of the fangs may graze the skin with, perhaps, no poison at all.

I remember a strange thing happening once regarding the bite of a snake. In a certain part of Beluchistan a detachment was in search of a new site for a temporary cantonment in place of the undesirable one we then had, Thull Chotiali. On our first camping-ground we were seated at dinner inside the mess-tent, when a sudden cry was raised that one of the camp-followers had been bitten by a snake almost immediately outside the tent. The medical officer of the detachment, with the knife he was at the time holding in his hand, rushed out at once. The wound was plain enough on the man's bare leg.

He had been, native fashion, squatting on the ground, and had been bitten on the outside fleshy portion of the leg, a few inches above the ankle. The major at once made a slash on each side above and below the wound, and cut a V-shaped fid out of the poor man's leg within a few seconds of the cry being raised. As we had only gone some dozen miles away from our previous headquarters, and as the detachment was going on still farther, the man was sent in next morning in a *dhoolie* to the hospital, where he lay very ill for some time, but eventually recovered to a certain degree. As it was night-time and the other natives got flurried, the snake unfortunately escaped in the dark; so

I have always wondered whether it was a cobra, and if the prompt excision saved the camp-follower's life.

Considering that over twenty thousand—think of it!—human lives are annually lost in India from wild beasts, a very great portion of which is from venomous snakes, it is at first surprising to see the almost complete immunity of Europeans from snake-bites in that country. It must be borne in mind, however, that there is only a mere handful (one hundred and twenty thousand or so) of Europeans in India altogether, as against the vast number of natives, approaching the stupendous figures of three hundred millions. The natives, moreover, grope about in the dark and roam the jungles with bare feet, and often bare everything else, a condition of affairs that leaves them particularly exposed to the bites of snakes. Be this as it may, it is seldom one hears of a death from snake-bite among the European portion of the Indian population.

A STORMY MORNING.

CHAPTER XXV.

ALL went merrily as wedding-bells. The announcement of the engagement caused much excitement at Brayborough, deep joy to Lord Forsyth, and evoked torrents of congratulation from north, south, east, and west.

Lady Fitzhugh breathed sighs of thankfulness that her daughter's future was so satisfactorily settled, and that there would henceforth arise no possible chance of a call upon her to exert herself, to emerge from her usual conditions of idolent ease, to re-enter the world of London and society that bored her to extinction, with a daughter treading on the tail of her gown. She interested herself, however, a good deal in the girl's trousseau, and a half-regretful sigh would at times escape her when Betty asked her opinion on matters connected with chiffons, or would turn her charming face towards her mother for approval, her head crowned with some milliner's marvel of fur, feathers, or flowers.

The rather dingy town-house had been swept and garnished; the door-bell jingled at all hours for the admission of a stream of tissue-paper-covered articles, some of which were of little beauty or use to man or woman, whereas others would be a joy for ever. The Miss Pegrams sent a very smart but slightly soiled handkerchief-sachet they had bought at the auction of a grand bazaar in the county town of the house they were staying at; Colonel Fraser sent the very best trout-rod Farlow could provide; and there was a clumsy little parcel done up in coarse, whity-brown paper tied with brown fishing-line, containing a pair of home-knitted stockings, a black ground with yellow 'schooners' all over them, from Mrs Donald Roy, smelling strongly of peat-smoke, which Betty kissed and clasped to her bosom. An incongruous mass of offerings: some heart and a good deal of head were represented in the gifts to the coming peeress.

Mrs Fletcher was distinctly out of it all; her day of humiliation had come. Lady Fitzhugh had tired of her unmistakably and crudely, as was her wont, taking little trouble to hide the fact. She (Lady Fitzhugh) had slipped back into London life to a certain extent. Old acquaintances had gathered round her; engagements of various kinds crowded upon her, and rather amused her. She found Mrs Fletcher a bore and in the way, and at the eleventh hour she was beginning to appreciate her daughter.

The companion sat solitary, gnawing her lips at the recollection of the last real or fancied slight, brooding over the changed conditions, foreseeing the day of her dismissal. She had never realised how slight was her hold over, how insecure her footing with, Lady Fitzhugh.

Wandering through the lighted streets, doing some desultory shopping, one evening, she paused before the window of a jeweller's shop, attracted by the blaze of electric light reflected by the facets of the glittering gems within, reposing on beds of rose-coloured velvet.

'How do you do, Mrs Fletcher?' said a man's voice at her elbow.

'Mr Erle!' said the widow, a delighted light coming into her moody face. 'Dear Mr Erle, how charming to see you again!' she gushed, looking up into his black eyes.

'Very kind of you to say so, I'm sure. Come and have a talk somewhere. Come and have some chocolate. There is a nice, quiet, little French place I know of near here.'

The widow bridled.

Erle was in no mood for dalliance; he meant to get news of Betty, and he knew his bird.

'Well, will you come or not?' he said rather impatiently.

She cowered a little at his tone.

'Do,' he said more gently. An unhealthy flush rose to her cheek, and she turned and went with him down a bystreet close at hand, where a little French restaurant stood huddled in a corner.

Erle hurried her through the brightly lighted shop, with a motion of his head to the white-capped and aproned *patron*, and they were shown into a meretricious-looking little room, all red velvet and gilt mirrors and jingling glass.

Rich chocolate and potent liqueurs were brought, and with a whisk of her skirts and a grin disclosing a row of dazzling teeth shining between the broad, red lips, and almost closing the long, narrow eyes, the impudent French attendant closed the door and left them.

They talked long.

Erle's lean, brown hand lay on the widow's plump one, and their heads were close together.

'You will do this for me?' he said sternly. 'No, I am not in love with the girl,' in answer to her murmured question; 'but I hate Harlestone, and would prevent the marriage if I could.'

She knew he was lying, but chose to blink the fact. Her own infatuation was great. She had always admired Erle, and had magnified and treasured any gallant word or look he may have thrown her at Dunscaith in contemptuous mirth, at what she took little pains to conceal. 'Now,' she thought, 'who knows what might happen should he be under great obligation to me?'

'But how is it to be done?' she said helplessly.

'I don't know,' said Erle. 'You must compromise her somehow with me. You must lead him to believe there were love-passages between us at Dunscaith.'

'But I never see him!'

'You must find a way. There are weeks before you in which to work—for me, remember;' and his clasp tightened over her hand. 'It shall be one thousand pounds down to you when you bring me the paragraph in the paper announcing that the marriage is off.'

She gasped. With a startled look at her watch, she suddenly rose.

'Well,' said Erle, 'I suppose we must part.'

He stooped and kissed her.

They parted at the door of the shady little café. She hailed a passing hansom, her brain in a whirl, her face on fire, her coarse nature stirred to its depths.

'I would do anything for him,' she said to herself as she drove through the foggy streets, 'and to spite her. She has always hated and ignored me, and made me look foolish when she had the chance. The mouse has helped the lion before now. My handsome black lion. And the thousand would be handy when her ladyship casts me out, as I see she has it in her mind, or the thing she calls her mind, to do. I must think.'

'Pah!' said Erle to himself, wiping his black moustache with disgust as he went on his way. 'With what tools must one work! But she will do it. It is the only chance I can see.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE days and weeks flew by—full and happy days to Betty and Harlestone, though the latter grumbled a good deal at the time given up to dressmakers, milliners, clamouring relations, and the crowds of friends who spring up to attend and gather round prosperity. Betty, however, generally contrived to retain a quiet hour between tea and dressing for dinner, for an undisturbed *tête-à-tête* with her betrothed.

One evening he arrived as usual, but found that she was out.

Mrs Fletcher, ever on the watch, though growing more and more hopeless as to the realisation of her plot with Erle, hurried forward to meet him, telling him that Betty would return about 6.30. Meantime, would he wait?

Harlestone looked rather put out. The day had been wearisome and harassing, with long-winded lawyers and tiresome business, and he was rather on edge, and had looked forward to a quiet hour with Betty.

It would surely seem that there are times in which the Evil One has it all his own way.

'Will you come in here, Lord Harlestone?' said Mrs Fletcher. 'There is a nice fire—and indeed one wants fires in this cold house—and it is so foggy to-night.'

She preceded him into a small drawing-room, hovering round, stirring the fire, wheeling an arm-chair forward.

A photograph-book lay on the table; he began idly turning over the leaves.

'How good these are!' he said. She started and turned away, her face aflame, her hand on her heart. Was it possible that hour and opportunity had come? With difficulty she regained composure.

'Oh, you do me proud, Lord Harlestone, for they are mine,' she simpered; 'but I have some better ones than those. Oh, here is a book that will interest you; all Dunscaith and the young people.'

She rapidly manipulated a rather complicated lock. A hand seemed to be closing on her throat.

He held out his hand for the book, and looked through the pages absently, wondering how long it would be before Betty returned.

Some loose photographs lay between the leaves, and he took them up. With a sudden start and muttered ejaculation, 'What is this?' he said, a black frown drawing his brows together.

'Oh dear, how stupid I am!' said Mrs Fletcher, wringing her hands. 'You must not look at those; indeed you must not. They were done last autumn when Miss Fitzhugh was enga—— Oh no, I don't mean that; it was just a little chaff, and they made such a fine photograph.'

'Do you mean to tell me that Miss Fitzhugh was ever engaged to Mr Erle?' said Harlestone in icy tones. 'If not, what does this photograph mean?'

The tide of doubt and tormenting fear that he had so joyfully stemmed was flowing over him, flooding his mind, blinding him, roaring in his ears.

'Dear, dear,' said Mrs Fletcher, 'what have I done? How too foolish of me! But I hear Miss Fitzhugh coming in.' And she caught at the book. Harlestone laid his hand on the photographs. 'These remain with me,' he said; and the widow, throwing up her hands, but with an evil smile on her lips, left the room as Betty came in.

The girl came forward to meet her lover, a light in her eyes, a flush on her cheek, a vision of youth and loveliness, in her velvet hat and soft, dark furs.

Harlestone, black with anger and dismay, stood motionless. He held out the photograph to the girl.

Thunder-struck, she gazed at it. There she stood pictured, Erle's arm around her, she gazing up smilingly into his face.

'But it was Jack,' she exclaimed; 'it was Jack!'

'It does not look much like Jack,' said Harlestone, bitter scorn in his voice.

Betty looked at him. Her heart began to beat to suffocation, and she turned deadly pale.

'It was Jack,' she said again, and the words sounded strangely in her ears.

'You led me to understand that you certainly had never been engaged to Erle, and that you looked upon him with something like horror,' he continued, ignoring her remark. 'What does this mean, then? You must have been on strange terms with Mr Erle to allow yourself to be photographed in such a position.'

The stinging contempt in his tone brought the hot blood surging into Betty's face.

'It was Jack. It was not Mr Erle at all,' she repeated, and drew herself up to her full height.

'Photographs do not lie,' said Harlestone.

'Do you mean that I have lied?' said Betty under her breath. 'That I have lied to you all through?'

Harlestone was silent. The evidence of his eyes was too strong for him, in his agony of love and doubt and fury; and Betty's pride and temper had now got the upper hand with her. She slowly drew his splendid ring from her finger, the ring she had kissed so often and cherished so proudly, and held it out to him. With a passionate gesture he flung it into the heart of the fire, turned, and left her. The clang of the hall-door seemed to Betty to be the end of all things for her in this world—the end of hope, of happiness, of love.

She stood where Harlestone had left her as though turned to stone, then with an exceeding bitter cry she sought her mother.

That evening Mrs Fletcher's place at the dinner-table was vacant, and a note was handed to Lady Fitzhugh as she sat down to a solitary meal, Betty having asked to be excused from appearing again that evening. The note ran:

'DEAR LADY FITZHUGH,—I am terribly upset. A sudden call to Paris by telegram, to a dying relation. The daughters helpless, and imploring me to come to them. You kindly remitted my salary last week, and my boxes will be called for. So our connection ends. My return to London is most uncertain. I shall probably remain on the Continent. Best wishes to Miss Fitzhugh. I shall study the *New York Herald* for an account of the wedding.—Yours very truly, JOHANNA FLETCHER.

'*P.S.*—From your manner to me lately I cannot feel that my departure will be either unwelcome to you or ill-timed. Such is life.'

Lady Fitzhugh's lip curled.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LADY FITZHUGH was thunder-struck. Dismay, doubt, anger, however, at last gave way before her daughter's attitude of proud denial.

'I can only say, mother, that I never stood for that photograph; that never in all my life could I imagine myself doing such a thing. I stood like that with Jack, for fun, one day. I remember it quite well. Mrs Fletcher came along boring us with her camera, and Jack made fun of her, and played the fool. She must have done something with the photograph.'

'Well, my dear, I believe you; but it is hard to believe that black is white, and I can imagine Harlestone's feelings. It must be cleared up somehow.'

'Never!' said Betty, and there was a determined ring in her young voice. 'If it were cleared up, and made as clear as daylight, I would never forgive the way in which he spoke to me and looked at me.' And her voice broke. 'I have sent back all his presents by Janet in a cab this morning, and nothing will induce me to see him again.'

Lady Fitzhugh sighed wearily. As the girl spoke, memories of the iron determination of the late Lord Fitzhugh came into her mind—a determined will that nothing could bend or move. Lady Fitzhugh had not had much experience of this phase of her lord's character; but what she had had impressed her deeply, and she seemed to hear the ring of his voice once more in the clear tones of his young daughter.

Meanwhile another interview was proceeding in Harlestone's rooms.

'Can nothing be done, Harlestone?' said Lord Forsyth miserably. 'I cannot believe it of her.'

'Dear old Daddy, there it is. Look at it yourself. Can black be made white?' He handed the photograph to his old friend. 'She must have cared for the bounder; there must have been something at Dunscaith. I honestly believe that she cares nothing about him now—that he sickens her, in fact; but there it is, and what I cannot get over is that she denied it to me, denied ever having had any feeling for the man, denied it with her head on my breast, her pure eyes looking up into mine; spoke of him with something like horror even! She has sent me back all the things I gave her without one word. Does this look as though the thing could be explained?'

'I have seen her, Harlestone,' said Lord Forsyth, 'and I cannot believe it, somehow. She maintains that she was photographed with her brother, and

that there was never anything between her and that blackguard Erle.'

'That Fletcher woman knew something,' said Harlestone. 'She let out that Betty was engaged to Erle, or something of the sort, and she was in a great state when she saw that she had let it out.'

'I should never believe one word that vile hag said. I took the greatest dislike to her at Dunscaith,' said old Lord Forsyth savagely. 'Well, my boy, I suppose it is useless saying anything more. It is one of the bitterest disappointments I have ever had.' And he left the room and went heavily downstairs and into the street. 'It is black,' he said to himself; 'but I believe the child.'

(To be continued.)

PERSIAN IRRIGATION CHANNELS.

By Lieutenant-Colonel P. R. BAIRNSFATHER.

THE art of irrigation is no doubt as old, or nearly so, as agriculture itself. For, as is the case in regard to most other of the essentials of civilisation, it was in the east of the Old World that cultivation must have had its beginning, and it is here that we find irrigation up to the present day an absolute necessity in many districts of almost all Asiatic countries. And so we may assume that it was practised from very early times. That the art has not spread westwards, like so many others, is due to the very sufficient reason that, owing to plentiful rainfall, it is not required. And so the methods remain unfamiliar to the ordinary untravelled European.

In nearly all countries of the East, as said, from Japan westwards through China, India, and Persia to Palestine and Egypt, there are large tracts of country either so deficient in rainfall that some form of irrigation is an absolute necessity if crops are to be grown at all, or where the climate and soil is so favourable that more than one crop in the year may be raised by artificial supply of water at seasons when rain is deficient. The most natural and most commonly adopted expedients are, it need hardly be said, the storage and control of the supply afforded by rivers, the sinking of wells from which the water is laboriously raised by various methods, or the collection of rain-water by dams in suitable places, and the subsequent distribution to fields as required. Examples of such are innumerable, from the wonderful arrangement of minute fields in the hilly districts of Japan or the steep mountain-slopes of the Himalayas (where the smallest trickle of water is utilised in the most ingenious and effective manner), to the harnessing of the great rivers of India or the latest triumphs of science exhibited in the two great barrages of the Nile.

All these, as has been remarked, are the application of very obvious principles, and in reality required little imagination in the inception, however ingenious the developments may have become. But in Persia, as also in Afghanistan and Beluchistan, there is another system, not of irrigation proper, but as to the source of the water-supply, unique, as I believe, and which seems to indicate a quite uncommon order of intelligence in the originators, besides affording a striking example of the power of necessity to suggest the invention most suitable to the conditions. This is a system by which the water is carried for long distances underground in tunnels, which I shall presently describe more fully. Had there been rivers to tap in the districts where these are used, no doubt the usual method would have been adopted; but in many parts of Persia none are available, nor is there sufficient rainfall, while at the same time the actual soil is amply fertile, only requiring water. Now, these districts are not flat, but a succession of valleys enclosed by hills of more or less elevation, all bare and barren in appearance save where the water from these channels has transformed portions into green and smiling fields.

The manner of construction of these channels, as well as the method by which the source of the water-supply was first discovered, is a matter of speculation. In days so long gone by that the memory of them is lost, some wise old Persian, we may imagine, having noted the fact that springs of water were often found issuing somewhere near the base of the hills, conceived the idea that the source of this water might be found by digging. No unusual insight this, however, the knowledge of wells being almost universal the world over. But to conceive of a large and constant stream sufficient to serve the purpose of considerable irrigation is another matter. And that was the object. Following up his idea, then, he calculates that the water, being found at a level far above the bare plain which he desires to cultivate, might surely be conveyed in some manner to this lower level. The force-pump is beyond him, and the labour of cutting a channel sufficiently deep is not to be thought of. But why not convey it underground? And whether the sequence of ideas as imagined be correct or not, this is what was done.

As we approach one of these water-channels—the *kanat* of Persia, *karez* of Afghanistan—all that is apparent is a series of mounds in a straight line and at intervals of from fifty to a hundred yards. These mark the several shafts from which the earth from the sections of tunnel was thrown out on being excavated; and looking down one of these shafts, we see a fine, strong stream of water, the depth from the ground-surface varying—that is, diminishing—

according to its distance from the source. The distance to which the water can be conveyed by these channels obviously depends on the depth at which it may be found at the base of the hills and the elevation of the spot above the plain to be irrigated. A low elevation and deep well will mean a short flow, and *vice versâ*. Some of the channels may be from five to ten miles in length, which indicates a vast amount of underground labour and no mean capacity in calculating levels. The method of construction after finding the water would probably be somewhat as follows, though I never met any one who could throw much light on the subject: The sinking of the shafts and hollowing out of the tunnels would proceed from the higher end, a more or less rough guess being made at the required depth of each shaft. The flow of water could be trusted afterwards to set right any inconsiderable error. And it would be necessary not only for the whole tunnel to be constructed before the water was allowed to flow, but, to save waste and to prevent the scouring out of an undesired channel in the ground for cultivation, the prospective fields and irrigation channels would also be at least partially prepared in advance. What an anxious moment for these old-world speculators would be that of the letting in of the water—anxiety for the proof of a sufficient and permanent supply, as well as to the adequacy of their handiwork in the construction of the channel! And what feverish haste in completing and perfecting the distribution arrangements at the point of issue! And thereafter what intense interest in the subsequent ploughing and in the sowing of the first crops! No wonder that the water-rights are those most jealously guarded in these lands, and that most of the boundary disputes have direct reference to them.

Crude and primitive these channels might be called by scientific engineers of the present day, but I feel far from sure that any better way could even now be found for procuring the water in the districts where they are in use. And one even wonders if it would not be reasonable to take a lesson from the old Persians, and try something similar elsewhere—on some of the dry tracts in South Africa, for instance, where the conditions would seem to be very similar, and where other projected schemes of irrigation appear to have come to an untimely end.

There is one other fact in connection with these channels, and far more wonderful than anything in their construction, which I must not omit to mention in conclusion. They contain fish. I have caught many with rod and line, pulling them up through the vent-hole of a shaft. This seems as inexplicable as any other of the fish-mysteries of which one hears. For it is to be clearly understood that the water of the channels comes at its source from far underground, and is eventually all used up in irrigation, or if there be any surplus, this is inevitably totally lost in the surrounding desert.

IN THE MATTER OF A CONTRABAND.

PART II.

ONE of the lessons learnt in His Majesty's Navy is not to be surprised by unexpected occurrences. This precept permeates all ranks. Consequently the petty officer in charge of H.M.S. *Squasher's* waiting dingy merely touched his cap respectfully when a tall, full-figured young woman suddenly fronted him out of the gloom. She wore no hat, and the white outline of her throat gleamed softly in the darkness. Her face was deadly pale, with parted, panting lips. Her breast heaved stormily to the quick gasps of her breath.

'How long is it since the *Clara's* boat left?'

'About two hours, miss.'

'As long as that?' she cried in dismay.

'Yes, miss.'

Had she, indeed, allowed all that precious time to elapse while vainly trying to revive Bernard Anstice from the noxious effects of the sleeping-draught, while first reading and then realising the full meaning of the little crumpled note that had dropped from his nerveless hand? Once again a burning flush crimsoned Maureen's face as the truth swept over her anew that her name had been used to lure him ashore to the bungalow. She had been the unconscious decoy. No wonder her step-father had departed without the ceremony of farewell.

'One of 'em as went away in 'er would be a 'andsome feller but for 'is face,' commented the sailor reminiscently. 'T'other looked as if 'is work in life, when 'e wasn't drinkin', would be turnin' the 'andle of an organ or dancin' on the top.'

She cut across his words sharply.

'Has the *Clara* sailed?'

'I'm thinkin' so. An' we was sent for to stop 'er,' answered the sailor, with guarded significance. 'But we're waitin' for our orf'cer. 'E ain't come back.'

'You must come and fetch him,' said the girl very quietly. 'He has been drugged.' And shortly afterwards Maureen was explaining the case to a brown-faced, bearded warrant-officer who was the *Squasher's* second in command. He listened with quick comprehension. The girl looked very fragile as she leant against the quick-firer on the narrow steel deck.

'You will never overtake that steamer unless

you follow her through the inner channel. The navigation there is very difficult. Can you do it?'

The warrant-officer shook his head doubtfully.

'Will it be bad for—for Mr Anstice if she escapes? I mean—will he be blamed?'

'Yes,' was the curt answer. The speaker reflected over the Admiral's emphatic orders, which left no doubt on that point. Under no circumstances was the *Clara* to be allowed to clear from British territory to deliver contraband to a belligerent.

'Can we get a pilot in this place?' asked the second in command after a little pause.

'No; the only man here who knows the channel is on board the *Clara*.'

'And the ordinary course round the outer island'—

'Takes about four times as long.'

The man-of-warsman shrugged his shoulders rather helplessly.

'But I can show you,' said the girl confidently. 'I know every inch of these waters by night or day.'

'You!' He stared at her in amazement. More valuable time was wasted before he was convinced. Even then he was only constrained with difficulty to agree to the attempt. He was distinctly distrustful—that warrant-officer. But then Maureen's main motive was not clear to him as it would have been to herself had she ever stopped to confess it to her beating maiden-heart. She had quite forgotten that she did not care what happened to Bernard Anstice any more. She did not remember how she had stubbornly declared to herself that he was nothing to her now. He was ill and helpless, in danger of disgrace. Therefore everything had changed in some mysterious fashion; for love is really a very simple thing, whatever casuists may say, and leads a woman very straightly to the aid of the man she loves when the chance comes, be her questionings beforehand what they may. Which is sometimes too wise a truth for a philosopher to comprehend. And the most important moves in life—so clear and definite they stand out in after years—are often the result of an impulse as true-hearted as it may be swift.

The sailor at the wheel in the conning-tower sniffed at the night air with sudden suspicion as the destroyer headed seawards. It was different. He spoke in a low tone to his mate by the searchlight. There had been the same threatening breeze on that night of the typhoon off the Pescadores eighteen months ago. An ugly ground-swell was stirring the pitch-black water. Sinister cloud-masses blotted the stars. But the squat funnels belched out smoke, and the bow wave curled high as the *Squasher* surged stormily out of the land-locked anchorage.

Otherwise the weather was heeded but little at first on the canting bridge by the conning-tower. Maureen Erleton never quite remembered all that occurred that night. Some of the crew will never forget; but then there are naval secrets which are sedulously concealed even from the halfpenny newspapers. This is another characteristic of the service: to veil with professional reticence all recital of deeds which might set the world ablaze and triple the taxation of the industrious. Admirals may write confidential reports on international happenings, which are scheduled with privacy at Whitehall; but the serenity of Parliaments and Bourses is undisturbed. Peace is so often the product of a most blessed general ignorance; of which this tale of that night off the Borneo coast-line is a witness.

Through the inner channel of the intricate Dalu Passage the *Clara* thumped her ten knots with regularity, and the *Squasher* bucketed through a confused sea after her as fast as those in charge dared carry on amid the narrow, rock-fringed waters. These have a lurid reputation among navigators. From the high, rocky curve of Jurong Point the coral-reefs wind out into sunken islets and breaker-beaten shoals. The leadsman's pulse was jumpy as he sang out the fathoms from the bow. Where the evil ledges project from the Gut of the Seven Hills they stopped the *Squasher's* way and went astern just in time to prevent her from piling her plates for ever in the seethe of the racing tides.

When the screws scraped, churning across the mud-bank that trends inwards from the northern entrance—so that dusky figures flung themselves frantically deckwards from the sticky reek of oil and steam below—it was sworn for long afterwards that the coolest being on board was a girl, who stood calmly with her little hand on the handle of the telegraph indicator, and her wide, straining eyes fixed steadily on the outlined blackness ahead. It was her quiet-voiced direction through those set little teeth which drove the destroyer squeezing under the steep slope of an utterly forbidding island shore, which twisted her in an S-like wake athwart the current, which wallowed her through a whirl of tossing foam, till at last the open ocean lay inkily outspread before them. Then, as the little vessel plunged to the heave of the deeper seas, the engine-room gong rang out to make full speed ahead, and the quick pulse of the machinery leapt to the order. The beam of the searchlight flashed out balefully in quest of the chase.

'Now we'll try to come up to our contract requirement of speed,' muttered the *Squasher's* second in command with an odd huskiness. 'I take it the insurance offices charge a special premium rate for junks as go that passage.' He wiped the perspiration from his brow and leaned eagerly outboards. 'I reckon we'll overhaul that old German rabbit-hutch yet,' he said.

He glanced back gratefully at the slender girl who was grasping the grit-covered bridge-rail in sudden exhaustion. Keen admiration at her pluck

stirred him. In the glare of the electric light the shadows showed purple under the fair, wind-stung lashes. The warrant-officer bawled savagely to a subordinate to 'move his blistered self immediate and pass the word along for brandy—sharp!'

It was a bell before midnight when Bernard Anstice idly opened his eyes. He speculated in dreamy wonder for a little what made their lids so heavy. His head was singing in a confused jumble. For a second or two he lay still, trying to quiet the burning racket of his brain. Then he discovered that he was on his own leather-lined locker against the steel-ribbed side of the box that was designed as a cabin by the draughtsman of destroyers—at home. He stumbled clumsily to his feet and grabbed at the swaying table. Then swift recollection came.

Eight bells! Heavens! what had happened? He shouted hoarsely, and a scurrying steward dropped down the steel ladder to his call. A few quick-flung sentences told him. He tore up through the manhole into the stinging sea air on deck with a wild thrill at his heart.

Next moment Maureen Erleton felt a strong clasp close over her cold little fingers that clutched the slithering rail. She turned and looked up with strange, dilated nostrils, half-frightened, half-defiant. What did he think of her?

The answering expression on his face was reassuring. But neither of them uttered a word.

The man at the searchlight projector swept the skyline. Hard, bright eyes trained in the finest service in the world peered staring round the horizon. The black hull of the *Clara* danced shadowily into view, silhouetted in the far distance. She was steaming with desperate haste.

'It's her,' said the bluejacket briefly. The wheel-spokes spun over, and the *Squasher* plunged noisily in the tumble of the sea. There was a presentiment of coming fury in the fierce swish of the storm-wind.

The warrant-officer wiped the flying spray from the binoculars with his sleeve, and passed them hurriedly to the commander. His arm was pointing seawards in another direction.

'Yon's a cruiser, sir,' he cried, startled; 'foreign—hull down—on the port bow.'

Anstice seized the glasses and blinked earnestly through the smother. Some wan specks of yellow flickered faintly through the dimness.

The great arc of light from the destroyer shot out in inquiry across the black. It was answered by a similar menacing glare to southward.

'Mask all lights!'

Anstice dropped his mouth over the speaking-tube to the engine-room. The *Squasher* lurched heavily. Maureen turned with a cry.

That telegram to Ludecke—the mention of a rendezvous. In a flash she understood.

'Clear for action. Stand by.'

The destroyer's deck hummed into activity. Then it quieted just as swiftly, leaving sturdy, silent figures who waited expectant by the wet guns and torpedo-tubes. All sound ceased save the throb of the engines and the wash of the water hissing against the driven steel. The strange cruiser was forging rapidly nearer.

Anstice cast a rapid glance over his command. 'Now, what *is* she?' he queried aloud.

'A Russian—the convoy for the contraband.' And even as the words were spoken came conclusive confirmation.

There was a far flash, a dull report, and a shell screamed hooting astern. The foreigner was in deadly earnest, also in a hurry. And the world has lately learnt that on such occasions international niceties are apt to be disregarded.

'Range a bit wild,' commented some one composedly in Maureen Erleton's ear.

The *Squasher* held on unheeding. She was doing twenty-eight knots now to the *Clara's* ten. An inscrutable mask had fallen over the boyish face of her commander. He was the naval officer at war. He meant doggedly to go on, to see this business through. He rapped out an order, and the forward quick-firer spoke jerkily twice, sending two stern messages across the *Clara's* bow that she would be wise to heave-to with promptness.

Again the oncoming cruiser answered. The projectile tore through the night air and sloshed with a mighty roar into the lashed-up sea.

'More noise than damage;' but the faces on the target grew grim.

The *Squasher* was handled with consummate skill. In a few minutes her course, parallel to the merchantman, would take her under the *Clara's* beam. It would be difficult then for the cruiser to fire without hitting her larger friend. Once more the arc of the destroyer's searchlight stabbed the gloom.

Those last moments on the bridge of the *Clara* were pregnant of terror. It was futile to try to escape from the aching glare that pursued them so relentlessly. Its dazzling rays lit up the cowering men on her reeling deck, blinded them, told them the end had come. Ludecke was seen to fling up his arms in one fierce gesture of impotent despair. Then the electric shut down utterly again.

As it did so the typhoon burst.

A streak of foam boiled madly across the water a blast of tempest-tossed brine sprayed and stunned From the fringing banks of cloud-masses a howl o wind leapt deafening into the night. The remorse less roar of the cyclone boomed over the followin waves, and churned them into the fury of its ow intense velocity.

The *Squasher* shivered under the shock like sentient being. The seas thundered along the dec and washed to Maureen Erleton's knees. But strong arm was resolutely encircling her wai and she clung to its owner in return with co

fidence, content, responsive to the eyes so close to hers.

For one wild second the destroyer trimmed down by the head, and her propellers raced into the empty air; for another her nose was cocked to the lowering heavens, and her stern reeled to the welter of the seas. With rails awash and decks streaming, she took to the set of the squall, and all things movable aboard her were carried away. Then she rose to the white, tossing line streaks, and bobbed bravely to the blotted-out horizon. She bit her way desperately before the onslaught of the gale.

The path of a typhoon is proverbially erratic; it will curve and recurve with mysterious irregularity. By mercy it was ordained that the *Squasher* should miss the entanglement of its centre, and should successfully batter herself from out of its fringe. Exactly how it was all done those on board do not seem to know. But with the livid oncoming of the dawn, tense, set faces of men who had been tried to the uttermost relaxed at last to the relief that their boat had crawled indeed from one of the gates of death.

Maureen's eyelids were drooping with weariness; the whiteness of fatigue and strain was on her oval cheeks. She pushed back the loose, wet hair from her forehead, and stared with deadened wonder over the unnatural grayness of a dreary sea and sky. Never to the man who silently watched her had her delicate beauty so appealed in happier hours.

Yet never had she seemed to him so far away in some perversest of fashions. The girlish frailness was very formidable; the fearless baby-face held him aloof with the tireless brightness of its charm. There was an odd ring in her voice when at last she spoke. And when she lifted quick eyes she saw that the blur of the blood-mist had passed away from his face with the daylight, and a very tender, wistful gaze met hers. Her own lashes dropped swiftly.

'How unwomanly I must seem to you!' she said at length.

Sometimes dark shadows under the eyes add but new beauty to a girlish face. Bernard Anstice thought so then.

'Maureen, I love you,' he said quite simply.

'Are you sure?' She flashed a look up at him again dubiously. All the events of the last few hours slide by to make her pause.

It is a question that many women have asked of many men. It is always answered—sometimes truly; and on the truth of the reply depends the happiness of lives and years to come.

'No one ever cared for me before,' she added uncertainly.

The colour flamed back into her face at his smile. 'Perhaps that is why I love you so,' said the man beside her. 'Do you know what you have done?'

'No,' she cried in quick alarm.

'The *Clara* has foundered in the typhoon,' he explained to her gravely. 'That no man could help. Yet but for your skill and daring last night I could never have reported it. You have saved my reputation, dear, at the risk of your life. Why did you do it?'

For a short space no answer came. Then Maureen Erleton spoke softly to the sudden sunlit sea.

'Because—I too—love.'

. . . . . .

In subsequent days the *Clara* was posted as missing at Lloyd's, and the battle of Tsushima Straits ended for ever the career of a Russian cruiser. The British Admiral on the China station must have known of a certain story in which one of his destroyers was equally concerned, though undue publicity was not given to the tale. Yet had he been displeased he would scarcely have attended in person the very pretty wedding at the garrison church at Hong-kong a few months later. At least this appears unlikely.

THE END.

CHINESE WHO LOOK LIKE ENGLISHMEN.

By T. WRIGHT.

'THAT Chinese coolie reminds me strangely of my sister.' This, coming from a sober commercial Englishman in China, not given to practical jokes, and incapable of appreciating the fine points of a paradox, startled me at the time I heard it. I have thought of it often since, when considering the anthropological questions suggested by the talk of 'yellow perils,' military and commercial. My friend replied to me that the coolie he pointed out had his sister's face both in feature and expression, making only the slightest of allowances for the difference of sex.

Stimulated by this, and remembering many impressions unconsciously gained during my travels, I have come to the conclusion that some of the anthropological 'truths' we are taught in the text-books require revision. The racial differences are more superficial than the Aryanists make out. To those of us who have been complacently entertaining the idea that we belonged to a race that sets a sort of standard by which to measure the rest of mankind, the discovery and requisite revision cannot fail to be displeasing; but it is inevitable if we seriously examine the orthodox classification as Caucasians, Mongolians, and so on. St Paul says that God hath 'made of one blood all nations of

men;' and, apparently, if there ever was a time when the popular conception of a fixed type was justly held, there has since been at work some agency that has made mankind—even those far-away branches—tend to approximate to a uniform type.

Put in another way, you can find in any crowd of Chinese the same diversity of skull shapes and sizes, and all the different facial peculiarities, by which the anthropologists are accustomed to sort out the various 'types' of mankind. There are undeniable differences between the Latins and the Teutons; but there are the same, exactly the same, variations to be traced between Chinaman and Chinaman. Even the oblique eye proves nothing. It is by no means universal in the Orient, and it is not unknown in the Occident. I have seen it myself in the case of several Europeans in the Far East whose parentage was above suspicion.

The time has come when we must regard the labours of such a clever Japanese scholar as Mr K. Kawakami (who argues that the Japanese are of Aryan descent) as supererogatory. If it be environment and education which multiplies racial peculiarities, and that at bottom there is but one race, the human, he might as well have inverted his process and demonstrated that Europeans are Asiatic. Science may smile indulgently when 'Mr Dooley' informs us that 'an Anglo-Saxon is a German that's forgot who were his parents.'

A competent examination of the human cosmos to be found in China alone—where the races of mankind find their epitome, so to speak, all in one—must confirm Mr H. G. Wells's idea that it is a bastard science which sanctions the popular belief in the incompatibility of alien races. One's respect for that 'dreamer' is augmented by the shrewdness with which he asks, without knowing China at first hand, 'Would that [the difference between the average Chinaman and the average Englishman] amount to a wider difference than is to be found between extreme types of Englishmen?' He did not think so, and if these remarks of mine confirm anything, they should confirm that doubt. I know a Chinaman who is the 'double' of a youthful parliamentarian who seems to have come much to the front since I left England, and it has been my amusement to note such resemblances as I have discovered between casually encountered Chinese and prominent men. I had hoped to secure photographs for 'parallel' publication, but was defeated by a general and quite Corelli-like aversion to be snap-shotted. Any observant resident in either Japan or China will, however, bear me out as to the frequency of such resemblances, some of them most truly startling. When to these accidental similarities are added the voluntary adoption of European costume, it will be seen how difficult is the task sometimes to label a man on the China coast. There are Japanese and Chinese who would pass unobserved in an English crowd, and would even, if observed, pass for better-class Englishmen. There are also plenty of Europeans who, properly barbered and clothed, would escape notice in a Far Eastern native community. Were it not for the hairiness of European faces, which is, of course, a superficial difference, it would be impossible to say definitely of such a disguised person just what race could claim him. It is the pigtail and the clothes which mislead us into believing in the exaggerated physical peculiarity of the Chinaman and of others.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THORIA FROM QUEENSLAND.

THE immense demand for incandescent gas-mantles calls for a large supply of the rare earth thoria, which is their principal constituent. The Department of Mines for Queensland has forwarded to the Imperial Institute a consignment of monazitic sand, in order to have a report upon its commercial value. Upon examination it was found, however, that the sand contained only a small proportion of the heavy minerals among which those of commercial value are found, and the aid of running water was therefore called in to wash away the lighter particles. The residue, about one-fifth of the weight of the whole, was subjected to examination, but it was found that the quantity of thoria was disappointingly small, amounting to only ·05 per cent. of the original sand. There was about twice the percentage of cerium-oxide; but as only a proportion of one in a hundred of this mineral as compared with thorium-oxide is used in the construction of mantles, there is not a very great demand for it.

A BIG IRRIGATION SCHEME.

The valley of the Salt River in Arizona is at present one of the most barren stretches in America; but when the works now under construction are completed it is believed that this desolate place will become one of the most fertile in the world, for from experiments already undertaken it has been ascertained that water alone is needed to make it an ideal spot for grain and fruit growing. Some portions of the district are already watered by small systems, and in a few of these instances three and four crops are gathered in a year. It is hoped to spread these conditions to the large area embraced in the new scheme. A dam, measuring from foundation to crest two hundred and fifty feet in height, is to be built at a spot

about sixty-five miles north-east of Phœnix, in Arizona, U.S.A., where the natural cañon formation offers a suitable site. As yet only the preliminary details have been carried out, but these embrace the construction of several roadways for the haulage of materials, and a power canal nearly twenty miles in length to provide electric current for operating the necessary plant and illuminating the cement-works, &c. This canal alone involved the piercing of mountains and the building of elaborate culverts. A suitable deposit for the base of the Portland cement has been found about seven miles from the site of the dam, and all the cement required in this huge undertaking will be made in the vicinity. It is estimated that when the Tonto reservoir is completed it will contain sufficient water to flood over a million acres to an average depth of one foot. The irrigation systems at present in operation serve only about seventy-five thousand acres; but the area reached by the new reservoir will be about two hundred and seventy-five thousand acres, and that without possibility of failure.

GROWING IRON.

According to a paragraph in *Knowledge*, the Franklin Institute has awarded a gold medal for a new process by which iron can be made to 'grow.' The process is said to consist in several times heating the iron to a certain critical temperature and cooling it between times, whereby the astonishing result is obtained of increasing the iron to nearly half as large again. It is reported that two identical castings were made, and one reserved for comparison, while the other was subjected to this new treatment. One side of each was machined and polished so that examination of the grain and structure might be made, but little difference could be discerned except in point of size, which was very marked. The weight of the swelled casting was identical with that of the one with which it was compared, but in all other respects the metal appeared to be of similar character. After this, one is not surprised to learn that important practical applications have already been found for the remarkable discovery; indeed, new uses suggest themselves instantly to the mind. The story is so extraordinary, however, that it may be accepted with some hesitation until confirmation is afforded.

AN INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE.

It is one of the disadvantages of an electric railroad track, when laid in a tunnel, that a breakdown often means for the passengers a choice between the two unpleasant alternatives of temporary imprisonment or the chance of electrocution if they make their way on foot through the tunnel. If the current is switched off so that it is safe to walk along the lines, all traffic on the section is stopped, and with it all chance of conveying the passengers to a station in another train. To obviate this difficulty, the directors of the London Piccadilly and Brompton Railroad, London's new deep-level tube shortly to be opened, have designed an emergency locomotive which is entirely self-contained —that is to say, it draws its supply of electricity from its own storage battery, which it carries about with it in a long truck. The battery is of great capacity, and the locomotive is at present at work hauling the excavated material through the tunnel, and carrying to the scene of operations the various materials of construction, such as iron segments for lining the tunnel.

A RAILWAY MOTOR-CAR.

The gasolene motor, which, according to the prophets, is to prove so serious a rival to the railway companies in the near future, is at the present time doing them considerable service. Many of the English railways are running motor-cars as 'feeders' for those stations which serve scattered districts, and these cars run regularly in connection with certain trains bringing passengers from the outlying places. In America an experimental car has been constructed by the Union Pacific Railroad Company to run on the ordinary track, and it has proved such an unqualified success that the company have now constructed a second car of similar type but very much larger size. In appearance it is a very different thing from the road-car which may perhaps be regarded as its parent, for it is a massive structure of the size and solidity of an ordinary American railroad carriage, pointed in front to minimise the wind-pressure, and fitted with the approved form of cow-catcher. It is fifty-five feet in length, weighs twenty-eight tons, and provides seating accommodation for fifty-seven passengers. It is lighted by twenty-five acetylene gaslights, and the interior is finished in antique mahogany and leather, and warmed by the water circulating system which cools the engine. The engine is a six-cylinder gasolene engine of special construction for railroad purposes, and of one hundred horse-power. On the trial trip a maximum speed of over sixty-three miles was attained, and kept up for a considerable time.

THE PRODUCTS OF UGANDA.

An interesting account of the economic resources of Uganda is given in the current issue of the *Bulletin* of the Imperial Institute. The scientific and forestry department of the protectorate has made considerable progress, and now it has under its control the Botanical Gardens at Entebbe, two experimental farms, and eight meteorological and five hydrographical stations. It has recently undertaken an important survey of the Mabira Forest, and has obtained much valuable information. The Lagos rubber-tree, which was supposed to be restricted to the western tropics of Africa, has been found to be indigenous in Uganda. As this tree yields excellent rubber and is eminently suited to systematic cultivation, the discovery is of great importance, and steps have already been taken to utilise it by the distribution of large quantities of seed and the

establishment of plantations. Both tea and coffee are being planted in various parts of the country, and in most cases are giving very promising results, although the former finds a terrible enemy in the white ant. Several kinds of cotton are also being experimented with, and results so far indicate that American upland cotton is more suitable for cultivation than the Egyptian varieties, and it is said, indeed, to yield cotton of longer staple than in its native country.

WOOD-PULP.

A paper read before the Society of Arts by Mr S. C. Phillips furnishes some very interesting particulars of the manufacture of paper from wood. There are two essentials to the commercially successful production of wood-pulp: first, a supply of the right kind of timber in sufficient quantities; and, secondly, an abundant water-power to operate the machinery. Scandinavia supplies by far the larger proportion of Great Britain's imports of wood-pulp, and in 1903 nearly five hundred thousand tons were imported from that country to this. Canada has within recent years exported a considerable quantity of wood-pulp, and her contributions to Great Britain in 1903 amounted to over seventy-one thousand tons. The processes of manufacture may be divided into two broad classes, mechanical and chemical. By the mechanical process the wood is ground to powder by means of huge grindstones, kept cool the while by streams of running water. The logs of wood are first freed from bark by a machine furnished with knives set around a revolving drum, and from knots by means of a scoop-like auger, and are then held against the rapidly revolving grindstone, so that the longitudinal axis of the wood is parallel to the grinding surface. Constant streams of water carry off the heat of friction, and the shreds of wood which are torn off by the grindstone are carried away by the water into a large vat. They are then sorted into sizes by an arrangement of mechanically agitated sieves, and the finer particles, after being allowed to settle, are ready for papermaking. Mechanical pulp is principally used for the manufacture of bookbinders' pasteboards and all the coarser kinds of paper, but mixed with a small proportion of chemically prepared pulp it can be made into a paper suitable for printing on rapid machines, and most of our daily newspapers are printed on paper prepared in this way. According to the lecturer, a single issue of a large London daily would require about ten acres of an average forest for its supply of paper.

CHEMICAL WOOD-PULP.

Wood-pulp prepared by chemical means, as opposed to the mechanical process mentioned above, yields a far finer grade of paper, which only an expert can tell from an expensive rag-paper. It is made by treating the wood with various agents by which the mineral matter is removed and a pulp consisting of more or less pure cellulose fibres is obtained. The wood, after being freed from bark and from knots by machinery as in the mechanical process, is passed into a further machine which chops it up into small pieces, and these pieces, after examination and the removal of any knots which have escaped previous detection, are fed into a 'digester,' which in some cases is large enough to produce fifteen tons of pulp at one operation. Here they are subjected to the action of calcium bisulphite under a pressure of about seven atmospheres. Steam is passed into the 'digester' until the temperature is raised to one hundred and fifteen degrees centigrade, and after a period varying from eight hours to three days, the pulp is washed with hot water and passed through various screens to separate out any unattacked particles. In another process a solution of caustic soda is used instead of the sulphite liquid; but this has within recent years largely given place to a third method, in which a solution of sodium sulphate in combination with a certain amount of caustic soda is used.

PRODUCER-GAS.

It is evident that a great deal is to be heard of producer-gas, despite its horrible name, for it is being applied to various important uses all over the world. Messrs Thornycroft of London are developing Herr Capitaine's patents as applied to comparatively small boats, while the rights to apply the invention to larger vessels have been secured by Messrs Beardmore & Co., Limited, who are now carrying out elaborate experiments in this direction. They are at present constructing a five-cylinder five hundred horse-power vertical marine engine, which, after exhaustive tests on land under conditions approximating as nearly as possible to those obtaining at sea, will be fitted into a Glasgow coasting-ship. Utilising the experience thus gained, they will then proceed to build a similar engine of one thousand horse-power. This firm has designed a new reversing gear for their gas-engines, which, by permitting the engines to be run in either direction, obviates the necessity for feathering propellers, bevel gearing, and other devices. In America producer-gas is coming to the front, not so much for power purposes, but for providing heat for various processes. It is said that the gas-producers are reaching a high stage of perfection, and great economy of both fuel and labour is being experienced. By their use fuel consumption is confined to one place in a factory, whereby conveyance costs are minimised, and the gas carried thence by pipes to the various furnaces is burned exactly as and when required, and in such a manner as to introduce the least possible loss of heat by radiation or conduction.

A NEW ELECTRIC LIFT.

At the Electrical Exhibition held at the close of last year at the Madison Square Gardens, New York, some attention was attracted by a novel electric elevator of striking construction. The lift was operated by an electric motor placed in the

structure itself, right under the control of the attendant. This motor rotated a big wheel or drum, whose diameter was the same as that of the well in which the lift worked. Into the face or periphery of this drum was cut a spiral thread which engaged in the teeth of two racks placed opposite one another in the well, and running from top to bottom. The drum acted, therefore, like a screw in the racks, and when revolved by the motor, carried the lift with it either up or down, according to the direction of rotation. The teeth of the racks were formed of rollers to minimise the friction, and it was claimed that there was a considerable saving of power as compared with other elevator systems. However that may be, the new invention certainly makes for safety, for if the motor should fail in any way whatever, the lift must remain where it is at the time. The pitch of the screw being insufficiently steep for auto-rotation to set in, it follows that there can be no possible danger of an accident unless the drum itself or the racks should be broken away, and of that there should be no possibility with good construction. Certainly more confidence will be felt in a contrivance of this kind than in the stoutest of ropes or chains.

THE TURBINE TORPEDO.

The new turbine-driven torpedo which has been adopted by the United States Navy is probably the most powerful and speediest type of this deadly weapon. It has a speed of thirty-six knots at a range of twelve hundred yards, while the standard Whitehead torpedo only attains a speed of twenty-eight knots for the same range. At the very tip of its nose is the firing-pin whose duty is to detonate the explosive charge directly the torpedo strikes its object. Normally this pin is locked by a screw shaped like a tiny propeller, and is thus held secure from accidental firing until the death-dealing machine is actually in the water and started off on its fatal journey. Only then is it released by the pressure of the water rotating the screw and unlocking the firing-pin. Next in order comes the charge of explosive, which consists of one hundred and thirty-two pounds of wet gun-cotton, with a central core of dry gun-cotton for detonating it. The central compartment is simply a steel cylinder containing compressed air for driving the engine which propels the torpedo through the water. The air is stored at an initial pressure of two thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds to the square inch—about ten times as much as that of a high-pressure steam boiler. In the third compartment is the wonderful turbine-engine which drives the two propellers. It is of the Curtis compound type, and runs at a speed of ten thousand revolutions per minute, which is geared down to nine hundred at the propellers. At this speed one hundred and sixty horse-power is developed, which means forty knots—four in excess of the contract demands. Last of all—except the propellers and rudders—comes the marvellous steering-gear. If a modern torpedo is in any way deflected from its course, it at once automatically steers itself back again until it is running in the same line as before. This almost miraculous result is accomplished by making use of the well-known tendency of the gyroscope—a heavy wheel spinning very rapidly—to maintain its plane of rotation. The gyroscope in this case is driven by a tiny turbine which keeps it spinning during the run of the torpedo. If the torpedo turns aside, the gyroscope pivoted within it holds its original position unchanged, and, acting on the rudder with which it is directly connected, brings the erring craft back into the line of aim. There is also a horizontal rudder which is controlled by a disc held by springs on the one side poised against the pressure of the water on the other. Should the torpedo plunge too deeply, the increased water-pressure displaces the disc and deflects the rudder upwards until the vessel is brought again to its proper depth. Should it rise too near the surface the opposite obtains, and it is at once pressed down again to its pre-arranged level. According to the *Scientific American*, the United States Government has ordered one hundred torpedoes of this type eighteen inches in diameter, while of the larger or twenty-one inch size three hundred have been called for. The cost of the smaller size is said to be over one thousand pounds each.

NATURAL HISTORY SLIDES.

An excellent series of coloured lantern-slides at a remarkably low price has been issued by Messrs Butcher & Sons of London. The slides illustrate various branches of the study of natural history, and should prove a boon to lecturers and teachers, for their price is considerably less than that of the ordinary uncoloured photographic production.

PASPALUM GRASS.

The phenomenal development of the dairy industry in New South Wales is said to be largely due to the spread of *Paspalum dilatatum* pastures. The name paspalum is one of the Greek terms for millet, and the term dilatatum is descriptive of its dilatations or expansive habit both above and below the surface. It is a native of South America, and has been known in the United States since 1880, where it is called hairy and flowered paspalum. All soils seem acceptable to this grass, and it is little affected by drought, fills the soil with a matting of roots, and covers the surface with luxuriant foliage from early spring till autumn frosts. Paspalum as it spreads kills noxious and valueless plants. It is beginning to be introduced into New Zealand.

HARES, RABBITS, AND MICE IN AUSTRALIA.

According to the Australian *Pastoralists' Review*, hares are so numerous in the mallee of a district of Victoria that they threaten to become as great

a pest as rabbits. The stock-owners of New South Wales are so much in earnest regarding the extermination of rabbits that they are prepared—and the Government has given its consent—to bring out Dr Danysz from Paris to deal with the pests. Dr Danysz's method of dealing with the rabbits is to induce a disease which would attack the rabbits in lungs and throat, and the contagion would come by a mucus from the nostrils that would foul the burrows and the food. The disease would be highly contagious, and the course of it would run from three days to six weeks, and any rabbit taking it would be almost sure to die. It is harmless to man, beast, or bird. A Victorian pastoralist has for eighteen years used a simple preventive against mice in stacks. He sprinkles three-quarters of a pound to one pound of sulphur to each ton of hay or corn. He sprinkles a pretty liberal helping round the first three or four rows of sheaves at the bottom of the stack, and gives the outside also a good dose. The moisture in the stack causes sulphuretted hydrogen to be given off, and this keeps away mice. It must kill some mice also, as dead ones are found in the stack so treated.

MILKING-MACHINES.

Milking by machinery, according to the *Pastoralists' Review*, is making quiet but steady progress in Australia. There are two kinds of machines practically working at present, and both are giving satisfactory results. The 'Lawrence-Kennedy-Gillies' machine, as its name indicates, is the result of three inventions, the last being added by Mr Gillies, a Victorian dairyman. Over three hundred of these machines are being practically used this season in the Commonwealth and New Zealand, milking about five thousand cows daily; and the fact that one hundred and thirty of them have been adopted this season indicates that satisfaction is being obtained. The largest number are being used in Victoria and New Zealand, but there are also several in New South Wales and Queensland. A machine of purely Victorian invention—namely, the 'Hartnett' milker, upon which the inventor has been working for some years—will shortly be put upon the market. It has been under trial for the last eight months. The difficulty of milking by machinery seems to have been at length overcome, and Australians have been prominent in the accomplishment.

EXERCISES FOR THE SEDENTARY.

There are people to whom gentle and systematic exercise means a new enjoyment of health and longer life; others take up athletics in so violent a fashion as to lead to over-development, in so far as too much time and energy are given to certain systems of exercise, and the balance of nature is destroyed. The happy medium seems to be struck in a book which comes from the Anglo-Danish Publishing Company, 188 Strand, London. It is entitled *My System*, by J. T. Müller, who has been successively a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, a private engineer, and an inspector of a sanatorium for consumptives. He now proposes to spend his time in developing 'My System,' in which, in the book and accompanying chart, eighteen forms of simple exercises are laid down and explained. He promises health for fifteen minutes a day spent in his exercises. The writer was at one time a delicate boy, but by a series of gymnastics and physical exercises developed himself into perfect physical condition. The value of fresh air and cold water is duly set down, although in our climate it is a counsel of perfection to recommend that every day you should let the 'sun shine upon you,' and also that you should not allow one day to pass without every muscle and organ of the body being set in brisk motion. Stagnation, says Müller, leads to drooping and untimely death. Motion is life. He directs special attention to keeping the skin in health, and to exercising the middle of the trunk of the body, which is most neglected. Skin gymnastics and exercise of the muscles of the waist are what nine people out of every ten, he tells us, stand most in need of.

THE MATOPPOS.

NAY, tread not more soft, though the ground here be holy,
Thy step will disturb not the Dreamer's last dream;
But climb thou the mount in thy solitude, solely,
And tell him, though far off, there still is the gleam.

He cares not to know that we muffle our voices,
And say, 'Hush! he slumbers; well-earned is his rest.'
But he waits for the heart-beat, the shout that rejoices:
'Dost hear us, our Captain? In armour we're dressed.'

From his couch of the granite he questions and hearkens—
'Tis a right regal bed for the lone lion-heart,
Where the soft veldt-winds sigh as the dim daylight darkens—
'How goes the long fight then? Hast *thou* played *thy* part?'

Sleep on, mighty Chief! for thy banner is flying
Across the brave veldt that is thirsty and bare;
Our Voortrekker's footsteps still echo, undying,
And hasten us on to the hope that we dare.

Sleep on! There's a murmur of far laughing waters
That promise our desert shall yet burst in bloom,
When the sister-lands, linked in one—Afric's fair daughters—
Will lay the sweet veldt-flower of love on thy tomb.

MARY ADAMSON.

CAPETOWN.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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SIXTH SERIES.

'AUGUSTA SAYS.'

By ROSALINE MASSON.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a remarkably awkward thing for me, a quiet and sober old bachelor (somewhere about sixty, not to be too precise), to find myself suddenly in charge—apparently in permanent charge—of two charming young ladies, both beauties, one an heiress, and the other of the modern and progressive variety. At first it was the thought of the upset of all my little habits that obtruded itself on my masculine, and therefore naturally selfish, mind. But Winifred soon betrayed a truly feminine and lovable and coaxing way of making a perfect idol of each one of my little habits, considering them even more than the head-waiter at the club ever does, and I yielded gracefully to her attitude. It is women of Winifred's type that make men selfish in little things; but in the long-run I fancy they have the best of it. After my anxiety regarding my ways and habits was allayed, it was the awful moral responsibility that gripped my imagination. But very soon I was made to feel that Augusta had taken the awful moral responsibility entirely on herself. Augusta is the sort of woman that makes a man selfish in big things. She is rigidly critical of his daily conduct; but I suspect that in the long-run that kind of woman has the worst of it. These reflections, however, are only incidental to the main gist of what I am about to relate, which is the story of the wild doings at Ardstronach; for which wild doings, I am sorry to say, every one of the actors now holds that I, and I alone, was and am answerable. In vain do I plead that I am a gentle bachelor of sixty—there or thereabouts, not to be too particular; they say that I have a humorous face, and was cut out for the comic stage. Young people have little or no reverence nowadays. Even that graceless scamp, my nephew, Tom M'Nab, alleges that he remembers his father once dropping a hint that I had been a very wild lad in my teens. Well, well, what I did at Ardstronach I did for the best, as it turned out. I know I enjoyed the whole ploy while the fun lasted; but, as to my being answerable, had it not been for these two young women suddenly dropping down on me from the skies, would I ever have left the calm routine of my club existence to take part in any mad doings whatsoever?

First came my niece Winifred Murray. What could I say? When her flighty step-mother married again there was certainly no home for the poor child in India. I was her uncle and her godfather and her guardian, and to whom else should she be sent? I went myself to meet her at Marseilles, remembering the little lass I had seen off four years before—swollen eyelids, and a wisp of very fair hair tied with a black ribbon. When she stepped off the gangway I received my first shock.

'Why, bless my soul, you are grown-up!' I exclaimed.

She flung herself on me and kissed me, and I was so taken aback that I gripped her shoulders with a hold like a vice, and, holding her off from me, stretched my neck to its utmost—I am not a very tall man. All this was instinctive, and not actuated by repugnance.

She raised two tearful and appealing blue eyes to my face.

'Did you not expect me to kiss you, Uncle Ben?' she cried.

'Well, my dear, you see,' I began breathlessly, relaxing my hold, 'it is a long time since any woman'——

'I suppose mamma was the last?' she remarked demurely.

I dismissed the subject with a nod. 'You are very like my poor sister,' I told her when we were seated opposite one another in the train.

'So father said when I first went out; and that, I think, was why my step-mother disliked me.'

Through a cloud of diaphanous veiling she looked at me with eyes like trustful summer stars, and her

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baby-mouth was soft and pink as a rose, and the wisp of very fair hair had spread out into a halo of glory. She did not look sensible; but she was eminently lovable.

'You are prettier than your mother ever was,' I felt bound to add.

'Father said mother was the prettier,' she answered simply.

'Well, you were not even prepossessing when you went out,' I reminded her. 'You have changed surprisingly.'

'Four years added to sixteen makes twenty, Uncle Ben!' she laughed. 'But *you* are not in the least changed! I always remembered you, and how your iron-gray hair stood up stubby all over your head, and how you were clean-shaved, and had such a merry twinkle in your eyes, and such a humorous twist to your mouth, and that you were hardly taller than me, and that you wore such big ties, and said such wicked things, and I was *sure* I should be happy with you, Uncle Ben!'

Well, I can't say it was altogether a complimentary description.

Still, that 's me—I can't describe myself better. I felt my hair and my tie as she spoke. Certainly the former *did* 'stand up stubby' all over my head, and the latter *was* tied in a rather large bow under my chin.

'I hope that you *will* be happy with me, Winnie,' I told her gravely; 'but I had entirely forgotten that you were grown-up, and I had thought of engaging a governess, and taking you to live in the depths of the country.'

'At Ardstronach!' she cried, and then she flung herself on me again; and this time I submitted. It is wonderful how soon one becomes used to ways of that kind.

It appeared that she remembered Ardstronach, where she had spent her holidays often; that, indeed, many a time out in India, when the sun was hot and the step-mother was cold, she had thought about it. It had been her mother's early home. Ah! my heart turned to her then—it endeared the little thing to me more even than did the likeness in her to my poor dead sister—to find my niece was a M'Nab at heart. It is no doubt a ridiculous sentiment in an old bachelor, but I love my family traditions, doubtful enough though some of them be; and especially do I love that old barrack of a place Ardstronach. I know every sweep of the moors—know them when they are purple and honey-scented, and when they are green under the clear spring sky, and when they are white with snows; and I know every bend of our burn that foams down the hillside, and every silver birch and Scotch fir and stunted oak in our glen; and at the opening of the glen there stands Ardstronach, the homestead for over four hundred years of our branch of the M'Nabs, its old white-harled turrets reflected in the silver loch.

I divide my time between Ardstronach and my club in town, for it grows lonesome when I am all alone there. But as often as I can I have young Tom M'Nab, my nephew and heir, to stay with me. Tom feels about the place just as I do, and I look upon him as my son. And we are good friends, though he is a foot taller than I, and forty years younger—well, let us say thirty-five, to leave it more indefinite—for are we not both M'Nabs? Most of the people for miles round bear our name, and their forebears served our forebears; and as we trudge along with our guns, and our dogs to heel, I remember that Tom will have it after me, and his children. All this passed through my mind as Winnie spoke with such right feeling about Ardstronach. So then and there I evolved a great idea, and, like a fool, I must needs blurt it out.

'If you are *very* good, Winnie, you shall marry Tom M'Nab!'

Suddenly, with the swiftness that a squall comes over the head of Ben Streaougch, there she was in tears, as if her heart would break!

'You won't force me to marry some one I hate, against my will?' she sobbed.

'Bless me, child! what century do you suppose we are living in?'

'I—I don't know! I never knew any history; but she said you would *make* me. And I am sure—sure he will be—horrid!'

'*Who* told you I would make you? I only thought of the thing this very moment.'

And then it all came out. It was that flighty baggage of a step-mother, with a tongue as long as my arm. And I had flattered myself that the very obvious idea had originated with me! Where it is a question of marriage, a woman is sure to have the first word as well as the last. Mrs Murray had known all about Ardstronach, and that I had one nephew, a M'Nab, who was heir, and that he had no money of his own; and she had known too, it seems, that a good deal of what I have dies with me, and that therefore it was desirable for Tom to marry a wife with shekels if he was to keep up Ardstronach and its traditions.

'You go home and marry the M'Nab cousin,' she had told Winnie. Fancy the impropriety of suggesting the idea so abruptly to a sensitive girl! And she had tried to poison Winnie's mind against me by suggesting—Winnie, with her natural naïveté and child-like trust, repeated it all to me—that I had welcomed her to my home just for the purpose, and that Tom and I were both calculating on her fortune.

'And I meant to ask *him* to take the fortune and *you* to keep me!' Winnie sobbed.

I was at a loss to know what to do, so I beat a sort of rhythmic tattoo on her shoulder, as I have seen women doing to infants, and crooned—we were quite alone—'Didums, wasums, then! where 's the puff-puff going?'

She raised her head and laughed at that, just as the sun breaks out over Ben Streaougch.

'Then you won't force me to do *anything* I don't like?' she asked.

'No—but you *will* like Tom—everybody does,' I replied, with great diplomacy.

'And you will let me do *everything* I do like?' she went on.

'Certainly!' I assured her, thinking the request referred to the same thing from the opposite direction, so to speak.

'Then may I have the governess?'

'The governess?'

'Yes. You said a governess, and Augusta is a governess, and I'd like her.'

'Bless my soul! Well, you shall have her, then,' I promised lightly. It seemed innocent enough, but it is when a woman seems most innocent in her desires that a man should be on his guard.

And so that was how the other one came—the one of the modern and progressive variety.

Augusta—it transpired her other name was Arkwright—was a governess in a school where Winnie had received what she called her education. Being very traditional in my notions, I at once pictured Miss Arkwright as a staid young woman wearing spectacles, a good deal Winnie's senior, and with decided opinions on grammar and settled views on geography, and given to expressing them in precise tones. I was wrong in every particular, except, indeed, with regard to the decided opinions and the settled views; but they bore no reference to grammar and geography.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN I came forward in the hall at Ardstronach to welcome Miss Augusta Arkwright I received shock number two. The splendid, stately young creature was fully a head taller than I am; and the great, dark, fathomless eyes she bent on me were enough to make a man go out and murder the next man he met out of sheer joy and excitement. However, I have lived through some sixty and odd summers, not to descend to details; and so I merely patted her hand in a fatherly way and said I hoped she would not find the place dull.

Afterwards I caught little Winnie as she ran past the door of the smoking-room, swinging a big basket of roses in her hand, and I drew her in, held her by one shoulder, and looked at her as sternly as I could.

'That is scarcely my idea of a governess,' I remarked; 'but I shall of course be delighted for your girl-friend to pay you a visit.'

'She *is* a governess, Uncle Ben; she has been a governess at our school ever since I left it. And you can scarcely call her a girl any longer; she is four-and-twenty.'

'My dear, everything is comparative. Compared to me, she is young and tall, and she is extremely beautiful.'

'Oh, I am glad you admire her so much! She *will* be so pleased! She says *you* look a perfect darling!'

'Really!' I ejaculated.

My niece pinned a rose out of her basket in my coat, gave me a kiss like the brushing of a butterfly's wings, and ran off.

At dinner I looked at them both, at my niece opposite to me and her friend on my right, the one as fair as a daffodil, as pink and white and fragrant as a bunch of sweet-peas, and with eyes as blue as forget-me-nots and as innocent as morning dew; the other as dark as a moonless midnight, as awe-inspiring, as suggestive of romance and emotion. I listened to their voices, like the songs of birds. I put too much cayenne into my soup, and as I stifled my sneezes I thought hard what topic I could broach. I was saved the trouble of any decision, for Miss Arkwright, turning those wonderful eyes full on me, asked me if I approved of Women's Suffrage.

It was during that first dinner that it dawned upon me that the moonless and impenetrable midnight was full of motor-cars going considerably beyond regulation speed.

Next morning Winnie perched herself on my knee and began thoughtfully twisting my watch-chain.

'You must not think that Augusta means all she says,' she remarked diffidently.

'I never thought that of any woman,' I hastened to assure her. 'It would be an insult to her intelligence—and to one's own.'

'Augusta says that women are down-trodden, and that men are very wicked.'

'I have heard hints to that effect myself.'

'Do you believe it, Uncle Ben?'

'Bless me, no, my dear! And, according to you, neither does Miss Arkwright; she probably means that men are down-trodden and women very wicked.'

'You ought to try and be serious, Uncle Ben, though you can't look serious. Augusta says content is a soul-destroying thing, and ruins the life of the nation and the character of the individual.'

'Yes, I have heard that too. Come to think of it, I have seen it in print.'

'Then I suppose it *is* true. Augusta says that to stir up discontent is the first act of the reformer.'

'Dear, dear! Has she any views on game-laws?'

Winnie shook her head. 'She has views on most things,' she said.

'Humph!' I answered.

'She would make an ideal wife,' Winnie went on, with more enthusiasm than logic.

'Humph!' I repeated.

'Perhaps,' Winnie went on, twisting my watch-chain round and round one of her slender fingers, and apparently thinking only of the effect so produced, 'perhaps Cousin Tom will admire her.'

Well, that was an idea that had already occurred to me, and had somewhat disquieted me. But I had determined to use diplomacy. I have not gone

through life without observing the vast power of jealousy as a motive.

'Very likely,' I said cheerfully. 'A woman as lovely as that must win worship.'

Winnie unwound the watch-chain slowly. 'It is such a pity that dear Augusta does not want to marry,' she replied rather coldly.

'Oh, every girl says that!' I cried.

'Yes; but every girl'—Winnie dropped her voice—'does not want to *be a widow!*'

'Bless my soul! is she married already, then?'

'Oh *no!*'

'But she would have to be married before she could be a widow!'

'That is what I told her.' Winnie nodded her head sagely.

'What did she say to that, eh?'

'She said'—Winnie again dropped her voice, and spoke with a hint of being slightly shocked but much impressed—'that anything worth attaining has to be attained through tribulation, that the Promised Land was not reached till after forty years in the wilderness, and that Heaven itself is gained through purgatory.'

'So the husband is a wilderness and purgatory combined? No wonder *la belle dame sans merci* feels no pity for the necessary sacrifice of him in order that she may become a widow.'

'Oh, Augusta has heart! She spoke most feelingly about him!—Said it must be some one she had married out of pity, and been very kind to; or else, perhaps, it might have been some kind of mutual arrangement on a business basis, you know.'

'And may I venture to ask what you replied to all this?' I asked.

Winnie put both her little hands over my eyes. 'I told Augusta,' she whispered, 'that I would rather be the wife of a man I did love than the widow of one I had not loved.'

'Quite right, my dear! Quite proper! Very womanly sentiments! Did Miss Augusta seem suitably impressed?'

Winnie removed her hands from my eyes and laughed into them. 'Augusta told me I was as much the outcome of the system of beguiling slavery under which women have been ruled for ages as a bulldog's profile is the outcome of generations of bull-baiting.'

'Well, that shows she knows something about the breeding of bulldogs. She seems to be a young lady of varied knowledge as well as of peculiar ambitions. Why, by the way, does she desire to be a widow?'

'Because, Augusta says, no other woman has complete freedom. Young or old, rich or poor, plain or pretty, married or single, a woman is invariably a slave either to man or to circumstance. The only woman who has gained freedom with the power left to enjoy it, Augusta says, is a wealthy widow.'

'There is some truth in it,' I replied with becoming seriousness; 'but how—I ask merely out of respectful curiosity—does she mean to ensure widowhood?'

Winnie took a rose out of her dress and bent her head and smelt it, and I could see her cheeks, as pink and soft as her rose, dimpling in merriment; but her voice was one of absolute gravity.

'Augusta has great forethought,' she assured me. 'She has considered the medium of an advertisement.'

'Good heav'——

'Hush, Uncle Ben! You see, Augusta is used to advertisements. Augusta says it is perfectly disheartening to run your eye morning after morning down column after column of "Situations Vacant," and she says she hates advertising for situations herself, cramming all her little stock of accomplishments into two lines for sixpence. She says it is humiliating, and that next time she intends to advertise in the agony column—she has studied that too.'

'And how will she word the advertisement?'

'Beautifully!'

Winnie stood up and put her hands behind her back as if repeating a lesson. '*Lady,*' she quoted—'*Lady, desirous of becoming a wealthy widow, wishes to hear of some one of means about to start on Arctic, Antarctic, or otherwise dangerous expedition. Lady would undertake to write his memoir.*' Winnie looked triumphantly at me. 'Augusta put that last bit in,' she explained, 'to tempt him. Augusta says you can always count on a man's vanity and egoism.'

Suddenly, with a sense of my impotency, my wrath rose. I felt the fighting blood of the M'Nabs coursing wildly through my veins. 'Winifred!' I roared, 'your young friend's opinions and maxims are horrible, and will bias your mind! But be she or say she or do she what she will, *you* are to be docile and do what your guardian sees is best for you.' I drew myself up to my full height—I am not a tall man—and I felt my hair bristling all over my scalp.

My niece sat down and clasped her hands, dropping her rose as she did so. I glanced at her—yes, she was on the verge of tears—blue eyes misty, rosebud mouth drooping and trembling.

I felt a brute—and I enjoyed the feeling. The long-dead instincts rose, and I was aware of a thrill at seeing a bowed and weeping woman, and knowing myself—after sixty years or so of a sober life particularly free from woman's influence—the savage cause. The fighting blood of the M'Nabs was in spate.

'Winifred!' I said—I spoke quite loudly—'a woman must obey! I insist—I have a right to insist'——

The door opened and Augusta Arkwright came in, and glanced from me to Winnie and back again. The blood of the M'Nabs sank into my boots. I coughed and edged towards the door. There was no time for explanations—no time to tell Winnie I did not really mean it. Miss Augusta, having

put me utterly in the wrong, now ignored me, and dropped on her knees beside my niece, put her arms round her, and crooned, 'What was the matter with it, then? What was he doing to it? Be its own brave self, and have a good cry! Poor ill-used little goldie-woldie, lovey angel, darling pet!'

I beat a hasty and silent retreat. I went straight to my own room and rang the bell. I told my man to pack my kit-case. I went up to town and drove to my club. As pants the hart for cooling streams, so I longed for men's society.

(To be continued.)

NIGHTFALL ON THE WOUVI.

A HOT day in the dry season was drawing to its close as we approached the river at which we intended to camp for the night. There in front of us lay the deep depression in the land, with its broad belt of vivid green foliage, betokening the presence of a Southern Rhodesian river, though whether 'dry' or still running was a point yet to be ascertained. Should the former prove to be the case, a little burrowing in the sand would remedy the matter so far as our most pressing necessities were concerned.

We had traced the course of the river earlier in the afternoon from the crest of some hills where we had rested, the only indication of its whereabouts having been the deeper shade of its enveloping foliage; and, viewed across the hazy expanse of baobab and mopane bush, it had seemed like a dark-green serpent as it wound its way hither and thither through the wilderness. It was the goal towards which our weary footsteps had been bent since our departure from the native village in the morning.

We had been travelling all day through a dry, uninhabited district, and had been obliged to carry the water for our midday rest; therefore the prospect of camping under the grateful shade of these large trees, and of bathing our tired, dust-begrimed bodies in the cool waters of yonder river, quickened our footsteps and revived our drooping spirits.

'We' consisted of myself and four native 'boys' carrying food, camping requisites, &c., and we were journeying across those extensive and little-known flats which stretch right across the south-eastern corner of Rhodesia. The country is a true wilderness, and has been one from time immemorial, and probably will always remain one, unless, indeed, the all-conquering genius of the white man should some day find a means of extracting wealth from it. The native, at any rate, has never attempted to cultivate or reclaim the land, although here and there one passes through broad sweeps of plain whereon grows the short, sweet grass beloved by the zebra. The whole aspect of the land is singularly fertile even at this season of the year; and as one gazes around and sees the lovely flowering acacias, the mopane with its bright-green leaves, and the gigantic baobabs, it is very hard to realise that one might wander through these sylvan glades for days and days and perhaps perish miserably from want of water.

This vast tract of land seems to be a perfect elysium for game, a retreat where they may live safe alike from the spears and arrows of the black man and from the more deadly bullet of the white hunter, for few and far apart are the paths which traverse this region, and woe betide the man who wanders off them and loses his way! Even the natives of the adjacent villages, cunning as they are in the arts of woodcraft, will not willingly venture far afield, whilst none of them would traverse the district singly, for here the King of Beasts roams unmolested, and his voice may be nightly heard by the traveller snugly ensconced inside his thorn-bush enclosure, with his camp-fire burning brightly. These enclosures may be seen at intervals all along the route, not only where water is found, but placed indiscriminately between the stages, showing where night has overtaken the weary and footsore traveller, and he has been obliged to camp without water. Some of them are of comparatively recent construction, whilst others are old and falling to pieces.

Nature, ever provident for the wants of her creatures, has placed in this country of wild animals abundance of shrubs and trees armed with the most terrible kinds of thorns, and by this means man can construct for himself a barrier ample to resist the attacks of the predatory beasts. A careful observer will see how the game obtains a similar means of protection. He will find in places trees of this kind whose branches so sweep down to the ground as to form a natural enclosure, in the centre of which the grass is trampled into a snug, soft bed where the antelopes lie at night; and even in the event of a lion or a leopard getting through, his struggles amongst the thorns would soon awaken the sleeping herd and give them a chance of breaking away.

Arriving at the edge of the fertile belt which borders the river, we descend abruptly the declivity which forms the basin of the river in floodtime, and the path winds its way through a tangled maze of undergrowth, whilst overhead the magnificent trees are spreading and interlacing their branches. The rays of the declining sun filter through the leafy canopy, giving almost the effect of sunbeams glinting through the windows of a cathedral, and completing the charm already presented to one plunging into this beautiful strip of forest from the glaring scrub

above; for, notwithstanding the fact that the country through which we have passed was dotted with innumerable trees, there was little or no shade to be obtained from them, and none of them could compare in stature with these.

The hum of many insects fills the air, the soft cooing of doves is everywhere, whilst numbers of little birds of every splendid colour imaginable flit from bough to bough. I pause, in spite of fatigue, and look around with a sense of rest and pleasure. This is more like the Africa of my imagination. At the end of the belt of trees we again descend, and this time find ourselves on the bed of the river; and, passing through a fringe of tall reeds, we emerge on a broad expanse of sand through which meanders a tiny trickling stream, which sometimes spreads itself over the sand and disappears altogether, reappearing farther on, and sometimes forming a pool. This is the Wouvi River in the dry season, a river marked on most maps, and ranking as an important tributary of the Limpopo.

As we step into the open there is a quick scurry and a swish of parted bushes, and we are just in time to see the disappearing backs of a troop of the *mpallah* antelope. Our appearance had evidently disturbed them whilst drinking.

Having reached the opposite bank and passed through a strip of jungle similar to that first encountered, the 'boys' at once set about the work of constructing a good strong enclosure, large enough to contain us all, for the spot bears an evil reputation as the haunt of lions—a reputation of which we are ominously reminded by the large quantity of *spoor* observable in the bed of the river, and also by one of the 'boys' occasionally finding a whitened and battered skull adorned with what was once a magnificent pair of horns.

Having refreshed myself with a good wash and a cup of coffee, I leave the 'boys' to complete the camping arrangements, and, taking my gun in case of emergency, I stroll up the river-bed.

It is now about the time of sunset—the most beautiful period of the African day. Who, travelling in Africa, has not been caught by the spell of this mystic hour? Some indefinable mellowing influence seems to rest on everything, and man himself throws off the sluggish languor induced by the hours of burning heat, and awakes to a new and delightful interest in his surroundings.

The most skilful pen could not describe the calm, stately beauty of the scene. The wide, clean bed of the river, flanked on either side by noble trees, winds into the distance. Here and there a shining pool catches and throws back the subdued light of the evening sky. A scarcely perceptible breeze—infinitely refreshing—stirs the hitherto heat-laden atmosphere. Hundreds of birds are fluttering down from the branches and drinking or disporting themselves at the water's edge. The pheasants are calling to one another in the bush near by. Away in another direction I can hear a veteran guinea-fowl frantically calling his tribe together. With a swift *whir-r* a covey of partridges arrives, wheels gracefully, and settles on the sand almost at my feet. How they enjoy themselves as they drink their fill, and how they roll and scratch in the cool, moist sand! They have been all day perhaps miles away in the hot scrub. After a while they all rise again, as at a given signal, and with a *whir-r* they are gone.

And who would think that in this paradise scenes of the deepest tragedy are constantly being enacted? Who, for instance, looking at that beautiful pool, which, with its complement of overhanging rock and delicate fern, looks like some fabled abode of water-nymphs, would imagine that in its limpid depths there lurked a hideous monster ever ready to dart forward and seize the unsuspecting antelope which, in its feverish haste to quench its thirst, had forgotten its usual caution and stopped at the first tempting piece of water?

Or perhaps on some night when this scene is flooded with silver moonlight, and the shivering cry of the night-jar periodically breaks the silence, from that clump of reeds over there in the shadows comes a faint crackling sound; presently the reeds are parted, and the sleek form of a lion steals out and crosses the shining sand. He goes over to the pool, where he slakes his thirst; then, looking hastily around, he pads swiftly and silently along the river-bed. After a while he stops and sniffs about excitedly, and, breaking into a series of terrific roars, he disappears up the bank. He has taken up a trail, and before morning some beautiful denizen of the woods will have fallen a victim.

Such tales as these can be plainly read in the tracks which cover the sand. The inscrutable laws of nature which seem to decree that every living thing in the universe shall battle for its existence are nowhere more evident than they are here.

A few steps farther on a pair of 'gray crested parrots, or 'go-away birds,' as they are called, perched on the topmost branches of a tree, break out at my approach into discordant cries; and turning a corner, I see a large troop of little black-faced monkeys scampering off, obedient to the warning of the birds. They lope away on all-fours, screaming and chattering, some of the bolder ones occasionally pausing to take a look at me, and then hurrying on with glances of comical terror. They soon reach the friendly shelter of the trees, and, clambering up pell-mell, they ensconce themselves amongst the abundant foliage, from which points of vantage they indulge their curiosity to the full.

Retracing my footsteps, and arriving at camp, I find my supper ready, to which I do ample justice. The sun has now set, and the shades of night are rapidly drawing in. The voice of nature is for the time hushed, save that here and there in the river-bed a few frogs are commencing tentatively to croak. They are but sounding the opening notes of that orchestral symphony which contributes so largely towards the eerie charms of the African night.

Our camp is snugly fenced in by a thick and impenetrable hedge of thorn-bush, and the 'door' of this fortress has been effectually closed for the night by the simple expedient of drawing a large, umbrella-shaped branch of the thorny mimosa into the narrow opening of the enclosure, thus completely blocking it, whilst egress is easily obtained by taking hold of the trunk of the branch and pushing it out in front.

The faces of the 'boys' are smiling and happy as they sit round the blazing camp-fire, chattering and taking snuff. For have they not feasted on venison? And are not all the toils and fatigues of the day past and forgotten? Their conversation is simple and devoid of malice. They talk of their neighbours, of the doings of the chief, or perhaps of the brother who has gone to work in the mines of far-away Johannesburg, and the maiden who awaits his return with the cattle or money with which to pay the *labolla* to her father, and so claim her as his bride. Possibly they will exchange anecdotes of adventures which have befallen them whilst in the employ of white men, laughing heartily at the recollection of their own discomfiture.

What is there in the mental composition of the African which makes him the happy, careless child he is? Surely something by no means undesirable which in the vaunted product of civilisation is missed altogether. He journeys through life without stopping to puzzle himself with inquiries as to whence he came or whither he is bound. He is content to accept the fact of life itself, and he joyfully endeavours to extract as much happiness as possible out of his share of it. What, if anything, lies beyond he does not attempt to fathom. And who shall say that he is not as wise as we are? This may not be an orthodox way of looking at matters; but no one who has observed the South African native living out his simple Arcadian existence can have failed to be struck by the favourable way in which his life compares with civilisation, with all its misery, squalor, and poverty.

Night is now upon us, and the stars have gradually appeared in the sky, until it has become a bejewelled dome of light.

A pair of prowling hyenas close by lift up their voices in an hysterical shriek, which gradually subsides into disjointed chuckles. The whole colony of frogs is now in full chorus, in which every variety of note is heard, from the piping treble to the deep, booming bass which sounds like the tone of an organ. Sometimes the music flags or wavers, and sometimes it dies down to a few fugitive notes, only to break out again with renewed vigour. As I lie back with my eyes closed and listen dreamily to these sounds, my imagination plays all sorts of tricks with me. Sometimes I can almost fancy myself to be in a church listening to an organ recital; or, again, it will take on the sound of a peal of bells faintly heard in the distance, and thus recall a flood of memories of pastoral scenes, of an English village, of an old ivy-covered church—memories which years of exile from my native land have never effaced.

From a tree close at hand there comes with startling suddenness the sepulchral *hoo-hoo* of a great owl, which is answered by his mate from the other side of the river. Anon is heard the clear, insistent whistling of the night-hawk or the plaintive twittering of the night-jar.

The atmosphere is clear and sharp, and, notwithstanding the many voices of the night, the vast, still solitude of the uninhabited bush is always the most powerful impression. The sounds of nature seem but puny interruptions of a profound and impressive silence. Under these circumstances, how insignificant does our little encampment seem, throwing out its tiny circle of firelight amidst this great gloomy wilderness! No pen, however, could adequately convey to the reader's mind any idea of the weird beauties of a night spent under the stars amid such scenes as these. Even the harsh cries of a beast of prey seem to harmonise in a wild fashion with the surroundings in which they are heard.

The 'boys' have all gone to sleep, the fire is burning low, and I am still stretched out on my blankets gazing at the starry heights, when a far-away but distinct sound strikes on my ear. It is not unlike the deep baying of a hound, but each sound is longer and drawn out in a thunderous growl. After a while the noise is repeated, this time much closer. It is the voice of a lion on the trail of its prey. At various intervals during the night these terrible cries are repeated. Once they break out in alarming proximity to the camp, which brings all the 'boys' to their feet with the exclamation, '*Inguenyamah*' (lion). Some one blows the smouldering fire into a blaze and piles on more wood. As they look at the high, thick sides of the enclosure, however, they feel more assured, and eventually lie down and go to sleep again. I peer through the hedge, but there is nothing to be seen; all outside the circle of our firelight is wrapped in gloomy shadows, and certainly no one feels the slightest inclination to leave the snug embrace of the camp for the mere purpose of satisfying curiosity, or even for the chance of a shot; it is greatly preferable to wait for a chance of shooting a lion from some safe coign of vantage.

Sleep comes at last. The song of the frogs dies away into the dim distance. The stars seem to twinkle out, and I sink into that deep, refreshing slumber which is always enjoyed whilst indulging in a healthy open-air life away from the trammels and cares of civilisation.

A STORMY MORNING.

By LADY NAPIER of Magdala.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

'WE are authorised to state that the marriage arranged between Lord Harlestone and the Honourable Elizabeth MacDiarmid Fitzhugh will not take place.'

A few days later:

'Lord Harlestone and a party of friends have left England *en route* for the Pamirs on a prolonged shooting and exploring expedition. Mr Pinion the well-known naturalist accompanies the expedition.'

The second paragraph revived the already waning interest evoked by the first, which had been gossiped over, wondered at, torn to tatters, at many a breakfast-table in fast-filling London.

Mrs Fletcher, breakfasting comfortably in bed in a dingy bedroom in a dingier boarding-house in Bloomsbury, waved the newspaper containing the first paragraph triumphantly over her frowsy head, and promptly began her toilet. With her prize carefully folded and tucked away in her hand-bag, and 'dressed to perfection,' as she told herself, giving a final touch to her hair and pat to her toque, she made her way by bus and pavement to Erle's lodgings, not for the first time.

'Yus, Mr Erle is hup, an' 'ad just arst for another brandy-an'-soda,' said the sooty-handed maid at the door. 'Yer knows the w'y,' she said, with little respect, and descended to the lower regions.

Mrs Fletcher mounted the many flights breathlessly, pressing her hand to her side, knocked, and was admitted.

Erle was evidently in a vile temper, and gave her a surly greeting. Portmanteaus awaiting their straps encumbered the floor; a travelling-rug and overcoat hung over the back of a chair.

She extracted the newspaper, opened it, and pointed to the portentous paragraph with a tightly gloved finger. He clutched it. An evil light came into his eyes and a cruel sneer was on his lips.

'Thanks,' he said; 'so good of you to bring it. I am afraid I am obliged to go out.' And he tried to pass her.

Mrs Fletcher began to breathe a little quickly.

'Oh, but you have not done with me yet,' she said, a horrid fear lending sharpness to her voice, as an ugly flush rose to her cheeks, and she dropped her mask. 'How about my thousand pounds to be paid down when I brought you the paragraph announcing that the marriage was off? And it is I who have done it; I can tell you that much!'

'Your thousand pounds,' he snarled, 'you hag! Do I look like a thousand pounds? Good-day, madam. It has kept your fine talent for intrigue in good practice. I advise you not to stay here long. I shall give up this room on my way out.'

Maddened, fooled, despairing, she sprang at him, hissing like an angry cat. He seized her wrists in an iron grasp and flung her aside, making his way out of the house.

The wretched woman, sick, dizzy, blind with impotent rage and despair, sank half-fainting on a chair. How long she remained there she never knew. She was aroused by the unceremonious entry of the landlord, who curtly gave her to understand his preference of her room to her company, and she stumbled her way homewards through the fog to her unsavoury lodgings, to be greeted by the fumes of Irish stew, curry, and cabbage-water as the door was opened; and there we gladly leave her.

CHAPTER XXIX.

'WOULD you like to go to Dunscaith, Betty; or shall we stay here and face it out?' said Lady Fitzhugh. 'I fear I have not been a very good mother to you, child. You would never have been thrown with such a man as Mr Erle had I done my duty by you,' she said remorsefully.

Betty came over to her mother's chair and kissed her forehead.

'I am ready to face it out,' she said. 'I have done nothing to be ashamed of, ever, and I will not go away and hide as though I had.'

'You are quite right, my dear. It is entirely my own view; but I did not like to press it on you. We will go to one of the early drawing-rooms, and take our places in the whirl, hateful though it will be to us both. And, oh dear! what a hunting up of people it will be!' she said to herself, with a groan. 'What a bother about invitations, having been out of it for so long!'

Lady Fitzhugh's fears on the latter score were ill-founded. The mother of a very pecunious young peer and a handsome young daughter with a history and mystery was not likely to lack invitations; they came pouring in from all sorts and sizes of houses, and it soon became a matter of picking and choosing which they should favour.

Betty was immensely admired, but rather unapproachable.

'What on earth can she want?' said a dowager—with two plain, pale daughters who had stood in front of her at balls for many long years—one night, looking at Betty through her long-handled eyeglasses, as she declined to dance with one of

the most insolent, ill-mannered, and much-hunted young millionaires of the season. 'She has sent young Maggit away now. Don't he look surprised? And she is going to dance with that useless young Wetherall!'

'Don't ask me what she wants,' said another weary matron. 'I really could find it in my heart to box some girls' ears; but she is very handsome, and it is such a nice face, too,' rather compunctiously.

One night there was a ball at one of the greatest of the great London houses. Betty followed her mother up the grand staircase, whose shallow steps had been trodden by so many British and foreign potentates, royalties, and bigwigs, and also by such strange feet!

All the best tiaras were donned that night, and the smartest gowns, and it was undoubtedly a goodly spectacle. The tall, graceful young hostess stood at the head of the stairs receiving her guests, a magnificent diamond crown poised on the masses of ruddy hair, the bright eyes shining out beneath.

Lady Fitzhugh and her daughter made their bow, and lingered a little in the gallery before entering the ballroom, watching the brilliant crowd thronging up the stairs.

'How do you do, Lady Fitzhugh?' said a man's voice behind her.

'Ah, Mr Silvertop! how do you do? Still ball-going, I perceive. You appear to thrive on it, I must say, and like it better than I do.'

Mr Silvertop had been ball-going for the last fifty years, his friends said, who had arrived at that time of life when years become a glory rather than a shame. He was commonly supposed to be very, very old; but he always looked the same, always alert, up-to-date, always primed with the last story and scandal, and he would not have missed an entertainment at G—— House for anything.

'Yes, still ball-going,' he replied. 'I confess it amuses me more and more the older I grow. People amuse me far more than books. I hate the fireside, and London is the only place to live in. What can possibly be more amusing than this show?'

Mr Silvertop was always careful to adopt the manner of speech of the day—the latest slang. He had gone through the phases of 'too-too,' he had been 'knocked,' he had been 'ragged;' everything to him had been 'weird,' from the *chaud froid* on the dinner-table to the sermon from the pulpit; he had 'rotted' much, was 'rippin',' and now all was a 'show.'

'Look at the people! Look at Lady Lindisfarne with her auburn curls! She goes every morning to early service, no matter how late she may have been the night before; comes back and swears at her maid. The housekeeper from Brockhurst went there, but could not stand it. She told Lady Brock that "what with her la'ship's temper and early chocolate before church-going, and Lady Philippa's pryings and tale-bearings about the servants, the 'ouse was awful!" Lady Brock told me.—There goes little Lady Crackenthorpe. She told me she believed Cracky was the one thoroughly good man in London, poor little soul! Cracky loves a joke, and she is absolutely without the sense of humour, and also a little offended at jokes in general. Cracky nearly goes mad over her.'

'There is a lovely woman, if you like, just behind the man with the fez. Who may she be?' said Lady Fitzhugh.

'Oh,' said Mr Silvertop, screwing his glass into his eye, 'that's Mrs Foggo. Ain't she good-looking? She is the daughter of a Staffordshire squire, and her mother ran away with an actor. Her father disliked the girl, wanted to travel and get clean away, and gave her her choice of marrying Foggo, whom she loathed, or living with an aunt in Cornwall. She chose Foggo. Foggo was madly in love with her and rolling in riches. And, oh, my dear lady, such stories! They say she is absolutely heartless; her one idea is to lead men on up to a certain point, when she laughs in their faces and looks as if she spent her time in pickin' daisies. She loves what she calls breakin'-in boys, and has sent many a lad to the devil, savin' your presence. Will you come and have some tea? Here is a partner coming to bear away your daughter—to whom, by the way, you have not presented me. May I say how handsome I think her? Such an air!—so rare now when they all stride about, swing their arms, and square their shoulders.'

It was a beautiful ball. 'All London' was there, and Betty saw little of her mother, partner after partner claiming her.

Of course the Pegram girls were there. They went 'everywhere.' Mr Hamond, dabbing his cambric handkerchief on his heated brow, found himself unexpectedly close to them.

'Oh, Mr Hamond, how do you do?' said Ida Pegram with much cordiality. 'I have not seen you since our delightful visit to dear Brayborough, when we were all so interested in the Fitzhugh-Harlestone affair. What could have happened? I must say, though, I always thought the love was on her side, and that he had probably allowed himself to drift into the engagement to please Daddy Forsyth, to whom he is devoted. Of course she is handsome.'

'You thought quite wrong, then,' said young Hamond hotly. 'I happen to know that he is deeply in love with Miss Fitzhugh. They had a serious quarrel, and neither would give in, and he has gone to the East because he could not trust himself to keep away from her if he stayed in England. What it was about I cannot tell you; but that much I know for a fact, and whatever it was, I am sure she was in the right.'

'What a champion!' tittered Miss Pegram. 'Why not a consoler too? But that sort of thing

always does a girl harm; people don't care about it,' she said, sniffing.

The boy flushed up. 'I don't know what you mean; but there is very little likelihood that Miss Fitzhugh will remain an unappropriated blessing,' he said rather pointedly. 'If she does, it will be of her own choice;' and he turned on his heel.

'Beast!' said Ida Pegram to her sister; 'and I so want some supper. Oh, there is Totty Buckminster! How lovely she is looking!' And she nodded and becked and smiled.

Totty Buckminster did not seem to be responsive, gave a cool little nod, and turned her beautiful face up to the dark one bending over her.

'Who is her man?' said Ida Pegram. She was used to snubs; they slid off her.

'Oh, don't you know? Fitzurse, her latest; just come back from the Rockies. They were staying together at Whissenden for Bradby Races, and Tody told me'—— And she whispered in her sister's ear.

'Disgustin'!' said the latter, reminiscent of the cool nod.

(To be continued.)

THE QUEER SIDE OF THE CABINET.

By HENRY LEACH, Author of *The Duke of Devonshire, a Personal and Political Biography.*

WE are all amateur Cabinet-makers to-day. There is not a man of us taking any interest whatever in the affairs of the State but has his private opinion that Lord This or Mr That would be a much better man for a certain ministerial appointment than the person who holds it at the present time. Long before a reigning Cabinet gives up its seals of office we begin most indecently to anticipate its decease, and to set about a series of speculations upon the exact constitution of its successor. That rising young politician on the Opposition side, Mr Thingummy by name, reads through his newspapers and reviews some fine morning, and finds that he is a tolerable favourite for at least four ministerial appointments when the time comes for the Sovereign to demand the formation of a new Government in accordance with the evident desire of the people as expressed at the polls. We have even two or three potential Premiers, a couple of Foreign Secretaries, three possible Home Secretaries, and so on down the list. And yet there has never been a Cabinet, and in all probability never will be, that has been regarded by even a bare majority of critics as perfect. So we shall go on worrying about it until the end of our days. Worrying about what? The Cabinet. And what is the Cabinet?

That is not an easy question to answer.

The simple fact is that the Cabinet is entirely the result of accidents, and it is very nearly an anomaly, but a happy, blessed anomaly. To this day it is neither constituted nor recognised in a line of our national legislation. It seems to do its work by rules, but it has no rules. The most mighty engine of government in the whole world is a hap-hazard piece of political mechanism which has evolved itself from chaos, and which is controlled by nothing else than the great flywheel of Public Opinion and the powerful brake of Conscience. It is made up of the best statesmen that we have, and there is no obligation upon its makers to select them from either House of Parliament; and yet the foremost man of the realm, and he whom they say to-day is its wisest and soundest statesman—no other than King Edward the Peacemaker himself—is not a member of it. That, let it be said, is one of the accidents. If His Majesty demanded that he should sit at the Cabinet Councils that are held to-day at the Foreign Office, there is certainly no law to prevent him, and he could furnish abundant precedent in support of his claim. He would reasonably remark that he can speak the King's English at least as well as any other native of these isles; for it was the accident that some former monarchs could not do so that brought about the cessation of their attendance at the ministerial conclaves. The third King William and Queen Anne regularly presided at the weekly meetings of the Cabinet; but when the Hanoverian dynasty was established, the first George spoke no English and the second spoke it badly, and as, therefore, they could not take part in the discussions of the Cabinet—could not even understand what Ministers were saying—their attendance would have been too absurd, and was discontinued. By the time that a monarch had been bred who could speak the tongue of his subjects the absence of the head of the State from these councils had become an established custom, an unwritten principle of the constitution, and the Government had made up its mind to stick to the independence which had accidentally fallen to it. This curious circumstance is of a piece with the whole history of the Cabinet.

Some of the genealogists of our national institutions, in obedience to that instinct which carries them back to the veritable beginnings of our real England, seek even for an analogy between the modern assemblies and the councils that were held in England in the reign of Ina, King of the West Saxons, in the year 690, and Offa, King of the Mercians, in 758, as well as in other reigns of the Heptarchy; whilst further comparisons are also made with the State councils that were held in the time of Alfred the Great, who has, indeed, been roundly declared to be the father of the Cabinet system. Out of that ancient body of king's counsellors who were collectively styled the Witenagemot

there was gradually evolved the Privy Council, and from that the Cabinet, and on the other side the courts of law; and thus it is an interesting, and indeed one of the most perfect, relics of the old principle of royal summons. But these likenesses are far-fetched, for the Cabinet as we know it to-day is quite a modern institution; the Stuarts had nothing corresponding to it. The real Cabinet Council dates from 1693, in the reign of William III., when that monarch discovered and adopted the two fundamental principles of a constitutional executive Government—that is to say, a Ministry composed of statesmen holding the same political views and identified with each other by a common policy on the one hand, whilst on the other the Ministry was designed on a parliamentary basis, commanding and retaining the majority of votes in the legislature. From this initiation through many changes and vicissitudes, and, as we have already indicated, in large measure through accidents of circumstance, the Cabinet has come to us as we know it to-day, a splendid working arrangement for governmental purposes, with which few of us have ever any fault to find, but one which is perhaps less of a constitutional entity than ever it was, more illogical in its existence than any other instrument of government.

It is even something of a mystery as to how it came by its very name, and it does not appear likely that when it was bestowed it was by way of dignity or compliment. We find that in 1711 there was a debate in the House of Lords upon the affairs of Spain, the Queen herself listening to it incognito, and Lord Scarsdale proposed a resolution in which the term Cabinet Council was used, and forthwith the peers harangued upon the meaning and desirability of such a term. For his part, my Lord Cowper considered that the alternative term, Ministry, was open to the same objection as the other, in that it also was one of uncertain signification. Thereupon the Earl of Islay said that neither term was known in the law, and therefore he would not be bound to them. He had heard a distinction between the Cabinet Council and the Privy Council, that the Privy Councillors were such as were thought to know everything and knew nothing, and those of the Cabinet Council thought that nobody knew anything but themselves. They fingered the money, they meddled with the war, and they meddled with things they did not understand, so that sometimes there was no Minister in the Council.

Consider the amazing capacity of the Cabinet of the twentieth century. It is in essence the ideal link between the legislative and the executive in our system of government, embodying the functions of both. With one or two exceptions, all the powers vested in the Sovereign are in practice exercised by the Cabinet—that is to say, it is the Sovereign in commission; it is the arbiter of national policy both foreign and domestic, the inner council of the Empire, the centralisation of the power of the House of Commons. There is no foreign assembly like it; there has been nothing in the history of the world like the British Cabinet that we discuss to-day, and it is quite certain that no body of sensible men would ever have sat down and deliberately originated a body with such amazing powers as this one enjoys. But it came by accident, and, growing up in the same way, its sterling merits and absolute inimitability were discovered, and so its place in the British governmental system is as strong as any, and stronger than most. It has the extraordinary power of being able to dissolve the assembly which appointed it, to destroy its creators. Chosen by one Parliament, it may defy it, and, if it so wills, appeal to the next one. Every member of it is sworn to secrecy concerning its proceedings, and no minutes are kept of them. It is a point of honour with every member that even for his own private information and future reference he shall never make the slightest written note of what takes place at one of these councils. If it is necessary that a printed document should be placed before the Ministers, for Cabinet purposes only, it is set up in type by the private printers of the Government with extraordinary precautions for preserving its secrecy. Only one kind of public document is ever signed by all the members of the Cabinet, that being an order for general reprisals, which constitutes a declaration of war; but even this custom appears to be lapsing, for the last occasion on which it seems to have been sustained was when Russia was the object in 1854, all the members of Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet signing the declaration. Furthermore, a minority in the Cabinet does not enjoy the privileges which usually attach to a minority elsewhere; in fact, the Cabinet sternly refuses to recognise a minority in any form.

A Minister who disagrees with a majority of his colleagues has no other option whatever except to come round to their way of thinking, and for ever afterwards hold his peace on the question at issue, or to retire from the Cabinet. Quite recently we had a display of the inevitable working of this rule. There is no such thing as independence. Once a Cabinet vote has been taken and a course decided upon, every individual Minister is equally responsible for the policy which is being pursued, and must support it and defend it whenever necessary. Because Palmerston took an opposite line to the Cabinet in regard to French questions in 1851, Russell advised the Queen to remove him from the Foreign Office. There were dissensions at the famous Cabinet meeting which agreed to propose a fixed duty on corn; but when the members were thinking of separating, Lord Melbourne put his back to the door and said, 'Now, is it to lower the price of corn, or isn't it? It is not much matter which we say; but, mind, we must all say the same.'

It follows that there must be such a complete sympathy between the members of a Cabinet as might be regarded as next to impossible amongst a body of men of that standard of intellect and

genius which is necessary to membership, for whatever hard things one may say about contemporaneous Governments, it is unquestionable that the fine process of selection results only in the inclusion of master-minds in the Cabinet. Only once, so far as one can remember, has it been roundly declared that a Cabinet had no sort of cleverness, and that was when, as John Hookham Frere tells us, a certain old Tory peer called on his father to tell him that Pitt was out of office and that Addington had formed a Ministry. My lord read aloud the list of members of the new administration, and at the finish, rubbing his hands with an evident sense of relief, exclaimed, 'Well, thank God, we have at last got a Ministry without one of those confounded men of genius in it!'

There have been many occasions on record in which a prominent politician has been kept out of Cabinet office because of his lack of personal sympathy with the other members of the Cabinet, and there are few instances of a Cabinet for long having retained its cohesion when it had ceased to be, as it were, a band of brothers united in close intimacy. Such a state of things as that which Burke declared to exist in connection with the Ministry formed by the Earl of Chatham in 1766 has been for a long time quite impossible. It was eight years later, when he was speaking in the debate on the taxation of the American colonies, that the great orator, with inimitable banter, observed that Chatham had 'made an administration so checkered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery so curiously indented and whimsically dovetailed, a Cabinet so variously inlaid, such a piece of diversified mosaic, such a tessellated pavement without cement—here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white, patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans, Whigs and Tories, treacherous friends and open enemies—that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had associated at the same boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, "Sir, your name?" "Sir, you have the advantage of me." "Mr Such-a-one." "I beg a thousand pardons." I venture to say it did so happen that persons had a single office divided between them who had never spoken to each other in their lives until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed.'

One is naturally led to contrast this picture with those of Cabinets over which Mr Gladstone presided in his later years, remarkable for their extreme mutual sympathy, which was never more manifest than on that famous, sad occasion when the great Premier bade his last farewell to them with his 'God bless you all!' Mr Gladstone was a master of the art in preserving a spirit of mutual forbearance and sympathy among his ministerial followers, and could inspire enthusiasm when others would have regarded it as impossible. It has been declared that in his 1880 Government he got such an amount of hard work out of Lord Hartington (the present Duke of Devonshire) as nobody else could have done. 'Oh, I can't do that; it is quite out of my line,' his lordship remarked when he was invited to undertake some new piece of special business. 'Nothing is impossible to you, Hartington, and everything is in your line,' the chief would say; and forthwith the Marquis devoted himself to the task with a measure of energy and enthusiasm which created great wonderment in the minds of his colleagues. If we reckon Mr Gladstone as among the most genial and encouraging of presidents, probably Canning was the least so. The Duke of Wellington used to say that if any one at a Cabinet meeting expressed an opinion differing from Canning's he was thrown at once into a most ungovernable rage, and on such occasions he flew out with a violence which often compelled him to be silent that he might not be involved in bitter personal altercation. Accidents must, of course, happen in the best-regulated Cabinets, and it is the wise Minister who guards against them. One hot Saturday forenoon in June 1872, the Cabinet met at eleven o'clock to await the decision of the Alabama Court from Geneva. They waited for hours and hours for the message that did not come, and then Lord Granville rushed off to the room occupied by Sir Algernon West, exclaiming, 'Can you get me a chess-board? If we all sit together much longer doing nothing we shall, in the nature of things, quarrel.' The chess-board was produced; and thus, while the Cabinet was sitting in council, Lord Granville and Mr Forster went out on to the terrace and played an exciting match, the other members of the Ministry the while looking on critically.

The mightiest of governmental institutions, the Cabinet yet has no home, no fixed meeting-place, no registered offices, so to speak. It may hold its meetings anywhere and at any time. The first Cabinet Councils of all are said to have been held in that part of old Whitehall Palace which was called the cockpit, and which has now practically disappeared. Nowadays they are almost invariably held either at the special room in the Foreign Office which is set apart for the purpose, or at 10 Downing Street. It was Lord Salisbury who first initiated the custom of holding the councils at the Foreign Office to suit his own convenience, and Mr Balfour saw no reason to disturb the arrangement. As soon as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman came into office it was said that he decided to revert to the system that obtained under Mr Gladstone and other Prime Ministers of holding the meetings at No. 10; but by-and-by it was added that after all he would continue the usage of his predecessor, and that the meetings would go on in the room on the ground floor at the Foreign Office, on the door of which is painted in staring white letters the word 'Private,' which means very exactly what it says.

But this story was based on the alleged removal of a certain piece of furniture from the one place

to the other and back again, and is all wrong. Apart from their seals of office, the Chancellor's robe, and a few such-like, the members of the Cabinet have had practically nothing to bless themselves with in the way of official possessions, and, as a Cabinet, have been destitute of household goods save for a table upon which to lay their papers while they talk in conclave and decide what shall be done. It was said that it was the historic table round which meetings of the Cabinet had been held for fifty years that Sir Henry had been moving; but as a matter of fact the table at the Foreign Office which is used for the Cabinet meetings nowadays is a modern mahogany affair which was bought for the purpose at a cost of fifty pounds only two or three years ago. There is a table at 10 Downing Street round which Lords Melbourne, Palmerston, and Beaconsfield sat at various times; but the table which was most used for Cabinet purposes during the terms of living and only recently deceased statesmen, and the one that is usually meant when the 'historic' table is referred to, is now out of commission, and was taken over as a curio by the Office of Works when the mahogany article was purchased. Shortly before its retirement, the 'historic' table made a public appearance, being specially lent to the Telegraph Conference that was held in the Medical Examination Hall on the Thames Embankment. It was a humble deal affair, and it passed through many vicissitudes after it was brought down from an upper room in the Foreign Office to occupy the most important position that any table could ever wish to occupy.

As the Cabinet increased in numbers the table increased in size. It was a square table to begin with, and when new Ministers came to it, and they were short of room, the question arose as to whether it should be given another chance or a new piece of furniture should be procured. Sentiment ruled the day, and the carpenter was brought in to put some pieces on to this square table that would convert it into an oval one of larger size. Some big chapters of the world's history were planned round this table. When it passed into retirement it had earned a table's peerage, although no housewife would have envied it for kitchen use. But then it was never a woman's table, and there is no authentic instance on record of a lady ever sitting down to it, though it may have happened when the Cabinet was separated. The sound of the rustle of a skirt is enough to startle the Cabinet when it is at work, for there are such awful tales told to this day of valuable secrets that have been betrayed through the agency of the more curious sex. Once when Mr Gladstone was presiding over his Cabinet some of the Ministers suddenly declared that they had heard the rustle of silk in the adjoining room. 'Who is it?' they inquired uneasily of each other; but Mr Gladstone smiled and assured them that it was 'only Mrs Gladstone, an old statesman who had known the secrets of the Cabinet for forty years.' It was felt that this was all very well in the case of Mrs Gladstone, but that the precedent was very bad.

By the way, while we may reasonably believe that the real reason for the excessive secrecy that hedges the doings of the Cabinet is, as generally understood, the very extreme delicacy and importance of its business, nevertheless we know that there have been occasions when, from entirely different causes, Ministers would have been distinctly uneasy had any unministerial eyes beheld and ears heard what was going on while it was generally supposed that world politics were under review. Mr Asquith himself has stated that on one occasion, in an interval of business, a lively discussion took place upon a passage in Juvenal, and there is good ground for believing that more than once Lord Palmerston fell asleep while the Cabinet was at work. But, despite the high politics and the sense of history-making, there is sometimes some excuse for somnolency even at a Cabinet meeting, for Ministers have been called from their beds to attend them, and on one occasion even the members of the late Government were summoned at midnight or thereabouts. Things are critical when this sort of thing happens; but perhaps what seemed at the time to be the most ominous summons to a Cabinet meeting was on 24th January 1878, when war with Russia was pending. Sir Stafford Northcote was just finishing a speech when a messenger came hurriedly to the Commons and called out all the Ministers. Members watched their departure very uneasily. They said, quite properly, that things must be critical indeed when a Cabinet Council was summoned in the middle of a debate.

We have spoken of the seals, and these seals are really all that a Cabinet Minister could produce to prove his status if by any curious chance he found himself among strange and unknown company, and desired so to prove it. Each Minister has his seal, or rather three seals, except—queer Cabinet!—the Prime Minister, who as such has no seal at all. The same old seals are passed on from Minister to Minister in the same office, and while they are held in this temporary possession they are kept either in a drawer or in a safe, according to the caution of their holder for the time being; and when his time for resignation comes he takes them out, polishes them up, and goes with them to the Privy Council, where he hands them to the King. The retiring Ministers walk out of the apartment from the Privy Council at which this solemn ceremony was held, and presently the same day another council is held, and His Majesty passes on the seals to their new possessors. They are practically never used. The only one that is anything but a mere emblem is the Great Seal itself, which goes to the Lord Chancellor, and which is used to place the hall-mark upon the decisions of the Cabinet when they are of the right kind of magnitude. This Seal, indeed, is of quite unique importance. If the Cabinet appointed a Royal Commission to inquire

into the erratic movements of the universe, this body would be without authority if the Great Seal of England were not forthcoming to sign the warrant. As it is so indispensable, they are constantly nervous about it, and it is odd to think that the Purse-Bearer who goes with the Lord Chancellor into the House of Lords, and who is supposed to be carrying the Great Seal in his satchel, is doing nothing of the kind, the said satchel being empty and the Seal at home in the safe. Of course it has been lost more than once. We know of the fleeing monarch who dropped it in the Thames, and the Whigs who are supposed to have burgled Lord Chancellor Thurlow's house in Great Ormond Street, and taken it with the object of averting a general election; but it is not so generally understood that when Eldon was Lord Chancellor he was so fearful about the safety of the Seal when there was a fire at his place that he rushed out of the house with it and buried it in his garden. When he wanted it again he had forgotten where it had been placed, and 'You never saw anything so ridiculous,' he wrote, 'as seeing the whole family down the walks dibbling with bits of stick until we found it.'

Having regard to the big salaries that are now the order of the day for the top places in every profession and business, one is sometimes inclined to wonder whether from two thousand pounds to ten thousand pounds a year, according to the office that he holds, is quite enough for the Cabinet Minister, with his enormous responsibility and the glamour of his position. Of course some people say it is too much; and there is the curious case of a certain member of the present Liberal Government who, before his appointment and in the days when he was independent and Downing Street was not marked on his map, used to declare in this connection that no man in the world was worth more than five pounds a week. Now he himself gets forty. John Bright once said to Mr Gladstone that he did not altogether like taking the money, whereupon the chief quickly answered, 'I don't agree with you for a moment, Bright, for I would rather take my official money as a Cabinet Minister than anything that I draw from lands, for I know that I have earned every penny of it.' However, whether the wage is large or small in comparison with the office, it is not generally understood that when a Cabinet Minister has put in four years of service he is entitled on retirement to a pension for life at two thousand pounds a year. The number of such pensions is limited to four, and when a vacancy in the list occurs, a Minister is appointed to the pension on his pleading that his private means are insufficient to enable him to maintain the dignity of his position as an ex-Minister of the Crown.

The Cabinet is a queer thing altogether. It is at once the perfection of official system and the contradiction of it. In its existing form we think that it is quite indispensable to the government of the country and would not have it altered, and yet, though other countries have their Cabinets, none has one like ours, and there is none but thinks its system better.

ANCIENT GEMS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

By Day Allen Willey.

A FEW years ago some scientists excavating on the site of the ancient city of Tyre discovered tombs which, upon being opened, were found to contain amber in the form of beads and other jewellery. Experts in archæology agree that the tombs were constructed fully five hundred years before the Christian era. The amber, however, is of the same quality as that found beneath the waters of the Baltic Sea to-day, and there is no doubt that at this ancient period it was being passed from hand to hand by traders, finally reaching the city of the past, where it has again been brought to light. The tombs of Tyre, however, are but a few of the strange places where precious stones have been discovered. As is well known, emeralds of great value have been found adorning mummies in the tombs of the Nile valley; but these undoubtedly came from Upper Egypt, for recently traces of mines have been found near Mount Zabarah, where the rock and earth were excavated thousands of years ago. That they were emerald-mines is shown by the fact that small gems of this kind have been taken from the place. It proves that the stone was sought for and its value prized more than two thousand years before Christ, as the tombs from which the gems were secured were built prior to the year 2400 B.C.

History records it that precious stones were used largely instead of money in the past, and the rich trader going from place to place with caravan or vessel frequently took with him diamonds, rubies, pearls, and other stones representing great fortunes. While some were obtained direct from the mines, most of them were secured in exchange for gems or for merchandise. This is why amber has been found so many thousands of miles from the deposit which yielded it, and why the pearls from the Bay of Panamá were found centuries ago in the bazaars of India. When a stone perhaps not larger than the tip of one's finger would buy all the goods which could be packed on the backs of a score of camels or horses, and the animals themselves, it is not strange that the world's currency in the old time consisted largely of jewels.

At the present day, as in the past, many have

been discovered in strange hiding-places. While the pearl might be called a native of the water, there are other stones which are seldom found except in a region absolutely waterless, and where the seeker must endure the rays of the blazing tropic sun. This is especially true of opals found in the New World. The finest specimen thus far discovered in the United States was picked up in a rift of rock at the foot of a mountain in the Idaho desert. Only by accident did the discoverer notice it, and had he not been an expert he would probably have tossed it aside as a worthless pebble. The principal opal-deposits of Mexico and Honduras are located in the most desolate parts of these countries, and where the sky is cloudless for months at a time, in the heart of what is known as the arid region. Consequently the search can only be carried on with great hardship. This is also true of opal-mining, as it is called, in Queensland.

The dry bed of the Kistna River in India yielded the diamonds which were exchanged for merchandise in ancient times. Diamond experts say that these stones were carried about the then known world, and that they are not only scattered throughout Europe at the present time, but have even found their way across the Atlantic. Yet the location of this ancient mine resembled hundreds of other valleys in the Asiatic empire, the stones being found amid the dry gravel. Kistna has not produced any diamonds of importance for over one hundred and fifty years. Following it came the discoveries in Brazil, which established the diamond-cutting industry of Amsterdam and the other Holland cities; but fewer and fewer stones have been found in the country of the Amazon, until the value of the diggings is now so small that the average yield of the South African mines in a week equals its product for the entire year. Here, again, the diamonds were found in the gravel; but the diggers in the Kimberley region search eagerly in the volcanic rock which has proved such a treasure-house. Those who work among the softer material are called 'the yellow,' while those who go deeper are called 'the blue,' for the reason that the diamonds are found not only in the loose, yellowish formation, but in the hard, bluish-tinted rock which has been cut away to a depth of over a thousand feet below the surface, and is still giving up so many gems that in one year no less than a million carats, or six hundred and ninety-four pounds weight, have been brought to light.

The mineralogist says that rubies and sapphires are merely the red and blue varieties of corundum rock; but the pigeon's blood rubies of Burma so far excel the other kinds thus far found that they are in a class by themselves. The Burma mines have indeed a history, for the country was wrested from its original rulers in order to get control of the deposits. In Burma, as in Siam and on the island of Ceylon, the ruby-hunter looks in the soft, yellowish sand found here and there near the surface for the gems. They are seldom taken from crevices in the rock or from a hard formation, as is so often the case with other jewels. How long the Burma sands have been searched for them may only be conjectured; but there is no question that the famous traveller Tavernier traded the magnificent emeralds in King Thebaw's collection of jewellery for the pigeon's blood rubies which were seen in the markets of eastern Europe during the Middle Ages. Those emeralds which are among the largest specimens in existence have been traced to the foothills of the Ural Mountains. Scientists believe that to-day the gems exist in quantities in the wild valleys of this region; but for the last twenty years mining operations have been almost abandoned, as the Russian Government imposes such a high tariff upon those who would search for the stones. The Spanish galleons carried emeralds from the shores of the Spanish Main, with the gold from the Incas, and gem-merchants during the present century have found specimens of great value in such cities as Cadiz and Madrid.

Of all the family of precious stones, pearls are probably more generally scattered about than any other. The pearl-fisheries are followed by thousands in the Persian Gulf; but this is only one of a score of places where the divers secure them, frequently with their naked hands in water three and four fathoms in depth. Pearls have been taken from the Gulf of Panamá for several centuries also by diving; but recently the work has been carried on with what are called dredges. A metal scoop, separated in the centre so as to form two jaws when opened, is lowered to the bottom by means of a long wooden handle. The jaws are then pulled together, catching between them any oysters which may be in the intervening space. Then the apparatus is hauled to the surface and its contents emptied into a boat. When the craft is loaded the oysters are taken ashore and left to decay in the sun, and then examined for the gems which may adhere to the inside of the shells. The same method is followed on the Upper Mississippi River in the United States, where in recent years many of the finest pearls obtained in America have been secured. Occasionally one is found which when ready for the necklace, ring, or other ornament is worth from two hundred pounds to five hundred pounds. The possibility of such a prize tempts thousands of people to search the waters not only of this stream but of several of the western rivers which empty into it.

Dredging for gems is also employed in the modern methods for securing amber. Originally it was supposed that this substance was produced by the chemical action of sea-water on stones or vegetation; but it is now known that amber really forms a part of the rock-formation beneath the Baltic. To what extent it exists is unknown even to this day, although it has been taken out for over a thousand years, as already stated. Vessels equipped with powerful excavators or shovels operated by steam are used, and the excavators, being forced along the bottom, tear up the masses of rock with their

steel jaws, and deposit the material in the hold of the vessel. When a load is secured the craft returns to the harbour, where the cargo is unloaded and carefully looked over. This is why the yield of amber has been much greater in recent years than when it was obtained merely from the deposits at the water's edge.

The turquoise, like the opal, is found in the desolate and waterless parts of the world. The principal deposits so far known are in the Persian desert and on the barren plateaus of New Mexico and Arizona. Usually the best specimens are taken from disintegrated rock, and the mining of turquoise is not only accompanied with much hardship on account of the location, but can only be performed with great difficulty. The quantity, combined with other stones as well as with gold, and by itself, is so extensive in the cities of eastern Europe that more of it is believed to be bought by gem-merchants in this way than is at present secured from the principal mines. This is not strange, however, for not only turquoise but other precious stones are known to exist in remarkably large collections in Constantinople, as well as in cities in Turkestan, Persia, and communities of south-eastern Europe. They are hidden away in ginger-jars, rugs, old boxes, and other receptacles of the household, where the owner believes there is little prospect of search being made for them. Gem-collectors who have searched for stones in this part of the world say that no one can tell how many and what valuable specimens are thus hidden away, only to be brought to light when the owner is absolutely forced to part with them through dire necessity. Undoubtedly many a gem brought from the famous mines of India, Egypt, and Persia in the past has been thus secreted. Professor Flinders Petrie says the Egyptian mines at Sinai, worked from the 1st to the 20th Dynasty, may have yielded turquoise and copper.

THE EXILE.

Oh, the stay-at-home and cosy!
And the girlhood cool and rosy!
Take ye now an English posy
Culled in tropic climes.

Oh, the sudden passion yearning,
With the smothered longing burning!
Days we knew, no more returning,
Calling us again.

Oh, the memories we waken
When the hidden deeps are shaken!
Exiled all, and all forsaken
Of the land we love.

Oh, the pitiless derision
Of the clinging, haunting vision!
Pain in every pure precision
Mirrored in the brain.

There was India for a reason,
With a sudden rainy season;
But the brain devised a treason,
Dreaming in the rain.

It was seeming, only seeming,
With the washen levels streaming;
Walked I then the land of dreaming,
Down an English lane.

Dear familiar ways and muddy,
With the sunset warm and ruddy;
Kind forgotten cosy study
Waiting in the rain.

Some old lichen on the coping
As I left it, and was hoping,
And the evening owl amoping
In the ivy-tree.

Still the oak we used to scramble
Standing knee-deep in the bramble,
Winding path and woodland ramble,
Gloaming to the night.

In familiar fashion roaming
From the gleaming to the gloaming,
Clouds of sunset fleeced and foaming
From the fount of night.

Some old farm where I was greeted,
Half-forgotten sounds repeated,
With the ripe and mown and sheeted
Mellow meadow smell.

Still the stream that slips and glosses
Where the little footpath crosses;
Still the stile, agreen with mosses,
Grained with history.

Some old gateway with a story,
Where I caught a glimpse of glory—
Light of lovers, oh, so hoary!—
When the world was still.

Some gray coppice all aglimmer
With the fretted moonlight's shimmer,
Gleaming out or frosting dimmer
'Mid the summer clouds.

Some old church with faded banners,
Eloquent of men and manners,
Dust of strife and dead hosannas
Dreaming in the stone.

Dust of anguish and of joyance,
Crumbled pleasure and annoyance,
Past the reach of e'en clairvoyance,
Resting in the stone.

Dainty feet arest from walking,
Pretty lips apeace from talking;
Cold the jest and dead the balking,
Silent in the stone.

Buried tales of buried treasure,
Vanished grace of vanished leisure,
Hushed the laugh and stilled the pleasure,
Echoing in the stone.

Oh, the sun on pretty faces!
Oh, the all-forgotten graces!
Lost delight and lawn and laces,
Mouldering in the stone.

It was seeming, only seeming,
With the sodden levels steaming;
Gone the land and dead the dreaming—
Dreaming in the stone.

JOHN RAY.

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THE ESTATE-AGENT.

IN Scotland he is known as a factor or land-steward; in England, as an estate or land agent. Under whatever name he is known, that gentleman occupies a very responsible position, and keeps the machinery moving on great or small estates, and ofttimes exercises more power than the proprietor, who may be non-resident. He raises or reduces rents, makes valuations, and arranges for the building and repair of farms and cottages. Robert Burns, in his stinging satire on a cruel factor, noted some of the many ways in which, in the Scotland of his day, the factor might act as a tyrant:

> I've noticed, on our laird's court-day,
> And monie a time my heart's been wae,
> Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
> How they maun thole a factor's snash:
> He'll stamp and threaten, curse and swear,
> He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
> While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
> And hear it a', and fear and tremble.

Yet we should remember that the factor here sketched, harsh as he was, may have been doing what he thought his duty and obeying instructions. The factor whose life-story forms the apology for this paper was a perfect Highland gentleman in every relation of life. No one can read the *Memoirs of a Highland Gentleman: being the Reminiscences of Evander Maciver of Scourie*, edited by the Rev. George Henderson (T. & A. Constable), without admiration. We have a picture of the administration of a great Highland estate; the trials and triumphs of the estate-agent's life, with examples, over the long period during which he held office, of the increase in comfort and well-being of crofter and farmer. When he is master of his craft, a judge of stock and of crops, a bit of a lawyer as well as business man, and a good farmer, his lot is that of a country gentleman, and he need scarcely envy the owner of the estate which he manages. No doubt he has his worries—as what situation is free of them?—but they need not be financial, as those of the owner of the estate so often are!

Would that William Laidlaw, the friend, factor, and amanuensis of Sir Walter Scott, had left such a record as that of Evander Maciver; we had known more of the sayings and doings of Sir Walter and the brilliant circle around him at Abbotsford, as well as of his literary methods. Laidlaw was Scott's valued friend in field, stream, and study, and was introduced by him to Blackwood and Constable, for both of whom he did good literary work. His poetical feeling is shown in the song, 'Lucy's Flittin',' the scene of which may have been at The Glen, near his farm of Traquair Knowe, Innerleithen. He kept a journal of the visits made by Scott and Leyden to Yarrow and Ettrick in 1801, where the two were hunting up ballads for the *Minstrelsy*, an enterprise in which Laidlaw was also helpful. This journal has been edited by Mr James Sinton for the Hawick Archæological Society. Portions of it were printed in the *Abbotsford Notanda* by Robert Carruthers, and in the two articles which he wrote on Laidlaw for *Chambers* in 1845. William Laidlaw (1780–1845), who was born at the sheep-farm of Blackhouse, Selkirkshire, never was a successful practical farmer, although proficient in theory and knowledge. When Scott had to part with him after 1825, he became a factor in Ross-shire. Scott said of him: 'He is one of my oldest and best friends in this country, a man of a singularly original and powerful mind, acquainted with science, well skilled in literature, and an excellent agriculturist.' Lockhart relates how Laidlaw made the suggestion which led to Scott's *St Ronan's Well;* and the turning-point in the Ettrick Shepherd's life was his residence with the Laidlaws at Blackhouse.

As there is some difference between the duties of the English estate-agent and the Scottish factor, we set down those of a land-agent in England, furnished by Mr Thomas Stirton, F.S.I., late of the War Department Estate Office, Figheldean, Salisbury, now agent to Lord Rendlesham, who defines them as follows: The letting of land, buildings, shootings, waters, and quarries. The management of home farm, woods, plantations, waters, shootings, roads, fencing, drainage, and water-supplies. The supervision of

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all estate buildings and improvements, with the surveying, valuing, and reporting upon sites for building or other purposes. The making of plans and estimates in connection with all works on the estate. The preparing of agreements and leases, overlooking the staff, and the supervision and keeping of all estate accounts and moneys. The collection of tithes, manorial, quit, and other rents; also royalties. The holding of manorial courts, and work preparatory to enfranchisement. The protection of estate from trespass. Such an estate-agent must be a gentleman of culture and have a thorough training for the position, which may be worth from two hundred to fifteen hundred pounds a year, according to size of estate, and exclusive of house.

Evander Maciver was all this, after a Scottish fashion, on the estates of the Duke of Sutherland, and something more where, as has been said, the Duke was Providence and the factor was his prophet. The position has thus been described: 'The landlord was wealthy, kind-hearted, and generous. The factor was intelligent and capable; knew every man, woman, and child in his many miles of territory; was himself of chieftain's stock, a hereditary and acknowledged leader; and, besides, had those gifts of character and intellect which raised him above those born his equals, securing for him the respect of dukes and crofters.' Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower thought Maciver the finest specimen of a Highland gentleman he had known. Maciver stood over six feet, was strong in proportion, and had a commanding presence and a fine musical voice. Dr Donald Masson, who knew him, says: 'Maciver has left his mark for good in every township in Assynt; he was great as a road-maker (like Sir John Sinclair), a promoter of education, and the faithful servant of a good master, who counted himself but God's steward for the weal of the people.' Maciver looked back with the greatest satisfaction on the help he had given to assist a thousand crofters to Upper Canada and Cape Breton. It cost the Duke about seven thousand pounds, but he says it was well-spent money; yet apparently more needs to be done in this direction.

General Booth offered some time ago to settle one thousand five hundred families on land in the colonies if the Government would provide, say, three hundred thousand pounds for that purpose. Mr Joseph Fels also made an offer. Provided the Government assisted with a sum of three hundred thousand pounds, he would make one of twenty to guarantee the settling of one thousand five hundred families in this country. Mr Herring in 1905 gave the Salvation Army control of one hundred thousand pounds in trust for home colonisation. Lady Strathcona contributed ten thousand guineas to the Queen's fund for the unemployed, nine thousand guineas of which was to be used in enabling deserving workpeople and their families to emigrate to Canada.

In reading the report of the Local Government Board on the sanitary condition of the Lews, one realises to what depths our crofters and squatters may sometimes sink when left to themselves. It recalls the saying of Lord Cockburn that where God had planted a garden, man had planted a hog-sty. In the townships of Back and Tong, in the parish of Stornoway, houses exist with walls of two rows of loose stones with earth between, and five or six feet thick. The roof is a wooden framework, on which turf is laid and covered with straw thatching, which allows of about two feet between the thatch and outside walls for moisture to trickle in. The inside walls of the living and sleeping rooms are in most cases covered with a thin layer of clay, which is whitewashed. The houses are entered through a door leading into the byre, and from it you either enter the living-room directly or through a door in the wooden partition. The floor of the house is the surface-soil covered with a thin layer of clay. From the living-room, in the centre of the clay floor, the smoke curls up from a peat-fire and finds its way through a hole in the roof. Sitting round the floor in their stockings are old women and young barefooted children; sheep, lambs, and other animals are sometimes there also. In the byre, separated only by a wooden partition from the living-room, the cows may be standing up to their knees in manure, with a percolation of fluid into the sleeping-room.

It is good to know that strong efforts are being made by the people themselves and by the sanitary authorities to improve matters. Provost Anderson of Stornoway, in noting what has been done, said lately that nine hundred new houses had been built since the passing of the Crofters Act. Many of these houses had been built with the help of servant-girls and young men who had left the island to seek their livelihood in the south. The Congested Districts Board is also doing its best towards improvement. Mr Maciver and the Duke of Sutherland did all they could to ameliorate the condition of the crofters. When the Sutherland family acquired the Reay estates in 1829 a road was made, sixty-one miles in length, at a cost of forty thousand pounds, which proved of immense benefit to the crofters. On the deer-forest there was an annual outlay of four thousand five hundred pounds.

The importance of the factor or estate-agent is great when large land reclamation schemes are afoot. The first Duke of Sutherland would have been well advised if he had taken the advice of his factors as to land reclamation near Lairg. The Duke, acting as his own commissioner, spent over one hundred thousand pounds on the Shiness land-reclamations, much of the deep mosses costing over forty pounds an acre. His efforts ended in failure, and much of the land has reverted to its original worthlessness. Maciver's advice to take in fifty or sixty acres at a time by way of experiment was thrown away.

Evander Maciver was born at Stornoway, 9th September 1811. His mother, Catherine Robertson, was a daughter of the Collector of Customs, Stornoway; his father was a general merchant, who sent his son to Edinburgh in order that he might receive

a good education. He attended Edinburgh Academy and University, and gained, besides other accomplishments, a knowledge of Latin and Greek, while town life smartened up the country-bred boy. Scott once visited the Academy, and young Maciver read a part of his lesson in the novelist's hearing. He remembered the heavy, dull-looking, red-faced, gray-haired gentleman, who kept his head and face down without the smallest appearance of animation. After an apprenticeship at farming, young Maciver helped his father in business, and from 1834 to 1845 acted as factor to Mr Davidson of Tulloch, a well-known Highland gentleman. At the same time he acted as bank-agent in Dingwall, and greatly increased the business, before his appointment as factor to the Duke of Sutherland at Scourie in 1845, at a salary of four hundred pounds a year, with a free house and a small farm. He lived to the patriarchal age of ninety-two, and having retired in 1895, at the age of eighty-five, from his factorship to the Duke of Sutherland, became occupant of Scourie House and offices, with an annuity of three hundred pounds a year, retaining also his post as agent for the deer-forests of the Duke of Westminster. He was an elder in the Church of Scotland, and factor in succession for three Dukes of Sutherland, in Assynt, Durness, and Eddrachillis.

Casting his eye backward over a long life, Maciver notices how greatly the working-classes have improved their position, with higher wages and cheaper food, including tea and sugar. He had paid a shilling a pound for sugar which can now be got for twopence halfpenny, and five shillings and six shillings per pound for tea which can now be had for one shilling and sixpence or two shillings. Clothing and shoes, he thinks, are dearer than they were fifty years ago; but the condition of the working-classes has been greatly ameliorated. One indication is that they get butcher meat, then a luxury only indulged in upon great occasions. The income of proprietors from arable land is one-half what it was half a century ago. Some of the sheep-farms on Highland estates have fallen 50 per cent., chiefly owing to the decline in value of home-grown wool. The imports from Australia, New Zealand, and the Cape are partly responsible for this. The large imports of stock have also kept down the price of cattle and sheep. More than once in his narrative Maciver states that were it not for the rents paid for shootings and fishings on Highland estates, especially those upon which crofters are numerous, they would produce little or nothing for the landlord. The burden of rates and assessment for the poor, lunacy, and police, in addition to expense of management, swallows up a large portion of the rents, leaving little over. The Australian sheep-farmers, apart from droughts, can make money; but it would appear that some people make money in this country also, for Maciver mentions a certain William Gunn who came to Sutherland in 1832 with five hundred pounds, and died worth twenty-five thousand.

Mr Maciver lived to see the times change as chronicled by the poet:

> Thus, where the shrouded hills for ages past
> Had known no voices save the storms and streams,
> Scandal and gossip now profane the blast,
> And daily posts disturb the poet's dreams.
>
> Where the lone eagle swept the vacant air,
> Fashion's gay creatures now distract the sight;
> Wild birds of paradise flit here and there,
> And owls of politics infest the night.
>
> 'Parritch' scarce lingers on the breakfast scene,
> 'Toddy' still dribbles, but the claret flows,
> And the rich incense of the French cuisine
> Smothers the haggis and the hardy brose.

Mr Maciver, although he did not admire Mr Gladstone as a politician, liked him as a man. He met the great statesman between 1850 and 1860, once at Dunrobin and next at Loch Inver, and travelled in his company from Loch Inver to Scourie, and thence to Lochmore Lodge. The factor found Mr Gladstone simple in his manners, pleasing and agreeable in society, with an insatiable curiosity regarding Highland subjects, especially as to the superstitions of the common people. Mr Maciver was able to introduce Mr Gladstone to certain people who believed that there were persons who had the power of injuring the milk of cows belonging to any one they disliked. On one occasion the cows of Mr Macdonald of Loch Inver ceased to give milk for a day or two. A sailor on board one of his vessels was credited with the power of restoring it. He was sent for, and said he would require an hour or two in the milk-house for that purpose. After he came out and returned to his ship, it was found that he had drunk the cream off every dish in the dairy. The cows are said to have recovered in a day or two. Mr Gladstone at dinner asked Mr Maciver if he had ever seen an eagle at Scourie. He replied, only too often, and that they were destructive to lambs, pouncing upon them, and carrying them off to their nests to feed their young ones. Mr Maciver's wife's mother was a relative of Mr John Gladstone; his own wife was related to Flora Macdonald, and possessed some relics of Prince Charles Edward. He liked Sir John Fowler, the engineer of the Forth Bridge. Mr Maciver was the intermediary in connection with the purchase of a Highland estate, upon which Sir John built a mansion at a cost of thirty thousand pounds. He spent some time with Sir John Millais at Fowler's mansion of Braemore, and took the artist to the island of Handa, where the cliffs are very high and perpendicular, and where sea-birds nestle in thousands. They saw a man at the top of the cliffs, in seaman's dress, with a rope in his hand, catching birds with a rod and line in which there was a loop which was passed over the head of the bird. The rod was pulled up, and the birds were killed and put in a bag, and afterwards they were salted in barrels for winter use. Millais regretted he could not stay to paint the wild scenery here.

Mr Maciver's advice to discouraged emigrants is worthy of Smiles or Andrew Carnegie: 'Almost all

our troubles and misfortunes arise from the want of good, honest, steady qualities, either in ourselves or others. My advice to you is not to come back to this country, but to stay where you are.' He helped many deserving young people who showed ability and perseverance. One who knew him records: 'He had to do the best for the Duke, but he had also to do the best for the Duke's people. His was no mere policy of getting the highest possible rental from the land; he had to see that no rent was higher than the tenant could afford to pay. He had to suggest and carry out improvements in churches, schools, roads; the administration of justices' justice and public health were indeed among the minor of his cares. The improvement of flocks and herds; the provision of fresh seed-potatoes, oats, and barley; the introduction of new agricultural machinery, manure, and appliances—these were his care and duty all his life.' That he did all this so well for half a century enrolls him high in the ranks of estate-agents.

The estate-agent, proprietor, farmer, philanthropist, are all at work in their own way, and the strong light of public opinion is shed on the problem of the condition of the people. There has been published *The Principles of Landed Estate Management*, by H. H. Smith (Arnold). *The Report of the Scottish Commission on Agriculture in Denmark* (Blackwood) is of value to farmers and factors. Of general interest is *How to Build or Buy a Country Cottage* (Heinemann). Then there are *Modern Housing in Town and Country*, by James Cornes, and *The Book of the Cheap Cottages Exhibition*, held at Letchworth, which contains plans for cottages from one hundred and fifty pounds upwards. Thousands of visitors went to see the Garden City at Letchworth; almost every landowner in the House of Commons paid the place a visit. Lord Carrington has given his experience in cottage-building. He has provided cottages in Buckinghamshire and Lincolnshire for forty-three families at a cost of six thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven pounds, or one hundred and fifty-six pounds fourteen shillings each. The cottages are of brick, and each contains a kitchen, sitting-room, three bedrooms, wash-house, and pantry. The foolish restrictions of many rural boards do not seem to have pressed heavily with him. But there is nothing wonderful about the price mentioned above. The Congested Districts Board of Scotland has built well-planned and comfortable cottages in the island of Lewis at a much lower figure than those at Letchworth. The Duke of Bedford, in his story of *A Great Agricultural Estate* (Murray), in which he relates the origin of Woburn and Thorney, and reviews its history for eighty years, concludes that while the circumstances of the labourers had improved, taxation, both local and imperial, had increased; that rent had disappeared not only from Thorney but from his Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire estates; and that the possession of these properties now entailed upon the owner a heavy annual loss. Men such as Evander Maciver, who know where the shoe pinches, are invaluable in making the most and best of such conditions.

A STORMY MORNING.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE season was drawing to a close. It would not be true to say that Betty had not rather enjoyed it on the whole. With youth and health careering through her veins, beautiful and much admired, she certainly was able to throw herself into the distractions of the hour; but there was an intolerable ache and bitter sense of injury ever present with her when she had time to think.

She had loved Harlestone very deeply, and was not a girl to love lightly or able to un-love easily. The very thought of marriage with any one else was repugnant to her, and she refused more than one good offer in the course of the season.

She enjoyed her rides in the Park with her uncle, Lord Forsyth, as much as anything.

They were pacing up the side of the Row one evening when a couple flashed past them. The Row was thinning, and a canter might be indulged in with safety.

'Why, that is Jack!' said Lord Forsyth. 'Who is the lovely lady?'

'Mrs Foggo,' said Betty uneasily. 'She is a great friend of Jack's. It is curious, for Jack does not usually trouble himself much about ladies. Shooting is all he really cares for, and he hates London and going out. Mother has the greatest difficulty in getting him to go to a ball occasionally.'

'Humph!' said his lordship. 'I know Foggo a little. Rather a good chap. Rolling in money. He gave me seven hundred pounds for a horse called Jackdaw once, after seeing him jump the Langton brook with one of the whips. I think Master Jack had better beware of Mrs Foggo, though. Rather a *belle dame sans merci* style of lady, don't you know. So I am told; but I must not talk like this to you, child.'

Betty smiled. 'One sees and learns a good many new things during a London season, Uncle Daddy, I find.'

'I suppose so, worse luck!' he muttered. 'But I must go home, dear. I am dining early and going to a play for once.' And they turned out of the Park and went their respective ways.

As Betty had said, up to now young Fitzhugh had cared but little for ladies' society. Grouse and black-game, even the plump partridge and fat

pleasant, far outweighed its charms in his young eyes. He hated what he called 'rotting about London' and going out; but now a change had come over him. Mrs Foggo had come across him at a ball, to which he had been taken, much against his will, by his mother, and had cast an approving glance on the tall young figure and close-cropped curly head, and had bidden her slave for the time being bring him up to her to be introduced.

'You won't get much out of him,' said the slave sullenly. 'He hates ladies, and only cares for grouse and dogs.'

'Does he?' she said, smiling. 'How nice! Go and fetch him.'

Her bidding was done, and Jack spent the rest of the evening at her side. They danced together, supped together, sat out together, and she drove him home in her brougham.

Now Jack was to be seen in every ballroom and haunt where she was likely to be found, slipping into the place of the discarded slave, who gnashed his teeth with fury, and took up with a 'Gaiety girl,' a strange but coarse likeness of Mrs Foggo, on whom he lavished diamonds to such an extent as entirely deprived his parents and pretty young sisters of their customary house for the London season for years to come, when the bloom was considerably off the rye with all of them.

Mrs Foggo kept her adorers well in hand. George Foggo had no fears on the head that she would allow them to overstep the line she drew. His passion for her beautiful face had burnt itself out long ago, and he took a kind of grim pleasure in watching her games, as he called them. He had fathomed her cold, cruel nature to its depths, and knew her power of inflicting suffering but too well; but she was absolutely passionless. He had been manly in love with her, thinking, with the fatuousness of men, that such love as his must meet with a response in time; she was so young, her home had been so unhappy, and he had taken her out of it. He was pathetically patient. She had only to breathe a wish and it was gratified. He was at her feet.

At length he awoke from his dream. He saw her torture a little pet animal he had given her, and a huge disgust and revulsion arose in him, and he saw her as she was. He shook his great shoulders, breathed a heavy sigh of freedom, and went his own way. He stood by her side in the eyes of the world; but henceforth he led his own life apart.

He saw how it was with Jack, and was a little sorry for the bright boy, and would have saved him from his fate. 'He is too good for that,' he said to himself. 'But what's one to do?' he said, with a French shrug, as he lit a big cigar.

Jack was growing haggard. The fever was in his blood, and raged. The strain was telling on him, and Betty's pillow was often wet with tears when she saw how ill and worried he looked. Mrs Foggo played with him as a cat plays with a mouse, and the boy's whole nature seemed changed, and he only lived in her presence. All else was as nothing to him.

'Thank Heaven the season is nearly over!' thought Betty. 'He will surely come to Dunscaith for the grouse.'

The boy, tossing and groaning on his feverish bed at night, vowed over and over again that he would keep away from the woman who was poisoning his life.

'Sometimes I hate her,' he thought, 'and then she seems to understand, and looks at me with her great liquid eyes, and asks what is the matter, laying her soft hand on mine, and I feel as if I could sell my soul to crush her to death in my arms. And Foggo is so jolly to me always; he is such a good chap. What on earth shall I do? For she says she is dying to come to Dunscaith. What on earth—what on earth shall I do?' and again he turned his hot pillow.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IT was very hot. The wood pavement threw off acrid fumes which floated in at the window of her drawing-room, where Lady Fitzhugh sat, arrayed in a comfortable and flowing foulard gown, waving a huge green fan to and fro.

An odious neighbour had lately painted his house, and the oily smell also floated in on the summer breeze, which caused the sun-blinds to flap and the smuts and dirty bits of paper in the street to dance, but failed to cool the air.

Johnnie lay flat on his back on the carpet, on a spot of sunshine that had stolen in, his four paws in the air, his head on one side, his pink tongue lolling out. The door opened, and Betty came in; but he was too exhausted to do more than wag his tail in a feeble manner.

'My dear, how can you look so cool?' said Lady Fitzhugh. Betty was garbed in a white cotton frock, a big white hat on her head, a bunch of deep-red roses in her hand. 'Do look at Johnnie! Did you ever see such an impossible attitude?'

'I brought you these, mother; they are such a fine colour, and like those on the bush in the corner of the garden at Dunscaith. They made me long for Dunscaith.'

'Yes. I, too, am beginning to long for Dunscaith. Of course we must wait for the garden party at the Palace, and I think we might go home the day after. We have done the season handsomely, and no one can say we have hidden ourselves under bushels.' Lady Fitzhugh's metaphors were sometimes rather peculiar. 'Don't say anything to Joice, or she will begin packing at once, and whatever I want will be "at the bottom of the large dress-basket, m'lady. Does your ladyship wish me to unpack the dress-basket?" It makes me hot to think of her.'

'Poor old Joice!' said Betty. 'I think a move

takes years off her life. Odd, for she must have made many in the course of her career. I will just go and put these in water in your room, mother.'

It was the day of the Queen's garden party—a lovely day, still and clear for London, a pleasant air tempering the rays of the brilliant sun. It was, alas and alas! the last time on which many of her devoted subjects would gaze on the beloved and revered features of the Queen; the last time on which the exquisite silvery tones of the most beautiful voice in the world would be heard by the favoured ones to whom she spoke during her progresses through the crowd in the gardens, in her carriage with its gray horses and the scarlet-coated outriders: gentle, gracious words to the mother with sons at the front in South Africa fighting her battles; to the wife whose husband had returned safe, if maimed for life; to the old whose life-histories she knew; to some of the young.

We shall never see her like again. She is now one of the saints of God, taking the rest she has indeed earned after the long life so full of immense, and probably at times almost intolerable, responsibility, care, and private sorrow.

The great heart so easily moved by the sorrows of others is still.

This sad earth has surely been made better by her life and example; but the loss to the Empire over which she ruled so long with such inspired wisdom and goodness must always be irreparable, and is not yet realised in its far-reaching magnitude.

(To be continued.)

WHY RAILWAYS DO NOT PAY BETTER.

By One in the Secret.

THE total paid-up capital of British railways at the end of 1904 was approximately £1,268,500,000, and the average dividend paid thereon was only 3·42 per cent. The reader may, therefore, pertinently inquire, 'Why do not British railways pay better?' The question looks so simple that one probably expects an immediate and concise answer. An approximately correct answer would be, 'Because of the competition between the railways themselves;' but an explanation of the answer shows that the reasons are much more complex and obscure than the words at first blush denote. We shall also show later that mismanagement and extravagance are other factors that contribute to the low dividends paid by British railways.

In the first place, we would point out that our railways do not pay quite so badly as the figures already quoted would lead the reader to assume. There is included in the total capital the not inconsiderable sum of £193,500,000, representing over 15 per cent. of the paid-up capital, vulgarly known as 'water,' but euphoniously described in the official returns as 'nominal additions on the consolidation, conversion, and division of stocks.' Excluding this sum, the average rate of dividend is 4·03 per cent., which by no means can be considered a fair return upon the capital invested.

The first item of loss caused by the acute competition between the railways results from the construction of competing lines, or the building of railways through districts the traffic from which it is known from the first can never produce a profit. Railway directors and experts describe such lines as 'strategic railways,' and defend their construction by asserting that if they (the A Railway) do not occupy the district, the competing company (the B Railway) will do so. The inferred logic of this method of reasoning is that it pays the A Railway to build a line and *work it at a loss* to prevent the B Railway from doing so! The ordinary businessman would soon be in the bankruptcy court if he conducted his affairs on this philanthropic basis.

With regard to lines that actually compete, the method of procedure is somewhat as follows: The C Railway has a lucrative traffic from Z to X; so in course of years the D Railway, by devious means, manages to get a route between the same places. The same volume of traffic must now be divided between the two railways; but though the traffic was sufficient to support the original line, a half of the revenue falls far short of paying it an adequate dividend, whilst the new line, which has doubtless cost 50 per cent. more to construct, fares far worse. The figures would probably work out like this: Original dividend earned by the C Railway, with the whole of the traffic, 5 per cent. The additional facilities and services provided in consequence of the competition have probably reduced the profit to 4 per cent., of which C's portion is half—2 per cent. As the new line cost more to construct, its share of the profit would not pay more than 1½ per cent.; but it must of necessity work the traffic at a greater percentage of the gross receipts than the original line, hence the actual working may result in a loss or a profit up to ½ per cent. or so on the capital outlay.

Readers may probably wonder why railways are so willing to undertake the construction of these competing and 'strategic' lines. Each company has a large staff of officers, such as solicitors, surveyors, valuers, and engineers, who must be kept employed, or otherwise the railways would dispense with their services; then outside assistance in all the professions mentioned above has to be invoked in connection with the projection and construction of the new lines, and most men are willing to do

their friends a 'good turn' when some one else bears the cost. 'Good turns' (at the shareholders' expense) amongst railway officers are all too common. The Z Railway promotes a Bill, and calls as witnesses on its behalf the general manager of the Y Company, the goods manager of the X Company, the traffic superintendent of the W Company, and the engineer of the V Company. The D Railway, which opposes the Bill, calls a similar set of witnesses from the E, F, G, and H Railways. All these officers are paid extravagant fees, and are away from their real work for many weeks during each parliamentary session; and, strange as it may seem, the railways manage to be worked as efficiently by the subordinate officials as if all the highly paid officers were each directing their respective departments.

The whole system of promoting Bills and opposing rival parliamentary schemes is extravagant and wasteful. Not only are all the chief officers away from their real duties during the time Parliament is sitting; but, in addition, during the autumn the legal, engineering, and surveying staff are fully employed in preparing the campaign for the next session. The several thousand pounds that figure in the half-yearly accounts as 'Parliamentary Expenses' do not take into account the great length of time that all the chief officers, with huge salaries and a whole host of attendants, devote to the parliamentary fight. There are also the railway contractors, and builders of locomotives and rolling-stock, who are naturally always anxious for new lines to be built; these gentlemen, as may be expected, make it their business to be on the best of terms with the railway magnates. Indeed, when the companies cannot be persuaded to embark on extensions, the contractors promote new lines on their own initiative. It is not, therefore, surprising that of the total capital, some £86,000,000 receive no dividend, whilst about £28,000,000 receive 1 per cent. or less, and only £869,172 received during 1904 between 9 and 10 per cent., a rate of interest which railways as commercial undertakings might reasonably be expected to return to their stockholders.

The direct competition between the railways is acute and mostly unnecessary, although the public get some advantage from it, but nothing commensurate with the energy expended by the railways. Four railways (London and North-Western, Midland, Great Northern, and Great Central) compete for the London-Manchester traffic, and each runs a full service of trains daily at about the same hours. This is ruinous competition; half the trains run by one of the lines—the London and North-Western Railway, for instance—could convey the whole of the traffic. Leicester, Nottingham, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Birmingham, Exeter, Plymouth, and other towns are served on somewhat the same, but quite unnecessarily liberal, scale.

The services between London and Scotland are another example of this form of wasteful competition; and now the Midland has introduced acute competition into the English-Irish services by inaugurating the Heysham-Belfast service at a capital outlay of some millions, the amount of which is hidden from the shareholders unless they take the half-yearly reports for the many years during which the Heysham Harbour was under construction, and add together the sums therein mentioned as expended on the work each half-year. Usually such figures are shown in the half-yearly reports; but the Midland only states the sum expended during the past half-year, and does not show the amount previously expended, thus withholding from the shareholders useful information. The Midland Railway, for years before it projected the Heysham route, had a third-share in the Barrow-Belfast steamers, and upon the opening of the new route it purchased another share; whilst recently it has acquired from the Furness Railway the remainder of the interest in the Barrow steamers, so that at the present time the Midland Railway is running two services of its own to and from Belfast that compete with each other! No one suggests that the former service was not adequate for the traffic, and certainly nobody alleges that the new route has induced more passengers to travel to or from Ireland, or resulted in additional goods being forwarded, beyond the normal increase in the traffic.

Readers are beginning to learn why railways do not pay better.

Another form of competition that is conducted at a ruinous expense is the recently developed through service between the north and Midlands and the south of England. A few years ago the Great Central Railway introduced the service, and apparently they were successful enough to encourage other railways to follow suit; at any rate, the services were a good advertisement. The London and North-Western Railway was soon running through trains to the London, Brighton, and South Coast line. Last summer the Midland and Great Northern introduced through services to the London and South-Western, and South-Eastern and Chatham, Railways, and the Great Western Railway also increased its through service. We should not like to set out in cold print the loss these through services inflict upon the companies. Three or four passengers for the through coaches are a good load; but frequently they travel with but one, whilst sometimes *no* passengers are carried by the Great Northern and Midland through coaches. The average actual cost of running trains is 39·83d. per train-mile, so that forty third-class passengers would be required for each of the through trains to pay working expenses. The loss to the railways from these services must amount to a large sum in the twelve months.

Competition between railways has given to travellers the numerous advantages they now enjoy; but, as passengers pay no more for these benefits, obviously their cost comes out of the profits that belong to the shareholders. When it is borne in mind that

for a penny a mile, or less, one can travel in a dining-car, reclining in an arm-chair stuffed and padded, the coach being steam-heated and electrically lighted, and having lavatory accommodation—magazines with which to while away the time are even provided in some instances—it is evident we are getting good value for our money.

The speed of the trains has greatly increased, and consequently more powerful engines, heavier rolling-stock, and stronger permanent way are necessary; all these mean additional expense both in first cost and maintenance to the railways. Such advantages being available for the 'penny-a-miler,' it is not surprising that second-class and first-class travellers form a negligible quantity of the total.

When the parliamentary fare was fixed at a penny a mile, the percentage of working expenses to gross receipts was nearer 40 per cent. than 50 per cent.; to-day the cost of working is 62 per cent. of the gross receipts. Parliamentary passengers were then carried at a speed of twelve miles an hour by one train per day; the railway obtaining the bulk of the passenger receipts from third-class passengers at about 1½d. a mile, second-class about 2d., and first-class nearly 3d. a mile by ordinary trains. Additional fares were charged by the express trains; but we have pointed out that the railways have renounced all their rights in these directions, and so lessened the receipt per passenger, whilst the concessions granted have raised the cost of conveyance.

The working expenses have increased in other directions; but these cannot be charged against the companies, although the additional expenses reduce the profit. The most flagrant increase is in rates and taxes. These ten years ago were just over £3,000,000; now they amount to £5,000,000, being an increase of nearly 60 per cent. in ten years. For the past five years the increase has been at the rate of about £250,000 a year. Again, the shorter hours now worked by the employés, the higher wages paid, the elaborate precautions insisted upon by the Board of Trade, and the appreciation of all materials have materially assisted in increasing the cost of working, which at the present time amounts to 5s. 2d. out of every 8s. 4d. received by the railways.

In most trades, when the cost of production increases, the price of the commodity is raised; but competition between the railways prevents even a suggestion of raising the fares. Third-class passengers would doubtless vigorously protest if the fare was three-halfpence a mile; but taking into account the increase in the cost of working the lines, three-halfpence a mile third-class bears about the same proportion to the working expenses as a penny a mile did sixty years ago.

Further sources of loss to railways are the many 'side-shows' run by the companies—such as colossal hotels costing fabulous sums to erect and work, steamboat and omnibus services, dining-cars, docks, harbours, and various other devices for losing money that will occur to the reader.

The reasons we have already given for railways not paying better, although disastrous to the shareholders, are mostly of some benefit to the railway traveller; but there are other reasons why railways do not pay better, and from these the public gain no advantage.

The general expenses of British railways are on a lavish scale. Commencing with gigantic offices and an army of officials and clerks, we find that money is expended in a reckless manner on every hand. Everything is of the best, no expense is spared, and every officer upwards from the hundred and one chiefs of the many sub-departments can practically spend money in 'expenses' of some kind or another. Were these men conducting businesses of their own, it is safe to say that the expenses would not amount to half the sums now disbursed.

It is difficult to point out the exact items, and they are not distinguishable in the published accounts; but one need spend but a day in any of the departmental offices of a railway to learn how money is wasted. Here are some of the items taken from the 'Abstracts' relative to the expenses that accompany the half-yearly accounts:

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

Half-year to June 1905.

Maintenance of Way.—Salaries, office expenses, and general superintendence	£38,126
Locomotive Power.—Salaries, office expenses, and general superintendence	38,633
Special expenditure	11,043
Traffic Expenses.—Salaries, wages, &c.	1,136,597
General Charges.—Salaries of secretary, general manager, accountants, and clerks	53,825
Office expenses, sundries	8,777
Travelling expenses: directors, managers, &c.*	1,212
Sundry expenses not classed	24,824
Total for six months	£1,313,537

How is it possible for any shareholder to discover how many hundred thousand pounds of the £1,313,537 might not have been saved had due economy been exercised? Two items, however, are significant—namely, nearly £25,000 in the 'General Charges' entered as 'Sundry Expenses not classed,' and over £11,000 in the 'Locomotive Power,' which is ambiguously described as 'Special Expenditure.' Seeing that the heading 'Special Expenditure' regularly appears each half-year, we fail to see why it should be so described.

Although we have given figures from the London and North-Western Railway accounts, much the same course is adopted by the other companies. The Midland has an item of £7430 for 'Miscellaneous Expenses' in Traffic Expenses 'Abstract.' On the Great Central the 'Travelling Expenses' amount to £1789. Miscellaneous, office, travelling, and incidental expenses cost the North-Eastern Railway £10,700 for the six months; the North British spends £11,000 for the same items, but in

* They travel free by railway, so that the items are probably hotel expenses.

respect of many items of expenditure this company compares favourably with others, especially the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway, which charges £14,634 for 'Miscellaneous Expenses,' £7415 for 'Office and Incidental Expenses,' and £5035 for advertising.

It is obvious that a careful manager could save many thousands of pounds each half-year. The reason they do not do so is probably that, in the case of successful companies, the saving would make no appreciable difference to the dividend (£428,856 a year is required to pay 1 per cent. on the ordinary capital of the London and North-Western Railway); whilst most of the unsuccessful companies are so far off the dividend-point that the saving of a few thousands a year is apparently not worth worrying about.

Readers will say, 'But how about new brooms?' These do not 'sweep clean' for long in railway administration. If a junior be energetic in suggesting reforms he is snubbed; his superior officers look upon his proposals as a species of censure upon themselves, and the reformer and economist is given distinctly to understand that such energy does not tend to promotion. So the wise man who wants a better position tries to please his chief rather than to work for the benefit of the shareholders. By the time one of these 'reformers' has reached an independent position in the administration the need for energy no longer exists; he has reached his goal, and so as a chief-officer he reasons, 'Why worry about things? Personally, I gain nothing by so doing, so I may as well take life easily and let things go on in the old groove.'

Railways suffer from a superfluity of officers. A man obtains a leading position in the administration, and when vacancies occur, his sons, nephews, and other relatives fill them. A chief retires, and a new one takes his place and introduces *his* relatives; and so things go on from generation to generation. The 'vested interests' at such centres as Euston, for example, would appal an outsider were he to examine the salaries-list and see how frequently the same favoured surnames occur.

The directors who appoint the staff frequently have to provide places for their protégés, so that a good number of people are appointed not because they possess aptitude for the position, but because they happen to have influence among the directors, whom, of course, the shareholders pay. A chief officer on a line running to the north was recently retired on full pay so that his position might be given to a protégé of an athletic friend of an athletic son of the chairman!

The London County Council has been running steamers (at the ratepayers' expense) and losing about £1700 weekly over them during the present winter. As the London County Council is a public body, the discussions at the meetings are reported in the press, and the public learn something of its shortcomings; but the Board meetings of railways are private, so the public hear nothing of the money expended on non-paying services or lost through errors of policy and mistakes made by the chief officers. Every care is taken to keep the knowledge of the latter from the Board, and the executive officers support each other in their efforts to prevent their mistakes from being made public.

Here are a few examples of how the shareholders' money is thrown away. About eight years ago the London and North-Western Railway had some half a million of money sunk in gasworks for carriage-lighting. It was then decided to abandon gas and use electricity. The Great Northern Railway obtained powers to widen their line at Finsbury Park on the west side, and several properties were purchased. There were two rather large properties about which terms could not be arranged; but instead of referring the case to arbitration, the company abandoned the idea of widening on that side of the line and incurred the expense of a fresh Act of Parliament to allow of the widening taking place on the east side. Here a triangular block of shop property had to be acquired, including a post-office and bank. The property was purchased, the leaseholders were compensated, and the shopkeepers bought out, all at inflated prices, as might be expected. Then when the bank and post-office had erected new premises elsewhere, and the other property was unoccupied—the tradesmen had taken shops somewhere else—the company decided not to proceed with the widening at all! Some of the shops have been relet at nominal rents, and others are empty. Probably the income received from the properties does not pay ¼ per cent. on the capital sunk in them. A policy such as the above helps one to understand why it is railways do not pay better.

The electric locomotives of the Central London Railway (the Twopenny Tube) are another example of this class of waste. For some reason or another, only heavy engines were provided for working the line instead of motors affixed to some of the coaches. Soon after the line was opened there was an outcry consequent upon vibration set up by these heavy locomotives; their use was thereupon abandoned, and the more economical plan of having the motors attached to certain of the passenger-coaches substituted. The original locomotives are now discarded; but they have cost the shareholders some £69,000, and interest has to be paid on this sum for ever.

In the same manner the electrification of the Metropolitan and Metropolitan District Railways has resulted in the steam locomotive and usual type of passenger-coaches being discarded. They are being disposed of at almost scrap-iron prices as opportunity offers; but as they figure in the balance-sheets of the companies as having cost £1,014,728, the result is that, although the assets have disappeared, interest still has to be paid on the sum they cost the shareholders.

A few years back the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway caused general surprise by locating its

London district locomotive-sheds at Slades Green, near Dartford, some sixteen miles from Charing Cross. We will not stop to inquire (*a*) the reason that caused the directors to adopt this course, (*b*) who were the owners of the land that was acquired for the purpose of erecting the depôt at this part, (*c*) the price given for the land, (*d*) nor the cost of erecting the engine-sheds, repair-shops, and accessories. The result is, however, that every engine located at Slades Green has to run daily about thirty-two miles 'light.' Assuming that an average of one hundred engines perform the journey to London from Slades Green and back three hundred times a year, we have $32 \times 100 \times 300 = 960{,}000$ miles of 'light' engine-running a year. The Board of Trade returns show that the cost of locomotive power per train-mile on the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway for 1904 was 11·79d. There is nothing to indicate whether the cost of 'light' engine-mileage has been added to the locomotive expenses before dividing the expenditure by the number of train-miles run for the purpose of arriving at the average cost of locomotive-power per train-mile. If it has, however, there are other expenses incurred consequent upon the 'light' engine-running that have not been so charged, such as the wear of the permanent way, signals, signalling apparatus, telegraphs, &c. It is evident, therefore, that if the cost of the 'light' engine-mileage be not included in the figures upon which the Board of Trade calculations are based, the total expense (actual and consequential) is about 13d. per 'light' engine-mile; but if the cost be included in the published figures, 10d. per mile would probably cover the actual and consequential expense. Basing our calculations upon the lower estimate, we find that consequent upon the London district running-sheds being located at Slades Green, instead of in the neighbourhood of Rotherhithe, four miles from Charing Cross, the company is year in and year out needlessly spending £30,000 on this 'light' engine-running, 100 engines × 300 days × 24 miles (difference being Slades Green and Charing Cross as against Rotherhithe and Charing Cross) × 10d., a sum sufficient to pay 3 per cent. interest on a capital of one million pounds!

The locomotive department of nearly all railways is a particularly wasteful one, and at the present time the waste is especially noticeable. There is a mania for mammoth locomotives, and most of the railways are constructing monster engines capable of hauling the heavy trains at the highest speeds; but they have in normal times no trains that need such powerful locomotives; consequently these giants constructed to haul four hundred tons at sixty miles an hour are put to work trains weighing one hundred or one hundred and fifty tons travelling forty to fifty miles an hour—work that can be performed quite as efficiently and much more economically by the smaller engines formerly in use. This is not the whole of the trouble. Each locomotive engineer has his own ideas, and as soon as a new chief is appointed he commences to put his pet theories into operation and to undo (at great expense) all that his predecessor did that does not correspond with the views of the new locomotive superintendent. This expensive change of policy is in full operation on the London and North-Western Railway at the present time. The late chief mechanical engineer was a firm believer in compound locomotives, and during recent years built many hundred engines on the compound principle. His successor is a firm adherent to the 'simple' system, and is scrapping or converting the compounds as quickly as possible, at the same time building new simple engines of his own design in place of the compounds —of course at the shareholders' expense.

The following extract from a lecture by an American railroad officer shows that the locomotive faddist is not unknown in the United States:

'A certain railroad company bought about twenty locomotives of the consolidation class, having the main rod connected to the second pair of drivers. Another company in similar territory ordered the same number built from the same specifications, except that the main pin was placed on the third pair of wheels. After some months of service each company decided to change this particular feature, the one having the long main rod shortened, and the other having the short rod lengthened, with the result that each one (by their figures) proved a gain of 10 to 12 per cent. in efficiency. Only a few years later two prominent trunk-lines in similar territory bought some heavy modern engines; the drivers of one line were fifty-one inch centres, and the other forty-six inch. The first-mentioned line decided to increase the hauling capacity of their engines by reducing the size of the wheel, and purchased and applied forty-six-inch wheel-centres. The other line about this time decided to make their engines more efficient by changing to a larger wheel; so they bought the wheel-centres thrown aside by the first-mentioned company, and put them on their engines, scrapping theirs; and it was claimed by each company that their engines were 10 to 15 per cent. more efficient. The question may arise in the minds of some as to how many changes of the kind mentioned above would have to be made to produce an engine of just twice the capacity of the original machine. Others may say that it was the result of a "fad" in each case. Some may suggest poor design. I shall leave you to draw your own conclusions, and I will not intrude my views further than to suggest that neither of the changes, in my opinion, added much to the shareholders' dividends or reduced the cost of maintenance of equipment.'

Much the same wasteful practice obtains in all departments of our railways, but it is more pronounced and especially noticeable in the locomotive department.

There are other reasons why railways do not pay better; but we have probably said sufficient to enable readers to form an opinion as to certain

things that should be done, and—what is quite as important—things that should not be done, so that our railways may be able to pay a fair dividend upon the capital invested in them.

One thing the shareholders should strenuously insist upon—namely, the restriction of capital expenditure as much as possible. Were the capital account closed altogether, numerous items now charged to capital would have to be borne by revenue, and if such were the case the directors and officers would act in a more economical manner, as they would be certain that the shareholders would not agree to many items of expenditure if they were charged to revenue. Under present circumstances these outlays are charged to capital; and as this is easily obtainable, the shareholders do not criticise the expenditure as they would if the money were diverted from dividends.

'AUGUSTA SAYS.'

CHAPTER III.

NEXT day, as I sauntered into the club dining-room about luncheon-time, the first man I espied was my nephew Tom M'Nab. He had his back turned to me, and was sitting at a small table with one other man. I ordered my modest chop and sherry, and sat down alone, and studied, complacently enough, the back of Tom's head, fair and curly and close-cropped, and well set on the lad's broad shoulders. Then I caught sight of the face of Tom's guest, who sat opposite to Tom and so faced me. It was a dark, well-moulded face, with a powerful jaw, and there was a resolute look both about the square chin, clean-shaved and ink-blue, and about the keen, deep-set eyes. He was a young man, perhaps half-a-dozen years Tom's senior, which would bring him out at half my own age. I wondered who this friend of Tom's might be, for his face gave evidence of character, and most of Tom's friends have very little character—by which I mean nothing uncharitable.

Presently my nephew turned, saw me, sprang up, and, with a word to his guest, left him and strode over to me. I really do think the lad likes me. He is a good sort, Tom.

'Hullo!' he said. He generally addresses me as though I were a telephone.

'Glad to see you, Tom. Who is your clever-looking friend with the square, cleft chin?'

'Garrod. He's no end of a chap.'

'In what line—the ring?'

'Oh, come, I say, Uncle Ben! He is the only son of old Garrod, you know.'

'No, I do not know, my dear Tom. Ought I to know? Is it a case of *Burke*, or'——

'*Burke?* No! Garrod is the big chemical and explosives man. Birmingham, isn't it?'

'Oh! The one that gave thirty thousand to found'——

'Yes, probably. He often does that.'

'Really! And what kind of things does the son do? His face interests me.'

Tom sat down astride a chair by my side and spoke confidentially in a lowered voice. 'He is a bit of a genius, Uncle Ben,' he began, with boyish enthusiasm, 'and as mad as a hatter! He is on the loose end now, poor chap! Father given him a fortnight to think it over.'

'Ah! I was just wondering what brought him the honour of your friendship.'

Tom looked blank. 'I've advised him to give it up,' he observed.

'He does not look acquiescent,' I objected, 'but he does look decidedly decisive. To think it over, did you say? He won't take long, with that head! But I should fancy he prefers doing to thinking.'

Tom nodded. 'You've about hit it, Uncle Ben! The things he does!' Tom chuckled.

I thought it dignified to look a little vague and aloof.

'He takes after his father, but the father won't see that.'

I shook my head gravely. 'Often the way,' I said. 'And, in cases of that sort, it is generally the father who, forgetting his own erring youth, is his son's sternest judge.'

Tom seemed puzzled.

'Science; that's Percy Garrod's line,' he remarked. 'Evidently inherited.'

'Eh? Oh! quite so. Inherited traits are always interesting.'

'But it ain't practical with Percy—that is what riles old Garrod. He gives his father the worst sort of fits. You see, it's this way. Percy is always going off on mad scientific ploys. Went to New Zealand to chum up with a lizard with three eyes that lives there, got lost with the lizard in the bush, and the old man was in a perfect frenzy. Then he wanted to go to India and pal with the plague bacillus, and old Garrod cut up awfully rough, and refused to hand over the needful. Do you know what Percy did? Sent in a thesis, or whatever they call it, and won the research scholarship that his father had founded, and off he went. Real sporting of him, I call it!'

I glanced at where young Garrod sat smoking imperturbably.

'I could quite believe it of him, with that chin,' I observed. 'Aren't you leaving him rather long alone, Tom?'

Tom glanced carelessly over his shoulder at him. 'Oh, he is all right,' he said; 'he's thinking. He

has got only a fortnight to think it over. It's kind to leave him.'

'I see. Is it allowable to ask *what* he is thinking over?'

'Well, he is mad now to go off and hunt for those foreign Johnnies who started last year to find the North Pole, and have never been heard of since. And old Garrod is trying diplomacy this time; offers to equip the whole expedition for Percy and endow him liberally for evermore if he will marry before he starts.'

'Is he engaged?'

'Percy? Not he! Percy is a confirmed woman-hater—it's one of his cranks. But the father thinks if he had a wife she would keep him at home. He has allowed Percy a fortnight.'

'In which to find the wife?'

'Well, I think the father has some one in view, though he leaves Percy a free hand. Percy is mad about it—wants to know how his governor can expect him to explain to a girl that he asks her on compulsion, and that he is off on a voyage, and that she will probably be a widow before'——

'Jupiter!' I sprang to my feet.

'Hullo, Uncle Ben! Twinge of gout?'

'Gout? You scapegrace! what M'Nab ever had the gout? Hist, Tom! Can you keep a woman's secret? Because I cannot.'

'Are *you* going to be married, Uncle Ben?'

'Certainly not, boy! I have two of them already.'

'Great Scot, sir!'

'I refer to my niece and her friend.'

'Oh! beg pardon, uncle.'

'Tom, do you ever study the agony column of your morning paper?'

'Never!' he replied with emphasis. 'It takes me all my time to read the cricket-matches.'

'Then,' I told him impressively, 'you have perhaps overlooked an advertisement running somewhat thus: "*Lady, desirous of becoming a wealthy widow, wishes to hear of some one with large fortune about to start on Arctic, Antarctic, or otherwise dangerous expedition. Lady would undertake to write his memoir.*"'

Tom's jaw fell. He said something distinctly profane. Then his eye met mine, and a flash of intelligence passed into it. We both looked at the unconscious Garrod, and then again at one another.

'Do you know who she is?' Tom asked eagerly.

'Perfectly. I left her at Ardstronach.'

Tom's expression changed.

'I say—it is not my cousin, is it?'

'Most certainly it is not. Winnie could not write any one's memoir to save her life.'

'I'm glad of that!' said Tom. 'I merely mean because she is a M'Nab on the mother's side. Then—who *is* the would-be widow?'

'Augusta says'——

'Augusta?'

'Augusta Arkwright, Winnie's friend.'

'But she must be a perfect *beast*,' the boy objected; 'and Percy is a bit of a hero! No, uncle, I'm not in it, please.'

'She is a perfect *beauty*,' I corrected him, 'whose only fault, in a husband's eyes, would be her keen desire for widowhood.'

'Oh, he wouldn't mind *that*, nor her looks either, so long as she would marry him and fix the father, and let him be off to the North Pole in peace. Why, Uncle Ben, they were made for one another!' And, without another word, Tom hurried away, and returned with his friend Percy Garrod in tow.

I liked young Percy Garrod. When I asked him to come up next week with Tom to Ardstronach, and bring his gun with him, I had no ulterior motive—I swear it. 'We shall be just by ourselves,' I said.

'That's good!' he replied heartily. 'A bachelor party?'

'Ah, well—I have my niece living with me, and she has a friend staying with her at present,' I confessed, avoiding Tom's boot under the table. I don't think Tom has any idea how hard he kicks.

'Oh, don't mention it! It's of no consequence,' young Garrod hastened to assure me.

I returned to Ardstronach next day with some of that tone about me. Winnie, hearing my voice, came downstairs in a little swirl of white flounces and excitement.

'Oh, you dear, darling old uncle!' she gasped, clinging to me. 'I *have* missed you so! And Augusta says it was all my fault!'

'Well, I dare say it was,' I replied, glad at the turn affairs had taken. 'But if you had no faults I would not love you.'

She reached up and gave my necktie a little pull into place. 'Funny big bow!' she muttered. Then she stood on her tiptoes, which raised her flower-like face a few inches above the level of my head—I am not exceedingly tall for a man—and she rubbed her little pointed chin over the top of my cranium. 'Nice stubby hair!' she murmured. 'Glad to be home again?' she asked.

'Very!' I assured her.

'Silly to go away,' she nodded in reply.

As I followed her into the drawing-room I braced myself, and took a long, deep inhalation. I felt as if I were about to strike a trusting animal.

'I saw Tom M'Nab in town. He is coming to us next week,' I informed her, quickly and in one breath.

Instantly the danger-signal went up. She flushed and turned away, and pretended to look out of the window.

'Augusta warned me!' she breathed.

I followed her to the window. 'Winnie,' I said gravely, 'you must not think of yourself. I rely on your help. He is bringing a friend with him.'

Winnie's eyes filled with wonder; but I could

see, from their change of expression, that the bait had caught. Some women rise to the hint of self-sacrifice as a trout rises to a fly.

'What is the matter with the friend?' she asked softly and pitifully, ready, I could see, to supply lint and bandages or moral tonic, just as the occasion required.

I felt that my moment had arrived.

'He is a wealthy young man about to start on an Arctic voyage, and his father wishes him to marry before he goes out, *if* the lady has no objection to becoming a widow.'

Winnie's blue eyes became rounder and rounder as I spoke. Then she suddenly grew radiant.

'Oh, you clever Uncle Ben!' she cried. 'How did you manage it? Oh, I do wish I had asked you to match my Irish lace too! What will Augusta say?—Augusta! *Augusta!*' And she was gone.

My triumph, however, was short-lived. We M'Nabs are simple natures, and can be reckoned on. It was the stranger element that complicated the situation.

Winnie came down again in about an hour, and drew me mysteriously into the smoking-room.

'Uncle Ben, did you *tell* Cousin Tom's friend about Augusta?'

'Not a word.'

'Uncle Ben, did you tell Cousin Tom?'

'I—oh—I—possibly I may have let fall incidentally'—

'Ah! Well, then, Augusta says he will have told the friend. Augusta says men have no notion of honour, and always repeat things. Uncle Ben, did you—tell—Cousin Tom—your—plan—about—me?'

'On my honour, I—well—I really forget.'

'Ah, well, Augusta says we are shamed through all our beings, and that if we have any sense of dignity left we must keep in our own rooms as long as my cousin and his friend remain at Ardstronach.'

'Please yourselves, my dear. For you it will mean meals on trays, no exercise, and a precious dull time of it. We sha'n't mind—we shall be on the moors all day, and shall play dummy whist all night. I doat on dummy whist.'

Winnie looked crestfallen. 'Augusta says there is an alternative,' she volunteered presently, in a disconcerted voice.

I at once saw that the alternative was the thing Augusta meant to be accepted. 'Well?' I asked carelessly, selecting a cigar.

'That she should be me and I be her,' said my niece, with complete disregard for grammar.

'How?' I asked with some interest, holding my match ready to light.

'Why, her be me and me she, of course!'

'Yes, that is very simple. You mean'—— I suggested encouragingly.

The match went out, and I took another.

'That they should not know—Tom think Augusta his cousin and me his cousin's friend.'

I struck the second match. 'And the motive?' I inquired, lighting my cigar.

She dropped her eyes. 'It would save our dignities,' she said in tones in which I recognised a reflection of Augusta. 'And besides, uncle, we could inspect them from behind a screen of anonymity.'

A woman's real reason always comes last, and is generally preceded by the two words 'and besides.'

And so then and there I fell. I, a respectable old bachelor, very near sixty (on one side or the other), in a moment yielded myself body and soul to their nefarious practices. There is a vein in the M'Nab nature, a Celtic vein, which has occasionally—— But enough of that! I lay the blame at the sepulchre-door of no ancestor. I do not even cast aspersions on the lovely Augusta Arkwright. I own that I looked into the beseeching eyes of my niece, and—'Gad,' I cried, 'it will be no end of a joke!'

(*To be continued.*)

OLD-AGE PENSIONS.

By George M'Crae, M.P.



E have approached a stage in our national history when many questions affecting the social condition of the great mass of the people call for immediate consideration.

In these days of unemployment and resultant distress one cannot help asking again and again the question: Is the condition in which millions of our fellows in our large industrial centres find themselves an inevitable consequence of what is called progress? Is it the terrible toll which a nation must pay for the evolution of civilisation? We cannot think so. That were indeed a creed so hopeless, so paralysing, as to shake the very foundations of belief. Surely an economic system is discoverable which will at least ensure to the thrifty and industrious worker some better prospect for old age than that the shelter of his declining years should be the poorhouse and a pauper's grave its close.

'Clearly a difficult point for Government that of dealing with these masses; if indeed it be not rather the sole point and problem of Government, and all other points mere accidental crotchets, superficialities, and beatings of the wind.' So said Carlyle in his survey of the time preceding the French Revolution; and so, lest a worse thing befall us, we cannot do better than consider in time this

great economic question which vitally affects the life and happiness of many thousands of our fellow-citizens.

If the question of old-age pensions is to be solved satisfactorily, it must be approached not as a vote-catcher, but as a serious economic problem demanding the attention of all thinking men and the best thought of our statesmen.

Both political parties in the State take their stand on the same foundation. At the starting-point there is no dispute; all are agreed that the present state of things is unsatisfactory. Royal commissions, committees select and departmental, have reported; and one sad, conclusive fact stands out in all its dark and depressing reality: 'that of the two millions and more who reach the age of sixty-five, more than half are in want through no fault of their own.'

Callous minds hug the belief that this state of matters is fully met by the Poor Law, regardless of the unspeakable torture to the man whose spirit of independence has been like his native air, in having to submit to what he bitterly considers the indignity of parochial relief. Our present Poor Law system is not equal to the necessities of the case.

The last Government had just resolved on another commission to consider our Poor Law administration. But the public mind is irresistibly attracted to some form of old-age pension as providing relief to honest poverty without the brand of pauperism.

Lord Goschen, in the Report on Local Taxation, when President of the Local Government Board in 1870, recommended that franchise disqualification as a consequence of non-payment of poor-rate should be abolished. This was embodied in the Bill of 1871, which did not pass into law; and its abolition, together with the proposed division of local rates between owner and occupier, recommended in the report by Goschen's Select Committee on Local Taxation, have been pressed aside by parliamentary necessity and more or less urgent claims for legislation.

Various attempts have been made by private members on both sides of the House of Commons to formulate schemes of old-age pensions, but it is evident that the question can only be solved by a Government measure. It is, therefore, important to ascertain the views of our leading statesmen on the question. This is more difficult than at first sight appears, for they are careful not to commit themselves unless they see an early prospect of putting thought into action. One statesman, more hasty than his compeers, declared he had a plan 'so simple that any one could understand it.' That is not the general view, and it must be borne in mind that even statesmen cannot legislate too far in advance of public opinion. It is, therefore, to public opinion we must look to supply the motive-power necessary to carry this reform.

The views of the workers have been ascertained through their recognised associations. Trade-unions, co-operative societies, friendly societies, have expressed approval of an old-age pension scheme; while trade opinion has been crystallised by the pronouncement of the national committee of organised labour. The position of the middle classes has been one of sympathetic approval if a workable scheme not too costly in its operation could be devised. We may, therefore, take for granted that public sentiment, as well as parliamentary opinion, is in favour of the principle of an old-age pension scheme. That is the first step towards legislation. The next step is to ascertain: Is the proposal feasible?

Before attempting to answer, let us first glance at what is being done on the continent of Europe. After all, it does seem passing strange that this country of all others, the centre of the world's commerce, should lag behind in providing for the old age of the workers who are maintaining our great commercial supremacy.

In Denmark the law provides that the expenses of provision for old age should be met by the commune or local authority, one-half of the amount expended being refunded by the State. No direct contribution is asked from the recipients, who must, however, be necessitous persons of good character. Receipt of relief does not impose any electoral disabilities.

In Germany there obtains a general system of compulsory insurance against old age and invalidity. An old-age pension is payable on the recipient attaining seventy years of age. It is composed of two parts: a contribution from the State of two pounds ten shillings per annum; the balance is made up of contributions from the employers and employed in equal shares. The amount of the pension depends on the wage-class, of which there are five, which also determines the amount of the weekly contribution. The minimum invalidity-pension for first wage-class is three pounds, plus Government contribution of two pounds ten shillings—total, five pounds ten shillings per annum; ranging up to a minimum of seven pounds ten shillings for Class 5. These amounts are increased according to the number of weeks' contribution to the fund. The old-age pension amounts to five pounds ten shillings per annum, including Government contribution of two pounds ten shillings for Class 1, ranging up to eleven pounds ten shillings per annum for Class 5. The rate of weekly contribution is twelve pfennigs (three-halfpence) for Class 1, increasing in proportion to thirty-six pfennigs (fourpence halfpenny) for Class 5.

Not only do Belgium and Italy also give a lead to Great Britain; our own colonies are far in advance of the mother-country. In New Zealand persons reaching the age of sixty-five whose income does not exceed one pound per week receive a pension of eighteen pounds per annum, roughly seven shillings per week. The Act of Parliament which gives this power has a clause which is worth repetition: 'Whereas, it is equitable that deserving colonists, who during the prime of life have helped to bear the public burdens of the colony by the

payment of taxes, and to open up its resources by their labour and skill, should look to the colony for a pension in their old age.' This strikes one as sound doctrine, the justice of which is as applicable to the old country as to the new.

A not uninteresting sign of the times comes from France. A leading plank in M. Rouvier's platform is old-age pensions. The Government of France at present subsidises the pension-funds of trade and friendly societies, but no general scheme of old-age pensions has yet been adopted.

It may, therefore, be said that there are two possible systems for an old-age pension scheme for this country. If we wish to be guided by the experience of others, we find the one system working in Denmark, where there is no contribution from the recipient, who must be a deserving person of good character; the other system is in operation in Germany, where you have contribution from the recipients augmented by the employer and the State. Where contribution is made a stipulation, you have necessarily limited operation unless a compulsory scheme is enforced.

When there is no contribution asked for, you are face to face with the problem: Is the pension to be limited to persons of good character, who are proved to be necessitous, as in Denmark? A decision must be made as between compulsory insurance and voluntary contribution, or else between compulsory insurance and State aid.

If a system of voluntary contribution is approved, what test are you going to apply? Is it to be 'ability to contribute'? Mr Charles Booth tells us that in the city of London there are half a million of workmen whose average earnings do not exceed ten or fifteen shillings per week. Can these contribute? And yet these form a class for whom an old-age pension is perhaps the most necessary.

Many objections can be urged against a universal pension-scheme. It must be admitted that it seems an intolerable hardship that the wasteful and the thriftless should be a burden on the industrious taxpayer; and yet many who have given much thought to the question realise that a universal scheme is the only satisfactory solution for this country. In that event, more repressive measures on the lines indicated by Sir Robert Anderson would require to be applied to the loafer class.

In any scheme which can be suggested there are administrative difficulties to face. These are not insuperable. Local administration, with perhaps local contributions to ensure care and economy, may be necessary. Administrative difficulties can be overcome. The crux of the whole matter is the question of cost. Mr Chamberlain in June 1903, at the Constitutional Club, speaking of old-age pensions, said: 'I believe that such a system would be of immense advantage to the people. I have earnestly desired to make it successful. Up to the present time I have failed, because it was impossible to see any source from which the money that would be requisite could fairly and justly come.'

Proposals have been made to minimise the burden on the State by subsidising the friendly societies or taking these existing organisations and making them a nucleus of a larger scheme. The attempt was made in France, and has only proved a stopgap; and, as we have seen, legislation on the question is proposed. The provision of old-age pensions is essentially a matter for the State. It means a large additional burden to be borne. In these days of extravagant expenditure and the clamant necessity for retrenchment, it seems hopeless to consider proposals for new expenditure. The departmental committee of 1900 reported that the cost of an old-age pension scheme would, for the first year, be ten and a half millions; fifteen millions a year has been estimated as a reasonable amount. The Royal Commission of 1895 estimated that to provide for a pension of five shillings per week to persons of sixty-five years and over would cost twenty-four millions per annum. They calculated that two millions a year would be saved on the poor-rate, and that one million a year could be obtained from existing endowments devoted to the relief of the aged. This is a large sum.

Do not let us, however, lose our sense of financial perspective. In 1901 the ordinary expenditure of the country increased in one year by nine millions. In the three years 1901 to 1904 the increase amounted to twenty-seven millions.

Our present system of taxation has been put to a severe test in providing for an increase of fifty millions in our ordinary expenditure in ten years. This may help to show that, even with our existing sources of revenue, the provision for old-age pensions is not beyond the dreams of probability. In the first place, we should be justified in calculating on a great reduction in our Poor Law expenditure. In 1903 we expended some fifteen millions in poor relief. Some part of this would be saved and go as a credit to the pension fund.

But it is self-evident that a charge of the magnitude indicated, if put on the State, would necessitate a recasting of the financial arrangements of the nation. That is imperative in any case. The necessity for a readjustment of local taxation is admitted by all who have given the question serious consideration. The present system of subventions from the State to local authorities is wasteful, and an encouragement to local extravagance. Nine and three-quarter millions per annum is raised imperially and paid over to local authorities. The State pays in addition four and a half millions, representing charges transferred from local to Imperial funds. There is thus fourteen million five hundred thousand pounds raised by the State for local purposes, exclusive of the charge for education. In the interests of sound finance, money required for local purposes should, so far as possible, be raised locally.

In dealing effectively with local taxation we will find the funds for old-age pensions. It is now clearly recognised that any well-considered scheme for the reform of local taxation must embrace

proposals for bringing some part of the land under contribution. That some scheme for the taxation of land-values is certain in the near future is pretty well accepted by the two great parties in the State.

A fair and reasonable adjustment as between the Imperial Parliament and the local authorities would be the withdrawal from the local authorities of grants-in-aid other than for educational purposes, the local authorities, in lieu of grants withdrawn, to be given powers to rate land-values for local purposes.

The money now granted to the local authorities would be available for Imperial purposes, and could be applied to meet so far the new pension charges, which would be supplemented by the other funds available for this purpose indicated by the Royal Commission. If thought advisable, the new land-tax could be raised imperially and the proceeds handed over to the local authorities to replace present subventions.

Let us consider how this would work out in Edinburgh, which receives from the Imperial Exchequer fifty-five thousand eight hundred pounds per annum, as follows: Town Council equivalent and residue grant, nineteen thousand six hundred and fifty pounds; Parish Council, fourteen thousand nine hundred and twenty pounds; and to the Town Council in aid of police pay and clothing, twenty-one thousand two hundred and forty pounds—a sum equal to fivepence per pound in rates.

Under the new scheme proposed the whole of the land-value of the city of Edinburgh would be available for taxation. The capital value of land in Edinburgh is approximately thirty million pounds. A rate of a penny per pound on this capital value, or its equivalent on the rental value, would produce one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds per annum. It is calculated that a new rate on the unbuilt-on land alone within the city boundary would produce not less than thirty thousand pounds per annum, which would go far to compensate for the withdrawal of the forty thousand pounds a year received annually by the Town Council from the Imperial Parliament.

In 1904 Edinburgh spent in poor-relief through the Parish Council the large sum of eighty-nine thousand pounds. The number of poor relieved was six thousand five hundred, or, exclusive of dependants, four thousand five hundred. Of the latter number, nine hundred and fifty were sixty-five years of age or over. To give an old-age pension of five shillings per week to those of sixty-five and over would cost twelve thousand three hundred and fifty pounds per annum, which would be less than their present charge on the community; this cannot be much less than fifteen thousand pounds a year. It is rather a curious coincidence that the Government grant-in-aid given to the Parish Council is, as above stated, fourteen thousand nine hundred and twenty pounds.

Whether by some such plan as we have here foreshadowed or by other methods, some attempt will require to be made by Parliament to grapple with the problem. An endeavour must be made to remove the cruel necessity for the aged poor having to knock at the door of the workhouse; an effort likewise to help many thousands on the verge who strenuously, though despondently, struggle on without the aid of poor-relief, not given as a dole but as forming part of an economic system which takes care of the worker to prevent economic waste.

We proceed but slowly on the path of economic evolution. In the old days the conditions of employment showed an utter disregard for the health of the worker. That is now a thing of the past. The change has been economically productive. Provision has been made, although not wholly, against the risk of accident. It is surely not less needful that the old age of the worker should be one of honour, and that he should be rescued from the unutterable misery of a grinding poverty. Its accomplishment would bring about a peaceful revolution in our social life. Instead of sapping independence it would foster thrift. It would act as a stimulus to increased industry. The worker would bend to his daily toil secure in the knowledge that old age had lost to him its greatest terror.

What an opportunity for a statesman! Sir Robert Peel, buffeted and scorned by his party over the repeal of the Corn Laws, consoled himself with the thought that his name would be pronounced with expressions of goodwill by those whose lot it was to labour by the sweat of their brow. Thus will it be for the statesman who, with high courage and true wisdom, places on the statute book this great measure of social reform. It will come as a message of hope to toiling millions of his countrymen, from whom and from their children's children in many a humble home shall arise a glad cry of thankfulness. His name shall be writ large on the page of a nation's history.

THE GENIUS.

By one keen soul alone discerned,
  Gleamed in the certitudes afar
A joy for which the ages yearned,
  Remote and radiant as a star.

This giant lover of his kind,
  Who fronted with calm brow the night
In lone and bitter life, designed
  To clothe the ages with its might.

Cold in his meagre tenement,
  Invincible to doubts and fears,
A captive to his great intent
  He struggled up the steep of years

To chilling heights of bleak renown,
  Beyond the challenge of defeat,
And tossed the healing rapture down
  To passers in the heedless street.

GEORGE BENSON HEWETSON.

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THE HANDY-MAN AND THE EMPEROR.

A TRUE STORY OF THE NAPOLEONIC WAR.

By Commander the Hon. HENRY N. SHORE, R.N., Author of *Smuggling Days and Smuggling Ways.*

GIVET! What a mine of sad memories lies buried and forgotten in that old-world spot! And what a train of painful associations does the name conjure up! In truth, there was a time when the very mention of it in the villages along our southern shore would have provoked a passionate outburst. And what wonder, for was not the name associated with the sufferings—ay, and too often the loss—of fathers, sons, and brothers; of those who were nearest and dearest to the dwellers in these storm-swept havens? And was not this sufficient to excite feelings of fierce and unreasoning animosity against the author of so much misery: the tyrant of Europe and his helpless tools, the French people? It was to the fortress of Givet that hundreds of our unfortunate fellow-countrymen were consigned by Napoleon during the war, to drag out a long and wretched confinement, from which death itself was welcomed as a relief. And it was the remembrance of the cruel wrongs suffered by our prisoners in France that kept alive in British hearts a detestation of Napoleon long after the close of the war and its moving spirit had been safely caged in St Helena.

These reflections were suggested by an interesting link with the past which the present writer chanced on some years ago, while holding a coastguard appointment on the Cornish coast, in the shape of a small book which its owner, an aged resident in Mevagissey, had carefully treasured for a great number of years, and which bore on its flyleaf, in copy-book hand, the following pathetic legend:

JAMES BLAMEY
his Book, August 2, 1810. In Givet Prison, France.
List of Persons who died in Givet Prison between
Jan. 1, 1804, and Jan. 7, 1812.

The death-roll, containing no fewer than two hundred and fifty names, comprises two midshipmen who, while attempting to escape, met their death under circumstances of peculiar barbarity. There is also a tabular statement of moneys received by each individual within the period above named. And, although the author makes no mention of the source whence these welcome contributions were derived, there can be no doubt that they represent a portion of the subscriptions collected at home for the relief of prisoners in France, and transmitted, with the sanction of the French authorities, to the several depôts wherein these unfortunates were interned. As time went on the French Government, finding that the amelioration thus wrought in the prisoners' lot had the effect of checking desertions to the French service, forbade any further transmission of funds.

Of the author we are told nothing beyond a notation to the effect that he was captured in H.M.S. *Pickle's* boat, 3rd September 1803, and sent to Givet Prison, in France.

From the 'ancients' of Mevagissey, who in years long gone by were wont to listen to the tale of their townsmen's sufferings, the following additional facts have been elicited, however. James Blamey was a Mevagissey fisherman; he was impressed out of his boat, off the Deadman Head, by H.M.S. *Pickle*, which instantly sailed for the French coast. One night, when cruising near Brest, he was ordered into one of the boats, which proceeded to the shore, their object being evidently to act as spies in that locality. The lieutenant and two of the crew having landed, Blamey and another were left with orders to lie off the beach. Presently, being hailed in English by one of their own countrymen as they supposed, they landed, and were at once made prisoners. For over two years they lay in prison at Brest, under the most wretched conditions, till their clothes had rotted from off them. Finally, Blamey was removed to Givet, where the accommodation was better; and on regaining his freedom—whether at the end of the war or sooner

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is uncertain—he took up his balance of pay, which the Government handed to him in full. Of the fate of his companions, however, Blamey could discover nothing; he supposed they were shot as spies.

One cannot help regretting that Blamey never deigned to lift the veil from his prison experiences, for that he was a man of some education is evident from his suggestive little book; and that he communicated with his friends at home may be assumed from the carefully cherished letters of other prisoners still extant, which throw an interesting side-light on the conditions of life at the depôts. But although the present writer has been privileged to peruse several of these 'human documents,' he has failed to discover any of Blamey's literary remains beyond the book afore mentioned.

What intensifies our regret at the omission is the circumstance that our author must have witnessed, even if he did not take part in, one of the most remarkable events in the history of the English prisoners in France—an event which not only enhanced the reputation but greatly redounded to the honour of British seamen.

The circumstances attending this unique episode are so entirely unknown, even to well-informed students of the war, that a somewhat detailed account of the affair will, it is believed, be welcomed. But first let us locate Givet, for the town is not what can be fairly described as a tourist-haunted spot. This once-famed fortress is on the river Meuse, in the north-east corner of France, near the scene of one of the most dramatic incidents of the Franco-German war: the surrender of the Emperor Napoleon III. with his army to the king of Prussia at Sedan.

Givet was one of the first fortresses assigned for the internment of British prisoners in 1803, and became one of the chief depôts throughout the war. It was to Givet that, as readers of *Peter Simple* will remember, the hero of the story was conducted with his friend O'Brien, after parting with the 'spalpeen' of the *Snapper;* and from whence, after many exciting adventures, they both succeeded in making their escape.

Once only does the searchlight of history turn its rays on to this gloomy abode, and throw into relief the figures of its occupants. And the occasion was a memorable one, for it was the first and only occasion on which the Emperor Napoleon, while still in the heyday of his career, found himself *vis à vis* with a body of British seamen, representatives of that phantom fleet—ever present, yet never seen—which stood between him and universal dominion.

It happened in this wise. Early in 1811 Givet was thrown into a turmoil of excitement by the announcement that the Emperor, who was returning from a tour in Holland, had announced his intention of visiting the place. All the authorities, civil and military, of the department were ordered to assemble to receive the great man on his arrival; and after they had been kept waiting for several days, notice of his approach was at last brought by a courier. The day had been miserable, the rain incessant, and the black mud was ankle-deep. Yet had the procession of notables to wade through it all in full dress for nearly a mile with no better protection for their feet than silk stockings and dress-shoes; 'the Mayor,' says an eye-witness, 'repeating to himself a speech which he had prepared for the occasion of presenting the keys of the town to the Emperor.'

At length, late in the evening, the cortège drew near. There was just sufficient light to distinguish the august company, and the Mayor announced who they were and what was their purpose. But the Emperor passed on without even deigning to notice them, and some hours later sent word from the house where he had taken up his abode that he would see no one except the director of fortifications, and that it was his intention to leave at seven the following morning.

'*L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose.*' Napoleon might issue his commands, but he could not control the elements; and during the night his plans were upset by an unforeseen occurrence.

The Meuse cuts the town of Givet in two. The Greater and Lesser Givet were then connected by means of a temporary bridge of boats, which could easily be removed. Owing to continuous and heavy rain, apprehensions had been felt as to the safety of the bridge; and as a new one was in course of construction, the engineer superintending the work was summoned. On being asked by Caulaincourt if there was any fear of the bridge being interrupted during the night, he replied, 'No.' 'Will you answer for it?' 'I will,' was the further reply. The river continued to rise with alarming rapidity, and the inspector, fearing the consequences, repaired to the hotel where Caulaincourt lodged. The great man had gone to bed, and the inspector was referred to his valet. This officer, being of good family, replied indignantly, '*Je ne vois pas les valets,*' and returned to the river-side. The water was raging, and at three o'clock in the morning the bridge went down. Caulaincourt, on being informed, flew into so violent a rage that he struck the inspector. A consultation was immediately held, but no means could be devised for reinstating the bridge. Moreover, all the people accustomed to its management had gone to bed, utterly worn out with their exertions, and sleeping none the less soundly for having been engaged the previous evening in celebrating the Emperor's arrival in the cabarets. In this dilemma the director of fortifications was sent for. 'You will do nothing,' said he, 'unless you send to the barracks for some of the English prisoners.' Caulaincourt was astonished. 'Will you swear for them?' 'With my head,' replied the director. 'And our honest fellows fully answered to his confidence,' says an eye-witness. Thirty of the most reliable seamen were immediately selected and set to work,

and, in the sequel, accomplished what the French experts had pronounced impossible.

This unique episode, so gratifying to the *amour propre* of the British interned at Givet, was witnessed by an English clergyman, who, fortunately for posterity, committed his impressions of the affair to writing; and from his narrative I shall quote the most interesting passages.

'The windows of my lodging,' says our author, 'commanded a view of the bridge, and on my first looking out in the morning I was extremely surprised to see a number of our men at work upon the river. They really had the appearance of amphibious animals in shape, and with an extraordinary share of the intelligence of men; some working up to their necks in water, others skimming in little light boats against the rapid current as if they were going with the stream; at one time swimming to a place which they could not otherwise reach, at another diving to a vast depth to carry on their work. I immediately sent out my servant with some brandy, and gave each of them a little to prevent them from taking cold; and, as I thought it very probable that they might obtain their liberty, I allowed him to go and help. Many men who had permission to live out in the town did the same.'

The sketch of the Emperor that follows is so interesting that I give it verbatim: 'In the morning, when he found his departure prevented, he was absolutely furious; but he soon began to cool, and returned to bed. After breakfast he sent for all the authorities, and was affable and familiar in the extreme. Finding it impossible to get near the door of the house for the crowd, we placed ourselves before the window. Here a great number of persons were collected to get a sight of Napoleon, who came from time to time to the window, looking with astonishment at the activity and exertions of the sailors, and sometimes turning his glass down upon the persons under the window, where some of the first noblemen in that neighbourhood were waiting, humbly seeking to catch a look from him that they might present to him their different petitions, and of whom he took no more notice than if they had been dogs. As I saw him in the window, and narrowly observed his actions and his countenance, I could not help thinking that I saw something like apprehension. He showed, however, an astonishing presence of mind, and every one who approached him was in admiration and delight. I never in my life saw a man capable, in an instant, of such a change of countenance. At one moment he would seem to look through a person with knit brows and a fierceness so terrible as scarcely to appear human. The next moment his countenance would light up and exhibit an appearance of sprightliness and good humour which is rarely seen in man.

'On leaving the Palais,' continues our eye-witness, 'Napoleon went down to the river, and here a very interesting scene was offered to our view, and one which exhibited in a strong and gratifying point of view the character of the British sailor. The English were still working at the bridge, which they had nearly finished. He began to talk with one of them, through Mortier, who was standing with him; and they all came round him. And now, any one of these men, who would have gone up to a cannon's mouth to destroy this enemy in battle, might with one push have sent him to the bottom of the Meuse, to rise no more. With good reason they might have said of him that he "made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof, and opened not the house of his prisoners." Yet, far from having any evil thoughts towards him, when he confided in their good faith they were a sort of *garde d'honneur* to him as he passed the river. And so great was the confidence he had in them that he would have no one else about him; and there was not a single Frenchman allowed to be upon the flying bridge which they had constructed to bring him over.'

The course of the war scarcely afforded a more striking episode than the one thus briefly outlined. Here was the tyrant of Europe escorted across the bridge by a guard composed of men whom he had deeply wronged by refusing to ratify the customary exchange of prisoners, and for whose cruel treatment he was responsible. And yet, keenly as his conscience must have smote him, so strong was his trust in these simple fellows that he crossed the river unattended by any, even the most exalted, member of his staff. Many incidents of less dramatic effect have formed the subject of a great historical picture. Is there no British artist equal to the task of immortalising this event on canvas?

The episode seems to have left an indelible impression on the Emperor. Many years after, when a prisoner on the rock of St Helena, he described the incident to his British physician. 'When I was returning from Holland,' he said, 'along with the Empress Marie Louise, we stopped to rest at Givet. During the night a violent storm of wind and rain came on, which swelled the Meuse so much that the bridge of boats over it was carried away. I was very anxious to depart, and ordered all the boatmen of the place to be assembled that I might be enabled to cross. They said the waters were too high; that it would be impossible to pass for two or three days. I questioned some of them, and soon discovered that they were fresh-water seamen. I then recollected that there were some English prisoners in the place, and ordered that some of the oldest and best seamen among them should be brought before me to the banks of the river. The water was very high, and the current rapid and dangerous. I asked them if they could join a number of boats so that I might pass over. They answered that it was possible, but hazardous. I desired them to set about it instantly. In the course of a few hours they succeeded in effecting what the other imbeciles had pronounced impossible, and I crossed before the evening was over. I ordered those who had worked at it to receive a

sum of money each, a suit of clothes, and their liberty.'

With characteristic egotism, Napoleon in his own version of the affair took all the credit to himself of having hit on the idea of employing English prisoners. We may, however, safely accept the Rev. R. Wolfe's statement, seeing that he was on terms of the closest intimacy with Baron Flayelle, the director of fortifications, whose friendly feelings towards the prisoners of war was manifested on many occasions. In view, however, of Napoleon's notorious trick of falsifying reports, it is pleasant to be able to record at least one instance of approximation to truth.

The rest is soon told. Napoleon, pleased with the efforts of the men, showed a good spirit. 'He was most liberal in his kindness,' says Mr Wolfe, and, before leaving, gave orders that all who had worked at the bridge should have their liberty. The task of making out the list of men entitled to this privilege was entrusted to the chronicler of these events, who tells us that every one wanted to be included, many giving in their names who had little or nothing to do with the exploit. The Duke of Treviso, who had been entrusted by the Emperor with the execution of his commands, was most considerate, however; and notwithstanding that the list already exceeded fifty names, 'he even permitted another to be added after the list had been handed in.'

The sequel was creditable neither to the Emperor nor to those who were responsible for carrying out his orders. For when the passports arrived, only twelve of the men had their liberty! 'My passport, also,' says Mr Wolfe, 'was only for a parole of three months instead of my liberty, which had been promised me,' a breach of faith the more inexcusable in view of Mr Wolfe's vocation—a clergyman of the Church of England—and his unfortunate situation as a *détenu*, one of those numerous non-combatants whom Napoleon, in contravention of the laws of nations and all the rules of civilised warfare, had caused to be arrested on the resumption of hostilities in 1803.

The men were rigged out handsomely in sailors' clothes, money was given them for the journey, and the fortunate fellows were soon on the road. Two more subsequently obtained their release through the efforts of the kind Duke of Treviso, bringing up the total to fourteen. What afterwards became of these favoured ones history recordeth not; it has not even deigned to preserve their names.

Was James Blamey amongst the lucky ones? Who knows? One circumstance seems to favour the conjecture—the abrupt ending of 'his book' shortly after the events above described.

A STORMY MORNING.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IT was a beautiful sight: the great trees, the velvet lawns; the placid lake with the boats and the quaintly garbed royal watermen, their scarlet coats making rich colour among the greenery and reflecting in the shadows of the lake; the brilliantly dressed, kaleidoscopic crowd; and there was over it all the atmosphere that always pervades the entertainments at Buckingham Palace. Let the discontented yelp and snarl ever so loudly, the fact remains that there is something of dignity and distinction and quiet restraint that makes itself felt.

Lady Fitzhugh and Betty strolled about, meeting many friends and enjoying the scene. They wandered down to the lake as a lady and gentleman stepped out of one of the boats: Jack Fitzhugh and Mrs Foggo.

Lady Fitzhugh made a movement as though to escape; but it was too late. She had carefully avoided the introduction all through the season, and Betty felt something like a shiver of dislike and fear come over her as she stood face to face with the beautiful woman who was working her brother such cruel harm. Perfect innocence seemed to have found its home in the rather wide-set liquid eyes and on the round child's mouth, and, as Mr Silvertop had remarked of her, she was looking as though the picking of daisies must be her favourite pursuit.

'Mother, may I introduce Mrs Foggo?' said the boy, a note of haughty irritation in his voice. He had seen the intention to escape, and feared Mrs Foggo also might have seen it.

The usual insincerities passed. Lady Fitzhugh was a lover of beauty, and was almost mollified; but Betty, with the keen, uncompromising judgment of youth, read the other woman like a book; and Mrs Foggo saw at a glance that Miss Fitzhugh was her enemy, and not to be hoodwinked by any of the arts of which she was past-mistress. She did not care for young Fitzhugh. It was not in her to care for any one; but she enjoyed the admiration of men, and led them on, rousing their passions, tempting them beyond endurance by her marvellous beauty, and then she turned on them. The excitement of such episodes was as the breath of her nostrils. Young Fitzhugh had given her some trouble; but she calculated that a visit to Dunscaith would bring about one of the climaxes that she enjoyed, and to Dunscaith she meant to go.

She was really infinitely worse and worked more deadly harm than the poor painted women who sold themselves nightly for gold, and from contact with whom in the lobby of theatre or fashionable music-hall she would withdraw her skirts. They,

poor creatures, often reaped where she and such as she had sown, and if they killed the body, she assuredly killed the soul, which is the greater evil.

She secretly scorned Betty's obvious dislike and any influence that she might have over her brother. 'Bah! I know all about sisters. They soon go to the wall,' she said to herself.

Betty stopped to speak to some girls she knew, and went in to tea with their brother; Jack, his mother, and Mrs Foggo strolling slowly to some chairs under the trees close by.

'Well, that is settled,' said Jack as he rose from his seat when Betty rejoined them; Mrs Foggo rising also.

'So kind,' she murmured as she took Lady Fitzhugh's limp hand. 'My husband so enjoys the west coast, and I have never seen it. I must go and tell him of your kind invitation.'

With a little nod to Betty, she and young Fitzhugh moved off together, and soon were lost in the crowd.

'What invitation?' said Betty, aghast. 'What does she mean?'

'My dear, I could not help it. They got me in a corner; and, after all, your brother is at liberty to ask whom he likes to Dunscaith. Remember how nearly he is of age. I shall arrange that they don't stay long: a date to a date. We must make up some parties for the autumn. It is useless to kick against these things; it does more harm than good. Don't look so black, Betty. The woman is all right, or she would not be here. Her husband goes everywhere with her.'

'How ill Jack looks!' said Betty irrelevantly.

'Yes, I do not think he looks well,' said Lady Fitzhugh. 'We must try and get him out of London if we can. Oh, how powerless one is! Let us go home. There is Mr Silvertop bearing down upon us, and I am not in the mood for his *chroniques scandaleuses*. I only hope he may not add to his repertoire out of the doings of our family,' she muttered to herself.—'How do you do, Mr Silvertop? I am so tired; so many balls lately, you know. I am going home. Charming sight, isn't it?'

'Yes, ain't it a rippin' show?' said Mr Silvertop. 'Can't I get you anything? No? Well, good-bye, then, or rather *au revoir*. I must go and ask the Duchess after poor Babby, wounded, but not seriously. Oh, this war!' and he raised his tightly gloved, fat hands in the attitude adopted by Johnnie when he was made to beg.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

We noticed among the smart crowd taking their places in the "Flying Scotsman," to join in the campaign against grouse and red-deer, the charming American heiress Miss Contango, whose début in London society this season has caused such a sensation. Her fairy-like carriage, drawn by four perfect zebras, will be well known to all. With her were the lovely Mrs Foggo and her husband, who is a noted shot. The interesting and historical seat of Lord Fitzhugh on the west coast of Scotland, which descended to his family by an alliance in the Middle Ages with the ancient family of MacDiarmid, was their destination. Mrs Foggo and Miss Contango had both adopted the latest mode,' &c.

'Questioned the lady's-maid, I suppose,' said Mr Silvertop, flinging the paper aside. 'How can we read such impertinent trash? "The lovely Mrs Foggo" indeed! So all my warnings to her ladyship have been disregarded, and *la belle* Foggo is to be allowed to finish her game. I should rather like to go up there and see it out; but, heigh-ho! Toppy, my boy, we are not as young as we were, and we don't admire dogging after grouse as we did once upon a time. We think a little Marienbad and the comfortable pheasant and hot lunches in nice warm lodges more to our taste now than sandwiches and whisky on a hillside, with the gentle gale blowing in our teeth, and a nose-grinder up the hill to follow. There is a time for all things, dear boy.'

He dabbed a little powder on his nose, which was not at its best in the morning, divested his rather portly form of its silken dressing-gown, attiring himself in tender grays, and made his way down the shady side of the street to his club.

He met a good many acquaintances. 'H'm!' he said, 'not quite the shootin'-coat and pot-hat season yet, it seems. London sticks on a longer bit at each end every year. I wonder if they will ever meet. Happy day that will be; but I fear, Toppy, you won't see it. Now for something light and airy for lunch. A mayonnaise, I think, and hock or cider-cup. Marienbad is in the offing, so hang consequences!' And he turned into his luxurious club.

The Foggos had arrived at Dunscaith in due course. The Frasers had been asked for the same week, at Betty's instance; and Miss Contango, whom she very much liked, and who 'just loved Betty,' she said; also some men of the genus 'gun,' who reckoned up the amount of enjoyment they had extracted from the year, or rather the shooting year (nothing else counted, excepting as 'rotting'), by the number of cartridges shot away.

Mrs Foggo was distinctly bored. She hated Scotland in her heart of hearts. She only went there because there men do congregate—'the best men,' she called them. She loved large, dim English country-houses, gardens and shady trees, hammocks and long chairs, where the evening paper came in with the tea; retired backwaters, moonlight, and heavy-scented flowers.

She fully concurred in the opinion of Prosper Mérimée's Frenchman, who was dragged up a hill on a Sunday afternoon by an athletic hostess to have a view: '*Aimez vous les beautés de la nature, madame?*' mopping his streaming brow. '*Pour moi, je les abhorre!*' ('Do you admire the beauties of nature, madam? For me, I abhor them!')

She also abhorred scenery, walking, and fresh-

air. To crown her disgust, for once in her misspent life she had reckoned without her host. She had never counted on young Fitzhugh's rigid sense of the laws of hospitality, which would deter him from making love to his neighbour's wife while she and her husband were under his roof. She had tried every lure, stooped to every trick of a wanton, but in vain. The boy stood firm; but the strain was telling on his whole nature. He had begun to long for the day of her departure.

One lovely day they were all seated by a little noisy burn hurrying down to the sea close by, eating their lunch with much gusto. Betty, Mrs Foggo, and Miss Contango had driven out to meet the men and bring them their luncheon.

'I am dead-beat,' said Jack, tossing his cap on the ground, and declining food, but drinking deeply of icy water-and-whisky. 'It has been so blazing hot, and that last was a stiff bit of ground.—Wasn't it, Fraser?'

'It was; but it should not mean anything to your long shanks, old chap.—Have you ever seen a grouse shot, Miss Contango?'

'Not I, and don't want to, poor, pretty, brown things!—Will you give me a wing for my hat, Lord Fitzhugh? I will have a hat made on purpose to suit it,' said the young lady.

'Certainly,' said Jack. 'It is rather refreshing to find a lady who does not like seeing things killed, though.'

'But I am sure Miss Fitzhugh shoots, she seems to know such a lot about it,' said Mrs Foggo.

'Yes, she shoots, and uncommon well, too; but at a mark.—Let us see you knock the cork out of that bottle, Betty. Here is the rifle; I brought it in case of roe.'

The girl took it up listlessly. She hated exhibitions. She looked down the barrel and put up the sight.

Jack threw the bottle far into the sea, where it bobbed up and down inanely. A sharp crack of the rifle, and off flew the neck with the cork. She laid the weapon aside.

'I, on the contrary, love shooting live things,' said Mrs Foggo. 'Give me the rifle and I will pick that old gull off the rock.'

She fired, missing clean. The gull sat still on his rock in the sunshine.

A not very distant but loud guffaw was heard proceeding from Foggo's valet and loader, who hated her, promptly suppressed by the horrified and well-bred Highland keepers.

A pink spot came into each of Mrs Foggo's cheeks, and there was an ugly glitter in her eye. She laughed affectedly, and fell to teasing Johnnie.

Johnnie was the most amiable of little dogs, and bore it without a murmur for a long time. Bones were offered him and snatched away, and he only licked his lips and looked surprised, sitting very tight, with cocked ears and his head on one side.

At length Mrs Foggo caught hold of his tail and gave it a cruel twist. The little dog cried, and poked his nose against her hand, which she withdrew suddenly.

'Oh, the nasty little beast has bitten me!'

Jack started to his feet. 'He shall be shot if he has,' he said savagely.

'Jack!' said Betty, her eyes blazing.

There was a sort of growl from all the men.

Colonel Fraser suddenly seized Mrs Foggo's wrist.

'Let me look,' he said. 'I am a nailer at wounds, and my little woman always sends me out with a kind of housewife full of aids to the wounded.'

'Yes, Fraser, patch it up,' said George Foggo, removing his pipe, with a sardonic grin. 'It may require stitching.'

Colonel Fraser drew off the thick deerskin glove. His grasp on her wrist was firm, and there was something in his look that told he meant to have his way. The soft, white, velvet hand with the rosy palm was thoroughly examined, and no flaw or scratch could be discovered to mar its perfect beauty.

'More frightened than hurt, I fancy,' he said dryly. 'Johnnie is certainly a most alarming dog;' and he tossed her hand into her lap rather contemptuously. She bit her lips savagely. For once she felt that all were against her, even the men, and that her beauty counted for naught.

'I am sure dear little Johnnie is always a gentleman,' said Miss Contango in her high, clear voice. 'He was tried pretty high, too. I was just wondering how much more teasing he would stand, sweet darling;' and she turned her back on the fair lady.

'If you will excuse me, Mrs Foggo,' said Betty coldly, 'I will walk home with my dangerous dog.'

'And I will come with you,' said Miss Contango.

'Will you come with us, Mrs Foggo,' said Fitzhugh, 'and take a little turn? The cart will wait at the cross-roads; we can see it all the time. It is too far for you to walk home,' apologetically.

She agreed with alacrity.

'What a bore!' said Colonel Fraser to his beard. 'There will be an end of the day's sport, and the best of the afternoon. We shall only be allowed to range on the flat. I hate that woman. I think she is a real bad un, and she is playing old Harry with that nice, dear boy.'

That evening two little scenes were enacted in old Dunscaith. Betty had gone to her room, shaking off Miss Contango with difficulty. She felt she must have one hour's quiet in order to pull herself together and treat Mrs Foggo with civility. She drew her chair to the window, and Johnnie flew on to her lap.

The sky was all gold and rose, the rooks circled and cawed, and a blackbird chattered in the laurels. It was a scene of perfect peace and beauty.

Slow tears welled up in her eyes and rolled unheeded down her cheeks, splashing on Johnnie's head.

The door opened and her brother came in.

'I was a brute, Betty,' he said; 'forgive me! I don't know what has come over me, I feel so irri-

table and seedy. Don't cry, old girl. You know I would not have touched Johnnie.'

'I don't know, indeed,' she said, a sob in her throat. 'My poor, gentle little doggie; but you should have shot me first;' and the tears flowed on.

Jack looked miserably out of the window, and his lips quivered.

'Perhaps you had better not bring him out to lunch again,' he said in a low voice.

'Certainly not, while she is here, hateful creature!' said the girl. 'You had better go, dear. I must bathe my eyes.'

He stooped and kissed her bent head and left the room.

The fair Mrs Foggo was seated at her dressing-table. Her maid was trying a new mode of coiffure. A rap at the door, and a look of haughty surprise as her husband entered.

'You can go,' he said to the maid. 'I wish to speak to your mistress.'

Mrs Foggo drew her brows together, tapping the dressing-table irritably with her paper-knife, and playing with the leaves of the French novel she was reading.

'I find that the air of Dunscaith does not suit me,' said George Foggo. 'I have consequently found a telegram awaiting me on my return from shooting which will necessitate our leaving here to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, so as to catch the Perth train.'

Mrs Foggo demurred.

'We shall leave to-morrow morning precisely at ten o'clock,' he repeated, as though he had not heard her note of dissent.

Mrs Foggo knew that any objection on her part would be waved aside when her husband had decided on any step. Her maid and luggage had been obliged to follow her ere now when Abigail's packing powers were under the mark.

'I am sure I don't care,' she said. 'I am bored to death here. I hate the place and the people, particularly that detestable girl.'

'Ah!' said Foggo. 'Miss Fitzhugh? I dare say. She is remarkably handsome, and so charming and clever. So young, too. Only her second season, I fancy;' and he smiled.

'If you have finished giving me your orders, perhaps you will relieve me of your presence and allow me to dress for dinner,' she said acidly.

'Delighted as always to obey your commands,' he said, and left the room.

The scene with the little dog had filled him with anger and infinite disgust. He had conceived a great admiration and regard for Betty, and had an honest liking for young Fitzhugh. He did not usually interfere with his wife's diversions, finding a cynical amusement in watching her inflict the pain on others of which his own cup had been so full; but this was different, somehow, and he determined to end it. So, to the intense relief of his hosts, that evening the oft-told tale of the telegram was told, and the Foggos departed precisely at ten next morning.

(To be continued.)

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN AN OPEN BOAT.

By Captain PETER JOHANSEN.

PART I.



WHEN I determined to cross the Atlantic in a small open boat it was not because there was a wager to be won, not that I sought notoriety, and not that I desired to die sensationally. A great many landsmen, who should know rather less about navigation than I ought to know, have argued at considerable length that the thing was a great gamble, with enormous odds against me. But I felt confident. I knew the route well, I had been at sea forty-five years, and I had reason to expect favourable weather and currents. I took all possible precautions to ensure my arrival at Punta Gorda; and no sailor, naval or mercantile, has told me the performance was carelessly undertaken. Many people have been most emphatic in declaring that I have no logical claim to be alive. But the important fact is that I am alive in spite of arm-chair logic. The most pessimistic critic of the trip was a Gibraltar doctor, who diagnosed the circumstances as though he were dealing with a fever. To use the familiar term, he 'gave me up' before I started. No doubt I lacerated his professional pride by failing to drown, and I have rudely omitted to send him an apology.

If proof is wanted that my trip was not performed for notoriety's sake, may I say that although invitations to write my narrative have come nearer swamping me than the waves of the Atlantic ever did, this is the first time I have myself written a word for publication. Many American papers printed yarns which astonished me more than the rest of the world when I heard of their florid embroidery. The more enterprising published photographs of me and my boat, though the photographers had seen neither.

My boat was named the *Lotta*. She took me and my son from Gibraltar to Charlotte Harbour, Florida, in fifty-nine days. She was built in Japan, to be sailed in a harbour in Florida. She was cutter-rigged, twenty-nine and a half feet long, seven and a half broad, and four and a half deep.

I had arrived at Yokohama, commanding the British ship *Senator*, which had been knocked about severely by a cyclone. In connection with her repair I inspected the yard of the Yokohama Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, and was

attracted by the deftness of the boatbuilders—all Japanese. I knew I should need a boat when I went to live in Florida—I had planned a rest from sea-going—and I so much liked the neat, light, and strong work these men did that I designed a boat and gave the firm the order.

She was hoisted aboard the *Senator*, we sailed for and arrived at Royal Roads, B.C., and with a cargo of salmon from the Fraser River left for Liverpool. Three hundred miles south of the Azores we fell in with a Norwegian derelict ship, the *Superb*. While the *Senator* resumed her passage to Liverpool, my mate and five of the crew were sailing the salved *Superb* to Gibraltar.

I was in Liverpool when her arrival was reported. As I had found that to ship the *Lotta* to Florida as cargo would be expensive and troublesome, and I had to go to Gibraltar about the salvage of the *Superb*, I decided to take the *Lotta* with me on a Mediterranean steamer and attempt to cross the Atlantic in her.

At Gibraltar I tried to keep my plan quiet. I dislike demonstrations and personal advertising. But, somehow, it became known. As a sailor, I hate leaks, whether they are of private schemes or ships' hulls; and I was annoyed, because to me it seemed desirable that I should slip away undisturbed by criticism, to which I am as sensitive as most men. The very thing happened that I dreaded. Prophets of evil swooped down upon me and thrust dismal predictions into my ears. I had not asked for their theories, and it was hard luck to be the target of remarks fired with the extra emphasis that often accompanies ignorance. In theory, I should not have heeded them. The prophets settled in such a cocksure way that I should surely die, that in reality I was almost irritated and almost depressed by their croaking.

Happily, there were others, bright women and frank men, who did not try to teach me all about navigation, and who were content with offering me kind wishes. Among them were a lady and a gentleman plainly eager for my success; and the brotherly deeds and demeanour of the latter—Captain Barnes Lawrence, R.N., the captain of the port—went straight to my heart, and gave me inspiration and encouragement just when I needed them. I was very grateful, and have never forgotten or undervalued their unaffected interest in my preparations.

From Liverpool we brought provisions for two persons for seventy days, chiefly tinned meat, fruit, and cocoa, as well as all the needed outfit and personal effects. When I had finished with the rescued derelict, we rigged and ballasted the *Lotta*, and had a trial spin in the harbour. I found her 'crank;' that is, she had not enough stability to ensure her safety under a pressure of sail in a seaway. At Yokohama she was fitted with a movable fin, ten feet long and twelve inches deep, fastened to her keel with bolts and nuts. Now we had to take off this fin and bolt to the keel a leaden keel weighing six hundred and seventy-five pounds. The fin was placed beneath the leaden keel, and fastened through and through with brass bolts and nuts. After adding fruit, wine, medical necessaries, and ninety gallons of fresh water to our stores, we had a last stability-trial in the harbour, which was satisfactory. We obtained our clean bill of health from the American consul, and a clearance certificate from the authorities, and quietly left Gibraltar at 10 A.M. on 20th August 1900. Captain Barnes Lawrence, in his steam-launch, led the way to the harbour boundary, and gave us three hearty cheers as a send-off.

Now the *Lotta*, an open boat, twenty-nine and a half feet long, had started on her adventure. There were five thousand miles to be sailed, Captain Peter Johansen being in command, with a crew of one boy, his son, twelve years old. The skipper was confident, but none the less cautious. For the first nine days and nights I did not lie down once to sleep or to rest. But I must not get ahead of the *Lotta*. She is, so far in my narrative, only just out of Gibraltar. Outside the harbour a huge shark forced his ugly company upon us. Thus, though we had left our friends, there was still some one immediately interested in our fortune. We did not like the fellow. He hung about the boat all day, a few yards off, now and again showing impatience at the delay in the meal he had promised himself. We heartily hated the ominous monster. I thought his eagerness in very bad taste.

Leaving Gibraltar, we had fine weather, with a fresh easterly wind blowing at times in strong gusts from the hills, necessitating a second reef in the mainsail. Getting fairly into the Strait, we plunged into a choppy sea, with frequent swirls of tide-rips which looked like seething cauldrons, caused by the current running in a direction opposite to the wind. Already we had to steer with some ingenuity to save our little boat from swamping. Hard labour began at once. We shipped large quantities of water, and had to bail smartly and for long spells. It was heavy work, not more cheerful because, whenever we looked up to unbend our stiffened necks, there was that confounded hungry shark following us at an equable pace, looking at us sardonically, it seemed, and wagging his tail with greater impatience as the day went on. We increasingly resented the sinister antics of the voracious blackguard, and had no comfort from his alertness. The passage of the Strait of Gibraltar was a somewhat rough introduction to an ocean voyage for a non-decked boat. It had the effect of thoroughly arousing our energies, and put me on my mettle for any emergency.

At the beginning my son was very sea-sick, and naturally could help little in the management of the boat. I therefore did the steering myself. But the water that was pouring continuously into the boat had to be shifted promptly if we were to float right side up, and my son managed to bail despite his sickness.

If on all the fifty-nine days which the voyage occupied we had eaten as little as on that first day, the crew of the *Lotta* would have stepped on

the American shore with only their bones left to tell the tale. We had neither dinner, tea, nor supper. The sharp ocean wind may have given us appetites. If it did, we did not trouble them. We had enough to think about in managing the boat, and could only snap an occasional grape. We cleared the Strait, and I let the *Lotta* go under easy sail on a general south-west course, while my son made himself as comfortable as possible, and lay down to sleep. I stayed at the wheel still.

Towards morning the wind fell and we had fog for a change. About 4 A.M. a large, full-rigged ship passed close to us, bound north. I had to call my son to hang out the side-light and to keep it visible until we passed her, our usual method of averting a collision during the trip. Then for the first time the skipper and the crew tried their hands at cooking. We possessed a spirit-lamp and two gallons of methylated spirits. We had cocoa and biscuits—a plain breakfast; but the cocoa was the most delicious drink we had ever tasted, and the breakfast made us feel more like kings than kings could ever feel.

And what marvellous beauty of sea and sky that sunrise revealed! The fog swept back like a curtain. It was not the world we dwelt in yesterday. No land, no chop on the waters, and genial warmth after nipping cold; and no shark impertinently glaring at us as a meal which an obliging sea might tip into his jaws at any moment. This was a good omen. We forgot our troubles, and became as sunny as the sky and as happy as the waves that danced with golden spangles all about them.

We kept on our general south-west course. By observations at noon I found we had sailed one hundred miles since leaving Gibraltar. We each had for dinner two ounces of preserved meat, half a pint of hot cocoa, biscuits *ad lib.*, and a little fruit. My son had not quite recovered from sea-sickness. He lay in the bottom of the boat, on the starboard side of which a berth had been improvised under the first thwart from the stern, protected by a canvas screen. The berth was arranged on a novel plan. The occupant's feet were close to the feet of the man at the helm. When it was necessary to wake the sleeper, one kicked. The pressure of the kick varied with the urgency of the occasion. Again, the sleeper would be aroused by the rude intrusion of the crest of a wave; over the gunwale it would leap and drench him. The effect was exactly that of a powerful electrical shock.

With the huge inverted bowl of sky and the eternally restless ocean stretching immensely about our modest craft, we had constant and vivid reminders that vigilance and coolness were indispensable to our success. The comparatively frail *Lotta* had not the resisting power of the barques and full-rigged ships to which I had been accustomed. If our Japanese-built boat was to carry us across, we should require to help her. At no moment in the long trip must we fail in mind, in nerve, or in strength. At 5 P.M. on that second day we had tea, which was supper as well. Also, it was a duplication of our dinner. One cannot hope for meals of surprising variety in an open boat on the Atlantic, and ours were much the same week in, week out.

The binnacle-lamp was lighted, and the side-light, being made ready too, was hidden in the bottom of the boat, to be brought out when needed. A double reef was taken in the mainsail, and a small jib substituted for a large one. These precautions taken, my son retired to bed. I continued steering till midnight. Then I gave the signal-kick—a gentle one—and the boy arose and made cocoa. We enjoyed it, with the inevitable biscuits. Again I steered, and my son slept until daybreak, when the reveille-kick was administered. Another cup of cocoa, reefs out, and the large jib was set and every sail trimmed to make the *Lotta* spin along. Next, a wash and brush each, one relieving the other at the wheel. Breakfast at eight, which was a copy of yesterday's dinner and tea. The chronometer was wound, the barometer noted, and the *Lotta* bailed. Day after day, night after night, this routine was strictly followed. We took no liberties. It was our stern duty to eliminate the elements of risk as far as we could. We were running for the north-east trade-wind. We anticipated that when we fell in with it there would be less reefing, less danger, and a larger distance made good at the end of each twenty-four hours.

On the ninth day after leaving Gibraltar we sighted the Canary Islands and passed through the group, leaving the island of Lanzarotte on our left. The weather was fine, with a moderate favouring breeze from the northward, which enabled us to clear the islands. At sunrise next morning we observed the summit of the Grand Canary, bearing north-north-east, distance about sixty miles, and here we fell in with the north-east 'trades,' an event always looked forward to by seamen. It gives them a respite from the fickle winds blowing in the neighbourhood of the northern boundaries of the trade-winds, and enables them to judge the probable duration of the voyage.

The brisk trade-breeze freshened to a moderate gale, which compelled us to take a second reef in the mainsail. By noon we lost sight of the Grand Canary Island. As it dropped in our wake we saw a steamer racing up astern, ploughing the ocean at a rate that soon brought her abreast of us. She was on a parallel course, and came close in. The passengers crowded to the side and waved handkerchiefs at us. It was like a hand-shake on the sea. She was one of the Messageries Maritimes Trans-atlantiques Company's liners.

Strangely enough, I met one of her quartermasters some time after we had crossed, and he told me of a discussion among the passengers which became quite heated. They knew what we were attempting, for, though I had not desired it, a bald account of our intention was published in newspapers all over the world. The general opinion of the passengers was that we should 'never arrive.' Some of them—

one finds experts in navigation in unexpected places —proved me utterly lacking in the rudiments of my profession. They said I was not steering for Florida at all. When the debate reached boiling-point the captain was appealed to. He, worthy man, said he believed we should arrive, *because* we were not steering for Florida. He thought my route, though not as direct as the one some of my critics could have traced with a knowing forefinger on the chart, indicated that I had some ambition to see land again.

The wind strengthened and the sea heaved the *Lotta* about roughly. Water poured into her. We had to bail often and long. Astern, black and angry clouds with torn edges splashed the sky. Their haste increased to velocity, and we looked for a windy night. We were drenched, and very cold and very tired. I decided to heave-to until morning. After tea, therefore, we made fast the forward sails and lowered the mainsail, while the boat's head was brought to the wind on the starboard tack. The after leach of the mainsail, at a pot's distance from the peak of the sail, was then lashed securely to the boom, and at the throat of the sail the gaff and boom were lashed together, and the peak halyards steadied tight. Thus a piece of canvas was exposed which looked like an elongated triangle with its acute angle at the mast, the base of it a foot wide and the sides eleven feet long. The helm was firmly lashed, slightly a-lee.

And now, for the first time since leaving Gibraltar, I found myself liberated from the wheel for more than a few moments. More bailing had to be done. Then we changed our clothes, and, taking the brandy bottle from the medicine-chest, had one ounce each. Our half-frozen limbs were warmed, and the blood which had seemed to be congealed throughout our bodies circulated more freely.

How would the boat behave under the new conditions? This was my next anxiety. I was glad, very glad, to see that she headed up nearly in the wind's eye and bravely mounted the waves. Except for a spray now and again, she kept herself dry. However, one cannot have all the luxuries. Like a cork in a great spread of boiling water, our frail craft was tossed about the giant ocean. It was almost impossible to stand; we were pitched and tumbled in all directions. Nevertheless, we were too fatigued to be kept awake even by continual jarring and bumping. This was the first rest or sleep I had taken since leaving Gibraltar nine days before. It is not imperative that I should say I enjoyed it!

(To be continued.)

'AUGUSTA SAYS.'

CHAPTER IV.

IT was early on a hot August afternoon when I drove down to meet Tom and his friend, feeling in the best of spirits. It was on the way to the station that I began to wonder if the thing would work out as I wished—whether Tom might not think Augusta a very beautiful and bewitching cousin, and young Garrod take a fancy to my entrancing little Winnie, and both round on me when the truth came out. Hitherto I had been absorbed in the practical and technical difficulties that had met us at the outset—for example, the instruction of the servants, who had so far to be taken into our plans. My man is an old soldier, and merely saluted; but the housekeeper is Calvinistic, and spoke of deviation from the Blessed Ter-uth; so we gave her a fortnight's holiday to go and bury a relative. Really, Winifred and Miss Arkwright had kept so constantly by me that it was not till I was bowling along the solitary and familiar road between the birches that I had any time for private reflection. However, it was too late now. I had given my word—the word of a M'Nab. Besides, it promised rare sport.

I left the groom to bring on the luggage, and Tom took the reins, and young Garrod got up behind us. Tom seemed a bit off colour, I thought.

'I say, sir,' were almost his first words, 'I suppose neither of them knows anything about us?'

'Neither of them?'

'My cousin and that friend of hers.'

'Oh! Well, Tom, a man's chances usually rest on the woman's ignorance of his real character, if that's what you mean.'

'That is not what I mean, however, Uncle Ben, and your turning it off in this way shows me that our suspicions of you are about true. You have gone and blabbed to them.'

'Tom, you are disrespectful!'

Tom chuckled; I do not know at what. Then he grew grave again.

'But it is a bit too bad, you know, if you have. It makes Garrod and me in a blue funk about meeting them.'

Garrod twisted round in the back seat, and brought his head close to my shoulder and to Tom's elbow.

'Really, sir,' he put in, 'in spite of your hospitality—I must say I—if she knows I answer to the description, and guesses I—you must see it is deuced awkward! I can face a good deal; but I could not face'——

'Young men,' I said judicially, 'there are two alternatives.' They both listened. 'Either you can each go straight to his own room, and, by remaining there during your entire visit to Ardstronach, avoid ever meeting the ladies of my household'——

'Oh, hold on, Uncle Ben! What about the birds? No woman is worth'——

'And the other alternative?' asked Garrod.

'You can be he, and he him!' I said quickly.

'You mean'——

'Why, he be him and him he, of course. It is quite simple.'

Tom looked down at me anxiously. 'Poor old chap!' he muttered; '*dear* old chap! Touch of sun, eh?'

But Garrod, with his superior force of intellect, caught on. I am not sure to this day if I quite meant them to understand. Anyhow, in two moments I felt like the boy who in idle mischief strikes a match in a hay-loft, and suddenly finds the whole place ablaze.

'It's no end of a notion that, Sir Benjamin! Miss Murray has never seen her cousin? Then I personate him, while M'Nab here is introduced to the blood-thirsty beauty—I beg your pardon, but *my* chilly fate—as a young man just off on a dangerous Arctic voyage. My word, what a good idea! It will give us a breathing space, and—and provide a—a bulwark of anonymity, whence we either advance or retreat. My word, sir! your nephew did not overrate you. You *are* a sportsman!'

I tried to think, but I felt a little dizzy. Possibly, after all, I had acted all for the best. Young people are so contrary, perhaps now that each one of the four had his or her head turned on to the wrong track each would take the bit between his own teeth and go right, and in the end I should see two well-broken-in pairs in double harness after all. Anyway, I washed my hands of it now—the thing was beyond my control.

As we drove round to the front of Ardstronach I glanced up and saw that both girls were in the turret window-seat of the drawing-room, craning forward between the curtains to peep and inspect us; but when we walked into the drawing-room they were seated together at quite the other end of the room, having tea at a small table. It was Augusta who was pouring out the tea and who rose and came to greet us.

I took young Garrod by the arm and shoved him forward.

'Your cousin Tom M'Nab!' I cried glibly.

We were none of us prepared for what happened. Young Garrod, without a second's hesitation, gave Augusta a cousinly kiss. This agitating instinct was probably due to his having a father in the explosives business. I saw at once, however, that it was the right thing to do, so I kissed her also. Then I considered I had done my part; but I became aware that they were all waiting for the rest of the introductions. I looked round, and encountered eight eyes fixed expectantly on me, and I entirely lost my equilibrium. Shutting my own eyes, I waved my hands like a windmill in a cyclone and said the four names, leaving their owners—or their professed owners—to fit themselves as they pleased. And then I opened my eyes and fled. At the door of my own room I paused and listened, but could hear no unwonted sounds from below. I went in, sat down in an arm-chair by the open window, looked at the quiet and peaceful view, and fanned myself. Presently I got up with the firm determination to go down and manfully play my part. When I got to the door I locked it, and returned to the arm-chair. In about a couple of hours the dressing-gong sounded, and, as by habit, I divested myself of my coat. Three minutes later my man knocked at the door. I knew his step, and admitted him.

'Sir!' he exclaimed, petrified, staring at me.

I glanced down, and was amazed to discover I was clothed in my pyjamas. I am ready to swear it must have been pure absence of mind that had led me to undress for the night instead of dressing for dinner; but, as it seemed a pity to waste a direct hint from the gods, I acted on it.

'I feel—indisposed,' I explained. 'You can excuse me to the ladies and gentlemen downstairs, and bring me up food and some of the white port.'

But in five minutes Winnie was with me—Winnie radiantly lovely in a white dinner-frock like a film of mist in moonlight—Winnie with sparkling eyes and geranium-pink cheeks.

'Are you ill, Uncle Ben?' she cried breathlessly.

I leant back on the pillows that propped me, adjusted the tasselled point of my nightcap, and folded my hands deliberately on the coverlet.

'No, my dear,' I answered her. 'I rejoice to say that I am in the best of health; but, having no one handy with whom to exchange identity, I have resolved to avoid the situation by adopting the other and less popular alternative, and to remain in bed.'

She hardly seemed to hear me.

'I'm so glad you are not really ill. Oh, Uncle Ben, it *is* such fun downstairs!'

'I am glad,' I replied laconically.

'But Augusta says she doesn't like him, though.'

'Which?'

'Why, the other one.'

'Let me see, which is the other one?'

The dinner-gong began to sound, and she was gone.

I tried to think who would take down whom, but, what with the puzzle and the port, my head reeled. No one came near me. I lay hour after hour till the room grew quite dark in the summer dusk; but at intervals I heard voices and music and laughter in the distance. I had fallen into a doze, when a quick step on the stair roused me, and, with a passing rap on the panel of the door, Tom bounded in.

'You aren't really seedy, sir?'

'I don't feel quite myself, Tom.'

'*Whom* do you feel?' he asked with keen interest.

'*Whom* do I feel?' I repeated.

'We're none of us feeling quite ourselves—it is a sort of epidemic.'

'Well, the fact is, Tom, that as there is nobody

else for me to feel, I have resolved to remain in my own room.'

Tom paid me very little attention. 'There's great doings downstairs, uncle,' he told me.

'Really!'

'I say, sir, she is stunning!'

'Which?'

'Why, the other one, of course.'

I pulled my nightcap over my ears. 'No doubt I shall learn particulars to-morrow, Tom,' I said faintly.

When I opened my eyes he too was gone.

Next morning I woke early, with the birds. I am naturally, though close on sixty—to lee or to windward—an active man. I tossed and fumed till my tea came.

'I shall not need shaving-water,' I observed testily. 'I am still very indisposed—to get up.'

'Very good, sir.'

With my breakfast-tray my pent-up curiosity got the better of me.

'My young guests—down yet?' I asked, cracking an egg.

'Mr Garrod, as calls 'isself Mr M'Nab, rose early and went out with Miss Harkwright, as calls 'erself Miss Murray.'

'Oh! And Miss Murray—the real Miss Murray?'

'Is sittin' by 'erself on the lawn.'

'Oh! And Mr M'Nab—the real Mr M'Nab?'

'Is sittin' by 'isself on the lawn—opposite end.'

'Oh!'

After a time there was a soft knock at my door.

'Come in,' I shouted.

Winnie entered—a rather subdued Winnie.

'Good-morning, my dear.'

'Good-morning, Uncle Ben.'

She sat down beside my bed and began pleating the frills of her morning muslin gown.

'Augusta says'—— she began; and then she stopped.

'Well, my dear, what does Augusta say?'

'Augusta says that Cousin Tom is remarkably well informed—for a man, and that she would never have taken him for your nephew, and that he has a remarkably good headpiece.'

'In-deed!'

'Ye-es,' Winnie went on slowly. 'And she says he would be quite wasted on a vegetating existence at home, and that he ought to be encouraged to make his mark in the world.'

'Ah!'

'And that with a clever woman at his side he might be and do anything!'

'Even go on an Arctic voyage?'

Winnie looked at me pensively. 'That is Mr Garrod—Cousin Tom never thought of accompanying him,' she reminded me. 'Uncle dear, does it not appear—a pity—young Mr Garrod should go away and risk his life?'

'Great pity.'

'He does not seem to want to.'

'No?'

'No. He spoke last night—to Augusta—about the delights of country life.'

'And what did he talk to you about?'

'He—he hasn't spoken to me.'

'Eh? How's that?'

'I think, Uncle Ben, he—detests me.'

'You don't say so! Why?'

Winnie's lips trembled. 'You see, Uncle Ben, he thinks—I want—to be—his widow. It is not—endearing—now *is* it? Oh! I *wish* we hadn't taken your advice—and—that I'd been me and her she.'

At that moment there was a loud knock at the door. Winnie started up like a fawn at bay and glanced about for shelter.

'You need not go, child.'

'But—you forget—I'm *she!*' And she darted into my wardrobe just as Tom walked into the room.

He looked round curiously.

'Thought I heard voices,' he remarked.

'I frequently recite poetry to myself when I am alone,' I answered.

'Oh! that all? I was afraid it might be that beetle-browed niece of yours.'

'Young man!'

'Beg pardon, sir, but she stifles me. She and Percy hit it off, though. You should hear them talk! But that little girl, sir'—his voice suddenly grew tender, and his eyes stern and miserable—'I can't make her out.'

'No?'

'She never thought of that widow dodge herself, I'll be bound. It was that friend of hers that put her up to it.'

'Yes, you are right there.'

'I guessed as much. She's not that sort. A tender little thing like that—why, a man would be ready to lay down his life for her as soon as he saw her!'

'Just what she asks.'

'Pshaw! I say, do you think she would mind being poor? We'd have to sell Ardstronach.'

'Sell Ardstronach!' I yelled, sitting upright. 'Tom M'Nab, are you *mad!*'

Winnie stepped lightly out of the wardrobe and confronted us.

'Hullo!' said Tom. He stood up rather stiffly and handed her his chair. 'Won't you sit down, Miss Arkwright?' he asked coldly.

Winnie took not the least notice either of him or the chair.

'Why did you call him Tom M'Nab?' she asked me.

'Because he is, my dear, your cousin Tom M'Nab.'

She turned towards him then, and they both stood looking at one another across the chair. Then they both turned to me. I adjusted the tasselled point of my nightcap and leant back.

'Have you been playing a trick on us, sir?' my nephew demanded.

'Oh, uncle, did you let them do it too?' Winnie cried.

'Yes. I set a thief to catch a thief. I own it.—But are you not glad she's your cousin, Tom? Be yourself, man!'

'I think Augusta will want me,' Winnie murmured; and Tom, holding the door open for her, hesitated a moment, and then followed her.

I rang and ordered my shaving-water.

When I came downstairs the house was deserted. I sauntered out, and went down towards the loch. Arriving suddenly at the little jetty that starts out from among a group of silver birches, I discovered Augusta Arkwright and young Garrod sitting in the punt that is kept tied there to an iron ring.

'Yes, I could not believe you were a M'Nab,' Miss Augusta was saying. 'They are not *brainy* people, though attractive.'

'I like them uncommonly,' Garrod answered.

I thought I would not interrupt at that moment.

'And when do you start on your voyage, Mr Garrod?' she asked in her quiet, calm voice.

'I can't start, you know, unless my father equips the expedition. And you know the condition he laid down.'

There was a pause, and then Augusta's answer came slowly.

'But—with his help?'

'I still would not go.'

'Why not?'

There was a longer pause, and it occurred to me I ought to leave; but suddenly Percy Garrod spoke.

'You see this punt we are in, Miss Arkwright? I could not go on a voyage in it, because, don't you see, you are by my side—and we are tied by a ring.'

I hurried away.

In the rose pergola I came upon Tom and Winnie. Winnie ran forward and slipped her little hand into mine.

'Well, are you contented now, Puss?' I whispered.

'Oh! I'm always contented, Uncle Ben.'

'But,' I objected, 'you told me that Augusta says content is soul-destroying, and ruins the life of the nation and the character of the individual.'

'Yes, uncle dear, I remember Augusta *said* that; but now—Cousin Tom says'——

'Cousin Tom says?' I replied. 'Oho!'

THE END.

THE COST OF LIVING ON THE RAND.

So much has been said about the cost of living on the Rand, as making it so difficult for the majority of men to maintain a wife and family, that we intend to look closely into the matter. Though so doing may not solve the problem, it may throw valuable side-lights on the question for those now in England who contemplate making a home here. The matter was discussed in its manifold bearings before the British Association. Since the return of these scientists to Britain further ventilation has been given to conditions prevailing on the Rand.

To one who has since the earliest days of Johannesburg 'kept house' in season and out of season, in good days and ill, the crux of the whole matter seems to lie in the fact that new-comers are attracted by abnormally high wages, and expect the purchasing power of the same to be as great as in England, where, earning a pittance, they can, owing to cheap living, manage to exist and perhaps save. It never occurs to such that, as an economic fact, so soon as the cost of living is here reduced wages will fall proportionately.

It is computed that a man with wife and three young children must of necessity spend twenty-five pounds monthly on rent, food, and clothing, leaving no margin for pleasure, education, or the proverbial rainy day. With such an one, rent for a four-roomed cottage swallows eight pounds monthly. The prudent man, however, only marries when he has saved, by years of single blessedness, sufficient to buy a stand and build thereon a house. It may be said *en passant* that the percentage of individual house-owners here is far greater than in England. Now, the man earning this twenty-five pounds monthly would in England rank as the lower-middle or working class. His wife perforce occupies no higher status—indeed, as often as not, has spent her spinsterhood in domestic service here or in England. Assume, as is pretty usual, both are from Britain. It is surprising how conservative and narrow are their ideas, and the maintenance thereof is somewhat costly. The Englishman is proverbially slow, even when in Rome, to do as the Roman does, and even on the Continent his predilection for 'ros-bif' and 'bif-tek' is considered a national characteristic. Hence the lower orders migrating to a country whose climate differs so vastly in its exhilarating freshness from the damp and gloom so often prevailing in the British Isles, insist on having the same food, cost what it may, as they have ever been accustomed to. Fish in their island-home is cheap enough; here, after a thousand miles' journey in refrigerating car from the coast, it is a luxury which poor folk must dispense with, unless favouring the tinned article. Meat, on the other hand, is not a fancy price, and the imported frozen meat at sixpence to tenpence per pound is good at that. Eggs, usually in great demand, may be had at various ages from one shilling and fourpence to seven shillings and sixpence per dozen. Potatoes, the Englishman's

daily vegetable, cost from threepence to sixpence per pound, according to the season. Good English and Australian butter is but one and sixpence per pound, and the same figure purchases one pound of excellent tea. For sugar, flour, and bread the retail price is threepence per pound. Cheese is dear at one shilling and threepence. Best brands of tinned milk are little more than English price, whilst sixpence to ninepence per bottle must be paid for fresh milk. Biscuits and cakes are proportionately expensive.

The white miner, especially the Cornishman, comes hither from a frugal home. The main delicacy of the man from the Duchy has been Cousin Jack's pasty, made with, and often enough without, meat. He fills in with bread, cheese, and bacon perhaps. Here he earns possibly one pound a shift—often more—and rarely less than thirty pounds per month on the Rand mines. He pays six pounds per month for board only in the mine mess-room, and thrice daily has such an extravagant menu as would have served him for a week's feasting in the old country. At dawn he is served with early coffee. His breakfast consists of porridge, chops, steak, liver and bacon, ham and eggs, jam, and bread and butter; his lunch, of soup, stews, curry, cold meats, with a liberal allowance of condiments, jam, butter, and potted meats. Afternoon tea is duly sent round; and dinner at 6 or 7 P.M. is a glorified lunch: soup, entrées, joints, several vegetables, pudding, and cheese. With each meal tea or coffee is served. This *embarras de richesses* in no way inconveniences the miner. From beginning to end he steadily works through each course. But when Mrs Miner is brought out to make the family home, her lord expects to keep up the same style of living, and perhaps indulge in four or five bottles of whisky per month (at five shillings per bottle), without greatly increased outlay. When he finds this impossible, up rises the general wail of the high cost of living and inadequate wage.

The shop-assistant and bank-clerk are paid from seventeen pounds to twenty-five pounds monthly. Both are usually imported from humble homes and simple mode of living; but when they arrive here, their bachelor days are spent in town boarding-houses, where, for board alone, six pounds to eight pounds monthly ensures them much the same food as that previously described. It may be less roughly served, and fruit is perhaps more liberally provided. It is also more pretentious: the menu bristles with fricassees and ragouts; roast-pork masquerades as sucking-pig, barn-door fowl as roast turkey, and duck is alternately known as goose, and the consumer is never a bit the wiser. Our city policemen are allowed but two shillings per diem for rations, and their mess-room lacks many of the above-mentioned luxuries. Civil and municipal servants are paid salaries commensurate with the value of money, a special allowance being granted to married men. Professional men command high fees, and are thus enabled to live as they choose; and the same applies to traders and merchants. Hence, the so-called working-man, the shop-assistant, and the junior clerk are those who find a difficulty in making ends meet; and the writer strongly contends that the main causes are the thriftlessness of their women-folk and the rapacity of the men.

Though eight pounds or ten pounds be spent in house-rent, half of that may often be realised by subletting one or even two rooms; the wide verandas of colonial houses usually supply the need of a parlour. The climate is not tropical; therefore the artisan's wife may easily accomplish her own house and laundry work without the extravagance of a full-grown Kafir at three pounds ten shillings a month. If help she must have, an *umfaan* (Kafir lad of twelve or fourteen) will nurse the baby and do much of the work for ten shillings a month. Fires for ten months of the year are absolutely unnecessary save for cooking, and the small kitchen stoves used consume very little coal or oil, as the case may be. Close 'backyards' are here represented by tiny gardens, where, with almost no trouble, a crop of tomatoes may be grown to suffice for four months' daily use, and even then the thrifty housewife will conserve many for sauce and soy, to save purchasing imported pickles in the winter. A cheap and excellent jam can also be made from the green or ripe crop.

If eggs are a necessity, a few fowls will provide them in moderation, and be content with table scraps and a little grain if their pen is roomy and they are allowed exercise in the open. Peaches at one and sixpence per hundred, and oranges at four shillings per hundred, provide jam and marmalade at threepence per pound; rice, the imported article, is one shilling per pound; the best dried fruits may be had at from sixpence to one shilling per pound, and with home canning or bottling of fresh fruits during summer's plenty, assist the winter pudding-problem.

Vegetables, save potatoes and onions, are not unreasonably dear. If the housewife cannot make her purchases in the morning market, the patient coolie will bring his wares to her door, content with a small profit. Pumpkins realised only three pounds to four pounds per ton last season; thirty shillings invested in two or three score would provide nutritious and wholesome vegetable food for several months at a tenth the cost of potatoes. Rice also, as a vegetable, is cheap and wholesome; but the average Englishwoman cooks it indifferently, hence is prejudiced. Chops and steaks are not essential for breakfast; indeed, far too much meat is consumed. Bacon is one shilling to one and threepence per pound, and therefore its price is not prohibitive.

Cook-shops whence wives of British workmen so often supply the daily meals are non-existent here. Young Englishmen on farms often scratch along in almost helpless discomfort where the colonial makes the best of his surroundings, adapts himself to circumstances, and gets perhaps the best value

for his money. There is no doubt but that the inadequacy of South Africa to feed itself, and the consequent heavy imports, form a great factor in the high prices some commodities command. The working-man, however, is far better off here than gentlefolks who on a slender income attempt to keep up any sort of pretentious style.

Holiday expenses are rare here. As a journey to the coast costs so much, a trip home is more frequently the object of savings. Entertainments of every variety are quadruple the cost of the same thing in England. Yet the working-man here spends large sums of money on sports and betting. In short, he denies himself nothing.

HOW AN ATLANTIC LINER PROVIDES FOR ITS CLIENTÈLE.

By Mary Spencer Warren.

THE work of providing for a liner carrying about three thousand persons over the Atlantic is prodigious, the more especially as every one's tastes, wants, and wishes are considered, and the cuisine is brought to a level with that of a first-class hotel. There is so much competition nowadays on the sea, as elsewhere, that all the companies make excellent arrangements for provisioning their boats, and to describe one is practically to describe them all, save that foreign companies cater specially for their own nationality.

The best-known and oldest British company is the Cunard, a line founded upwards of sixty years ago to displace the brigs which occupied six or seven weeks upon the voyage. The company's first steamer carried sixty-three passengers and two hundred and twenty-five tons of cargo; their present steamers carry from about two thousand to three thousand passengers, and an average of ten thousand tons of cargo! It is scarcely necessary to assert that the interiors of the boats are models of luxurious appointments, every one, in fact, being what may be termed an aristocrat of the sea.

We will suppose a would-be passenger applying to the Cunard Company for particulars of transit across the Atlantic. He is in the first place furnished with a sailing list, giving dates of departure, prices of bookings, and a declaration form which he must fill up and return. This enacts that any person who is blind, crippled, suffering from tuberculosis or contagious disease; who is a lunatic, child, or widow—or, in short, cannot support him or her self—is excluded from the United States unless he can prove that he will not become chargeable to the American authorities. Polygamists and those who have been in prison are also ineligible, and the greatest care is taken that none but persons in sound health are admitted as intending residents. Then the passenger has but to choose the class by which he will travel, and the rest is all plain sailing. In return for his deposit or full amount of passage, by which he secures a berth, he receives his ticket, number of berth and cabin, a supply of labels, and much helpful information. It may also be recorded that the company are always anxious to meet the wishes of their passengers as far as possible, and should a desire be expressed for a cabin in any particular part of the ship, that desire is met if practicable. If the passenger is travelling from any large centre to the place of embarkation, there is a special arrangement for the supply of train tickets at a reduced price; and the same applies to destinations beyond the landing port.

On the day of departure from London or any other terminus a special train will be found in readiness for the passengers, the thirds generally travelling either the day before or by night, as they must go on board early; the firsts and seconds leaving at a convenient hour in the morning. Every saloon passenger will find a reserved seat awaiting him, with a number affixed corresponding to that which he has previously received on his papers, and all luggage is taken possession of by the agents of the company, and labelled with the ship's name under their directions. From then until he arrives at the foreign port the passenger need not trouble himself further about his effects. That labelled 'Cabin' is, on the arrival of the train, placed under or on the passenger's berth, the heavy packages labelled 'Not wanted' disappearing into the hold. The special train runs right down to the docks, and the passengers have but to cross the huge bridge, one end of which abuts on to the main-deck of the vessel. Everything is done with such perfect precision and aptitude born of long experience that there is absolutely no confusion, and within a very short time the huge vessel is steaming out towards Queenstown, where additional passengers and mails are taken on from the tenders.

The dining-saloons on the first and second decks seat about four hundred each, and if there is a full complement of passengers the company must dine in two parties. Each seat is numbered, the passenger retaining his or her number throughout the voyage. Those who are good sailors develop remarkable appetites, but the catering is most liberal, and one is scarcely conscious of a feeling of hunger before something or other is served to assuage it. Quite early in the morning, fruit, or tea, coffee, and biscuits, are brought into the cabins, and the second bugle-call at 8.30 intimates that breakfast

is being served in the saloon. This is *à la carte*, and the healthy passenger manages his three or four courses with ease; those who are suffering from the voyage having practically what they please in their cabins.

At eleven o'clock Bovril and biscuits are served on deck, and at one o'clock passengers are summoned to an excellent luncheon. At 4.30 the deck serving consists of afternoon tea, followed at 6.30 by dinner; while from nine to ten tea, coffee, cocoa, and sandwiches are served to order. The *chef* is a man of large experience, and he has an excellent staff under his direction, while the menu includes all the delicacies which would be found at a *table-d'hôte* on land. The steerage passengers have, of course, a plainer bill of fare, but it is extremely liberal, and both for quality and quantity is far superior to the usual food of the majority of third-class passengers.

The figures connected with the provisions supplied form wonderful reading. Take a few, and we find eighteen thousand pounds of beef, six thousand pounds of mutton, three thousand pounds of pork, two thousand five hundred pounds of fresh fish, two thousand fresh herrings, three thousand head of poultry, one hundred and forty barrels of flour, twenty tons of potatoes, six hundred boxes of ice-cream, two hundred gallons of fresh milk, eighteen thousand eggs, one thousand pounds of butter, three thousand pounds of ham and bacon, two thousand five hundred pounds of dried fish, and a ton and a half of fruit—all this for a single journey only! The amount cooked for any one day seems quite wonderful, the soup alone coming out at one hundred and fifty gallons, while as many as two thousand eggs are often served at a single meal. These latter are cooked in metal dippers, made in rows and having perforated bottoms; each dipper is time-marked, and at the end of the prescribed period the ringing of a bell denotes that the dippers have automatically sprung up from the water.

Much of the cooking is by electric apparatus, roasting-spits being also electrically turned, while bread and biscuits are mixed by machinery as in a modern biscuit factory. Up-to-date machinery is used for making coffee, and a supply sufficient for four hundred people can be made in ten minutes. All carving is done on hot presses, with receptacles beneath for heating plates. It may be explained that the milk is taken to sea in sealed cans, and these and the whole of the food are kept in refrigerating-rooms at a temperature of thirty degrees (sufficiently cold for storage of from five to ten days).

The utmost care is taken for the comfort, and precaution for the safety, of the passengers. There is, of course, a qualified medical man on board ready for all emergencies, and each day the captain, doctor, and chief steward go round the ship and inspect all quarters; there is also regular inspection of pumps, fire-engines, masts, &c.; and at some portion of each day there is lifeboat and fire drill to secure thorough efficiency in case of accident. On board each ship there are from sixteen to twenty lifeboats and four collapsible boats, each one of which has its allotted crew; and in every cabin and state-room there is a liberal supply of life-belts.

The amusement and recreation of the passengers are well catered for, a piano being found in each saloon, even that of the steerage. Impromptu concerts take place nearly every evening, and it is an understood thing that a fully arranged concert—the programmes for which are printed on board—is given the night before landing; the arrangements, of course, being in the hands of a committee of passengers. The whole of the collection made is given to the Seamen's Mission, a sum of several pounds generally being realised. On deck are various English and American games for fine weather, and there are excellent writing, smoking, and sitting rooms, with a capital library provided with up-to-date literature. Wireless telegraphy is installed on every boat, and the latest news is received from invisible passing liners, while a Cunard daily paper is now a familiar item. It only remains to add that there is a large staff of experienced stewards and stewardesses, and that the service throughout is prompt and efficient, in addition to which the boats of the Cunard Company enjoy a deserved reputation for steadiness at sea.

SUNSET IN A WOOD.

Against the crimsoned, burning west
The bare trees outlined stand,
Their arms stretch upwards to the sky,
Their twigs, formed like a hand,
Seem to point tremblingly to heaven,
As if to show the way
To heart-sore mortals such as I,
Too heart-sore e'en to pray.

And flickering oft the silver lights
Glint through the maze of trees,
Like salmon shimmering in a net
Fresh from the wind-tossed seas.
And compact bushes, growing near,
Rise from the dewy grass;
A bluish haze creeps from the soil,
Softening the tuft-like mass.

Now for the sun the end is near,
The air is deathly cold;
One flash of faint, unearthly red,
Then gray succeeds the gold.
And I, in chilly darkness plunged,
Shiver, and feel its loss.
The solemn trees still upwards look,
And each branch forms a cross.

But as I slowly choose my steps
Back down the grassy slope,
Far through the filigree of twigs
Glimmers the Star of Hope.

Louise G. Findlay.

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SIXTH SERIES.

MR PECK-RIDGE, M.P.

HIS FIRST NIGHT IN THE HOUSE—AND AFTER.

By Henry W. Lucy.

ONE o'clock was booming from Big Ben when Mr Peck-Ridge blithely crossed Palace Yard. He might have started an hour earlier, for the House was up at midnight. But the novelty of the scene, the seething delight of the new member, made him tarry, having 'last' cigars with newly made friends in the smoking-room. Later, he wished he had more promptly answered the cry of the doorkeeper when the Speaker left the chair.

'Who goes home?'

The shout rang through the emptying lobby, echo of a cry nightly sounded since the days of Pitt and Fox.

'Who goes home?'

'Not me,' Mr Peck-Ridge chuckled, regardless of grammar. 'At least not yet.'

And he didn't, or this true story would never have been written.

Walking briskly towards his hotel near Victoria Station, he mused over the proceedings of the day, climax to a prosperous life. He remembered the days of old when he served apprenticeship in his father's ship-chandlery, in the Lancashire fishing-village of Shrimpton. The paternal business had grown till it loomed large as Peckridge & Son. The fishing-village developed into a thriving town, which returned one member to Parliament. To-day that member is Samuel Peck-Ridge. That was not quite the way the name was, forty years ago, spelt on his father's brass plate and bill-heads. As he rose in the social scale, and in time became sole member of the firm, Peckridge junior divided the heritage of his name by a hyphen.

'Never,' he said, with that dry but occasionally irrelevant humour that made him popular in the local Town Council, 'put all your eggs in one basket.'

When, a month earlier, a vacancy in the representation of his native town followed on the death of the sitting member, Mr Peck-Ridge was approached by his fellow-citizens and invited to contest the borough. He accepted the invitation, and after a tough struggle, won a seat for his party. Hence the rousing cheer that yesterday afternoon welcomed his approach to the table to be sworn-in. As he passed between the table and the Treasury Bench to sign the roll of Parliament, his Leader smilingly shook hands with him.

'Quite wrong,' said Sir Henry Fowler, regarding the incident from the other side of the table, and solemnly shaking his head. 'Mr G. would never do it. It was, he said, a discourtesy to the Chair. The Speaker should be the first to take a new member by the hand.'

The exceptional character of the reception pleased Mr Peck-Ridge the more.

As he stepped blithely along Victoria Street, thinking of these things, the still air of the early morning was broken by a cry of 'Stop thief!' At the moment a man coming out of a by-street crossed the road and dashed by Mr Peck-Ridge, almost brushing his elbow. Mr P.'s first impulse was to let him go his way. It was no affair of his. Then he remembered his new position, with its added public responsibility. Should he, just solemnly sworn-in at the table of the House of Commons, even tacitly connive at an attempt to defeat justice? Besides, after a long sitting of the House, supplemented by a sort of autumn session in the smoking-room, a run in the fresh morning air would do him good.

Planting his hat firmly on his head, off he set. His age was fifty, and his figure not obtrusively slight. But at school he was good for a short sprint, and he was in fairly hard condition. He steadily gained on the fugitive. Behind him came a straggling crowd of pursuers still shouting 'Stop thief!' As Mr Peck-Ridge, warming to his work, passed the end of James's Street, leading on to Victoria Street, a stalwart young man flung his arms round

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him, and after a brief struggle, succeeded in pulling him up.

'Is this him?' he asked, turning to a woman who breathlessly ran up and clutched Mr Peck-Ridge by his outer garment.

'Yes, that's him,' cried the woman. 'Mean, sleek creature, robbing a poor woman of her hard-earned day's wages.'

By this time the straggling crowd in full hue-and-cry arrived, the policeman leading by a neck. Here was a pretty go, quite an embarrassment of riches. On the track of one thief, the policeman had happed upon the custody of quite another. There was no doubt about the situation. The woman, a decent person of the dressmaker class, was coming up the steps at St James's Station, homeward-bound by the last train, when, as she neared the top, she felt a tug at her pocket. Turning sharply round, she saw Mr Peck-Ridge, felt her purse was gone, and raced after him as he made his way westward.

There was no mistake about it. She knew him by his smooth face and his top-hat. The top-hat in particular impressed her, conveying deliberate attempt at committing larceny under cover of an exceptionally respectable appearance.

Mr Peck-Ridge, having partially recovered his breath, warmly protested. Unwonted exertion and indignant surprise lent something of incoherency to his remarks. Anyhow, they did not convince the crowd. 'Yah!' they cried as the member for Shrimpton was led off to the police station. 'You're a nice sort of cove to bilk a pore woman. Where did yer drop the purse?'

The new member was no more fortunate at the police station. The sergeant in charge was almost sardonically polite and altogether incredulous.

'Member of Parliament, are yer? We've heard that before. Which 'Ouse do you frequent? It's generally the Peers that are brought in here at this time of the morning.' Here a happy thought struck him. 'Where do you say you sit for?'

'Shrimpton, Lancs.,' said Mr Peck-Ridge eagerly. 'Shrimpton-by-the-Sea,' he added, anxious in the critical circumstances to avoid error.'

'And what's yer name?'

'Samuel Wilberforce Peck-Ridge.'

The sergeant, rummaging in his desk, brought forth a volume of *Dod* and looked up Shrimpton, Lancs.

'Very sorry, Mr Peck-Ridge, but according to *Dod*, which I believe is equal to the old saying "according to Cocker," Mr Henry James Dodworthy is member for Shrimpton.'

Mr Peck-Ridge's heart sank within him. The sergeant held in his hand the copy of *Dod* issued at the opening of the parliamentary session. The demise of Mr Dodworthy had happened six weeks ago, in the leafy month of June. In vain Mr Peck-Ridge explained the circumstances of the by-election.

'I always read in my paper,' said the sergeant, winking at the loyally amused policeman, 'that by-elections don't mean anything, leastwise when they go agin our side. However, Mr Peck-Ridge, you can tell all that in the morning to Mr Curtis-Bennett. You'll find him remarkably nice, always ready to listen to a good story.—Good-night, ma'am. I've got your name and address. Mind you're at court not later than ten in the morning.—And good-night to *you*, Mr Peck-Ridge, M.P. of Shrimpton-by-the-Sea, I think you said?'

In a half-dazed condition the new member was led off and accommodated with a cell. He had vague ideas of the desirability of being bailed out. In fact, before quitting the presence of the sergeant he had suggested the process.

'All right,' said that irrepressible joker; 'who shall we send for, Mr Peck-Ridge, M.P.? Shall it be the Speaker? He's close handy in Palace Yard. Or perhaps the Sergeant-at-Arms is more in your line?'

On reflection, Mr Peck-Ridge recognised the utter helplessness of his position. There would be nobody up at the Grosvenor Hotel except the night-porter. Even had he been sure of the address of newly made friends at the House of Commons, he could not root them up at two o'clock in the morning with a request to bail him out on a charge of picking pockets. There remained nothing but invocation of the spirit of resignation, in which he passed the long hours of the night.

When he was brought up in the morning at Westminster Police Court, Mr Peck-Ridge's time of tribulation swiftly ended. He left the court amid profuse apologies from the Magistrate, a poor consolation for a sleepless night under lock and key.

Thereafter, on the rising of the House, if he failed to find the companionship of a member walking as far as Victoria Station, Mr Peck-Ridge took a cab.

A STORMY MORNING.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

'THAT, then, is "the lot," as Reynolds would say,' said young Fitzhugh as he stood with his sister bareheaded on the doorsteps of Dunscaith, watching the last break-load of autumn visitors roll away.

'Yes, that is the lot,' said Betty; 'and it will be rather nice to have the place to ourselves for a bit,' hooking her arm through her brother's. 'The woodcock will be coming in soon now. The poor, dear heliotrope in the garden was black this morning; there must have been a sharp frost.'

The boy moved uneasily.

'I am afraid I cannot stay here for the woodcock,' he said. 'I have several shooting engagements, and I promised to join a fellow's yacht in the Mediterranean some time. You will be going to hunt at Uncle Forsyth's, Betty, and mother will want to go up to London to see plays and things,' he added, with a touch of compunction.

A heavy feeling of care and anxiety crept over the sister, who loved him so dearly, to say nothing of the bitter disappointment, as up to now the merest chance of woodcock would have kept Jack glued to Dunscaith. She was too wise, however, to worry the boy with complaints or questions, and they went silently into the house. The autumn had been full of stir, come and go, at Dunscaith, where for some time past quietest monotony had reigned.

Lady Fitzhugh had spared no effort to render the house a pleasant one, filling it with suitable friends for her young daughter and son as far as she could. She had taken the breaking-off of Betty's engagement to Harlestone very much to heart; all her pride was in arms to prevent any supposition that her beautiful daughter was wearing the willow for the lover who had apparently fled to the uttermost ends of the earth.

She reproached herself bitterly that such a man as Erle should have spent so much time under their roof, and determined, with many secret groans, to take up a strong position in the face of the world and society. Her parties, with the exception of that which had been adorned by the presence of Mrs Foggo, had all been pleasant and well assorted; but she saw clearly that Betty had set her face dead against marriage, and that it would be useless to press her; so she trusted to time, like a wise woman; for what may not lie in the womb of time, and what may not time bring forth?

The one week that Betty had really enjoyed was that which had brought Lord Forsyth, also a batch of lanky, young, distant cousins, to whom Dunscaith meant paradise, and whose joyous voices rang through the dim old rooms, rousing the startled echoes. They bathed, they fished, they tore about, they sailed, they shot at rabbits, and rode ponies from morn till eve, when they could hardly keep their round eyes open as they sat decorously round the dinner-table, waking up to prance round the hall in a reel, to the music of the pipes before bed claimed their tired young bodies.

Now Betty and her mother were alone, and the days went galloping by as they do at such times, when one is so like the other.

Lady Fitzhugh's patience-table took up a prominent position once more, and Betty had many calls upon her time, her poor people having seen but little of her during the busy autumn weeks. To the mother it was a time full of peace. Not so to the daughter, whose sorrow waked and cried during the quiet days in which she had time to dwell on the cruel quarrel and sudden dashing of the cup of happiness from her lips, and it was in vain that she tried to hate the man she had loved so well for his doubt of her. To see love in another man's eyes, to feel it in the lingering clasp of his hand or his touch, filled her with loathing unspeakable and impossible to describe.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOWEVER the belief in the truth of forebodings and the occasional appearance of visitants from beyond the veil may be scoffed at, both have been proved beyond all doubt over and over again. The Christian Scientist, of course, would tell us that all matter is non-existent, and that all is belief; but were the usages of an irksome civilisation to permit of my hammering the head of the Christian Scientist against my garden-wall, it might change his opinion on the non-existence of matter, and such a course might tend to the clearing of his vision, modifying the opinions he is so anxious to spread to the detriment of some beliefs that are at least as solid as that same wall.

But we have to do with Betty at present, and not with the Christian Scientist, and the above is doubtless irrelevant.

From early morning one day, and all through the day, she had been oppressed by a heavy feeling of foreboding and impending ill, for which there was no apparent reason, and the very demon of restlessness seemed to possess her—so much so that her mother remonstrated more that once.

'I simply cannot sit still, mother,' the girl said. 'If you don't mind, I will go out for a good walk, and take those things I have made to the far crofts. Mrs Angus will be glad of them for the children this cold weather.'

She started off with Johnnie. It was a still, gloomy evening; curlews wailed, and the grouse crowed on the hill, sitting about on stones, betokening storm, thought Betty, who knew every sign of fair weather and foul in the land of her birth.

She dragged herself homewards wearily, tired and dull in body and mind.

After dinner she read aloud to her mother until the old clock groaned and wheezed its ten strokes.

'How late the post is to-night!' said Lady Fitzhugh a little later; and Betty could hardly contain her nervous fidgets.

At length the door opened and Reynolds appeared with the great salver of letters.

Nothing for Betty but a long school-girl letter from one of the young cousins to her beloved Betty, through which the latter plodded conscientiously.

There was a startled exclamation from Lady Fitzhugh.

'What is it, mother?' asked the girl anxiously.

'Jack is ill. We must go to London to-morrow. Read Dr Moncrieff's letter; but he always makes the worst of things. I am going to give Joice her orders.'

A hand of ice seemed to close round Betty's heart as she read:

'DEAR LADY FITZHUGH,—I regret to inform you that your son lies ill with fever in your town-house. He has hitherto begged me not to write to you; but I now feel it to be my duty to do so.

'He is not very ill; but he does not improve, and there is a strange want of fight—I might almost say wish to recover—which I cannot understand in one so young. I do not like this symptom.

'He is a splendid lad; but, as you know of old, there is something to be desired in the way of stamina. You see this want sometimes in members of an old race. I do not wish to alarm; but I should be glad if you and Miss Fitzhugh would come up immediately. Perhaps Miss Betty's presence might rouse her brother and do him good.—Yours faithfully, JOHN MONCRIEFF.'

The journey to London left its mark on Betty's life: the rattling of the wheels of the railway carriage, to which she kept fitting words: 'Jack is ill! Jack is ill! Jack, Jack, Jack is ill!' until they ceased to have any meaning, and her brain began to spin.

Fortunately Lady Fitzhugh was able to sleep. Differently constituted from her daughter, she had not the same power of suffering; neither had she the vivid imagination—such an instrument of extreme torture at moments. Of course she loved her son, better indeed than she had ever loved any being on earth; but she would not allow herself to fear or recognise the possibility of danger.

'After all,' she said, 'how many people have fever and shake it off! And Jack is so young and strong. But as she thought of him the salt, painful tears of the old started to her eyes. She ate her dinner, however, and slept most of the way to London.

The hideous atmosphere of fog and the frightful yellow advertisements broke on Betty's sleepless eyes. She never could recall how she had got through the night. It was a long-drawn-out horror, strange and unreal. The crowd of running porters and railway officials made her giddy, and she staggered as the footman appeared at the window and helped them to descend from the stuffy carriage into the deadly cold, wet air. They drove through the dreary, sloppy streets.

'I am sorry to say I do not think very well of Lord Fitzhugh's case,' said the old doctor to the two ladies on their arrival. 'As I wrote to you, Lady Fitzhugh, there is a strange want of fight and wish for life, not to be accounted for wholly by this fever that he has brought home from foreign parts. Indeed, dear Lady Fitzhugh, I fear that I think very badly of him; though there is always hope while life lasts, I must prepare you to face the worst. There was a sudden and most unexpected change for the worse last night, and an alarming flagging of the powers.'

Lady Fitzhugh wrung her hands. Betty stood like a figure of ice.

'He would like to see his sister; he knows you are here. I told him he must only see one at a time, and that Lady Fitzhugh must rest; and, indeed, Lady Fitzhugh, I must entreat you to lie down at once and take this draught. You may just look in and see your son on your way upstairs; but you must not distress him. After your long journey rest is imperative.—It will possibly carry her over the time, poor woman! which, with her weak heart, is best,' thought the doctor as he led her upstairs.

He returned after a time for the girl.

'Come, Miss Betty.'

She followed him to her brother's room.

Such a changed Jack lay there, a very shadow of the bright boy who had followed the deer and the grouse over the hills he had loved so well, so fleet of foot, so strong of wind and limb! One white hand lay picking at the bedclothes, and his eyes were closed wearily.

The professional nurse, with eyes that had looked so often on death, and hands trained to touch with gentleness, moved softly about the room.

Betty knelt by the bed. The boy opened his eyes.

'Betsy,' he whispered, trying to smile with his parched lips, 'dear old girl!'

'May we not be alone?' said Betty to the old doctor, who had known them from infancy and tended them through all the ailments of their short careers.

He nodded, and the nurse followed him out of the room.

'I fear the end is at hand sir,' she said, her professional acumen for the moment mastering her tact and better feelings.

Dr Moncrieff turned to her. An unprofessional lump was in his throat. 'Call me when I am wanted,' he said curtly, walking into an adjoining room.

Betty and her boy were alone.

'I am dying, Betty,' he said. 'I know it, and I don't think I am very sorry, old girl. I should probably have made a mess of everything.'

A tight cord seemed to be wound round the girl's throat. She could only kiss his hand.

'I am so tired,' he whispered, and closed his eyes. There was a dead silence. Only the ticking of the clock and the soft falling of a cinder from the grate.

The nurse came in, moistened his lips, and left the room.

'Betty, where are you?'

'Here, my own darling,' she answered.

'Betty, will you promise me something?' His voice was very faint.

'Yes, dear.'

'Promise me you won't let the shooting go down, ever, at Dunscaith; it is the best thing after all. It will be yours now.' He spoke with difficulty. 'We have got a real good lot of men now'—— The rest of the sentence was inaudible. 'Promise,' he whispered.

'I promise,' said she.

A look of peace came over his young face.

She stooped and kissed him.

'I am tired,' he murmured. He sank into unconsciousness, holding Betty's hand.

Hours passed thus; but the great change drawing ever nearer was now at hand. The breathing grew fainter and fainter, and yet more faint, until there came one soft sigh and the young spirit fled. The tale of a bright, harmless young life was told. John MacDiarmid, twenty-third Lord Fitzhugh, was dead.

(To be continued.)

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN AN OPEN BOAT.

PART II.

THE sun was smiling upon us when we opened our eyes, and light and fleecy trade-clouds dawdled across a beautiful sky. The wind had moderated, and the sea was in a less perturbed mood. We turned the *Lotta's* head, made sail, and continued the voyage in a direction slightly more westerly than before, south-west by west. Breakfast over, we made out a daily programme of management suitable to the north-east trade-wind we were in.

Variety may be the spice of life on land. At sea in a small boat, monotony, if of the right kind, is the spice of life. I am pleased to say that for the next few weeks we were comfortably able to follow the official programme. True, the equability of the wind and weather makes the narrative less harrowing at this point than it might be. I cannot pretend to regret that; and, in any case, there was quite enough excitement and strain in store for us. We slept, steered, bailed, and washed in turn, ate tinned meat and biscuits, and drank cocoa, while at noon every day I took observations, afterwards marking the boat's position on the chart and writing up the log. We were making an average of one hundred and twenty miles a day in the 'trades.'

Curiously, we did not notice for some time that the sun, which blazed upon us from a sky that ached with heat, had burnt our hands severely. The pain suddenly became intense. My son's left hand and my own suffered particularly from grasping the tiller while the sun grilled them. In fact, our hands were swollen to a great size, cracked all over, and excruciatingly sore. We rigged an awning to the awning-stanchions with which I had fitted the *Lotta*. It was put up at one side of the stern, without interfering with the mainsail. We could not wholly escape from the searching heat, but the awning was a blessed shelter. After the incident of the roasted hands, the following rule was added to the official list: 'Take care of your hands and complexion.'

Since leaving the Grand Canary Island we had been aiming to reach the longitude of sixty degrees west, in about the latitude of twenty degrees north, from which point it would be easy to make the island of San Domingo on a general westerly course. From our present position to the nearest land bordering our route (the Virgin Islands) there was a great expanse of brilliantly gleaming ocean. Flying-fish swarmed in it. When our boat disturbed them, up they would fly in schools. Sometimes a few would fall slap into the boat. And as tinned food and biscuits had formed our solid fare since we left Gibraltar, the next move of the flying-fish was from the boat into the frying-pan. We liked the meal, and desired to make it as much a certainty as though there were fishmongers' shops on the road. The fish were drawn by the glare of the binnacle-light. But as they did not know enough to allow for the forging ahead of the boat, they invariably flopped into the mainsail with a thud, only to sprawl in the bottom of the boat, when the yell, 'There 's another!' preceded a dive for the victim by skipper or son.

Through this sport of turning flying-fish into frying fish an accident befell us which might have ended disastrously for the venture of the *Lotta*. As a relief from sitting, my son stood up one night to steer close to the binnacle-lamp, which shone strongly on his face. A large flying-fish came for him and gave him a smashing blow on the cheek. He saw a bewildering constellation, and, in pugilistic vernacular, was knocked clean out of time. It was a terrific blow, and gave the poor lad much pain. What was worse, the blow had missed his eye by little more than a hair's-breadth. I do not doubt that if he had been struck in the eye he would have been unable to steer or to do much other work in the boat for the rest of the passage. That would have been a grave handicap upon us, to say nothing of the probable permanent damage to his eyesight. As it was, he could not relieve me from steering for some days. The pressure on the eyes in following the points of the compass was too heavy for him. When he had nearly recovered, another addition was made to the rules: 'While standing to steer, please "mind your eye"!'

On 16th September, the boat being in longitude forty-five degrees west, latitude twenty-three degrees north, and twenty-eight days out from Gibraltar, I roughly figured that we were about half-way to our destination. It was Sunday; the weather was very fine, and we celebrated the reckoning with the best dinner our larder afforded, washed down with a full glass of sherry each out of the little we had brought from Gibraltar. We even had music, the boy mysteriously producing—a mouth-organ! I thought his rendering of the 'Death of Nelson' hardly appropriate to the joyous occasion, but he clung to it, and encored himself several times.

There were now only nine hundred miles separating us from the Virgin Islands—a fair distance in itself, perhaps, for such a craft as the *Lotta*, but small compared with that behind us. Once we traversed it we should have land contiguous to our route for the rest of the way, an appreciable advantage if any misfortune short of fatality to both of us should occur. I lay down that night with thankfulness in my heart. But shortly before midnight, what was my amazement, on being startled from sleep by an unusual motion of the boat, to see the sails aback and the *Lotta's* head to the south-east. The mainsail was quickly lowered, and the boat regained her course; then the mainsail was reset, and the voyage resumed. My son declared that 'the wind had got on the wrong side of the mainsail,' and that, in spite of his attempts with the helm, the boat had run entirely away with him, and defied his efforts to bring her round again. I hinted that he had probably been dozing at the helm. This new and—I impressed upon my young shipmate—stringent regulation was added: 'When papa is resting, you are the sole responsible representative of the adventurous crew; therefore, do not be caught napping!'

PART III.

NOW we entered upon a dismal experience. The wind had begun to fall light, especially during the day. The peculiar clouds with the tattered edges, which had flown before the trade-wind, disappeared. The sky was a melancholy dome of lead. The atmosphere was murky, and morbidly depressed the senses. The sun looked sick, with a bluish halo that was reflected by the boat and everything in her, and by the distressed ocean. Lately we had been swung and rocked with a rhythm almost mechanical. Now the rhythm was broken. The waves were wild, and tossed us madly. A heavy swell arose from every point of the compass, and merged into and overlapped the sea around us. The change was dreadful. We were lifted and thrown about by terrific waves, always with that crazing metallic blue in them. I watched the barometer constantly. There was no extraordinary fluctuation. I suspected that there was an atmospherical disturbance somewhere ahead, and seriously thought of heaving the boat to and awaiting developments. Our progress dropped to sixty or seventy miles a day at this eerie part of the voyage, and I never had my eye off the barometer. Afterwards I learned that the cyclone which devastated Galveston on 8th September 1900 was the cause of the peculiar conduct of the elements. For fourteen days we were to sail under these alarming conditions. As we approached the Virgin Islands the wind hauled to the eastward, thereby preventing our jibs from drawing and accelerating the speed. So we took them in and rigged them out on the weather bow with the help of an oar.

The wind continued tantalisingly light, and committed the final aggravation of hauling dead astern. We trimmed the sails to the altered conditions. But the main-boom would do nothing more useful than try to level the waves to leeward, while the oar was harpooning for flying-fish at every alternate roll. My patience was exhausted. In a spirit of disgust at the *Lotta's* present luck I altered the course two points to the northward, and retrimmed the sails. We sailed under less trying conditions. But it became necessary to 'jibe ship' every twenty-four hours to maintain the course. This means the altering of a course towards the point to which the wind is blowing, and sufficiently beyond it to get the wind on the other side of the sails. During the whole of the fourteen days (at the end of which we were past the Virgin Islands) the boat was hurled and slung about on an insane sea. Our dot of a craft, designed for service in a smooth harbour, was a mere toy in that ocean rough-and-tumble. We suffered more than I can relate. Our bodies were tortured and our minds tormented with the frightful tossing day after day. There was not a moment's rest; it gnawed at and numbed our senses.

Even while I bewailed our lot and longed for a

change, a dark bank blotted out the firmament astern. It was as black as a funeral pall. As we gazed at it our eyes were blinded by a lurid lightning-flash. The thunder rolled and clapped, nearly deafening us. With a rapidity that emulated the lightning, we had the mainsail down and secured, the jib taken in, and the stay-foresail half-lowered. With a shred of canvas up, we waited for the outburst of the tempest.

It was like a battle of the gods. The lightning flared and the thunder roared. The gale sprang upon us shrieking and howling, the boat lurching forward crazily. We steered her almost directly before the wind, keeping it a little on the starboard quarter to fill the foresail. It was a fight for life. Waves lifted to dizzy heights all about us. It seemed as if our grave had been scooped out of the vast Atlantic, and in a moment the heaving sides would collapse and make an end to us and our shell. We gambled with death a hundred times in those dread hours. At every dive the *Lotta* was gulping the water over her bows. She would duck, and recover, trembling like a live thing. Then with a leap she would climb the banks of water as tenaciously and intelligently as a mountaineer fighting his way through blinding sleet.

To complete the elemental riot, rain began to tumble upon us in sheets. We were drenched by waves and soaked by rain. And now we had to bail our boat with substantial buckets. Two lives were at stake; and in the sickening gloom and amid the ravings of the storm, which seemed bound to defeat our nerve and strength at last, we bailed, bailed, bailed, the one staggering to the wheel when he was utterly fagged, to take the helm and give the other a turn. From helm to bailing, and bailing to helm! It seemed to us as though we had been changing from one to the other for weary days. The storm seemed to mock at us, the water swilled brutally in the boat, and all about us there was the threat of disaster. But the two mites in the puny shell were not destined to be food for the fishes.

The rain slackened; a bright segment of blue appeared on the horizon astern, like the smile of a woman. It was a signal of hope. We bailed and bailed, until at length we got the better of the water. The wind abated, the rain stopped, and the sea was moderately peaceful. For many days we had not seen a bright patch on the sky. We changed our sodden clothes and drank an ounce of brandy each. My boy dropped into a deep sleep, while I stayed at the helm all night.

When the *Lotta* was free of that ocean hell, she flew towards Florida at a merry pace. The morning was calm and beautiful, and the sea nearly level. The change made us very happy. And as the rest of the voyage was comparatively smooth, and the stories of rough seas make the best reading, I will finish my account briefly.

We sighted the island of San Domingo on 1st October, being then forty-three days out from Gibraltar. Two days later we crossed the Windward Passage separating San Domingo from Cuba. Here we were joined by a friendly whale about the length of the *Lotta*, who frisked around her, diving at one side and coming up at the other without a splash. Occasionally he came quite close in to study us with lustrous, jet-black eyes, as good-natured and sensible as a collie's. He stayed with us three days, acting as a scout to the entrance of the Old Bahama Channel, where he, to our regret, left us. We were now among schooners and steamers toiling on a by-path of commerce. We crossed the Gulf Stream under easy sail, and entered the Gulf of Mexico through the Rebecca and Isaac Channel. It was necessary to haul the boat on the wind to make the Florida coast. Then the wind swerved to the northward, and we had to tack at intervals. By day we approached the land, tacked every evening, and stood out at night. On the morning of 17th October I sighted and recognised the lighthouse at the entrance to Charlotte Harbour. A few short tacks brought us to the entrance. With joy we saw that we were recognised. In response to the British ensign at our peak, the American flags were flying at the pilot station and quarantine station.

At 10 A.M on our fifty-ninth day after leaving Gibraltar we entered the harbour. The formalities over, we came in for kindly greetings. And Dr Blunt, of the United States quarantine station, took us home to dinner—a real shore-dinner, after our everlasting cocoa, tinned meat, and biscuits! And what luxuries bathing and shaving were! The tan was deep under our skins; our grilled hands were still sore. But we were strong and in perfect health, and press messages were despatched which would inform the dismal prophets of the *Lotta's* success. The weight of responsibility was lifted from my shoulders, and we were in a heaven of content and an environment of generous hospitality. We learned that Galveston had been swept away by a cyclone, and that we should certainly have been lost had we started a week earlier, for then we should have been in the thick of the tempest, from the tail of which we had miraculously escaped. After two pleasant days with Dr Blunt's family we sailed to Punta Gorda (Fat Point), a town at the head of Charlotte Harbour.

And so ended our trip.

BLACK JOSÉ.

A TALE OF THE ARGENTINE.

IT was away back in the eighties, when railway construction was in full swing in the Argentine, that I was employed by an English company to go to one of the northern provinces, where they meant to extend their system. The district had already been surveyed, and the route for the new line of railway fixed on and marked out with pegs; while through the *monte*, or jungle, narrow pathways had been cut indicating the proposed route. The work assigned to me was to arrange by contract with responsible individuals, or directly engage *peons*, to cut and clear away the trees and scrub to a specified distance on each side of the indicated track, so as to allow facilities for forming the *terraplen*. To reach the terminus of the company's system from where I was stationed was only a matter of twelve hours' run by train. Here I was provided with a large, high-wheeled bullock-cart, in which were put the stores and appurtenances considered necessary for the expedition. I also engaged three *peons*—an Italian and two natives. The former was to act in the capacity of cook, while as to the latter, one was to officiate as bullock-driver, and the other was held responsible for the safety of my horses, of which I had four.

My journey of six days over a flat and treeless country was virtually void of interest, and was fast becoming monotonous, when we began to come upon scrub and clumps of trees, which indicated a near termination of our journey. Deviating somewhat from our line of route, and skirting the shore of a small lake, we came upon a camp-village, or *pueblito*, about which I had been previously advised. This *pueblito* appeared to me to be one of the most wretched I had seen in the Argentine, the houses, or *ranchos*, being constructed in the usual primitive north Argentine fashion, and consisting of four forked trees from eight to nine feet long stuck into the ground, one at each corner, with the forks upward; on these rested the horizontal logs which supported the roof, composed of branches and grass, and topped off with earth. The side-walls were constructed of twigs and rushes from the edge of the *laguna*, and plastered over with mud. On reaching this *pueblito* we were assailed by an army of starved dogs, literally consisting of

> Mongrel puppy, whelp and hound,
> And curs of low degree.

But the latter fearfully predominated. It is the same all over the northern provinces, for the native Argentine seems to delight in keeping hordes of dogs of the most varied and uncertain ancestry.

Keeping this yelping fraternity at bay with my riding-whip, I made my way to the house of the *comisario*, who, it seems, had been disturbed during his siesta by the commotion caused through our arrival. In spite of the fact that an Argentine dislikes nothing so much as being disturbed during his siesta, he received me kindly; and a glance seemed to satisfy him that I had something to do with the construction of the proposed railway. He saluted me as Señor Ingeniero. Now, although I am not an engineer, yet, in accordance with the prevailing ideas in vogue in this quarter, I wore the insignia of one, consisting of a pith helmet, a heavy steel watch-chain, thick-soled boots, and strong white canvas riding-pants; while, added to this, my not over-refined general appearance was, according to his basis of reasoning, enough to designate me *un ingeniero ingles*. Politely asking me to be seated, he handed me a chair, which I afterwards discovered to be the only one in the village. Going outside, he ordered *mate*, which was duly brought and served by one of his vigilantes. The physical proportions of this whity-brown limb of the law were not of a kind calculated to inspire respect in an Irish community; nor did his mental capacities seem of a high order. His wardrobe indicated little of the uniform, with the exception of his cap; while his nether garments, which bespoke antiquity, had their fundamental parts profusely done up on the principle of Joseph's coat. This individual, I afterwards learned, was compelled to do duty as a policeman on account of a foul murder he had committed. I describe this vigilante, as he was typical of the camp vigilante at the time I write of; and although things are now somewhat improved in this way in the Argentine, still the police force of the country continues to be largely recruited from the criminal classes.

After a lengthened talk with the *comisario* and a consultation of my map, I came to the conclusion that this village would prove an admirable basis for beginning my operations of woodcutting. When it came to be known that I wanted woodcutters, I had numerous candidates for the work; but all wanted such exorbitant wages that I had to decline their offers. However, on my tickling the hand of my friend the *comisario* with something substantial, and leaving the matter very much in his hands, he speedily reduced their demands by at least 50 per cent. Having acquiesced in these now more reasonable terms, I speedily had three gangs of woodcutters at work.

As the work proceeded apace I saw I had to face a difficulty—namely, that of supplying the woodcutters with provisions and water. Heretofore the workmen had found their own provisions; but as their

work gradually led them farther from their homes, this system ceased to be practicable. I had, therefore, to arrange a new system of food-supply. In the district where I was stationed, water and provisions were to be had in abundance; but farther north water was scarce, and in consequence the country was sparsely inhabited, which foreboded a difficulty in finding provisions, the staple of which was goats' flesh. It therefore became necessary for me to find a competent man whom I could trust to attend to this important department: to find provisions, and put the various gangs of woodcutters on a system of rations, arranging to have these forwarded regularly, with a sufficiency of water.

I again consulted my friend the *comisario*, and he recommended an individual for the appointment named José Rodriguez, but familiarly known by the name of Negro José (Black José), from his very dark complexion.

On my acquiescing in the *comisario's* proposal, a vigilante was sent to intimate to Black José that I requested an interview with him at the house of the *comisario*. As José lived somewhere about three leagues distant, some little time had necessarily to elapse before he could possibly appear. During part of this interval the *comisario* narrated to me some of José's peculiarities of character, the most remarkable of which was that he was singularly honest. Although I doubted the fact at the time, I afterwards found this statement to be true—at least so long as he remained in my employment; and this was undoubtedly a rare trait in the class of Argentines to which he belonged. But the dark side of José's character was his quarrelsome and revengeful disposition; and the *comisario* hinted that he had been the death of more than one of his countrymen; but added, with a shrug of his shoulders, that José was a smart fellow, and if I treated him liberally he thought we should get on well together.

Our conversation was abruptly brought to a close by the entrance of José himself, the vigilante having found him in the outskirts of the village, at a *boliche*, or drinking-shop. José came forward and bowed with the ease and grace of a well-bred Spaniard, and not with the whining, cringing manner so common with many north Argentines of the lower class. In stature José was rather under than above the average size, while, although not apparently muscular, he had a well-knit frame, and his cat-like movements denoted great agility. His features were regular and well cut, but his dark, flashing eyes proclaimed his fiery temper, while his very dark skin and long, glossy black hair indicated his Indian origin, and in no way belied the name by which he was best known—namely, Negro José. He wore the dress of a well-to-do *gaucho*, but with an excessive profusion of silver ornaments adorning his broad belt, in which was stuck a handsome, long-bladed, silver-trilled knife. His feet were encased in a pair of patent-leather top-boots, the high heels of which were adorned by a pair of large silver spurs which clanked as he walked. A silver-mounted *rebenque* (riding-whip) completed his riding equipment, and proclaimed him a camp dandy of the first order. Giving José an outline of his duties, I made him a liberal offer in the shape of wages, which he accepted. On the following day he entered on his duties, and by the energy he displayed and his powers of organisation, I soon saw he was fully qualified for the duties he had undertaken. As time went on José gradually rose in my estimation, and was fast becoming, as it were, my right-hand man. He bought pack-mules and horses for forwarding provisions to the woodcutters at a cheaper rate than I could, and when buying goats and sheep for food, could beat down the vendors in price in a way which showed he was an expert at the business.

With the workmen in general I could see José was more feared than liked; but with the female portion of the community he appeared to be highly popular—dangerously so, I sometimes thought; and this ultimately proved to be the case.

As José passed through the village at an ambling trot on his gorgeously equipped steed, which he rode with an air of dignity and reserve, many a kindly glance was cast at him by the dark-eyed, dusky damsels and matrons; and when saluted by them, he smilingly returned their salutations in a manner which conveyed condescension and in no way compromised his dignity.

Although I found José was given to gambling and an occasional over-indulgence in *cana*, he continued to attend to his duties. As for myself, time passed pleasantly, and the troubles I had to meet, being of a minor sort, were encountered, as it were, to-day and forgotten to-morrow. But a crisis was at hand. One evening, as the *comisario* and I sat chatting and smoking our cigarettes and sipping our *cana*, word was brought to us that José had killed one of the mule-drivers with his knife. The *comisario* and I immediately went to the scene of the tragedy, which was at the *boliche* outside the village to which I have already referred. We found the mule-driver not dead, as was reported, but dangerously wounded. Sending at once for the old woman who officiated as village doctor, we had his wounds attended to. She eventually intimated that she had grave doubts as to his recovery unless he got over the night. I may here remark that it is customary amongst men of the medical profession in the Argentine to laugh at these female camp-doctors; but the skill I have seen these poor women display in surgery, and the success achieved by their simple remedies—often in cases of serious ailments—have sometimes made me think they could teach many an Argentine doctor things that would be of service to him.

José was taken to the *comisaria*, and it transpired on investigation that the mule-driver in question possessed an attractive young wife. He accused José of being on too intimate terms with her, and

it appeared from the evidence that this accusation was based on more than suspicion. A knife-fight ensued, and the poor mule-driver, being no match for José, came near being killed, while José, by his marvellous agility and skill, came out of the fight scatheless. José was detained that night at the *comisaria*, and put in the stocks. As the mule-driver was alive in the morning, and hopes were now entertained of his recovery, José was allowed to return to his duties, I going bail for his appearance again if wanted. It was also arranged that José should pay 50 per cent. of his wages towards the mule-driver's support until he was able to resume work. José appeared to be in no way sorry for what had occurred; indeed, he seemed to think it a good joke. But he complained loudly of having to pay the 50 per cent. I told him he had got off lightly for such a grave offence, and sternly let him know that if anything of a similar nature occurred again I would discharge him.

Matters soon resumed their normal condition, for a knife-fight was only a nine hours' wonder, and in less than a week the matter was all but forgotten. In the meantime the mule-driver was fast progressing towards recovery.

I now found I should have to shift my encampment farther north so as to be nearer the woodcutters and there arrange a new basis for a food-supply; but I considered it expedient to defer the matter until after Carnival, that time being at hand.

Carnival duly came, with its usual accompaniments of debauchery, brutality, and foolishness. At every *boliche* there was a *baile* (ball), as also at many private *ranchos*, and day as well as night was made hideous by the eternal *boom, boom, boom* of the primitive camp-drum, for at every *baile* this musical instrument (if I may term it such) is considered indispensable. During the whole of Carnival week this hubbub was kept up almost without intermission.

José, in his best equestrian outfit, had visited many of the *bailes*, and as usual seemed to be the hero of the hour with the fair sex. I also learned he had been indulging more freely in intoxicants than was his wont; and knowing his quarrelsome disposition when in that way, I feared trouble, and my fears were speedily justified. I think it was about mid-afternoon on the second day of Carnival when word was brought to me that José had killed one of the woodcutters named Juan Vicente at one of the *bailes*. It was the old story: both men being intoxicated, they quarrelled about a girl. Knives were drawn, and it seems that before Juan had time to deliver a thrust José killed him, his knife literally passing through the woodcutter's body. All passed so quickly that the bystanders were scarcely aware of what occurred. José, taking advantage of the confusion, slipped out, mounted his horse, and fled; and before either the *comisario* or I was informed of the occurrence, José, being well mounted, must have been at least two leagues away. In consequence, pursuit was virtually useless.

That night we interred the remains of poor Juan in the *monte*, a rough wooden cross marking his place of interment.

I now thoroughly repented of ever having taken José into my employment. The man's cold-blooded nature now appeared before me in such a hideous form that I considered no other good quality he might possess could possibly counterbalance such brutality. However, I felt some consolation in thinking that I had seen the last of him. Unfortunately, in this I was mistaken, as the sequel will show.

Carnival being past, I arranged to have my encampment shifted farther north, and on leaving I went and said good-bye to my friend the *comisario*. I call him my friend from the fact that he was one of the few *comisarios* I met in the Argentine who earned my respect. His name was Santiago Diaz, and he was a descendant of an old Spanish family that had kept its descent pure and had never intermarried with families of Indian descent, a fact of which Don Santiago was justly proud, and of which he never failed to remind one. He had inherited much of the pride and pomposity of the Spanish race, but he had a higher sense of honour and justice than any other Argentine I ever met. Poor Don Santiago Diaz! I often thought nature intended him to occupy a higher sphere in life than doing the duties of chief police-officer to a semi-barbarous community that could never appreciate his worth.

After two days' journey with my bullock-cart, the site I had selected for my new encampment was reached. It was in the vicinity of three fresh-water wells. Indeed, the place derived its name from those wells—namely, Pozos Dulces (Fresh Wells), all other wells in this district being more or less salt.

I discovered an unoccupied *rancho* that came within the ground owned by the railway company. This I took possession of, while my cook pitched his tent under the shade of an *algarrobo*-tree about one hundred yards distant. Although there was no village in the vicinity, the place was nevertheless the centre of a considerable population, and could boast of both a *comisario* and a *juez de paz* (district judge).

I soon saw my new encampment was admirably suited for a basis of food-supply. Goats' flesh could be had in abundance, also beef and mutton—all at a reasonable rate. The man who was in charge of my horses, and who had also acted as my factotum, I transferred to the appointment previously held by José. Although not endowed with the mental capacity of the latter, he eventually gave tolerable satisfaction.

After I had been about a week settled in my new encampment I had a visit from the *comisario* of the district. He rode up to my *rancho* one day, and so as to impress me, no doubt, with a sense of his

importance, he had riding at a respectful distance behind him a villainous-looking, ragged vigilante. I was by no means favourably impressed by the *comisario's* appearance, yet as an act of courtesy I asked him to alight from his horse. To this he complied, came forward, and sat down in the veranda. After chatting on various topics for some minutes I could see he had something of importance to communicate; but, native-like, he deferred the matter to the last. Then, finally, just as he was about to take his leave, he broached the subject of José killing the woodcutter.

'Ah,' I said, 'you seemingly know all about this matter?'

'*Como*, no, señor,' he replied. 'José told me all about it himself; he is at present staying with me, and he would be very grateful if you would reinstate him in the appointment he previously held from you.'

'What!' I replied in astonishment, 'José living with you?'

'*Como*, no, señor,' he again replied.

'Well,' I returned with warmth, 'José is little better than a brute, and ought to be severely punished for what he has done; while as to reinstating him in his former appointment, that I certainly never will do.'

'Ah, *bueno, bueno*, señor,' he replied. 'Just as you like, you know; but José is a good fellow all the same, and I am very sorry for him. And,' he continued, 'punishing him would do no good; you know that will not bring back to life the man he has killed.'

Now, this is the basis of nearly all Argentine reasoning, even of the more advanced and enlightened, when asked why murderers are not punished. Indeed, when an individual commits a murder in the Argentine, even although premeditated and cowardly, the murderer seems to receive the sympathy of the whole community; and they will move heaven and earth to save him from capital punishment, however richly he may deserve it. Although the Argentine law prescribes death for premeditated murder, yet the community will never allow it to be carried into effect; the farce is generally ended by the criminal getting off with a few months' imprisonment.

The *comisario*, after talking with me on various topics, and seeing there was no chance of persuading me to reinstate his friend José, finally took his leave.

It will now be necessary for me to explain certain matters hitherto omitted, but which I always thought had a very significant bearing on this strange tale. They are as follows:

At my previous encampment the money to pay the woodcutters was sent from the terminus of the railway once a month; but as the construction of the railway advanced, and the termination or point of rails came nearer, the money came to me once a fortnight, and this system was adhered to until the completion of the work. The money was invariably brought me every second Friday by two men, and on the day following I paid the woodcutters. This system made it necessary that I should keep the money one night in my possession, which, when I think of it now, decidedly showed great imprudence on my part.

Well, on a certain Friday the money was brought to me as usual, and I put it away in my cash-box, which I locked up in a strong wooden chest inside my *rancho*.

This same day I had a visit from the *comisario*. I mention this fact as his visit, I always think, had much to do with what followed. He said he was passing, and thought he would call and tell me José had left.

'Indeed?' I replied, with indifference. 'Where has he gone to?'

'Who knows, señor?' he answered. 'He left my house three days ago, and I have not seen him since.'

'Ah, I am glad to hear it,' I returned. 'I do not like the way he has been prowling around lately. Indeed,' I continued, 'he has been seen twice around here in my absence.'

'Oh,' laughed the *comisario*, 'you need have no fear of José. He is a hot-tempered fool, but he is no plotter of mischief;' and with a wave of his hand he passed on his way, never having alighted from his horse.

Now, what the *comisario* said of José was, I think, true; he was no plotter of evil, and in truth I never dreaded evil from him.

At the season of the year of which I write, the weather being exceedingly warm, I usually slept in the veranda, and well I remember this particular night. After I had dined, the cook had cleared away the dinner-things and taken out my camp-bed and arranged it as usual on the veranda, and after bidding me good-night, had retired to his tent. As I sat smoking a sense of loneliness crept over me, such as I had never felt before. But I got up, shook it off, and went to make my final arrangements before turning in. Before explaining what these final arrangements were, it will be necessary to glance at the plan of my *rancho*, which was a simple, square, one-roomed building with a veranda in front. The right side was flanked by a very primitive open-air kitchen of sun-dried bricks, extending at a right angle from the end of the house to a distance of about thirty feet. On the left was a rough wooden fence, through the bars of which were twisted branches of thorny scrub; and so strong and adroitly made was the fence as to be practically impenetrable by man or beast. In this way both ends of the veranda were closed, and in consequence the house was only accessible directly in front. Now, the final arrangement I made every night before going to bed was to place on my kitchen hearth an empty kerosene-tin, to which I attached a piece of light, strong twine, which I stretched across the roadway leading up to the *rancho*, fastening it to the branch fence to which I

have referred. The twine was placed about twenty feet from the front of the veranda, and as it was only four inches or so from the ground, any person approaching the *rancho* and unaware of its existence would in all probability touch the string and bring down the kerosene-tin, which would awaken me if asleep. This precaution I only adopted when I slept in the veranda. After fixing the kerosene-tin as described, I invariably placed my revolver (which was a heavy Smith & Wesson) below my pillow. But on this night I had no sooner lain down than the same feeling of loneliness again overtook me. I tried hard to shake it off, but could not. It is said that there is exhibited in certain individuals a subtle sixth sense which is so mysterious in character that its existence is often denied; it is a sense, a presentiment, of impending evil. Personally, I favour the idea of its existence; and scientists may one day be able to unmask the mystery. Until then, may I not call it what our fathers would have called it—namely, the mysterious warning of a kind Providence? Anyway, that night I clearly and distinctly felt a presentiment of evil, although I was unable to locate it; but I certainly never thought of its emanating from the source whence it eventually came.

The night being oppressively warm, of a kind which foreboded a storm, I lay in bed without any covering but my pyjamas; but sleep refused to visit me until towards midnight, when I dropped off into a troubled kind of slumber. How long I slept I know not, but I was suddenly awakened by the falling of the kerosene-tin. I jumped up in bed and instinctively seized my revolver. I saw the figure of a man gliding away in the moonlight. I immediately levelled my revolver and fired. The figure dropped. Getting hastily out of bed and putting on my slippers, I approached the prostrate figure, revolver in hand. I found it lying face downwards. I called. No response. Approaching nearer, I touched it, but with the same result. Then, being a little alarmed, I seized the figure by the shoulder and turned it over. I had no sooner done so than I gave an involuntary start, for, good heavens! it was Black José. And lying beside him was the terrible knife I knew so well, its silver handle and burnished blade glittering in the moonlight. He was apparently stone-dead, and I found on examination that the bullet from my revolver had entered the back of his head and had come out over his left eye. I can hardly describe my feelings as I stood beside José's remains; for I looked on myself as something akin to a murderer. As yet I had not, somehow, realised the danger I myself had escaped. My first fears were: had any one heard the report of my revolver? I was inclined to think not, as a strong wind was now blowing, which heralded the near approach of the storm I had expected. Moreover, the revolver had been discharged within the veranda, which would in a great measure stifle the report. However, I listened for a minute, but heard no sound save the moaning of the wind in the *monte*.

I now began to realise the awkwardness of the position in which I was placed. I knew the Argentine too well to report the matter to the authorities. Well I knew if I did everything would go against me. But in the midst of numerous and confused plans, something seemed to whisper in my ear, 'Bury José, and keep your own secret.' This plan had no sooner suggested itself than I immediately acted on it. I went off at once and got a spade; then half-dragging, half-carrying José's body into the *monte*, I hurriedly selected a place of interment under the shade of a large *algarrobo*-tree. There, between two of its large protruding roots, where the ground was soft, I set to work to dig a grave. I had not been long at my task when the storm burst on me in all its fury. The flashes of lightning were incessant and vivid, and the rolling of the thunder was continuous, while the wind, with torrents of rain, howled through the *monte* like a thousand demons. This burying-scene was a sight so weird that it will never be effaced from my memory. There lay José's body, with its pallid, upturned face, to which the flashes of lightning added ghastliness. The sight was more than I could bear. I tore off the jacket of my pyjamas, threw it over the face, and resumed my work with renewed energy. I had soon dug a grave amply sufficient for the reception of the remains, which I am afraid I tumbled in without much ceremony. Hurriedly shovelling in the earth, which I carefully trampled down, I completed the work by throwing some loose earth over the grave.

I had no sooner returned to the *rancho* than I felt somewhat dizzy, and my legs seemed to bend under me. The excitement and exertion of the last hour had been too much for me. Going to the cupboard, I poured out and drank off a large glass of *cana*, which soon had the effect of soothing me. I then lit a pipe, sat down in the veranda, and looked out at the storm, which still continued.

As I sat there and smoked I pondered over what had occurred, and gradually the whole diabolical plot disclosed itself. Evidently it was intended to murder me in bed and then rifle my chest of the money that was to pay the workmen on the morrow. And how near the plot was to succeeding the reader must know. I also entertained grave suspicions of the *comisario's* having incited José to commit the crime. No doubt he had arranged for a lion's share of the plunder, and his pretended friendly visit to tell me José had left had been planned to throw me off my guard in case I suspected any treachery on the part of José.

In the morning the cook brought me my coffee, and remarked about the storm of the preceding night, as it had been one of unusual severity. I was satisfied to know that nothing else had disturbed him.

After taking coffee, I strolled round by the *algarrobo*-tree. Thanks to the storm, no one but myself could possibly know that the ground had been recently disturbed.

I was told that the *comisario* and other friends of José long after wondered at his mysterious disappearance. But only the narrator knows José's place of rest in the shade of the *algarrobo*-tree.

THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL AND ESTATES.

By W. M. J. Williams.



N the accession of King Edward VII. in 1901, it was at once necessary to pass a new Civil List Act. That Act provides for the King and Queen's households a sum of £470,000 a year; but it does more: it provides for their children also. Chief of these, of course, is the Prince of Wales, for whom £20,000, and for the Princess of Wales £10,000, a year are set apart, and further provision is made for certain contingencies. Why that sum, and how did the authorities arrive at it? The Act of 1863 provided £40,000 for the Prince and £10,000 for the Princess of Wales of that day, now King Edward and Queen Alexandra. It is probable that the figures which follow determined the amount fixed as the parliamentary vote towards the comfort and happiness of Prince George and Princess Mary, the Prince and Princess of Wales of to-day.

The eldest son of the British Sovereign is born Duke of Cornwall, but has to be created Prince of Wales, as was seen last year. As Duke of Cornwall, he is seised, as the lawyers say, with the Duchy of Cornwall and all its honours, privileges, and estates. The last-published account of these estates, which are managed with great ceremony, gives the figures up to 31st December 1901, and shows that £21,989 was paid to His Majesty (as Prince of Wales) and £52,000 to the Prince of Wales, or a total of £73,989 for 1901. This is a net payment after management, &c., have been provided for, and so this figure may be taken now as the net income of the Duchy of Cornwall. During King Edward's occupancy of the duchy the average income was regarded as £60,000. The £40,000 annuity voted to him made his income about £100,000; and it may be presumed that the present rental, together with £20,000 from Parliament, makes the Prince of Wales's income about the same figure. At present, however, he seems to enjoy about £10,000 a year less than his father; but his prospects are bright, inasmuch as the income is growing very fast. Within ten years it is probable that he will enjoy an income larger than any his father had.

To exhibit this prospect, and to suggest other problems of the day, it may be added that when Queen Victoria ascended the throne the income of the Duchy of Cornwall was about £12,000, and was payable to her, as Sovereign, until the birth of King Edward on 9th November 1841, when the income was about £14,000. At the King's marriage in 1863, when his annuity of £40,000 was fixed, the duchy's income had increased to from £45,000 to £50,000 on an average, and, probably, the parliamentary annuity was fixed with an eye to the prospective increase of the duchy's rental. Since the King's marriage the net income of the duchy has gone forward steadily; but the net sum paid over to the Prince has varied considerably from year to year, from £50,000 in 1864 to £70,375 in 1876; and in 1899, just a year before his accession, it was about £67,000. This last figure is no criterion of its annual value, for it depends so much on the special works in hand on such a well-managed estate. Suffice it to say that the income may be regarded now as about £75,000 a year, with an excellent prospect of large additions in the near future.

No one will be surprised at the prospect who considers the nature of this splendid property—a property which the Prince of Wales enjoys in his capacity as heir to the British Crown. Exact delimitations of the estate cannot be given, for prudential reasons chiefly; but, as will be surmised by the title, the Prince has a large estate in Cornwall. The Return of Landlords of 1873 gives the acreage in Cornwall at 12,516, and the annual value at £9464; in Devon, at 48,457 acres, worth only £4726; and in Somerset, 5323 acres, of £9144 annual value. Besides the land, there are various dues payable to the Duke of Cornwall, such as tithes, royalties on coal-mines, estates left by intestates, and foreshore rights. As to this last, it may be noted that the minerals between high-water and low-water in Cornwall belong to the Duke, while those under the sea belong to the King; but the King must pay the Duke for passage through his foreshore to minerals beyond. Also, when Queen Victoria came to the throne it was decided to discontinue the coinage of tin in Cornwall and Devon, and give compensation to the duchy, in the circumstances recited in the following preamble to the Act 1 & 2 Vict. c. 120:

'Whereas, by the laws, usages, and customs of the counties of Cornwall and Devon, all tin dug, raised, and taken therein respectively is required to be coined, and certain duties are payable for the coinage thereof: And whereas by charter made and passed in the eleventh year of the reign of His Majesty King Edward the Third, and duly confirmed by Parliament, the said coinage duties, together with certain other possessions, were thereby granted to the then Duke of Cornwall and to the first-begotten son of him and his heirs, Kings of

England, being Dukes of Cornwall, and heirs-apparent to the kingdom of England, and the same were thereby annexed and united to the Duchy of Cornwall for ever to remain, so that from the said duchy they should at no time be in anywise severed, so that when the Duke of Cornwall for the time being should depart this life, and a son to whom the said duchy was thereby appointed should not appear, the said duchy should revert to and be retained in the hands of the King of England for the time being, until such son, being heir-apparent, should appear: And whereas such duty on the coinage of tin in the said counties of Cornwall and Devon are now payable to Her Majesty in right of her Duchy of Cornwall: And whereas it is expedient and for the benefit of trade that it should not be necessary that any tin so dug, raised, or taken should hereafter be coined, and that all duties so as aforesaid payable on the coinage thereof should cease, and that compensation in lieu thereof should be given to Her Majesty or other personage for the time being entitled to the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall: Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, That from and after the tenth day of October next ensuing the passing of this Act it shall not be necessary to coin any tin dug, raised, or taken in the said counties of Cornwall and Devon, or in either of them, and that the duties which would but for this Act be payable on the coinage of tin after that time shall cease and determine.'

Accordingly the Treasury was directed to, and did, determine the compensation to be paid to the Duchy of Cornwall for the tin-dues, and an item is found every year in the finance accounts of the United Kingdom called 'An Annuity in lieu of Tin Coinage Duties, Post Groats, and White Rents, £16,216, 15s.,' which is carried to the credit of the Prince of Wales.

But this account of the estate would be as *Hamlet* without the Prince were it to close without mentioning the London portion of that estate, by far the most valuable portion of the whole. The statutes at large contain a great many Acts relating to this portion; and from them and other data it may be said that the Lambeth Marsh in great part belongs to the duchy, and especially that part of South London known as Kennington. The tin-mines of Cornwall are nearly exhausted, and the value of agricultural property has fallen; but the house-property and sites of London are mines of gold which any prudent man would choose rather than anything found on South African Rands. From this property chiefly will come the income on which the advisers of His Royal Highness count to make the Prince's income equal to, and outshine, that of his father as Prince. The property now built upon a great portion of the London estate is not very desirable; but not many years hence opportunity to improve it, and to improve the rental, will be afforded; and, in short, it is a very fine property to hold. It may be added that, as in the case of each of the appanages of the Crown, the Duchy of Cornwall possesses a certain amount of capital also, which is invested in local loans and India 2½ and 3 per cent. stocks. It is provided, for instance, in all these cases, that one-half the revenue from mines shall be carried to capital account, and leases of land may not now be for lives, but for thirty-one years, and on houses for terms not exceeding ninety-nine years.

The present position of the estate pertaining to the Duchy of Cornwall is evidently prosperous. How did it come to be? What is its history? It is a long and very interesting story, and only a sketch of it can be given here; but the story is full of instruction on some of the fundamental questions in the politics of our day, and closely related to some of the most delicate questions of our constitution. For all practical purposes, the history of the Duchy of Cornwall begins with Edward III. There are stories of older earls and other nobles of Cornwall, reaching back to days practically unhistorical; but the Duchy of Cornwall as known to us was part of Edward III.'s scheme to provide for his family, as Bishop Stubbs says, and that in this country and not in France. It was in 1377, when Edward III. was busy with wars in France, that he created and granted the duchy to Edward the Black Prince. The grant was by charter, which was confirmed by Act of Parliament in the next year. The charter was constructed on the lines of those of the earls newly made. His dukedom was in fact only a superior kind of earldom; but it was the first dukedom created since the Conquest, and the title of duke was foreign to England. The duke was girt with a sword in the same manner as the earls. He had the shrievalty of Cornwall granted to him in such a manner that he could constitute a sheriff of Cornwall at his pleasure. Vast possessions were assigned to him, but only as Duke of Cornwall; and they were annexed and united to the dukedom for ever, and made inseparable from it. The grant of them was only to the Black Prince and the first-born sons and his heirs being Kings of England, and to the Dukes of Cornwall by succession of inheritance. There could be no Duke of Cornwall without the lands assigned to the dukedom, and the lands assigned to the dukedom must always be in the hands of the duke when not in the hands of the Sovereign.—*Pike on the Lords.*

Earls of Cornwall were well known prior to this, and it is of interest to note that the grant of the Cornwall estate to the newly created duke was not a high-handed proceeding of King Edward III., for by a Roll of the Exchequer of the thirtieth year of Henry VIII. it is shown that Edward was descended from Edmund, a former Earl of Cornwall, and that Edward I. and Edward II. were seised in fee of the duchy, so that Edward III. was in that position also, and entitled legally to make this grant of the

estate. The dignity was, however, conferred, like most earldoms of the period, with the common consent and advice of the prelates, earls, barons, and others of the King's Council in Parliament, and without any reference to the Commons (*Pike on the Lords*, p. 76). The Duke of Cornwall is, therefore, the premier duke, and the dukedom is endowed with an estate whose history is clear and legally strong, from days now receding into the far distance of the past.

The powers of the Duke of Cornwall may be judged by a recital of a clause of the charter. He was to 'have and to hold to the said duke and to him and his heirs, the kings of England, their first-begotten sons and dukes of the said place, that were hereditarily to succeed in the kingdom of England, together with the knight's fees and the advowsons of churches, and all other things, to the castles, boroughs, towns, manors, and honours aforesaid in what manner soever belonging of the said late king and his heirs for ever, as in the patent of the said late king to the foresaid then duke thereof made is more fully contained.'—*Rot. 15 of Exchequer.*

There were seventeen of the 'assessional' manors to which reference is made, six of which have been sold, but the mines and minerals reserved. Subject to local rights, the mines and minerals of these manors, sold and unsold, are vested in the Duke of Cornwall, as also all minerals of the foreshore. The Duchy of Cornwall from early times to 1897 exercised special jurisdiction by means of the Stannary Courts. The jurisdiction is now exercised by the County Court, and possesses a common law and equity side. In personal actions, mostly concerned with mines in Cornwall and Devon, the jurisdiction of the Stannary Courts is exclusive, and as regards general equity it appears to be so. The power to rectify the register of a company summarily may be exercised by the High Court or the Stannary Court at the option of the applicant. A winding-up petition within the Stannaries must usually be presented to the Stannaries Court.

The Stannaries were originally districts paying royalty on tin to the Earls of Cornwall, and the powers of their courts were confirmed by Edward I. The charters made working tinners exempt from the Crown Courts, except with regard to 'land, life, and limb.' They were sued only in the Stannary Courts presided over by the Lord Warden or his subordinates, whose court of record had full jurisdiction, as has already been told. There was even a Cornish Parliament, which was confirmed by Henry VII., and appears to have had the duty of considering and formulating the customs of the Stannaries, and these Parliaments were held up to the end of the eighteenth century. The Lord Warden had among his privileges the right to a corps of miners raised in Cornwall and Devon for the Militia, and seems to enjoy them now by an Act of 1882; and the Warden is for all purposes the lieutenant of the county. But so far as courts are concerned, all the special powers were transferred in 1897 to such County Courts as the Lord Chancellor may choose.

For much information regarding the history and antiquities of the duchy reference should be made to the Survey of the Duchy made at its creation (11 Edward III.), published in *Parliamentary Records* of 1800; to the *Abstract of Public Records* published in Edinburgh in 1824; and to the Report on the Affairs of the Duchy made to Parliament in 1862–63, when King Edward VII. attained his majority.

In studying these old records of the Crown and the revenue it is a great pleasure to find the account simplified and made more clear and distinct as time rolls on. This is so as regards the Duchy of Cornwall. Up to the time of William III., and for a few years afterwards (1697), the revenue of Cornwall appeared in the Civil List granted to the King among the 'hereditary revenues.' It was also recited in Queen Anne's Civil List. During these reigns these revenues were a part of the general public revenue; but since that time the Cornwall revenues have not been paid into the Exchequer, for they were specially exempted from the 'hereditary revenues' by the Act supplying the Civil List of George I. Since that day the Cornwall revenue has never appeared among the 'hereditary revenues.' From the days of Queen Anne down to the birth of Edward VII. the revenues of Cornwall were paid to the Sovereign. George IV. and William IV. thus received them because they had no son, and Queen Victoria received them from 1838 to 1841, a total of £66,500 altogether; but they then passed to King Edward VII. as Duke of Cornwall. He was a minor, of course, until 1861–62, and during his minority the surplus revenue of the duchy accumulated to the sum of £386,500, which enabled the trustees to purchase £572,075 of 3 per cent. stock, and leave in the banker's hands a cash balance of £29,646. Such an accumulation accounts in great part for the strong position of the estate to-day.

Reverting to the past history of the duchy's affairs, we come upon some of those old abuses which make us wonder that our State weathered the storm in trying days. It has just been said that for many years the revenues of Cornwall were paid to the Sovereign failing a Duke of Cornwall; but for a long season also the net revenue was very small. During the three years of the reign of James II., up to 1688, £14,226 only was paid into the Exchequer from this source. At the close of the reign of William III. the revenue was £9000 per annum; but this, it was said, brought nothing to the Exchequer, 'because it is so charged with pensions and other annual sums payable by the Receiver-General thereof that very little, if any, has been paid into the Exchequer in aid of the expenses of the Civil Government for several years past.' There were £3000 to the Earl of Bath, £2000 to the Lord Auverquere, £300 to Sir Peter Killigrew, and salaries to the auditor, supervisors, and several other officers, amounting to £1700 more,

so that only £2000 went into the Exchequer in Queen Anne's days. When the duchy's revenues were separated from the hereditary revenues at the accession of George I. in 1714, these pensions granted by King William of Orange were no longer charged to the duchy; but they continue as a public charge, in one form or another, to this day.

All this time, so far as the public was concerned, the affairs of the duchy were a mystery; all that was known was from local gossip, or was confined to the officers of the duchy or the Treasury at Whitehall. There were great transactions, however, as, from 1704 to 1718, it is known that the 'Tyn Affaire,' as it was called, involved immense sums. The Duke of Cornwall had the right of the pre-emption of all tin, because it was used for coins, and between the years named tin amounting to £1,523,002 was sold, for which £1,422,756 was paid, thus showing a profit to the duchy of £100,245. The coinage dues were abolished, as has been shown, in 1838, and an annuity of £16,216, 15s. made payable, and is now paid, to the revenues of the duchy. There was also the prisage and butlerage of wines in the duchy, a due of 2s. per tun in later years, which brought in a revenue, and it is interesting as a specimen of the power of taxing which the Duke of Cornwall possessed. That was done away with in 1803, and a capital sum of £27,000 paid for it from the Consolidated Fund. When Queen Victoria became Sovereign in 1837, the discussions which ensued in the House of Commons caused the Chancellor of the Exchequer to pass a rule that annual accounts of the income and expenditure of the duchy should be rendered to Parliament, which is now done regularly.

This summary of the position, value, and history of the Duchy of Cornwall and its estates has sufficed, perhaps, to make the reader know how fine a power and valuable a property is involved. In days when the public accounts were far inferior in point of clearness to those of to-day, there was, and justifiably so, much dissatisfaction regarding the affairs and position of the duchy. But the chief point which emerged in discussion was, whether the property was a private or a public one. Burke, Brougham, Harvey, Romilly, and Trelawney are some of the names prominently connected with these discussions. The position to-day is clear. The estates are an appanage of the Crown, of which an annual account has to be rendered to Parliament. On this important question of the nature of the duchy and property it will be interesting to quote Burke:

'What partiality, what objects of the politics of the House of Lancaster or of Cromwell has his present Majesty, or his Majesty's family? What power have they within any of these principalities which they have not within their kingdom? In what manner is the dignity of the nobility concerned in these principalities? What rights have the subject there which they have not at least equally in every other part of the nation? These distinctions exist for no good end to the King, to the nobility, to the people. They ought not to exist at all. If the Crown (contrary to its nature, but most conformably to the whole tenor of the advice that has been lately given) should so far forget its dignity as to contend that these jurisdictions and revenues are estates of private property, I am rather for acting as if that groundless claim were of some weight than for giving up that essential part of the reform. I would value the clear income, and give a clear annuity to the Crown, taken on the medium produce for twenty years.' —*Burke on Economical Reform.*

That was an opinion delivered and a proposal made in the House of Commons on 11th February 1780. On 25th March 1853 Mr Trelawney moved for the third time his motion for an inquiry into the management of the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall. Romilly objected, as that would be to interfere in the management of private property. Mr Bouverie denied that. Sir Robert Peel said he must be an unwise man who denied the absolute right of the House of Commons to do anything it thought proper. He thought the House should not interfere unless there were clear and signal proof of a necessity for such interference, and expressed an opinion that no property, public or private, speaking of late years, had been better administered. This reference to 'late years' was a well-deserved compliment to the labours of the Prince-Consort to bring order out of chaos in these things. But it cannot escape the observation of those who read this account of the duchy and its affairs that all modern legislation has proceeded so as to acknowledge Burke's principles to be right, while the trend of modern thought and practice is to hold all public property as a national asset, and not to sell any of the land and estate. Need it be added that those who study the questions of housing and land will derive much instruction from the details of management of such an estate as this, details which cannot be given in such a sketch as is offered here?

THE DAY.

A FILM of drops chasing each other down the pane,
The melancholy sound
Of fretful wind hurling the harassed rain
Upon the sodden ground,
Splashing it on the road, blurring it o'er the lawn:
Thus, gazing out on the tempest, I saw the Dawn.

Throughout the hours, as listening to a whispered spell,
I heard the weird tattoo
Of Nature's orchestra. At times it fell
To sighs, and then anew
Dinned loudly in its interwoven, constant beat
Of myriad patterings, like rushing spirits' feet.

Twilight's dull tinge spread on the gray and ghostly sky,
And then a Silence came.
Far in the limpid west the sun's dim eye
Shone as a cave of flame;
The clouds furled like great canopies with stars bedight;
Clear purple heaven shone between. So came the Night.

WARD MUIR.

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SIXTH SERIES.

HOW JONES COLLECTED AN ACCOUNT.

By ALGERNON WARREN, Author of *Commercial Travelling.*

'SEND Jones in,' said the merchant H—— to his head-clerk.

Jones entered, zealous but nervous.

'Go and call on Messrs Lynkins for the amount of our account rendered. They ought to have paid before this. Harrison has been twice already.'

Harrison was the town traveller of the firm, and was laid up temporarily with influenza; hence this summoning of Jones, who ordinarily acted as invoice-clerk. Many young fellows in his position would have been pleased to vary the monotony of their occupation by any outdoor work; but Jones was rather of a retiring disposition, and, moreover, what he had heard of Messrs Lynkins did not predispose him in favour of the commission. However, needs must, so he went off, charged with instructions. Just as he was going out at the door he was recalled to be warned 'on no account' to allow the extra one and a quarter per cent. discount to which Messrs Lynkins would have been entitled if payment had been made six weeks earlier, and to be told what to reply in the event of its being asked for.

At the door of Messrs Lynkins's office he met a traveller of his acquaintance just coming out.

'Hallo, young fellow! what do you want here?'

'Oh, Harrison is ill, so I've got to collect an account for him.'

'Wish you joy of the job! Lynkins is like a bear with a sore head this morning. Kept me waiting no end of a time, and then quibbled about eighteenpence as if it would cost him three sleepless nights if he didn't get it allowed. He's a beauty, he is! But you'd better nip in quick, or there'll be others after him. He never pays first call if he can possibly get out of it, and Tom Jenkins of K——'s house told me he'd been here yesterday and was coming again to-day about this time. So if you don't look sharp he'll be on to you. Ta-ta!'

Jones passed in and presented himself at the inquiry desk. But the lad deputed to receive callers was busy setting his drawer to rights for the better accommodation of a kitten inside it, so he had to wait till the completion of a rearrangement of contents to the other's satisfaction, for an accumulation of dry crusts, dirty dusters, and *Comic Cuts* was taking up too much room. Then this budding youth looked Jones up and down superciliously, and, not deigning to ask what he wanted, ultimately condescended to listen to what he had to say, without manifesting the slightest interest. Fortunately, however, there was a book-keeper near, who, when he heard the name of the firm for whom Jones had come to collect, was apprehensive that if the latter was delayed it might necessitate some ledger inspection which would prevent his own getting off to dinner punctually. Thus he so expedited matters that Jones was straightway shown into the inner office, where he found himself face to face with a sallow, black-bearded individual who wore a countenance as if there was nothing on earth calculated to please him. He snapped an impatient 'Well?' at Jones, who had bowed respectfully on entering.

'If you please, sir, I have called on behalf of Messrs H—— for a settlement of account.'

'Why haven't they sent their regular man?' was the decidedly offensive answer.

'Our Mr Harrison is unwell, sir; and as you made an appointment with him for this time to-day, Messrs H—— told me to come, so that you can pay me instead.'

'What do you mean by talking in that insulting way, sir?' snarled Mr Lynkins, who was evidently seeking for any excuse to pour vials of wrath on Jones's head, for he hated being asked for payment. '"Can pay me instead!" Why, of course I can if I choose, and could if it were fifty times as much. But I'm not going to hand over money to any Tom, Dick, or Harry who comes to my office and asks for it. I don't know you from the Pope, and, as a matter of business, if you haven't a copy of the account with you, you'd better call with one this day week. If your people are so keen on being paid all of a hop, they ought to have sent me a written advice that their regular collector wasn't coming.'

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But Jones's experienced employer had not dealt for years with 'putters-off' for nothing, and having foreseen an excuse of this kind, had provided accordingly.

'I have a copy of the account rendered with me, sir, and some of the firm's cards, and their price-current altered up to date also. Messrs H—— did not advise you because Mr Harrison was expected to be back at work this morning; but he sent a note instead, saying that the doctor said that it would be safer for him to stay in two days longer.'

'Oh, then, if he's going to be out and about in a couple of days, he'd better come then, and I'll settle with him.'

'Very well, sir; but Messrs H—— told me to state that, in accordance with their terms specified, no discount can be allowed if the account stands over unpaid after to-day.'

Mr Lynkins glared wrathfully. He hated paying a moment before he could help; but discounts were dear to his rapacious nature, and when he found that quiet Jones—your quiet fellows are often the firmest—was conscientious enough in his employers' interests not to lend himself to a shuffle, he sulkily turned to a file and took from it the original copy of the account, added some figures to it, and, tossing it across to Jones, said surlily, 'Now then, receipt that for payment by cash, and look sharp!'

'Excuse me, sir; you've made two wrong deductions. The discount due is only one and a quarter per cent., not two and a half. That would have been allowable only if the account, in accordance with the terms specified on it, had been paid not later than the 14th of last month.'

'Oh, nonsense! I've had it before. Tell you what, young fellow, I shall have to complain of you to your people, and you'll get a rap over the knuckles. Not two and a half, indeed! What's that, then?' While speaking he had been fumbling at a bundle of accounts, and drawing one out, he now threw it at Jones. But the latter had been forewarned. Three years earlier, when Harrison had first taken on duty as town traveller, he had foolishly made, under pressure, a wrongful concession of discount to Mr Lynkins, to which the latter was totally unentitled. For this he had received a severe reprimand, and a letter had been forwarded to the effect that such concession was irregular, and could not be made again under similar circumstances. But Mr Lynkins made the most of this advantage that he had taken of a novice. He kept the receipt at hand, and when representatives of firms competing in the same class of goods came to quote him prices, he would say, 'I get better terms from Messrs H—— than you offer. They give me two and a half per cent., not one and a quarter,' at such and such a term. If the others responded, 'But, sir, Messrs H—— quote only one and a quarter per cent. discount for that time of payment,' his answer was, 'Oh, I know they quote it so on their price-currents, but quoting's one thing and giving's another. Look here!' Then out would come this receipt for the erroneous settlement made by Harrison. By this means he not infrequently got more than he ought to have out of other firms whose representatives were ready enough to exceed instructions and allow more discount than they were empowered to do, on the score that they knew for a fact that Messrs H—— did it, because they had seen their statements of account—a single instance gets pluralised readily in cases like this—with the deduction made at settlement.

'If you please, sir, Messrs H—— told me about this particular instance, and showed me the copy of their letter to you in the letter-book, stating that it was an error on Mr Harrison's part to have allowed the two and a half per cent. discount, and that under no circumstances could more than one and a quarter per cent. be allowed in future unless payment were made before the middle of the month following that in which the goods were had.'

'Oh, well, well! I should have settled this before, only it slipped my memory. Messrs H—— know that I generally pay for one month's goods before the middle of the next, so in fact you must allow the two and a half this time. I never heard of such a thing—trying to treat an old customer in this way! Take it off, and write a receipt for payment "by cash" and tell your people it sha'n't occur again.'

'I can only go by my instructions received this morning, sir.'

'What! You won't?'

'I can only do as I am told, sir.'

'Then just pack off, and tell Messrs H—— I'll remit. I won't waste my time talking to young "Jacks-in-office."'

'Very well, sir, if you wish me to go, I will; but Messrs H—— particularly told me to draw your attention to the fact that the amount of the account would be strictly net if you left it over, as this is the last day that entitles you to the one and a quarter per cent.'

Mr Lynkins spluttered. Then he grabbed at his cash-box, and jerked out a sum of money with a savage 'Now then! are you going to be all day writing that receipt?'

'I was going to say before, sir, that you had deducted too much off the seed-bags. Our terms specify one-third allowed on unreturned packages. You have taken off one-half of the price of the bags kept.'

'Of course I have! One-half's the regular thing. All the other houses that I do with allow it. Your firm will have to get into line. Ten pounds seven and six is the right amount. Take it, and hurry up with that receipt, and be off. You've kept me about a sight too long already. Do you think that I've nothing to do except to wait on Messrs H——'s and your convenience?'

'I cannot receipt this account in full unless you pay me ten pounds twelve shillings and twopence, sir. Those are my instructions, as I said before.'

'Said! Yes, you haven't kept your chattering

tongue quiet a moment.' *N.B.*—Jones had not once opened his mouth except to give necessary replies. 'If Messrs H—— should give you the sack, don't let me find you coming here applying for a situation. You'll be shown the door pretty quick, I can tell you! I don't know what business is coming to with these parcels of conceited young cubs, who ought to be back in the nursery to learn their manners.' As he concluded this ill-conditioned speech, Mr Lynkins pushed across the balance due, and then came round and looked over Jones's shoulder while he wrote the receipt, and, even before he had time to blot it, rudely snatched it out of the young man's hand, and dashing at his office door, banged it open, and shouted, 'Now then, next!' totally ignoring the young clerk's civil 'Thank you, sir; good-morning to you.' He held himself prepared, in case Jones put on his hat, which he had removed on entering, to sweeten his departure with, 'In my young days we were taught how to behave ourselves better than to stand with our hats on in a gentleman's private room.' But Jones did not cover again until he had stepped into the outer office, and so balked him from letting off a last jet of spleen. His instinct had warned him that this ungracious being would wish to send some parting shot after him if he could find any possible pretext for doing so. So Jones took his leave circumspectly, and made his way back as quickly as possible. On ascertaining that his employer was disengaged for the moment, he straightway went and reported himself, saying, 'I have got the amount of the account, sir. I am sorry that I could not get back quicker, but Mr Lynkins kept me some little time.'

'Ah!' said the merchant, after inspecting the memorandum of particulars of payment. 'That is all right. So he didn't settle straight off, then?'

'No, sir; he made some difficulties.'

'Oh, did he? Well, you can go back and get on with your regular work now.'

'That's a sensible young fellow, worth keeping one's eye on,' soliloquised Mr H—— after Jones had betaken himself to his desk. 'Of course I know he must have had a fight to get Lynkins to settle that account without making some deduction or other. 'Pon my word, a youngster who does just what he is told, even if he is a bit shy and retiring, is more serviceable, after all, than a thick-skinned chap who likes to assert himself, and who, when he does do a thing, comes back and brags about it. If Harrison had gone, I don't suppose that he would have given in to Lynkins this time, because I pitched into him for doing so before; but he wouldn't have come back with the money without trying to take up my time by telling me what a tremendous job he had to get it, and doing his best to impress upon me what a fine fellow he was, and how lucky I was to have such an able collector in my employ. I do like modesty in young fellows. Yes, decidedly I'll keep my eye on Jones.'

A STORMY MORNING.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THERE is enough of real sorrow in the world, in all conscience, without saddening the readers of a book written for the passing of a leisure hour, suggesting a thought here and there, we will hope not entirely vain and profitless. We will not, therefore, dwell on poor Lady Fitzhugh's heart-broken grief—grief that had withal in it an element of resentment and sense of injury.

We will not dwell, either, on Betty's dumb agony on the return to the home now her own property—once more falling into the female line, realising a weird old prophecy in the annals of the MacDiarmid-Fitzhugh family—where at every turn she was met by some reminder of him whom she had lost; where each day, month, season, brought fresh and poignant pain; where even the notes of the wild birds, the crow of the grouse among the heather, were torture almost unendurable.

A year passed over the sorrow-stricken heads of mother and daughter; a heavy year indeed.

Betty was brave and Betty was true—true to any trust; true always almost to a fault. She determined to carry out the fulfilment of the strange promise made to her brother on his deathbed to the very letter. She knew almost as much about shooting as had her brother. They two had shared every interest in the home they loved; and as he had said they had good men on all the ground, so the task would be lightened. Betty was beloved by all, and there was not a shepherd or a crofter on the estate who would not cherish every grouse's nest he came across and report it with pleasure to the young 'leddy.'

The greatest care was shown in the selection of shooting tenants. No 'banging bounder' from the Stock Exchange, as Lord Forsyth called them; no German Jew or sharp-faced lawyer determined to get his money's worth at all events, and a little over if he could, was allowed to 'skin the ground.' Every keeper was to be trusted, and those sportsmen who took Betty's shootings were picked and chosen according to their credentials.

It was strange work for a girl, but not without interest, though at times full of care. There are black sheep in every flock, and in some of the distant townships there were rough seafaring characters who had learned many a trick of poaching and illicit trading during their visits south and east, and a firm hand was needed. Betty hated their being

punished. The wives would come to her, and it was cruelly hard. Had it not been for her promise to her dead brother, the culprits would have gone scot-free; but as it was, she set her fair face and went through with the difficult task with determined will and purpose.

'Oh that there were neither deer nor grouse!' she groaned one day in the early part of the year, as she stood on the shore and looked out across the sea. There had been a strong gale the day before; but the sea was now like glass, with a heavy swell breaking with a roar on the rocks at her feet. Johnnie was burrowing cautiously, and with many sneezes and snorts, in a great heap of seaware piled up by the tide. A crab had once pinched his nose, and Johnnie never forgot things, so proceeded delicately. The heavy purple clouds hung in dense masses upon the hills on the opposite shore, with intense purple shadows beneath them, and there was a line of faintest gold beyond the headland on the horizon. The sea was almost white, the seaweed richest bronze, and the rocks black. It was a wondrous scheme of colour. The air was full of the strong, sweet smell of the sea. The cry of a great northern diver floated across the waste of waters, sorrowful and unearthly; it was as though the remorseful sadness of the scene and the deathless sorrow at the girl's heart had found a voice.

She gazed out with mournful eyes, and thought of all she had loved and lost, and of the sorrow that never seemed far from her house.

'I thought he would have written to me,' she said to herself, thinking of Harlestone; and she had said so often before. 'He knew what my boy was to me.' And there was a sadness too deep for tears in the fair young face.

Johnnie suddenly raised his head, giving an ecstatic bark, and wagging his tail violently.

Betty turned her head. Harlestone stood there, brown, gaunt, and thin.

'Can you forgive me, Betty?' he said. 'I have come home because I could not live without a sight of your face any longer.'

Betty stood staring at him as though he had risen from the grave.

'Forgive me, forgive me, child! Oh, my poor darling, how you must have suffered!' he burst out. 'I only saw it in some old papers a short time ago. I have been far beyond reach of letters and papers.'

'Oh,' she said, wringing her hands, 'it could never be the same again now—never—never!'

'Yes, it could. I was a mad fool—mad and blind with pain and rage; but think—think what you would have said had you been in my place. And I was always so doubtful and fearful as to the possibility of my being loved by such a young creature as you.'

'You need not,' she said simply. 'But indeed it was Jack! It was Jack! It was his dear old coat, with the checks and stags'-horn buttons. I spun and dyed the wool, and Morag wove it for him; and he was so proud of it and fond of it that he would hardly wear any other;' and she burst into a passion of heart-broken sobbing.

The painful tears of a man came into Harlestone's eyes.

'Oh, darling! forgive me, and do not cry so dreadfully,' he said, and drew her into his arms.

The terrible sobbing ceased after a time, and she became quieter and returned to the subject of the photograph.

'Mrs Fletcher changed the heads. I remembered afterwards how anxious she was to have both heads in the same position. It was Jack's joke to pretend we were lovers. I will show you the coat when we go in. I shall always keep it;' and she broke down again into bitter sobbing.

'I was a hound,' said Harlestone. 'Had you said that black was white I ought never to have doubted you. I see it all now, and I can never forgive myself.'

So there was peace between them, and the love that had never died in either heart bloomed and blossomed like the rose, and Harlestone's remorseful tenderness sheltered his darling as far as man could from all the storms of life, and smoothed her path when the ways were rough.

And I like to think that they will still be together when they have passed beyond the dark hills of time, when the yoke of flesh, which must gall us all more or less sadly as years roll on, is put off for ever, the spirit is freed, wider horizons open, other conditions obtain.

There will be no chill fear of parting; pain will not be there, nor death, for Love is immortal.

POSTSCRIPT.

WOULD any one like to know how retribution dogged her steps and eventually fell on Mrs Foggo?

I confess that when I think of Jack in his long coffin, sleeping in the old burying-ground of Gillechriosd, it is not an unpleasing fact to me.

Mrs Foggo went on her way rejoicing. 'The mills of God grind slowly,' we know. She received the news of young Fitzhugh's death with the greatest callousness. Whether she had succeeded in bringing about one of her 'climaxes' with him history does not say. I am inclined to think that she did, and that she was the indirect cause of his early death. Anyhow, she went her ways and wiped her mouth, like the woman in the Bible; whether or not she had done wickedly did not enter into her calculations or concern her in any way.

Wintering on the Riviera one year, she became acquainted with a young French marquis (and his poodle), for whom she promptly spread her nets. She admired the dark beauty of M. le Marquis, and he succumbed at once, and gave her his poodle, also many other *gages d'amour*.

At the end of the season he and the Foggos and a large, gay party made their way to Paris together.

Coming out of the theatre one night leaning on his arm, she paused under one of the brilliant gas-lamps and looked up in his face.

There was the usual crowd on the pavement. Suddenly a woman darted forth, a furious woman, whose status in society was writ large all over her. She rushed up the steps to Mrs Foggo.

'*Pour toi, sale Anglaise!*' she shrieked, and there was a stinging smart like a whip of flame across the fair face.

Scream after scream rent the air as the vitriol ate its way into the white flesh, devouring the God-given beauty that had been turned to such base and cruel uses, and leaving a hideous and disfigured mask in its place.

The woman, a discarded mistress of M. le Marquis, whom he had deserted under cruel circumstances, disappeared in the sheltering and sympathetic crowd.

The Foggos lived abroad completely after that terrible night. Mrs Foggo's one frantic wish was not to be seen, even by the crew of her husband's yacht, which he sold.

'Neither beauty nor friends,' moaned the wretched woman as she shrouded her face from view before joining the faithful, patient husband waiting to take her for her painful daily walk.

George Foggo never left her. Poor George Foggo! His love for her had vanished long ago, and though we may not like him and his ways, the good that was in him came nobly forth. The shadows were gathering round his wife; and a latent disease, encouraged by the shock to the system, was making sure way with her; so perhaps the day may not be distant when he will be relieved of the woman who had been such a curse to him and to others, and find a home and rest for his soul.

THE END.

MORE ABOUT AN IDEAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

THRIFT: TRUE AND FALSE.

By E. Furnival Jones.

[The article entitled 'An Ideal Friendly Society,' which appeared in the January issue of *Chambers's Journal*, contrasting in a general way the principles and the operation of the Holloway Benefit Society and the older friendly societies, has aroused considerable interest. We have received a very large number of letters from readers in all parts of the country asking for further particulars. These correspondents we have referred to the secretaries of the parent society and of the society established upon the Holloway rules in Birmingham. We have also received a reply on behalf of the older societies, which is published below. We submitted this to the writer of the article entitled 'An Ideal Friendly Society,' whose criticisms are appended, so that both sides upon a very interesting controversy may now be considered as being fairly represented. The author of the January article also replies to some of the correspondents whose letters were forwarded to him.]

ASK any one if he would like to be a better man,' says a modern philosopher, 'and he will immediately reply "Yes" most piously. Ask him if he would like to possess a million pounds, and he will reply "Yes" most sincerely;' and yet, as the same writer somewhat cynically points out, the majority of men go on in spite of their pious aspiration without any serious attempt to alter their general mode of living, while the tramp who sighs for a million will not exert himself to earn ten shillings. It is indeed a truism that the measure of a man's sincerity must be the extent of his efforts in striving after his desire. Tested by this standard, it would appear that the desire among the working-classes of the country to provide against 'a rainy day,' the desire to avoid the ignominy of the workhouse and the dread of a pauper funeral, are both earnest and widespread.

A recent writer in this *Journal* quoted figures relating to five only of the great societies which have sprung up in our midst with the object of providing against misfortune in the form of sickness, and these five among them possessed over two hundred and fifty million pounds of funds and three millions of members. The returns of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies show that in friendly societies and trade-unions—which latter, it should not be forgotten, devote the greater part of their funds and energies to provision against sickness and distress—there were, on 31st December 1903, the savings and contributions of fifteen million men, women, and children, amounting to fifty-three million pounds, while the number of friendly societies and trade-unions in existence is very little short of the aggregate number of registered companies.

This is obviously, therefore, a matter of some moment. And when a writer (as in *Chambers's Journal* for January) questions whether the efforts of which the above figures embody the accumulated result can justly be described as Thrift, the question, as he himself suggests, clamours for an answer, and an answer somewhat more complete than it was his immediate purpose to supply.

What is Thrift? And what are its just limits? For we may fairly assume that, like all other virtues, an excess of it may be vicious. Thrift really means the practice of those habits which conduce to thriving or prosperity whether in plants, animals, or business affairs, and it is well defined by the old-fashioned phrase 'good husbandry.'

Mr Frome Wilkinson, in his useful book on *Mutual Thrift*, truly says: 'Thrift does not mean,

as some people would have it, a cheap and parsimonious mode of living in order to hoard or save. It concerns the whole man, and as such is more even than a piece of economic conduct, it stretches out into the domain of conscience and of morals. In other words, thrift is a virtue.'

'A thrifty man,' the same writer adds, 'does not stint or starve himself at the cost of his health—the working-man's stock-in-trade.' On the contrary, he should aim at maintaining that stock-in-trade as completely as he can, in order that his earning-power may continue undiminished for as long a period as possible. To do this, in fact, is a duty he owes to his dependants and to society.

We have thus discovered the answers to the first questions proposed by the writer above referred to. Thrift is not necessarily *saving* in the narrow sense; but if, on the other hand, adequate provision against loss of wages or increased expenses through illness is necessary in order to keep a man efficient as a bread-winner and a citizen, then the great 'orthodox' friendly societies do most certainly promote the practice of thrift in the truest sense of the word, and their methods render the thrift of their members the very reverse of wasteful.

It is surely not necessary to repeat or labour the arguments as to the need for provision against sickness. The previous article contained figures sufficiently convincing, which show that every man may expect to suffer a certain amount of disability through illness, increasing as his age advances. This certainty of sickness is well known among friendly society managers and actuaries; it is the basis upon which all tables of contributions are framed, and it explains the need for the large reserve funds of the ordinary friendly society. Sickness increasing with age has been proved over and over again to be practically as certain as death, and the same principle that governs ordinary life assurance must obviously also rule sickness assurance—in other words, friendly societies assurance.

Any actuary can tell us what amount must be paid annually or otherwise into a common fund to provide a fixed sum at death. In the same way he can tell us what yearly or weekly payment is required to insure the return of an allowance whenever we may fall ill. The annual or other contributions are accumulated and invested, and are so calculated that they will provide exactly the sum required to fulfil their obligations, and no more. Although, as was suggested in the first article, the average member of a friendly society, like the average insurer in a life assurance company, may be ignorant of the elements of insurance finance, at the same time those who have given any serious study to the principles of insurance know that the method described above is the only safe and economical method which can possibly provide the safeguards which it is designed to create. It is, therefore, not unreasonable to consider that the man who prefers this sort of provision against loss of means when stricken down by sickness to putting his money into a savings-bank or deposit-society, and relying solely on himself, is certainly doing 'what is best for himself, for his family, and for society' by taking advantage of the mutual principle underlying all scientific insurance.

This was not the view expressed in the first article, which rather endeavoured to show that the methods described above were wasteful and out of date, and to point out what might be regarded as a better and less wasteful system.

Obviously, sickness assurance is not the only form of *thrift;* and in so far as the methods of the society advocated in the former article open up new fields for the exercise of that virtue, nothing but praise should be accorded them. But in the interests of the older societies, it is only fair to point out in what respects the Holloway Society differs from them, and that their advantages should be illustrated from their point of view. When this is done we think it will be found that the Holloway society only offers, and can only offer, old wares in a new dress, and that the older societies fully deserve all the popularity which they have attained.

In one of his inimitable dialogues with his friend Hinnissey, the famous Mr Dooley observed: 'If a man comes to me and offers me somethin' fr nawthin', I don't argue wid 'im. I simply yell for th' police,' or words to that effect. And he was right. Every man who goes about offering or pretending to offer more than twenty shillings' worth of goods for a sovereign is to be regarded with suspicion. Apart from philanthropy or folly, the thing simply cannot be done. Now, it has already been stated that the great friendly societies offer, and in the vast majority of cases succeed in supplying, twenty shillings' worth—no more and no less—for every pound paid to them. From a vast quantity of experience, actuaries have been able to calculate the number of members who may be expected to leave a society each year by death and secession, and the amount of sickness which the whole society will suffer. Taking both these factors into account and providing that the members who secede shal leave all their contributions in the fund, it has bee possible to fix a periodical contribution which shal exactly provide for the amount of sick-pay agree upon. Obviously it is impossible for any societ composed of average human beings to do more tha this; if they attempt it they are foredoomed t failure and bankruptcy. Obviously, also, if t seceding members are to be permitted to draw o any of the funds, the contributions must be pr portionately increased to make up the deficiency caused; and it is also clear that if the sickne benefits are to cease at a given age (say sixty-fiv in an equitable scheme the contributions should so fixed—and, in fact, are so fixed in the gr societies—that by the time they reach that members will on the average have drawn out sick-pay an amount exactly equal to the va of their contributions. It therefore follows t

although some members of the ordinary friendly societies may find at the maximum age that their contributions have amounted to more than their drawings, the surplus so arising will, in fact, have been exhausted by those who have drawn more than they have paid, thus adjusting the average. The society, moreover, will have fulfilled its obligations to a penny, and those fortunate enough to have escaped sickness have no legitimate grievance.

From the foregoing it must also be seen at once—on the principle that one cannot get more than a pint out of a pint-pot—that if there is to remain any fund after age sixty-five wherewith to provide an annuity for the members reaching that age, the contributions must be further increased to provide this fund; and, further, if the contributors who secede are to be allowed to withdraw their contributions or any of them, the contributions of all must in this case also be proportionately increased to make up the deficiency.

Let us leave these general principles for a moment, and see how they are applied in actual practice. In the Oddfellows' (Manchester Unity) tables of contributions and benefits, we find that to provide ten shillings per week in sickness for the first six months, five shillings per week in sickness after that period, ten pounds at death, and five pounds at wife's death, a young man of eighteen must pay one shilling and fourpence per month. This contribution remains the same all through his membership.

In a Gloucester society (which is conducted on the 'Holloway' principles), for the same benefits, a young man aged eighteen must pay two shillings and fourpence per month at first, *gradually increasing until at sixty-five he is paying three shillings and ninepence halfpenny per month.* But the admirers of the 'Holloway' system tell us that, in addition to the benefits enumerated above, the member also enjoys the privilege of drawing out part of his surplus contributions whenever he may secede, and the whole of them at death or on attaining the age of sixty-five. He certainly does enjoy these privileges; but it is also fair to mention that he *pays* for them, and pays for them just what they are worth, no more and no less. It has been said that the extra payment is very small. It certainly is not a large sum at first, but it increases until the contributions become more than half as much again as the original rate, at a time of life when a working-man is past his prime and every penny counts. *Two*pence is not a large sum in itself, but it is a great deal to the man who has only got three-halfpence. The extra contribution may not be large, but the point is that it *is* extra, and *it is this extra payment* which provides for the boasted privileges. Among the Oddfellows' (Manchester Unity) tables will be found some which provide for the payment of annuities on reaching age sixty-five, with and without return of contributions in the event of withdrawal; but this benefit is not one which has been very largely sought after. It would be interesting to know what proportion of 'Holloway' members actually draw annuities from their society, and how many of them withdraw their money before attaining pension-age.

It has always been considered by friendly society managers a very questionable privilege for the members to be able to draw out their money at will, since there must always be a temptation to do so whenever a member is hard-up, and the laboriously provided fund for relief in sickness may then have disappeared when the dark days of sickness and distress arrive. It may also be not unreasonably argued that it is just as true thrift for a working-man to devote a larger portion of his savings to the provision of a sickness-benefit somewhat nearly approximating to his wages when in health, as it is to provide for a small and totally inadequate sickness allowance, devoting the difference to the provision of an old-age annuity. It has been the policy of the older societies to keep the two things quite distinct, and the greatest of the centralised societies (the Hearts of Oak) devotes practically the whole of its energies to the provision of sick-pay, leaving the question of old-age pensions to the other institutions, such as the Post-Office, which make the latter their special business.

In the first article it was truly said that business, and not merely sentimental, considerations *must* govern friendly societies of all kinds if they are to be successful; but it should here be pointed out that in the great friendly societies the young are not, as stated therein, called upon to provide for the old. This only happens in dividing societies, where the contributions are not based on the expectation of sickness during the whole of life, but only on one year. The truth is best expressed in the language of the great statesman who remarked that men 'go into these societies to seek their own good through the good of others.'

Enough has been said to show that the only real difference between the new benefit societies and the old is that in the former the members pay more and get more, and they get exactly as much more as they pay for; and, from the standpoint of their older rivals, there is, furthermore, some ground for the view that, to adapt a well-known epigram, 'What is good in them is not new, and what is new is questionably good.'

The word rivals is used, but surely there is no real ground for hostility. There is such a thing as friendly rivalry, which should be all the more friendly so long as the single aim of promoting the thrift and well-being of the working-class is the common object of all friendly societies. Criticism is natural and wholesome so long as it is fair, and such criticism can do nothing but good to any institution which is striving to carry out a great and humane work in a fraternal spirit instructed by sound knowledge, equity, and justice.

A REPLY AND SOME CRITICISMS.

By the Author of the Article entitled 'An Ideal Friendly Society.'

THE Editor of *Chambers's Journal* has been kind enough to send me several letters that have been received from readers of my article in the January number, and a copy of Mr Furnival Jones's reply, with a request that I would append a brief answer. I do so with pleasure. Most of the correspondents express surprise at the existence of the Holloway Society, and are anxious to know more about it. Others are incredulous. One, who possibly is typical of others, suggests that the Holloway Society is based upon 'fallacies.' Others, as Mr Jones, imply that the principles of the old societies were not explained in sufficient detail.

It was not my object to explain the principles either of the Holloway or the old societies in exhaustive detail. Had it been so, I must have pointed out other benefits secured by one simple monthly payment under the Holloway scheme. That the old societies have done and are doing for their members splendid service in providing sick benefits, and doing it as generously as the contributions they receive, and the system upon which they are received, will allow, nobody admits more readily than I do. My contention is that the system fails just when its support may be most sorely needed—that is to say, when a man has reached old age, and would naturally desire to enjoy whatever 'thrift' he had practised throughout his working days. Up to fifty, or possibly sixty, years of age, the demands made by members are in general met completely, as far as the claims for sickness and funeral allowances are concerned. Beyond that age they are not so certainly met, unless to the detriment, present or prospective, of the younger members. The High Court of Foresters, held in Newcastle last August, had to deal with a large number of applications for relief made by insolvent lodges, the insolvency being 'chiefly owing to insufficient contributions and excessive sick payments.' The High Chief Ranger admitted that the Order had only 'an average degree of solvency of eighteen shillings and fourpence halfpenny in the pound.' I quote from the *Times* report of 8th August 1905. The Grand Master of the Oddfellows at last year's A.M.C. had to discuss a similarly unsatisfactory state of things, and he said—I quote again from the *Times* report—that 'not a single brother could be satisfied until success had attended their efforts to secure absolute solvency in every branch of the society.' As a means to this end it was proposed that in the case of insolvent lodges there should be 'an increase of contributions or a decrease of benefits.' But absolute solvency, I maintain, can be secured only —as is suggested below—by making a new valuation of the old societies, and reorganising them on the safe and equitable basis of the Holloway Society. No more important question than this could engage the attention of the old societies at their annual conferences this year. In some of these old societies, I am aware, members may subscribe for old-age annuities if they like; but, as Mr Jones admits, they do not do so to any appreciable extent. It is optional, and therefore is neglected. Men, even young men, will readily enough provide against sickness, but they will not so readily 'lay up' for the rainy days of old age. In the Holloway Society they cannot help doing so.

Let us take it reasonably that to be thrifty means 'to thrive, to prosper'—synonym, 'good husbandry.' And I would ask Mr Jones: is it possible more accurately, or more happily, to describe the frugal economy that goes on in a Holloway Society? The Holloway member is the only member of a friendly society who, in Mr Jones's sense, is prosperous. His neighbours, the Oddfellows and the Foresters, are not prosperous: *ergo*, they are not thrifty. Mr Jones says there are many other societies established on the orthodox lines. Unfortunately, that is so. The larger you make the unthrifty accumulation of money the greater the evil, because the greater the ultimate loss to the men who subscribe it unthriftily.

Mr Jones says that the certainty of increasing liability to sickness 'explains the need for the large reserve funds of the ordinary friendly society,' and he adds that these reserve funds are so calculated 'that they will provide exactly the sum required to fulfil their obligations, and no more.' Here we step outside the bounds of controversy. The indisputable fact is that very many lodges in the orthodox societies have become insolvent and unable to meet their obligations to the older members. Insolvency of a Holloway Society is impossible, because the liability to increasing sickness, with its attendant increasing drain upon the funds of the society on the part of the older members, is provided for upon an equitable basis which the old societies lack.

As to the proposition that the old societies have adopted 'the only safe economical method,' I am obliged to say, in the words of a well-known statesman, 'I am a child in these matters;' and it is for that reason that I trust implicitly the eminent actuaries whose testimony to the safety of the Holloway Society is quoted below. 'Old wares in a new dress,' says Mr Jones. Yes; but the Holloway Society provides for every member a pocket in that dress, and what he puts into the pocket is his own.

Mr Jones does not, I am sure, write heartlessly; but he remarks that the members of a friendly

society who, after paying for forty years or more into its funds, are 'fortunate enough to have escaped sickness have no legitimate grievance.' No legitimate grievance? Possibly not against the society that has done its utmost to help them; but have they no grievance against a system of so-called 'thriving' and 'prosperity' which leaves them in their old age dependent upon charity or the workhouse? Anything more pitiable than the position of a man who for forty or fifty years has been paying into a friendly society, and at the end finds that his thrift yields him so little or nothing in his old age, I cannot conceive; especially when he also finds that a man in the next street, having for a number of years been in a Holloway Society, has accumulated a nice little annuity for his declining days.

Mr Jones does not accurately quote the figures given in my article, or the Holloway rules and tables. But allowing, as is the fact, that the rate of contribution is slightly higher than in the old societies—though not anything like so high as Mr Jones puts it—is it not more than compensated for by the fact that whatever the member subscribes is invested for him, and ultimately returned to him with compound interest, notwithstanding the fact that throughout all the years of his membership he enjoys all the ordinary advantages of belonging to a friendly society?

It is pointed out by one correspondent that in the Oddfellows' Society 'benefits' do not cease at sixty-five. I am aware of it. I mentioned sixty-five as the age at which contributions usually cease; it is the age proposed in a recent Bill before Parliament concerning old-age pensions. Obviously, the higher the age at which 'benefits' are inequitably paid the worse is the financial position of the society that pays them.

One correspondent suggests that the whole subject should be put into the hands of 'an authority on these matters,' because, as he alleges, the statements concerning the soundness and the success of the Holloway Society are based on 'fallacies.' Such a proposal could be made only by one who is unacquainted with the history of the Holloway Society. Still, the proposal is in itself a sound one. The answer to it is that the Holloway rules and contribution-tables have again and again been submitted to actuarial analysis, and in every instance—without a single authoritative exception—pronounced absolutely safe and sound. For thirty years these rules and contribution-tables have been open to the criticism of the entire world of actuaries, and to the critical—sometimes the querulous—opposition of the old societies. All such criticism and opposition the Holloway Society has withstood, and still invites and welcomes.

The most recent and the earliest of these tributes to its soundness by competent 'authorities' may be mentioned. Mr Thomas Fatkin is an actuary of acknowledged eminence. For thirty years he was secretary and actuary to the Leeds Permanent Building Society, one of the largest, if not the largest, institution of the kind in the kingdom. He has repeatedly been called before Royal Commissions on matters concerning thrift. His scheme for establishing a national system of old-age pensions is one of three embodied in Mr Booth's well-known work on *Pauperism and the Endowment of Old Age*. Two years ago I submitted the Holloway Benefit Society scheme to him. Shortly afterwards, at a public meeting in Leeds, presided over by the Lord Mayor of the city, Mr Fatkin explained its operation. Whilst admitting that the Foresters' Society, 'for the benefits it gives in return for the amount of contributions it receives from its members,' will bear comparison with any society in existence, he concluded with this frank and honourable (and disinterested) statement: 'I have studied the schemes of old-age pensions proposed by great men such as Baron Massares and others of a century ago, and all modern proposals for the provision of old-age pensions; but not a single propounder of any scheme, ancient or modern, appears to have had, or to have, the conception of Mr George Holloway as to the requirements of the working-classes. . . . I have myself submitted schemes for the provision of deferred annuities, and read a great many schemes submitted by other people; but not one of them is deserving of a place beside the scheme established by Mr Holloway. The Imperial Government, railway companies, corporations, friendly societies, and other public bodies will do well to consider the plan—the eminently successful plan—adopted by the Gloucestershire society.'

That, as stated, is the latest eminent tribute to the soundness of the Holloway Society. The earliest is the fact that in the preparation of the rules and contribution-tables Mr Holloway was guided by his friend and neighbour, the late Mr H. F. A. Davis, one of the greatest 'authorities' on friendly society matters—the author of *The Law and Practice of Friendly Societies and Trade-Unions* and *The Law and Practice of Building and Land Societies*, which are well known as standard handbooks on these subjects.

From this high ground let us descend to some criticisms which appear in *The Foresters' Miscellany* for February. It is not the place in which one would look for wholly unprejudiced comment; but nothing would gratify me more than that every reader of my article should procure a copy of the *Miscellany* and carefully study it for himself. It is published at 34 Trippett Lane, Sheffield, and the price is one penny. The writer of its criticisms can evolve nothing stronger against the Holloway Society than that it reminds him of the South Sea Bubble or the Nelson Tea Pension Company, which does not strike one as being either brilliant or weighty.

It is more interesting to turn to facts. Here is a table compiled from the latest published balance sheets of Holloway societies established in the following towns:

District.	Established in	Total Members.	Surplus Appropriations.
Stroud	1875	5,136	£102,209
Gloucester	1880	8,480	106,458
"	1887	4,500	50,164
Tunbridge Wells	1881	15,000	70,000
Trowbridge	1887	2,630	23,318
Bristol	1888	740	7,307
Cirencester	1891	4,768	74,000
Louth	1891	530	6,000
Dudley	1894	1,938	14,034
Birmingham	1898	8,525	53,024

The 'surplus appropriations' are the total amount of the funds entered to the credit of individual members after sick-pay and all other claims have been met, each year's assets and liabilities being balanced at the end of the year. It would be interesting to make some inquiry in each of these districts as to the success and the popularity of the society. Take any one of the towns mentioned, and select five hundred members of the Holloway Society and five hundred members of the old societies, and put them all into a public room together. Then separate them into ages twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, and sixty, and ask them individually these questions: 'How much have you paid into your friendly society? How much is standing to your credit? How much will you receive on reaching your sixty-fifth birthday?' Every Holloway member would be able to reply in plain figures. What sort of reply would be made by the members of the old societies? Mr Furnival Jones's suggestion that those who luckily have escaped sickness have no legitimate grievance is cold comfort at sixty-five years of age.

It may be interesting to quote from a letter dated January 27, 1906, which I received from a gentleman who is a past-grandmaster of a Holloway Society in the Midlands, and who thoroughly understands friendly society subjects. He says: 'It is the recurrent or permanent sickness of members over sixty-five which absorbs all the contributions of younger members, and in the case of many benefit societies, including lodges of Oddfellows and Foresters, finally reduces them to bankruptcy. There is a great error in the assertion that the Oddfellows, &c., possess such immense pecuniary resources. They have nothing of the kind. The sum stated is the aggregate of the funds of the vast number of separate lodges, and in respect of which the society, as a whole, has no financial liability whatever. When a lodge becomes insolvent, I believe, a benevolent grant is made to assist the older members and the hard cases from the central fund. But this does not cover the loss. In 1896 or 1897 I gave evidence on the subject before a Select Committee on Old-Age Pensions. The greatest possible improvement would be for the great societies to convert themselves into the Holloway form by valuing themselves out, and attributing to each present member his share of the assets according to the period of his membership. All lodges would then become financially sound, though not equally wealthy.'

One error in my article has been pointed out by a representative of the Oddfellows. It was stated that the prize won by Mr Holloway in the Forster Essay Competition was awarded by Mr Tom Hughes, Q.C., and the Actuaries of the Oddfellows' and the Foresters' Societies. The prize was awarded by Mr Hughes; Mr C. Hardwick, editor of the *Oddfellows' Quarterly Magazine;* and Mr Samuel Shawcross, permanent secretary of the Foresters' Society. The point is of no importance, but it is as well to be accurate.

It only remains to be added that inquiries about the Holloway Society should be addressed to Mr Charles Bennett, Benefit Society Offices, Russell Street, Stroud, Gloucestershire; or to Mr F. W. Daniels, Coleridge Chambers, Corporation Street, Birmingham. Sixpence should be enclosed for a copy of the rules. There is no difficulty in starting a Holloway Society in any district. All that is at the outset required is the formation of a small committee to study the rules and make a beginning among themselves. The Holloway plant soon grows and flourishes.

TACKLING A THIEF: A TRUE STORY.

By David Ker.

'I'LL tell you what, Printall: you really ought to be more careful. If you keep on going out alone after dark in a lonely place like this, you'll be robbed some fine night, as sure as you stand there.'

'Hardly, I think; for I have the same security against it as the Gascon poet in the story, who, when his wife awoke him with a tremulous whisper of there being a robber in the house, said quietly, "Well, my dear, let us wait till he finds anything worth stealing, and then we'll get up and take it away from him."'

'That's all very fine; but how are these rascals (and there are plenty of them about just now, I can tell you) to know that you haven't any money upon you? Why, they may crack your skull or twist your neck before they find out that you're not worth robbing. If you *will* walk out after dark, you really ought to have some one with you.'

'Meaning yourself—eh, Dashwood? Well, you would certainly be a most effective champion; but if I were destined to be robbed, I think it would have been done by this time. I have no doubt my good neighbours in the town here would be glad to see me "get a lesson," as they would say; but I don't think they'll enjoy that satisfaction just at present.'

'What! *has* some one had a try at robbing you,

then? Well, to be sure, you could hardly have travelled so much without'——

'Just so; I've met a good many "taking and killing young men" in my time. A fellow tried to pick my pocket in St Petersburg; but as there was nothing in it, it didn't much matter. Then, in a crowd in London, another light-fingered gentleman attempted to do me the same kindness; but he found nothing in my pocket except a fish-hook, which caught his finger nicely, and I said to him, "My friend, I should have advised you to *hook it*, but you seem to have done so already."'

'Too bad to aggravate his suffering by forcing him to listen to such a joke as that. But what more?'

'Well, when I was in Syria I happened on a gang of robbers in a mountain pass. But before they could do anything I had shaken their chief by the hand; and when you've taken an Arab's hand, you know, he mustn't touch you, even if you had killed his father. So they were sold too.'

'Well done! So, now you can say that you've *taken a hand* in a gang of robbers.'

'How about poor jokes now? Well, after that, two fellows "laid for me" one night in New York as I was taking a short-cut through a rather queer part of the town; but I tripped one and knocked down the other, and then ran for it.'

His hearer listened wonderingly; for the traveller-author's pale, quiet face and small, slight frame (which looked smaller still beside his six-foot friend) suggested being knocked down rather than knocking down any one else. But, as an Irish critic had justly said of Romer Printall, 'he always told the *truth*, even when writing *fiction*.'

He had certainly told it in saying that his good neighbours of the little town of Nutlake would not be sorry to see him get a lesson. Rochefoucauld has truly said that 'there is in the misfortunes of our friends something which does not displease us;' and it was not as a friend that the Nutlakers regarded their author-neighbour.

For one thing, he could not be made to see that just because he had written a few books and visited a few out-of-the-way places, it was his duty to let himself be stared at like a wild beast, or dragged away from his work to meet the same dull people day after day at dinners, garden-parties, or 'At Homes,' his avoidance of which gave mortal offence to the whole district. Moreover, as nothing was known of him but that he *was* an author and traveller, the local gossips (acting on their traditional principle of 'Hope for the best and believe the worst') credited him with every possible crime; for it is surprising what powers of imagination the stupidest folks can display when it is a question of thinking ill of others.

His sole local acquaintance was the young clergyman, Herbert Dashwood, an old college friend, and a model associate for the recluse, as he never asked him any questions himself, and never answered any asked about him by others. He it was who was now trying to persuade him not to risk adding one more to the many cases of assault and robbery that had lately occurred in that neighbourhood.

But Printall was not to be moved; and though his little cottage stood all by itself at some distance from the town on the edge of a wild moor frequented by all sorts of doubtful characters, out he went after nightfall the very next evening—alone as usual—in the direction of Nutlake. He was about half-way to it, and at the very loneliest part of the road, when he suddenly heard, or thought he heard, a stealthy tread behind him, seemingly dogging his steps!

He stopped short, and the pursuing foot-tramp stopped too so instantly that it might well have seemed the mere echo of his own tread, had not his keen eye noted at the same moment a tall, shadowy form hastily concealing itself in the shade of one of the hedges that flanked the lane. The author mended his pace, but his unknown follower did the same, as if, finding himself detected, he had abandoned all pretence, and set himself in earnest to overtake his intended victim.

This he speedily did; and there was still light enough to see that he was a big, burly, tattered, ruffianly-looking fellow, whose appearance—sinister enough in any case—was made doubly so by the heavy stick brandished in his right hand and the open clasp-knife that glittered in his left.

'Got any money with yer, gov'nor?' asked he, in a hoarse, bearish growl.

'No,' said Printall sternly; 'and if I had, I would not give a penny to a fellow like you.'

At this open defiance from a man so much smaller than himself, and seemingly quite unarmed, the worthy robber was so taken aback that he remained silent for a moment from sheer amazement. Then he rallied, and said fiercely:

'Come, none o' yer chaff; fork out sharp, will yer, if yer wants to keep a whole skin!'

He raised his stick threateningly; but, quick as thought, Printall seized the uplifted arm, and called out in a tone of stern command:

'Drop that stick at once or you're a dead man.'

And the swaggering ruffian saw the shining muzzle of a revolver within an inch of his flat nose. Then the brute's real nature came out. He was ready to kill or maim a defenceless man; but at the first sign of danger to his own worthless carcass the bully collapsed.

'Don't fire, gov'nor,' he whined; 'don't fire. I gives in.'

'Throw away that stick, then,' said the other, 'and that knife too.'

The crestfallen robber obeyed without a word.

'Now, my friend,' went on Printall, seizing his assailant's collar with one hand and pressing the pistol to his neck with the other, 'be so good as to walk on before me, and, whatever you do, don't turn round; for, if you did, you might make this pistol go off, and it would be apt to hurt you.'

In this singular fashion they tramped on till they met a policeman, to whom our hero handed over

his prisoner, who, seemingly cowed by this sudden turning of the tables, made no resistance whatever.

Early next morning the baffled robber was brought up before the local magistrate, and Mr Printall appeared against him. It was a clear case, even the criminal attempting no denial; and he was committed for trial accordingly.

But Mr Strictlaw had a high sense of his own magisterial dignity, and bore, moreover, no good-will to Printall, who had actually presumed to decline, twice over, an invitation from *him*. So, as soon as the case was disposed of, the pillar of the law said to our hero, with a look of piercing severity:

'Have you a license, pray, to carry firearms?'

'No,' said the author, as composedly as ever.

'I am afraid, then, that I must fine you for transgressing the Act.'

There was an audible chuckle from the convicted thief, who naturally enjoyed seeing the author of his own mishap in trouble; but Printall himself was not a whit discomfited.

'May I be permitted to ask,' said he, with a great show of humility, 'whether I should be equally liable to a fine if the weapon I carried were incapable of being used?'

'Why, of course not!' cried the magistrate, indignant at the thought of being made fun of. 'But what do you mean?'

The traveller's sole reply was to hold up his pistol, which was instantly seen to have no trigger.

'I was just taking it to the town to be repaired when I met this honest gentleman,' he explained, amid a dead hush of amazement, 'and'——

Here he was interrupted by a groan from the listening robber, which seemed to rend the latter's very heart.

'Well, I *am* blowed!' cried he bitterly. 'To think o' bein' cotched with a hempty pistol! If I'd only known!'

Here the worthy malefactor became too unprintably emphatic for quotation.

'Don't let that vex you, my good fellow,' said the author quietly; 'to take an empty *barrel* for a full one'—and he cast a meaning look at the corpulent magistrate—'is a thing done in this good country of ours every day.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

CHECKING CONSUMPTION.

A PRACTICAL step has been taken by the Borough Council of St Pancras, London, with a view to checking the spread of pulmonary tuberculosis, which is so often unwittingly propagated by sufferers who are ignorant of even the simplest precautions. The Council have inaugurated a system of voluntary notifications, and have provided the doctors of the district with the necessary forms. They have pointed out that the consent of the patients should always be obtained before the forms are filled in, and they undertake that the information so obtained will be treated perfectly confidentially, and will in no wise be used to the detriment of the invalid. That is to say, nothing will be done to prejudice his or her chances of obtaining further employment. On receipt of the notification by the Council, the sufferer will be supplied with instruction as to the best way of preventing the complaint from spreading to others, and those interested will learn from the same source how to disinfect the apartment recently occupied by a consumptive. Those who desire it will be given information regarding the societies and institutions through which segregation may be obtained, but no action will be taken to secure segregation except on the written request of the patient. The Borough Council intend to render sufferers all the assistance they can, while, at the same time, not in any way interfering with the patient's prospects of employment or acting against his wishes. In other words, they do not contemplate interfering in any way with the liberty of the subject, whether or not that liberty is prejudicial to the interests of the rest of the community, but where they can they will do good by ensuring that the patient shall not do harm through ignorance.

A SMALL REFRIGERATOR.

Those of our readers who are domiciled in countries where the warmth of the atmosphere menaces the keeping qualities of their food will be glad to hear of a refrigerating plant which may be run at small expense in an ordinary household. There are two principal ways of producing the cold necessary to maintain food for a reasonable time in a state of good preservation; one is by the direct application of ice or of freezing mixtures, and the other by the production of cold, or, more properly, the absorption of heat by evaporation. The latter is the cleanlier and more practicable method. It will be remembered that when a gaseous substance is reduced to the liquid state, or a liquid to a solid, a great deal of heat is liberated, and that when the reverse process takes place the corresponding amount of heat is absorbed, or, in more popular language, a corresponding amount of cold is produced. In a refrigerating plant some easily vaporised liquid, such as ammonia, carbonic acid, or sulphurous acid, is passed through a system of copper pipes and made to assume the gaseous state by suction of a pump. In doing so the warmth of the surrounding air is absorbed and intense cold is produced in the refrigerating chamber. The refrigerating plant under review consists of a small double-acting pump directly operated by an electro-

motor situated on a base which itself contains the condenser where the vapour is reconverted into a liquid to be used again in the refrigerator. This liquid never requires renewal, for it passes round and round the apparatus continuously, and the heat which is evolved in the condenser—the equivalent of the cold produced in the refrigerating chamber—is absorbed by a cooling system of circulating water.

A PORTABLE BATH-HEATER.

By way of contrast mention may be made of a new portable heater of water which has recently been patented in America. It consists of a metal bowl having an inverted gas-ring on the inside, so arranged that the jets of flame are directed downwards and impinge on the sides and bottom of the bowl. The ingenious contrivance is designed to float upon the water to be heated, and as it requires no further connection to existing fittings than that afforded by a flexible rubber tube, it is obvious that it can be carried from place to place and used whenever required, provided there is a gas-supply. Theoretically this is not the best way to heat water, for there is nothing to induce circulation, and consequently the warmed liquid would remain at the top, while the water at the bottom of the bath would remain cold. It would, indeed, be possible to have the water actually boiling at the surface and quite cold below. However, when that stage was reached a stir round would equalise matters, and the resultant temperature would probably be about right for a hot bath. The convenience of the device should compensate for the trifling disadvantage.

TRAFFORD PARK, MANCHESTER.

The growth of a town, manufacturing or otherwise, is generally a very hap-hazard matter. Somebody sinks a mine, say, in a certain locality because the material he seeks is to be found there. Workmen's cottages spring up around as a natural consequence, and then shops are opened to supply the workmen with necessaries. Later on other industries are started because the men to work them are already on the spot, and by the time the town has grown to unalterable shape it is discovered to be quite inconvenient in arrangement. Trafford Park, on the borders of Manchester, is now anything but the beauty spot which its name might imply to the uninitiated, but it is a deliberate attempt to lay out a manufacturing town on systematic lines. Here land is for sale in plots of any size, and already there are scores of flourishing industries working under highly favourable conditions. The Manchester Ship-Canal runs along one side of the estate, and gives access to all the ports of the world. Ships from all parts bring raw material direct to the factories, and other ships convey the manufactured product to the markets over-seas. Private railroads connect all parts of the estate with the great railways of the north, without the usual sidings restrictions, and rapid electric trams run through the principal streets to and from all the densely populated suburbs of Manchester, while a big central station supplies the whole place with electric current for light and motive-power. Even the systematically laid-out towns of America may learn something from Trafford Park.

RADIUM CLOCKS.

There does not appear to be any sufficient reason why radium 'clocks' should be so called except that they are calculated to 'go' for a long time without attention. This, in fact, is their most popular feature, and it is calculated that these interesting scientific toys contain in themselves sufficient energy to keep them in motion for about two thousand years. From a tiny glass tube containing a small quantity of radium two thin aluminium leaves depend. The negatively-charged rays continually emitted by the precious mineral cause a like charge of electricity to collect upon the metallic leaves, with the result that they repel one another until one of them touches the side of the containing vessel and looses its charge. Then the leaves fly together, and begin again. With a period of about forty seconds, this process goes on continuously, and will do so, it is believed, for a score or so of centuries unless the thin metal leaves wear out in the meantime. The little instrument, which, it may be remembered, is the invention of the Hon. R. J. Strutt, is made by Martindale of London in convenient form for demonstration in the lantern, for which it makes an exceedingly interesting subject.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

The relations between Frenchmen and Englishmen are now of such a cordial nature that it seems an opportune moment to revive the ancient scheme for connecting the two countries by a tunnel under the Strait of Dover. Despite the new turbine steamers and the reduction of the sea passage to less than an hour (in favourable circumstances), the fear of *mal de mer* still exerts a powerful deterrent influence on would-be travellers. It would be a very different thing if it were possible to take train straight from Charing Cross to the Gare du Nord without so much as a change of carriages. The old objection to the project that it makes our island more vulnerable to Continental enemies in time of war is really of little account in these days of submarine mines, for the tunnel could be blown to atoms at an hour's notice should the exigencies of warfare demand it. The scheme has been modified lately in the light of modern conditions, and it is now proposed to construct a twin-tube like the 'Twopenny Tube' in London, the trains being run by electricity. The route has been altered so as to make use of a stratum of gray chalk which runs all the way under the Channel, and offers good facilities for boring and tunnel construction. It is proposed that the tunnel should rise from the sea at both ends, and enter the cliffs at a considerable height above the beach. This alone would appear to settle the military objection at once, for a couple of well-directed shots from a battleship would destroy the

connection between the tunnel and the land, and cut off the submarine communication between the two countries. It is to be hoped that the scheme will now be allowed to go through.

DRESSES OF SPIDER-WEB.

The worm is proverbially the last of created things to turn against the tyranny of those who seek to coerce it, and the silkworm is evidently no exception to the rule, for it has for ages been patiently labouring to gratify human vanity. Not so the spider, however, whose beautiful silk has not yet been similarly applied, simply because that wily beast refuses to work to order. But a determined onslaught upon his pride and prejudices has been made in Madagascar, where a regular factory has been started to make silk dresses from spider-web. The old difficulty has still to be faced, however, and time alone will show whether man or the spider is to be the victor. The spiders, who spin luxuriously in their native groves, sulk or fight or devour their young or otherwise amuse themselves when brought to the factory; but they will not work except just occasionally when the mood happens to strike them. Then they sometimes spin for days at a time, and die of overwork. Their habits and customs are being carefully studied, and if only they will do what is required of them they will be made as comfortable as circumstances will permit. Altogether it is the prettiest little parlour; perhaps the spider may yet be induced to walk in and favour the proprietor with those silk dresses for which the world is still waiting.

THE SUPPLY OF NITRATES.

Sir William Crookes, in his presidential address to the British Association in 1898, pointed out that the world's supply of wheat ultimately depended upon the supply of nitrates in the soil, and that this was slowly but steadily being exhausted. Since then many able experimenters have turned their attention to the artificial production of nitrates from the practically inexhaustible store of nitrogen in the atmosphere, four-fifths of which consists of that gas. An electric spark passing through air causes a small proportion of the nitrogen to combine with the oxygen and produce nitrous gases. The product is small compared with the electric energy absorbed; but several attempts have been made to work the process on an industrial scale. The most noteworthy instance was that of the Atmospheric Products Company, with a big plant, at Niagara. Electric energy derived from the monster falls was made to discharge between multitudes of tiny sparking points, and thus produce the nitrous-oxide, which was afterwards converted into nitrate of lime. The company failed, presumably because the value of the product was not commensurate with the working expenses; and that would seem to have been the fate of all similar ventures until a more efficient method of procedure was found. The honour of discovering a more efficient process falls to two Norwegian chemists, Birkelande and Eyde. By their method the numerous sparking points are replaced by an immense electric arc formed by high voltage alternating current. This arc is spread out into a disc of flame by a method of which details are not given, and through this disc air is forced under pressure. The process has been gradually developed during the last two years at Notodden, in Norway, where the necessary water-power is available; and it is said to have now reached a position of considerable industrial promise and importance. Whether or not the industry will pay remains to be seen; but in view of the fact that the known natural sources of nitrates are certainly becoming exhausted, artificial production is a matter of prime importance to humanity.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

The making of pillows and mattresses stuffed with sponges instead of feathers or horsehair has been commenced in Florida, and according to a note in the *English Mechanic*, results appear to be promising. Sponge is said to have all the springiness and resilience demanded of a material used for bedding, and to have certain advantages over feathers and other materials at present in use. It is said that the use of the new material results in the production of pillows and mattresses which cost only two-thirds the price of those made in the manner at present in vogue, and the sponge is very considerably lighter even than the proverbial feather with which a pillow is stuffed. The arrival of samples in England will be eagerly looked for by those unfortunates who are always seeking for a promising means with which to woo the fickle goddess of sleep.

A NEW AUTOMATIC PIANO.

The title of this paragraph is calculated to make all true lovers of music shudder, for anything in the nature of a mechanical piano-player uncontrolled by the taste and discretion of some guiding mind with musical feeling and knowledge is naturally abhorrent. Yet the instrument under review is, at the same time, absolutely automatic and capable of producing music of surpassing beauty. It can and does render piano compositions not only with perfect accuracy so far as technique is concerned, but also with such expression and taste, such beauty of phrasing, as only a most artistic player is capable of. The melody is brought out in clear singing contrast with the accompaniment, even where the notes of which it is formed are contained in chords extending both above and below. The light and shade and the *tempo* are varied as a skilled player would vary them, yet the instrument works entirely by itself by means of a small electric motor, and no human hand is upon it from the start to the finish of its scroll of perforated music. The wonderful subtle accents and all the many changes and variations which go to make up what is called 'expression' are all produced by a marvellous system of machinery controlled by extra perfora-

tions on the music scroll, and the manner in which a given passage is brought out in striking contrast to the other notes playing around it is almost miraculous, both in the way of its production and its effect. The instrument is not a piano-player, but rather a player and pianoforte combined. It is the latest production of the firm of Mustel of Paris, the makers of the famous organ of that name.

FERRO-CONCRETE.

In an interesting communication read before the Royal Scottish Society of Arts by Mr Macdonald of Glasgow, some valuable particulars of what was called ferro-concrete construction were given. Concrete—that mixture of stones, sand, and broken bricks, or the like, with Portland cement—is every day coming into greater prominence as a building material. It is capable of withstanding immense crushing strains, but tensile and shearing strains fracture it immediately. Iron and steel present quite the opposite conditions. Under heavy pressure they bulge and buckle, while they stand with ease tremendous pulling loads and shearing strains. If it were possible to make a composite girder of which the under side consisted of a steel ribbon and all the upper portion of solid concrete, the two materials would then be utilised to their best advantage, each taking the strain for which it is best adapted. Such a composite joist, used the wrong way up, would simply fall to pieces under its own weight. Ferro-concrete is a compact, homogeneous material in which the respective qualities of the two substances are developed and utilised to the full. The steel wires embedded in the concrete are protected against atmospheric corruption, and as the coefficients of expansion of the two materials are practically identical, the compound will stand sudden and violent changes of temperature without damage. The composite material can be moulded to any desired shape, and when finished it is jointless. The rivets which are the weak links of iron construction, and the joints which are the weakness of masonry, are both eliminated. The invention of ferro-concrete is attributed to M. Hennibique of Paris.

FRAUDS IN BUTTER-MAKING.

A pamphlet has been issued by G. Wall & Co., Williamson Street, Liverpool, entitled *Butter Manipulation*, which shows the rapid increase in the manipulation of butter in order to swell the profits. It is stated that about two hundred thousand tons a week are at present being dealt with, at a profit of about sixty thousand pounds a month. The watering of ordinary butter by mixing with hot brine, which began in Wales and Ireland, has spread to all parts of the kingdom. Good colonial butter is also taken and mixed with a proportion of fresh churned butter, and loaded in a more or less degree with milk, solid and fluid, giving a 10 to 15 per cent. increase. Solids and mixed fats are also added, with the result that in 25 per cent. of our retail shops we have an article which contains less than 75 per cent. of legitimate butter fat. The elaborate machinery for manipulating the butter is described in detail in the pamphlet, and the author's case is amply proved for the necessity of parliamentary interference, and the passing of a Sale of Butter Bill which will prevent the sale of water-logged butter and butter charged with solidified milk and foreign fats, whereby enormous profits are earned to the detriment of the consumer. In reply to a deputation from the Federation of Grocers' Associations, Lord Carrington, President of the Board of Agriculture, promised to appoint a Select Committee of the House of Commons to go thoroughly into the matter.

FOR THE TOURIST IN ROME.

Mr E. Reynolds-Ball has produced a *Practical Guide to Rome and its Environs* (A. & C. Black), illustrated by pictures from the coloured book on the Eternal City noticed in 'Rome in Picture and Story' in this *Journal* for 1905. There is an excellent and useful map and plan of the Forum, good alike for the past or prospective visitor. The Italian consular reports of last year show a continued increase in the stream of visitors of all nationalities in the spring. Rome has been the 'most powerful centre of attraction on the surface of the earth, first to the Old World, and later to the New.' Mr Reynolds-Ball is concise, sensible, and does not bewilder the reader with details, and his little volume will enable the visitor to make the best of a short stay in Rome. He brackets Rome with Genoa as dear cities for the foreign resident, unless well acquainted with the language, manners, and customs. In general salubrity and sanitation Rome now ranks fairly high, and the water-supply is plentiful and pure. The winter climate of Florence, with its piercing winds and bright sunshine, is more treacherous than that of Rome. Mr Reynolds-Ball points out to the intending visitor the dangers which may lurk in the receptacles for holy water at church doors. Dr Abba of Turin found in samples of this water as many bacteria as were contained in the most poisonous wells or even in sewers.

THE BENEFICENT NILE.

Sir W. Willcocks has published a volume, entitled *The Nile in 1904* (Spon), in which he recalls what has been already stated in Sir W. Garstin's report on the basin of the Upper Nile, and gives a forecast of what remains to be done for water-storage and flood-protection in the Soudan. The writer has been studying these problems for the past fifteen years, and calls the Nile the most interesting river of the ancient world, and still the most interesting river to-day. Its discharges are even yet difficult to unravel, while it is one of the longest rivers in the world. The expenditure on irrigation in the region between Cairo south to Assiout is expected to work wonders during the next decade. Messrs Aird are to construct a further barrage on the

Nile at Esneh, in upper Egypt. A bridge is proposed over the Blue and White Niles at Khartoum. It is suggested to heighten the Assouan dam and increase the water-supply. Then there is the projected Wady Rayan reservoir scheme as a feeder of the Nile. Sir W. Willcocks thinks that Lord Cromer's wise decision to construct the Suakin-Khartoum Railway and the Abu Hamed and Dongola Railway is the charter for the development of the Soudan. This first railway from Atbara to Port Soudan on the Red Sea was opened on 27th January. Irrigation-works for the production of cotton and wheat can now go on. The soil of the Soudan is the same as that of lower Egypt. The Blue Nile, from the mountains of Abyssinia, is the true parent of the land, its deposits of muddy water having made Egypt. The White Nile is its farthest source, in four degrees south latitude, near Lake Tanganyika. The country, already worth two hundred and seventy-five million pounds, would be increased in value by sixty million pounds should these fresh irrigation schemes take shape.

GIVING A DOG A BAD NAME.

The Wellington *Evening News*, quoted in *Nature*, contradicts the alleged sheep-killing habit of the New Zealand kea parrot. As is well known, this bird is commonly reported to cause the death of sheep, or to leave them in such a condition that death soon ensues, by pecking a hole in the side; and the alleged habit is accepted as a fact in ornithological and other natural history works. According, however, to investigations undertaken independently by a number of New Zealand gentlemen, the story is without a shadow of foundation. The observers included naturalists and estate-agents, as well as others whose judgment must be regarded as equally trustworthy. The kea is a bird of unbounded curiosity, and it is suggested that the myth is probably due to this habit, some observer who had seen a kea inspecting the carcass of a defunct sheep or lamb having very likely jumped to the conclusion that the bird was the active cause of the animal's death. It is concluded that although the legend cannot be said to be completely disproved, yet there is not a scrap of evidence in its favour. Owing to its bad repute, the kea is in imminent danger of extermination.

THE PORT OF LIVERPOOL.

At a recent meeting of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, it was mentioned that they were proposing to make a new dock at the Vittoria Wharf, Birkenhead. The dredging at the bar and sea-channels was continued, and ninety-two million tons of sand had been removed since 1890. The depth was now twenty-seven feet at low-water spring-tides. The probable cost of their contemplated new works would be a little over £4,000,000, and it would take seven or eight years to complete the works; but they considered the expenditure was wise and necessary to meet the requirements of business. With regard to the controversy continually going on about the position of Liverpool among the ports of the world, Mr Robert Gladstone, who presided, thought they might take it as pretty well established that Liverpool had the second place at any rate, if not the first. Lately he had seen some very interesting figures prepared at Washington. The figures referred to the trade of the great ports of the world, and showed that the trade of London was worth £261,000,000 a year; of Liverpool, £237,000,000, since corrected to £250,000,000; New York, £221,000,000; Hamburg, £196,000,000; Antwerp, £147,000,000; Marseilles, £86,000,000; Calcutta, £59,000,000; Bombay, £51,000,000; Singapore, £43,000,000; and Sydney, £38,000,000. He thought that showed the position of Liverpool in the world's trade to be very satisfactory. With reference to the enormous number of passengers—emigrants and ordinary passengers—who arrived and departed from Liverpool in the course of the year, the total was 274,000, of whom 37,000 were cabin passengers. At London the total was 23,000, including 16,000 cabin passengers, and Southampton, 72,000, and of these 27,000 were cabin passengers.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

Life is but School—with wider walls than ours,
With harder tasks, and longer working hours.

Life is but School—we're learning all the time,
New work unfolding as we upward climb.

Life is but School extended—day by day
The lessons deeper and less time for play.

Life is but School—with teachers more severe,
Its training rougher, and its books less clear.

Life is but School—its term seems ofttimes long,
And all too brief its intervals for song.

Life is but School—and, with the term complete,
We lay its trophies at the Master's feet.

Life is but School—but when in Home we stand
We'll take the prizes at our Father's hand.

I. S. Redmayne, M.A.

The May part of *Chambers's Journal* will contain the opening chapters of a romance of striking interest, entitled

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

By GEORGE FREDERICK TURNER.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

By George Frederick Turner.

CHAPTER I.

NOVEMBER is a depressing month. I am not thinking of fogs. Personally, being an idle man, I love fogs. Not only do their subtle and constantly changing colours appeal to the æsthetic side of my nature, but the contemplation of innumerable fussy beings hurrying in directions diametrically opposed to their volition throws me into a mild ecstasy of philosophic amusement.

No, with fogs I have no quarrel; but I admit that the damp, dull day, that is neither hot nor cold, foggy nor clear, but cheerless, colourless, and unrefreshingly devoid of air, drives my thoughts inwards till I become a prey to a morbid and unnatural introspection.

That is why, on a certain unprepossessing November morning some three years ago, I was sitting down to an excellent breakfast of scrambled eggs and fried bacon, under the conviction that life, so far as I was concerned, was a failure unredeemed and irredeemable. But then I was nearly twenty-eight years of age; and, though my health was good in its way, there were things—pastry and pale ale, for instance—which I could no longer take with the impunity of my early youth.

Perhaps I was suffering from an excess of what scripturally minded people call 'earthly blessings.' Money, the great vulgar root of evil which most of us cherish and water so assiduously in our backgardens, had blossomed for me, unplanted, uncultivated, and presumably undeserved.

My father—who, starting from a humble, not to say obscure, origin, had ended by owning the third largest milliner's shop in Oxford Street—had died leaving me a quarter of a million of his hard-earned gold. A similar sum would come to me on the decease of my mother. My present depression, therefore, could hardly be due to a harassing difficulty in making both ends meet.

The gray-haired little lady who faced me from the other side of the coffee-things noted my dejection.

'You don't seem very lively this morning, Robert,' she remarked.

'Do I often seem very lively in the morning, mother?'

'No,' she retorted dryly, 'I can't say you're a very cheerful breakfast companion. Still, you seem a shade duller than usual this morning.'

'I am rather tired of life,' I said as undramatically as I could.

My mother thought fit to laugh. 'Why don't you marry?' she asked.

'Because I don't believe in violent remedies,' I replied. 'Besides, you know that nothing would induce me to leave you.'

'I know nothing of the sort,' was the sharp response. 'You'd leave me to-morrow if you fell in love. Any man would, and small blame to him either.'

'I have no intention of falling in love.'

Again my mother laughed. 'Has any one ever any intention of falling into anything?' she asked.

'I mean,' I said, 'that I am no longer a raw youth. I have seen something of the world, and am weary of the persecutions of London life. I am rich, and Society matrons try and marry their daughters to rich men. I have the further attractions of being still under middle-age and not dropping my h's.'

'And of being a draper's son,' added my beloved parent.

'That does not matter,' I retorted. 'Birth goes for little nowadays, and rightly so. Still, even on that score, I can claim a good descent on the maternal side.'

'You can claim it,' said my mother, with her scornful smile; 'but your claim will in all probability be disallowed. When I married your father I ceased to be a Dumorion and became a Saunders.

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Now, "Saunders" suggests silk petticoats and remnant-days.'

I did not ask her how it was she had married a man so far her inferior socially. I had done so on a previous occasion, and the answer had been, 'Because he was a man.' The union, by the way, had been a love-match, and a very happy one.

'You are depressed,' went on my mother in her incisive fashion; 'you are tired of life, as you call it, and generally an insufferable companion, because you are afflicted acutely with that prevalent and distressing complaint—conceit. Because you are wealthy, you fancy that every mother you meet has some snub-nosed offspring in the background whom she will endeavour to palm off on you on the first opportunity. Because you played in the Eton Eleven, and subsequently made fifty-six not out for Cambridge against Oxford, you fancy that your name is a household word with the sporting public; whereas they have long forgotten the little they ever knew about you. You fancy, because your father was a man of exceptional energy, that you inherit his vigour, together with the brains and beauty of your mother—which is a delusion.'

'You are very refreshing, dearest,' I replied. 'It is quite possible that you are right, and that I have not inherited the virtues of my forebears, but merely their conceit. And yet, when I say that I am tired of life I do not mean that I am tired of contemplating my own perfections; merely that dances bore me, men bore me, women——well, women who, according to books, should be angels or the reverse are neither, but just women, and the greatest bore of all.'

'But business'——

'Business I respect—from a distance. My subordinates are so thoroughly conscientious, so unflaggingly energetic, so infinitely superior to myself in all the qualities which make for commercial success, that I feel it would be detrimental to British trade in general, and to the firm of James Saunders & Son in particular, to make my nominal position as head of the business a real one.'

My mother sighed, rose from the table, and approached the sideboard where the daily papers and the morning's correspondence were reposing in dignified proximity to an uncut ham.

'It's a pity you're a failure, Robert,' she said, 'for I rather like you. At times you talk just like your mother. There,' she added, as I interrupted her remarks with a kiss, 'take your letters, foolish boy, and try and find something in them to cheer your downcast spirit.'

The first few envelopes I opened contained little of a cheering nature. A big bill for cigars, a couple of dance-invitations, several epistles of a begging nature, and—most deadly of all—an invitation to a bridge-tea. The most interesting-looking communication I kept till last. It bore a foreign stamp, the envelope was enormous, and the address written in a neat but ridiculously minute hand. On the back was a gorgeous coat of arms; and, forgetful of the stamp, I began to have horrible visions of a half-past six dinner at a City company.

'Well,' said my mother, as an exclamation of surprise forced itself to my lips, 'what is it?'

'An invitation from a king,' I replied.

'From a king! From what king?'

'His Majesty King Karl XXII. of Grimland.'

'That's the man you were introduced to after the tennis tournament at Weidenbruck last year, isn't it?'

'It is,' I answered. 'I thought he had taken a fancy to me. As a winner, I was invited to dine at the palace, and his manner at the conclusion of that festive meal was most gracious. I put it down to royal affability tinged with Pommery and Greno; but it appears it was something more. He has asked me to stay a month or six weeks at Weissheim.'

'At Weissheim?'

'Yes, at Weissheim, a small town some thirty miles south-east of Weidenbruck, where His Majesty has a winter palace.'

'And you will accept the invitation?'

'Naturally,' I replied.

'Your scruples about leaving your dear mother notwithstanding?'

'Six weeks is not a lifetime,' I retorted; 'and, if you wish it, you can come too. The Pariserhof is, I am told, an excellent hotel.'

'Thank you,' replied my mother coolly; 'I prefer South Kensington.'

'As you will,' I said. 'Personally, I shall be delighted to leave London for a space.'

For several minutes there was silence, during which I re-read the royal epistle which had so transformed the dreary outlook of my thoughts.

'Dear Mr Saunders,' it ran, 'it would give us much pleasure if you could come and stay with us at the Brun-varad this winter. Weissheim is no longer merely a summer resort; for the winter season, which lasts from the beginning of November to the end of February, is a very festive and busy time. Weissheim, as you probably know, is some six thousand odd feet above sea-level, but the cold is of such a dry character, and the sunshine so continuous and brilliant, that to my mind the winter is the time *par excellence* to enjoy its charms. I myself prefer it at all times to Weidenbruck, which, like most capitals, suffers from the noise and disquietude inevitably engendered by an excess of trams and politicians. I should suggest your coming about the 1st of January, and staying at least a month—six weeks if you can manage it. I fear I shall not be able to take my revenge on you at lawn tennis, but we have a great variety of winter sports which are most fascinating.

Karl R.'

Decidedly and on all grounds the invitation was one worthy of acceptance. Winter sports! Dry, cold, and a brilliant sun! The guest of royalty in

a royal palace! Assuredly life was not the appallingly dull affair it had seemed a quarter of an hour before. My mother interrupted my rapturous meditations.

'Robert dear,' she said, 'I am surprised at your being so eager to leave London just now. I fancied you had taken a liking to that Blackwood girl. You danced twice with her the other night at Lady Fitz-Archibald's.'

It was my turn to laugh now. 'To dance two dances,' I remarked, 'out of a possible twenty-three, with the same female does not constitute an engagement in this country. It does not even argue a strong natural affinity. Agatha Blackwood is a pretty girl, with the soul of a butterfly. The type is one that pleases the eye, and the eye alone. When—oh, when!—will mother and match-maker cease to be convertible terms?'

'When mothers cease to have sons and daughters,' was the swift reply. Doubtless, also, it was a truthful one.

CHAPTER II.

EVERY Board-school pupil knows where Grimland is. For those who have not had the advantage of a State-aided education, I may as well say that it lies in a triangle between Germany, Austria, and Russia, and that it takes forty-eight solid and continuous hours of travelling to get there. Personally, I am fond of travelling, and enjoy sufficient immunity from seasickness and train-weariness to claim with justice the designation of 'a good traveller.'

And yet, when a consultation with my watch disclosed the fact that I had but one little hour more to spend in my overheated compartment, a feeling of vast relief spread over me; I stretched my lethargic limbs to their full extent, and gave vent to a prolonged and highly musical yawn. Then I looked out of the window. It was pitch-dark, and had been so for over an hour; and yet I knew that I was travelling through some of the loveliest scenery and over one of the most wonderfully engineered lines in Europe. I yawned again, and this time my ears seemed to crack, for we had been coming uphill steadily for some little time and the reduced pressure was playing pranks with my tympana. Then, as our funny little mountain-engine ceased its tugging labours, and stopped at Riefinsdorf, the terminus, I collected my *Handgepäck* and a couple of Tauchnitz volumes and descended to the platform. It was amazingly cold after the stuffy atmosphere of the train, and I felt grateful for my thick ulster, which I had abused so unsparingly at various points of my journey.

My train disgorged a goodly number of fellow-travellers, and the little Riefinsdorf platform was crowded with well-wrapped mortals searching for luggage and chartering vehicles to convey them to Weissheim. I was wondering just what to do, when a man in a beautiful fur coat and a gold-laced cap came up and saluted me.

'Mr Saunders?' he inquired.

I replied in the affirmative.

'Kindly give me your luggage-ticket.'

I complied, and my imposing friend passed on the piece of yellow paper to a subordinate.

'Follow me, sir.'

Again I did as I was bid, and a moment later the emblazoned door of a carriage-and-pair was thrown open for me. I entered, a rug was placed over my knees, a whip cracked, and I had started for the Brun-varad, the winter palace of the King of Grimland.

So ignorant was I of winter travelling in cold countries that it was several minutes before I realised that my conveyance was progressing on runners and not on wheels. Onward we swung and lurched into the darkness, for all I knew at the edge of some appalling precipice, and apparently at a great rate of speed. There was something extremely fascinating in this drive through an unknown country, with its outlook of utter blackness and its hazily imagined termination at the fabled Brun-varad.

Why, I wondered, had King Karl invited me? Was it for the sake of my *beaux yeux*, or did he know I was wealthy and want to borrow money of me? I had heard of kings doing such things; but as the remembrance of my big, good-natured, sport-loving host came back to me, the theory of the *beaux yeux* seemed the most plausible. 'The "ayes" have it,' I murmured modestly to myself; 'and, after all, a monarch might easily have a less interesting and presentable guest than my humble self.'

A blaze of light shining suddenly through my carriage window interrupted my meditations. It proceeded from a vast building with many rows of illuminated windows. Then, as my eyes caught the gilded inscription, 'Pariserhof,' I realised that the objective of my journey had not yet been reached. We passed now through a fairly wide street lined with shops and hostelries, and lighted with electric arc-lamps. The shops, indeed, were all shut, and but a few muffled forms were visible in the snow-carpeted thoroughfare; but the place, nevertheless, wore an air of comfortable and up-to-date prosperity. Unquestionably this was Weissheim, and the size of the town was greater than I had supposed. We passed a handsome Catholic church with a snow-encrusted dome; a big, square building with a couple of old mortars set before the arched doorway, and a general impress of military occupation; we skirted a large open space, with what looked like a town-hall on one side of it and a theatre on the other. With its setting of snow, its absence of visible life, its intense silence, the place seemed vaguely unreal, a scene-painting rather than a habitable town, a dream-city rather than a

man-created bulwark against the still, intense cold of that superlatively frigid region.

Then we plunged into the darkness again, and it was fully ten minutes before we halted at what I made no doubt was the Brun-varad, the ancestral home of Grimland monarchy.

I had a vision of a great, sentinelled gateway, of which the posts bore huge, fantastic balls of snow; then, as we drove up the white sweep of the approach, of a high-roofed tower with a great Gothic archway at its base. Beyond, a huge flank of window-pierced wall, a precipice of rough-hewn stones corniced with great, dependent icicles, and crowned with a tiled roof of so steep a pitch that the snow found little or no lodgment on it, save where the dormer windows broke its steep incline. The building was grim, indefinite, medieval, and my first impression of it, seen in the warm half-light of its own illuminated windows, and with its setting of deep, immaculate snow, was of a fairy castle fresh from the pages of Hans Andersen.

We did not pull up at the great archway, but drove round to a smaller entrance at the side. As we stopped, my fur-coated friend with the gold-rimmed cap appeared once more, presumably from the box-seat of my conveyance, and rang a bell. The doors of the palace were thrown open, and, stepping out of the royal sleigh with a delightful and totally unaccustomed feeling of nervousness, I entered the habitation of my exalted host. An individual in a black morning-coat approached—bald, dignified, amply whiskered, gently supercilious. Behind, around, flunkeys in green-and-golden coats, red plush knickerbockers, white stockings, and powdered hair. Like most of my countrymen when feeling slightly overwhelmed, I smiled.

The black-coated gentleman bowed.

'I trust you have had a pleasant journey, Mr Saunders,' he said in faultless English.

'Quite, thank you,' I replied.

'His Majesty is in the billiard-room,' pursued my stately welcomer. 'He will be pleased to see you at once, if you will divest yourself of your overcoat.'

A couple of stalwart flunkeys succeeded in removing my superfluous attire, and I followed the benevolent *chef de réception* down a long corridor. Everywhere groined ceilings, panelled walls, and electric lights in the most modern fittings!

The whiskered dignity opened the billiard-room door. His Majesty King Karl XXII. of Grimland was in the middle of his stroke; he was trying to pot his adversary. We waited breathlessly and in silence. At the consummation—an unsuccessful one, for the white ball, after wobbling uncertainly in the jaws of the pocket, remained provokingly in view—His Majesty looked up and saw us.

'Hallo, Saunders!' he cried, leaning his cue against the table, whence it slithered noisily to the floor. 'My dear fellow, I 'm delighted to see you;' and, smiling all over his swarthy, good-natured face, he shook me warmly by the hand.

'I trust your Majesty is in the enjoyment of good health,' I remarked formally.

'I always enjoy good health, thank you,' he answered, 'and never better than here, in the dear old Brun-varad. But permit me to present you to the company. This young lady, my opponent at billiards and invariable vanquisher, is a fellow-countrywoman of yours, Miss Anchester. Miss Anchester—Mr Saunders.' Here I received a bow from a slim, fair-haired young woman with a singularly fresh complexion and a pair of cool, gray, unemotional eyes. 'The other young lady,' went on the King, indicating a dark and distinctly pretty girl who was sitting on a high leather seat between a small boy in a sailor suit and a somewhat smaller girl in white, 'the young lady who is trying, fairly successfully, to keep my unruly progeny in order, is the Prinzessinn Mathilde von Schattenberg, daughter of my cousin, the Grand Duke Fritz. The gentleman who is so kindly acting as scorer is my commander-in-chief, General Meyer.—General Meyer—Mr Saunders.'

A tall, stooping-shouldered individual bowed humorously—if a bow can be humorous—towards me. He was rather past middle-age, of unmistakably Jewish origin, and his features displayed a mixture of cleverness, lazy good humour, and cynicism.

'Now you know everybody,' concluded the King.

'With the exception of the unruly progeny,' I corrected.

'Ah, permit me. This is His Royal Highness the Duke of Weissheim, heir-apparent to the throne, and prospective twenty-third Karl of Grimland.' Here I received a small and sticky palm, which I shook gravely. 'And this is Her Royal Highness the Princess Wilhelmina;' and at these words, and much to my astonishment, a pair of tiny arms were thrown round my neck and I received a warm and somewhat embarrassing salutation. Every one laughed, and I was just beginning to feel comfortable again, when of a sudden silence fell upon the company. Looking up, I saw the reason. Her Majesty the Queen had entered. She was a little woman, stately, imperious, almost beautiful, but with bad temper written in every line of her hard, unfeeling countenance. Her thin, red lips were pressed tightly together; her big, dark eyes flashed angrily from her pale face; and it was obvious that she had seen the embrace and thoroughly disapproved of it.

'Miss Anchester,' she said coldly, 'will you please conduct the children to the nursery? It is quite time they went to bed.'

Then turning her gaze to me, whom she had met before, she stretched out her hand without a word. Taking it in the tips of my fingers, I bent low over it and touched it ceremoniously with my lips.

'Karl,' continued Her Majesty, in her unpleasant tones, 'it is quite time you went and dressed for

dinner;' and with that she followed Miss Anchester, who was conveying the children from the room, and left us. The sense of relief was palpable and immediate. King Karl turned to us with a comical shrug of his big shoulders, and the humorous lines on General Meyer's face deepened to a positive grin. The Princess Mathilde tittered audibly, and then, as I turned to her, involuntarily smiling in turn, she burst into a peal of laughter, free, musical, and refreshingly unrestrained.

'We all have a fly in our ointment,' said the King, with a gesture. 'My ointment is the Brun-varad.'

'His Majesty does not specify his fly,' commented the General dryly.

'It's scarcely necessary,' retorted the monarch. —'Come, Saunders, it is time to dress for dinner. *La reyne le veult.* Our major-domo, Herr Bomcke, will show you to your room. And, remember, at the Brun-varad we reduce ceremony to as near the vanishing-point as possible.'

(To be continued.)

HOW CRIMINALS ARE CAUGHT.

By Edward John Prior.

THERE is a periodical blue-covered volume which grows mightily with the years, and forms a merciless, shaft-like comment on one aspect of modern civilisation: it is the *Report of the Prison Commissioners.* A glance at its tabulated pages shows what an immense business is the State punishment of crime, and a little reflection convinces you that the art of criminal-catching must play a big part in this increasing business. Undoubtedly it does play a big part, and the most recent prison blue-book, with its heavier totals, reflects not only the magnitude but the importance of the work.

The machinery for catching criminals is finely devised, and after many years it has become fairly comprehensive in its methods. The various parts consist of astute, bold men, who, if they do the thing which is expected of them, must be as clever as the most unscrupulous rogues and as far-seeing as the most successful conspiring villains. Splendid organisation, discipline, and great resources do the rest.

The machinery is principally controlled from New Scotland Yard in London, but from other centres as well. 'The Yard,' as it is familiarly called, is the biggest place, and does nearly all the important detective work.

'The Yard' of reality is a sky-scraping, reddish building within a stone's-throw of the gray, silent Thames. The iron voice of Big Ben penetrates its rooms every quarter of an hour. Properly described, it is like a big mercantile house, with wide stair-cases, long lobbies, lifts, and waiting-rooms. A most scrupulous cleanliness and a man-o'-war tidiness and smartness give distinction.

What romance there is comes of the knowledge that the prosaic structure is a hive of mysteries, a place where more is known about the happenings of the everyday world than some people in the everyday world would like to be known. It is the official headquarters of the variously constituted men whose peculiar duty it is to track down crime in its many forms and disguises.

These men are interesting. The majority of them do not look like policemen, though nearly all of them were once ordinary constables. It is a common notion that famous detectives look like sleuth-hounds. I know many who more resemble easy-going men of fashion or jolly farmers.

Work comes from everywhere. At all hours of the day and night there comes by telegraph and telephone news from the remotest places in the kingdom as well as from the big centres. It may be an appeal for help in solving some village murder problem; sometimes it is a message from a high personage asking for protection or for advice on some critical occasion, then a great banker's request for an inquiry arising out of a suspicion of fraud. In all these cases the various specialists play their part. The man who might be sent to see a Cabinet Minister or royal personage in consequence of some anarchist threat would perhaps only have a limited knowledge of forgers and swindlers, and the man who has closely studied the ways of coiners and cheque-forgers might know little more of the anarchist fraternity than the man in the street.

Anarchists and malcontents of the criminal type give a great deal of trouble, and the catching, or rather watching, of them is a serious matter. They are mostly caught or their plans are frustrated through the traitorous conduct of associates. But a detective must be in close touch with them in order to meet this associate. The average conspirator has not the courage to lay a clear statement before the official police. Detectives worm their way into the anarchist quarters not only in this country, but in various Continental cities as well. They have to adopt various disguises for this work, and false noses, wigs, and sometimes the skirts of a woman come in handy. On these occasions the officers carry their lives in their hands. A false move on their part may mean a murderous assault.

One well-known detective, whose principal duty it was to accompany Royalty on the Continent, once obtained all the details of a dastardly plot against the life of a distinguished person by attending a private dance given by the members of a secret society in Rome. He was introduced as a French

Count by a member of the society who had allowed himself to come under police influence.

Many similar stories could be told in connection with this particular branch of a dangerous profession. It is the duty of the detectives to have a complete knowledge of the ways of anarchists both at home and abroad. This knowledge is pigeon-holed at 'The Yard.' It often leads to the capture of desperate criminals; more often it prevents crimes from being committed by giving a checkmate move to the police. On one occasion it was learned that a diabolical attempt was to be made to blow up the Royal Exchange in London. The time and the details were all well known to the police, and an officer from Scotland Yard actually travelled to the City in the same omnibus as the anarchist.

The detectives who acquire this useful knowledge are those chosen to accompany Royalty on any foreign tour, to guard distinguished visitors from abroad when they come to this country, and to keep a watchful eye on the guests who assemble when our own Sovereign entertains. The officers become personally known to foreign rulers, and many of them have from time to time been made the recipients of tokens of Royal favour. They mingle freely with the guests at a State ball, they occupy a convenient place at any State function, and they arrange that any suspicious characters who may have come from Paris or Berlin on the occasion of a great public festival here shall be carefully 'shadowed.'

The capture of criminals is in all respects a complex business, and certain types of wrong-doer require special study. Expert jewel-thieves are a class by themselves. They form a highly educated, clever, desperate class, with great resources and baffling aliases. The tracking and capturing of them is an elaborate and difficult business; sometimes it is dangerous. The scene of operations is usually the West End of London or the various big mansions or hotels throughout the country. The robberies, however, sometimes take place at railway stations and on steamboats when the victims are travelling.

Ladies who are the happy possessors of jewels of great value are proverbially careless of the way in which they look after them. The thieves, whose hope is to make a big haul, are well aware of this characteristic. Very often they contrive to profit by it. Jewel-cases containing gems representing in value many thousands of pounds are often left about in railway carriages and in steamboat cabins like ordinary luggage. The watchful thief is ever on the lookout for chances like these, and a friendly chat with the servants may pave the way for the carrying out of his evil design. Often the loss is not discovered until many hours afterwards. Then the affair is reported to the official police, and the expert detectives have to set to work on a task which to the lay mind would seem hopeless.

But official crime-investigators have ways and means undreamt of by the man in the street. In a case where the clues as to the actual robbery are very slight, they have to proceed on other lines. They begin by privately suspecting somebody. All the well-known jewel-thieves are known to them, and they endeavour by various inquiries to find out where the gentlemen of evil repute were at the approximate time of the theft. In these inquiries the English police are largely aided by the American and Continental detectives. The question is asked as to what expert gangs are 'at home,' and what their movements were at a particular time. It often happens that the information thus obtained convinces the police of the implication of certain known 'characters.' An arrest does not always follow, however, because, although a fairly good *primâ facie* case may be made out in this way, the evidence is not sufficient to satisfy a court of law. On the other hand, careful watching of the suspects may—and often does—reveal circumstances which leave no doubt about the guilt of those accused.

The quick and accurate interchange of police news regarding those 'on the market'—that is, suspected of some criminal conduct—between the various Continental capitals and London often prevents crime from being committed where it does not bring about an actual arrest.

For instance, certain well-known thieves may suddenly leave Paris for London. The French police have their suspicions aroused instantly, and they at once flash news of the departure to this country. On the platform at Charing Cross or Victoria the visitors are met by disguised detectives, whose duty it is to follow them and to ascertain what their ultimate destination may be.

When a big home-party or ball is being given at a well-known country house, special precautions are often taken by the police. Well-known gangs of burglars are watched, and should one of the gang leave the usual haunt, a detective manages to accompany him. In cases like these the local police are also warned. These big country gatherings, where there is a great amount of jewellery, often serve a useful purpose to the police, inasmuch as they attract from a hiding-place men who have been 'wanted' for some time.

A common method of finding a man who is 'wanted' is to institute a 'round-up' search. Some forty or fifty plain-clothes officers descend suddenly upon an area in which the suspect is supposed to be, and using the 'open sesame' of a warrant, thoroughly overhaul doubtful premises. These 'round ups,' which are usually resorted to in low-class, thickly populated neighbourhoods, have often been the means of bringing a number of criminals to justice.

Ruses of one kind and another are not infrequently adopted when it is desired to effect an arrest as quietly as possible. I know of an instance not many months ago when several detectives arrested a number of jewel-thieves in the early

hours of the morning by disguising themselves as milkmen, and making an early call. They wore the usual smocks and carried the familiar cans. Whether they succeeded in striking the proper note with their cries I do not know.

It is ordinary routine business for detectives fashionably attired and with a lavish display of jewellery to walk the busy thoroughfares of our big cities on the lookout for pickpockets. They also attend race-meetings similarly disguised, and it must be mentioned as a tribute to the sharpness of the rogues that the pockets of detectives have been picked on several occasions.

The systematic photographing of convicts and the taking of finger-prints have done much in recent years to assist in the catching of criminals. There is a unique collection of photographs at Scotland Yard, known as 'the Gallery,' and persons who have obtained a glimpse of some scurrying burglar have been able to identify him by one of these photographs. The finger-print method has also worked well. Last year some hundreds of criminals were arrested through this tell-tale system. Inasmuch, however, as the up-to-date burglar has taken to wearing thick gloves, and thus leaving a false impression of his fingers on dusty cupboards and varnished walls, the police are often deceived. It is a case of diamond cut diamond.

TWO LETTERS.

By F. C. Armstrong, Author of *Between Two*, &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

PRETTY Lettice Rivers stood before her looking-glass, smiling at her reflection with the pleasure which a pretty woman feels in her own beauty. Not that Lettice was a beauty in the strict sense of the term; she was only a sweet young girl in the fresh bloom of twenty-two, with soft, gray eyes under dark, finely pencilled brows, a rosy, smiling mouth, a dainty chin, a very pretty throat supporting her shapely head, and a trim figure that showed to perfection the fresh little frock which she had made for this special occasion at the cost of many hours of her hard-earned leisure. She was a diligent worker, this pretty maid, a daily governess with half-a-dozen pupils, all of them very small indeed; and it was exceedingly hard for the young teacher to keep her head above water, even granting the success she had achieved.

But now, with a little sigh of satisfaction, she remembered that these days of hard and not over-satisfactory work were drawing to a close. To-day she was to meet the nearest relations of a man who had come to her almost out of the unknown, and who would take care of her for the rest of her life. She sighed a little, and the gray eyes were clouded just for a pulse-beat. After all, although she was not quarrelling with her good fortune, Willie did not quite belong to the class in which she had been born; neither was the marriage one which could have been possible in the dear old days when her father was rector of Woolwrych, and she—his only child, a mere girl, with her frocks to her knees and her hair cataracting down her back—treated as an equal by the Earl's daughters up at the Hall. With the ruin and sudden death of her father while she was at Girton, all that came to an end. Lady Woolwrych had been most kind; so had Mrs Clare; but all they could do was to enable her to finish her education and start here, with six little pupils and the prospect of an arduous life before her.

Willie's coming had changed all that. They met by accident one wet night at the door of her lodgings in a quiet street in Kensington. She had dined with Mrs Clare, the only one of those earlier friends who had taken any notice of her since she had started this new career. Now, it so happened that William Stott, manager of the boot department in Faker's great emporium in an adjacent great thoroughfare, occupied the first-floor rooms in the same respectable abode. The girl had taken out by mistake the key of her bed-sitting-room instead of her latchkey; and but for the accident of 'the first-floor' returning home at the same moment as 'the second-floor back,' the two would never have encountered each other. Lettice was struggling with her key, growing rather tearful at the idea of having to rouse the house in order to avoid spending the night—a somewhat cold and showery one—in the street.

She was startled, also, by the sound of approaching feet and seeing a man halt at her side. She knew that a manager at Faker's resided under the roof with herself; but up to this moment, when he stood beside her in the flickering gaslight, she had never seen him. The swift and possibly frightened glance she cast at the man's figure which stood at her side revealed nothing more terrifying than a smartly built, small man, with a very trim moustache and eyes which at the moment looked kind.

'I beg your pardon, can I do anything for you, madam?' the stranger asked in a voice nicely modulated for ladies' ears.

'I—I have taken the wrong key,' she stammered, quick to recognise a friend. 'It is very provoking!'

'Allow me,' the gentleman said in the same suave tone; and then the door flew open at a touch.

She was so grateful to him that, through the uncertain light of the street lamp, the man saw a smile flash upon him such as not even his fairest lady-customer ever bestowed upon his most strenuous efforts to please; a smile, and a swift, sweet glance from beautiful eyes, while a charming voice said, 'Oh, thank you! thank you!' in a tone that was like music.

The manager slept but little that night. He was a serious man, somewhat over thirty, not given to enthusiasms; but this face, with its sweet eyes, and that melodious voice haunted him. From the very first he acted like a gentleman. He never met Lettice in the house, although he heard every sound of the light feet, and felt a throb go through him as her skirts swished past his door. He met her out of doors, and sometimes the little girl was surprised to find how often his hours of departure and return from his business synchronised with her own.

On Sundays he became a regular attendant at the parish church, although their mutual landlady had informed her that 'Mr Stott was chapel.' Sometimes they walked home together, and he talked to her with the style and manner of a well-informed man. Then she had a bad cold. During her solitary days, while she was obliged to remain in her room, he sent her books and papers. Afterwards they became something more than acquaintances—perhaps friends—and Willie Stott had found out all there was to know about her: how she was quite alone in the world, with no other prospect before her save a life of arduous work. Well, it was all very simple. A walk or two, a day when he followed her to Kew Gardens. Ah well! it was not just the love's young dream of a girl's errant fancy; but perhaps it was something better. It was such a relief to know that from henceforth she would have some one to stand between her and the rough world, some one to take care of her, protect her. She may have had moments of dejection; but then she put such thoughts aside. An assured future meant so much to the lonely girl. Mrs Clare's opinion had been adverse; but then Mrs Clare was old, as she said herself: 'a useless old thing, with nothing in her power.' But, as Letty remembered, Willie's wooing had always been what might be termed 'sensible.' Even in the first flush of their engagement, ways and means had been in his mind. Not until the other day had he mentioned the desirability of making her known to his mother. 'I hope you will please her,' he said. 'Being partial to her only son, she will be a—ahem—particular.'

Partial! That was but a lame way of putting the great fact of the most true and tender affection upon earth! But Willie did usually put things very lamely. Possibly he felt more than he expressed. She remembered a mother's passionate love for her only little one, the tender care which met her at every turn—it seemed only yesterday!

Ah, but life had changed since then! Little Letty had faced a world of strangers, and known its coldness. She was grateful for small mercies now; and if Willie had not just come up to her ideals, if recently he had talked too much about ways and means and future prospects, if he had seemed—that a little chill had fallen upon him—folly and nonsense!—he had a great deal on his mind. Who could blame him if he did appear to be too much absorbed in his business? It was only natural; and if his outlook on life seemed a little limited, he was good and kind, and cared about her; that should be enough to satisfy her. But even as she stood looking at her pleasing reflection—how neatly she had made that little bodice, and how trimly it sat round her pretty waist!—she remembered Mrs Clare. 'Matrimony is a serious matter, little Lettice,' she had said. 'This may be a good thing for you in some respects; but—I 'm not sure—not at all sure.' This lack of enthusiasm on the part of her father's friend chilled her. She was the only link between the happy past and the doubtful present, and Letty had hoped—— Well, well! she pinned her pretty little tulle hat on her bright hair, reflecting how it was holiday-time, and she must do her best to be happy, despite Mrs Clare's dash of cold water on her joy.

CHAPTER II.

'I HOPE you have an umbrella, Letty.' William Stott looked gravely at the pretty figure walking airily at his side—at the little hat, the tulle ruffle, the bright face, the spray of lily of the valley (the perfume of it floated towards him as they walked), at the pretty, fresh frock with its rufflings and puffings—all so pretty, so perishable, yet so adapted to a summer day.

'Oh, it won't rain on us,' Letty returned gaily. 'It will be sunshine through and through to-day, Willie.'

He smiled upon her in a superior fashion. 'Do you think the rain will keep off because you look so gay?' he said indulgently, as one would address a petted child. 'Do you know, I think that would be one reason for its coming down.' And his voice became more grave. 'If you had asked me, Letty, I think I would have advised you to wear your working dress, as we are going to see Mrs Hargraves.'

'But, Willie, I wanted to do you credit, to look as nice as I possibly could,' she cried, a little hurt. 'I am sick of my working dress. It is such a joy to feel gay and bright once more. I do love pretty things!'

His smile was but cold as he replied, 'My dear Letty, you are coming out in an entirely new character.' He was silent for a little as they walked on. 'I think I like the old and familiar one best,' he added.

'But, Willie, don't you understand that there are quite a dozen "me's" in this little body? I feel as

if the old "me" of Woolwrych Rectory was coming back to life. Oh, it made me so glad! You are helping me back.' She laughed a merry, girlish laugh as she looked up at him through dark, silken lashes: a bright, bonny lass, fit to gladden the heart of any man alive.

'Here is the omnibus,' he said briefly. 'We will change at the Circus.'

Mrs Hargraves, Willie Stott's mother, lived at Brixton. Her home was one of substance, for her second husband had been a retired dealer in leather, who died leaving her amply dowered and with a flourishing business. A daughter, Willie's only sister, and a step-daughter, who admired Willie with a passionate admiration, lived with her; the three women keeping house in an ample fashion, blending discreetly gentility and good living—of a suburban kind—and leading lives empty of all imagination or romance, dull, eminently commonplace, but highly respectable.

It was Suburbia in its fullest flavour. Mrs Hargraves was an invalid, or rather, as her step-daughter said, 'enjoyed bad health.' Her daughter, older than Willie by some years, enjoyed nothing except, perhaps, a prolonged gossip with her great crony Maud Bayne, who was in her eyes the very pink of perfection in every respect. Maud Bayne moved in Society. Maud Bayne had a fortune—many thousands of pounds. Maud Bayne got her dresses from a big shop in St Paul's Churchyard. She had even gone as far westward as Oxford Street for her bonnets and toques. She read all the Society papers, knew the movements of every Court in Europe, had once actually travelled through Switzerland. A very great lady indeed was Maud Bayne, and Ada Stott adored her.

Now the lady had reached a very reasonable age. Perhaps she had landed upon the shady side of thirty; but her complexion held out bravely, and her hair was done to perfection. Her adorer had always cherished a hope that Willie would see the great lady with her eyes, if after a decent lapse of years she still remained unwon. But now her darling brother had shown terrible weakness in one respect; and, for her part, she would reserve judgment on his choice.

Dark clouds had come slowly from the west, and there was no more sunshine as William Stott and his fiancée walked up the little path through the front garden of his mother's house.

Lettice was conscious of peeping eyes between the very white curtains that hung at the windows. She saw at a rapid glance that the steps were white as snow, that there was not a speck of dust or grit visible on door or window. The little garden was trim and tidy. The maid who opened the door wore a cap and apron that absolutely made you wink, so white they were. There was a smell of roasting meat in the hall which almost made Lettice cough, and then she was in a room which looked as if no one ever inhabited it: a dreadful room, fitted up in the crudest Early Victorian fashion, decorated with the decorations of the seventies—fans, little useless tables, big pots of withered grasses—a horrible anachronism of a room, chill as a vault. Also, she was aware of a tall, gaunt woman approaching to meet her.

'Willie has told me about you a dozen times. He is so devoted to his mother,' she said, with a vivid smile as she held up a sweet, soft cheek to be kissed.

Willie uttered a loud 'Ahem!' The tall woman recoiled. Letty stood unkissed.

'But I am his sister,' the woman said in a freezing voice.

Letty excused herself. The light was in her eyes; she faltered.

'This is Mrs Hargraves,' said the wintry voice severely; and Letty felt that she had made an enemy.

Mrs Hargraves' pet complaint was asthma, and now it came in opportunely. She was seized with a sudden spasm of coughing; it was quite a minute before she could respond to Letty's greeting. A rather drooping person, whom the girl had scarcely observed, came forward and shook hands with her limply. She was the only friendly member of the group. Miss Stott stiffened, and talked about the weather in a frigid tone, while Mrs Hargraves coughed at intervals. Dinner was an ordeal. The white-aproned waiting-maid blundered through her duties, with an undertone of directions from Miss Stott. Mrs Hargraves and her son conversed in whispers. Only Miss Hargraves was attentive to the guest; she looked after her almost stealthily, in a meek, apologetic fashion, as if afraid of taking too much upon her.

Fragments of the subject absorbing the interest of mother and son reached Letty. 'A few hundreds would do it,' in Willie's voice. 'Such an opportunity! It may never occur again,' wheezed the mother. 'It's the chance of a life,' Miss Stott overheard, and paused in her duty of ladling out some stewed fruit to look meaningly at mother and brother. It was an ordeal to the little girl, who had expected—— She could not exactly define what she had expected; but, at any rate, it had not been anything like this.

(To be continued.)

THE BULWARK OF OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

By R. T. HALLIDAY, M.B.,

Author of *Guerilla Warfare on the Indian Frontier*, *The Empire's Work in Makran*, &c.

The true fulcrum of Asiatic dominion seems to me to lie in the empire of Hindustan.—LORD CURZON.

THAT the problem of the British army is the problem of the defence of India is a premise which has been laid down by those who have the guidance of the destinies of the Empire. At the present time, therefore, when so much discussion has arisen in connection with the state of that army, and when other questions involving the safety of our Indian possessions have been under consideration, both as regards Afghanistan and Tibet, a summarised review of the frontier-line which forms the Indian bulwark, and the military considerations involved therein, may be of service to that important personage who is colloquially known as 'the man in the street.' As a prelude to a complete understanding of strategical points of the whole region it is essential to study the map of Central Asia; and in this connection we may repeat the advice of the late Lord Salisbury, and counsel the use of a large one.

The north-west frontier of India, which abuts on Afghanistan—the only part of the frontier-line which requires defence by man—has been the scene of many vicissitudes of fortune. For this its geographical position is in great measure accountable. It is the only open gateway to that ever-envied fertile granary of the Punjab and Northern India watered by the innumerable tributaries of the Indus, the Jumna, and the Ganges. Hence by it the conquering armies of aliens have invariably advanced. In the earliest times of which we have knowledge, invading hordes of Assyrians and Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Macedonians, Greeks, and Saracens, traversed its mountain passes. Later, Afghan and Tartar rulers sent their legions thither, and established sovereign centres among the fertile plains of Hindustan. Even in our own day the mutual jealousy of rival nations has rendered it of the first importance in the politics of the world, and has resulted in an expenditure of blood and treasure therein which is well-nigh incalculable.

The problem of any defence requires as a preliminary the hypothesis of attack. Such attack can only come from one source; one power only in this year of grace can threaten the British Empire in that region. That power is Russia, the ruler of half of Asia. The Muscovite advance in Central Asia began in 1859, on the northern border of Turkestan. Several steps led to the occupation of Chimkend in 1864, and Tashkend was seized the following year, despite an 'assurance' given by Gortschakoff that no further dependencies would be acquired in Central Asia. While Britain, lulled by such 'assurances,' pursued an unsettled policy with regard to Afghanistan, the Russians steadily absorbed large slices of the intervening territories. Samarcand fell in 1868, Bokhara was absorbed, and the province of Turkestan formed. Krasnovodsk, on the Caspian Sea, was occupied in 1869, with an assurance that it was to be used solely for factories. The Tekkes were subdued and Khiva capitulated in 1873, the Khojend district was annexed in 1874, and Khokand added in 1876. Geok Tepe was acquired after a wholesale massacre in 1881, the Tejend Oasis in 1883, and the great strategic move which added Merv and Sarakhs to the Muscovite dominions was accomplished without difficulty in 1884, when Britain was engaged in the Soudan; this, too, after another assurance from M. de Giers that 'not only did Russia not want to go there, but there was nothing requiring her to go there.' Despite assurances in 1869 and 1873 that Afghanistan would not be tampered with, a Russian mission was sent to Kabul in 1878, which involved us in a costly Afghan war. The 'Panjdeh affair' in 1885 brought matters to a crisis. But on the principle of *J'y suis, j'y reste*, Russia not only remained installed at this advanced post, but secured a rectification of the boundary which gave her the line from Zulficar to Kushk Post, and thence by Muruchak to the Oxus. In 1891 the Pamir territory was incorporated, and Russian officers and arms were discovered in the Hunza-Nagar valley troubles during the succeeding years. Since that time the Far East has absorbed Muscovite energies; but the check sustained there will in due course be felt on the Afghan border.

Through this Central Asian territory Russia, at a vast expenditure of treasure, has constructed the Transcaspian Railway, every step showing her fixed purpose in view. From the shore of the Caspian Sea this line runs along the Persian border to Merv, and thence to Samarcand and Tashkand. A branch from Merv runs due south towards Herat, that 'key to India' which is the great objective. The outlay for the construction of the line can never be recouped by the territories which it at present supplies—with the exception of a few oases, Central Asia is mainly barren steppes; but its strategic value is enormous. It enables Russia to pour troops in a short time to any desired point, and its present terminus on the Afghan border is within eighty miles of the town of Herat. This railway, then, represents the point from which the only attack can come, and which India has raised bulwarks to stay. Let us review the possible lines of such attack and the defences which it will meet.

For many years the river Indus formed the natural boundary-line of our Indian Empire, and the 'close border' system of 'masterly inactivity' was in vogue. By this system the turbulent border tribes, with a population of over a million souls, were left alone, in the belief that these tribesmen in their mountain wilds would prove a barrier to an enemy's advance. Even to-day a section of our politicians still regard this as our safest frontier system; but, for good or ill, the Empire has long been committed to that 'forward policy' inseparably connected with the life and work of Sir Robert Sandeman, who may be regarded as its founder and very embodiment. Under this system we absorbed Baluchistan and the territory of the border tribes, and brought our frontier to the Persian Gulf and the Pamir tableland, and our outposts within striking distance of Kabul and Kandahar.

'The forward policy,' said Lord Roberts in a speech in the House of Lords—'in other words, the policy of endeavouring to extend our influence over, and establish law and order on, that part of the border where anarchy, murder, and robbery have reigned supreme—is necessitated by the fact that a great military power is now within striking distance of our Indian possessions, and in immediate contact with a State for the integrity of which we have made ourselves responsible. Forty years ago the policy of non-interference may have been wise and prudent; but during that period circumstances have completely changed, and what was wise and prudent then is most unwise and imprudent now. At that time Russia's nearest outpost was a thousand miles away, her presence in Asia unheeded by the people of India, and we had no reason for anxiety as to whether the two hundred thousand warriors on our border would fight for or against us. To-day Russia is our near neighbour; her every movement is watched with the keenest interest from Peshawur to Cape Comorin; she is in a position to enter Afghanistan whenever it may seem convenient or desirable to her; and the chance of her being able to attack us is discussed in every bazaar in India. We are bound by a solemn promise to protect Afghanistan, and between us and that nation are these two hundred thousand fighting-men who may make the fulfilment of that promise easy or else most difficult, if not impossible. . . . The all-important question is, by what means can we ensure that this enormous military strength may be used for us and not against us? . . . The forward policy seems to me the only policy that can ensure the safety of India.'

The whole length of the frontier line inhabited by these border tribes is mountainous, forming a natural bulwark. But this mountain wall is pierced by several highways, and of these highways five are of supreme importance for the defence of India. For this defence we must control these routes; not only command them, but, in the words of the Iron Duke, 'see the other side of the hill.' For the protection of these routes, India's first line of defence may be said to be the line on the other side of the hill—namely, that from Kabul to Kandahar.

India has been invaded times without number from Afghanistan and Baluchistan; but at no time in her history has an invading army come from any point north-east of Kabul. Although, therefore, military posts have been established and maintained beyond this limit on the north, they are but adjuncts to the main defence, which is based on the Punjab. In order to approach the northern passes of the Hindu Kush range it would be necessary for the enemy to operate from Faizabad, the capital of the Afghan province of Badakshan. The difficulties of reaching Faizabad, two hundred and sixty miles from Samarcand, would be enormous, and it would be impossible to constitute a base there. The country could not maintain any force, and it presents insuperable obstacles to the transport of supplies. From Faizabad to Peshawur is three hundred and seventy-three miles, to Chitral one hundred and twenty miles, and the route is practically impassable for a hostile force. The Dorah or Boroghil Passes must first be crossed. The former is fourteen thousand eight hundred feet high, and is only open three months in the year. The Boroghil is thirteen thousand five hundred feet, and, according to Sir Henry Rawlinson, is 'the only pass in the whole of the Hindu Kush range from Herat to the extreme limit of Tibet at all adapted to the passage of an army.' A pass of this nature is easily defended, and Boroghil is controlled by our outposts in Chitral and Gilgit. After these comes the Lowari Pass, ten thousand four hundred and fifty feet high; the Swat River, over four hundred and fifty feet wide and dominated by the Chakdara Fort; and thereafter the Malakand Pass. The outposts north of this latter are held, therefore, as strategical points more from the political than the military aspect; no army could in our day successfully approach and avoid the Kabul line. This road from Kabul to Kandahar is the most important trade-route in Afghanistan. Along this line prosperous and revenue-paying Afghanistan almost wholly lies, and on this track are four important centres and strongholds—namely, the two termini and two intermediate, Kelat-i-Ghilzai and Ghazni.

Russia, then, from her railway bases has at the present time two possible lines of attack. The northern line from Samarcand *vid* Balkh and Bamian (or from Merv *vid* Maimana and Balkh) leads to Kabul. The southern line from Merv *vid* Herat, Farrah, and the Helmund valley leads to Kandahar. Samarcand to Balkh is two hundred and thirty miles, Balkh to Kabul three hundred and thirty miles; from Merv to Kushk Post is one hundred and ninety miles by rail, and thence eighty miles to Herat; from the latter point to Kandahar is three hundred and ninety miles. Kandahar to Kabul is three hundred and twenty-eight miles. Herat, Maimana, and Balkh can be

seized at any time by Russia by a *coup de main*, and Herat has been from time immemorial regarded as the gate of India for which Merv was the key. Girishk, indeed, on the Helmund, has been indicated as the probable battle-ground between the opposing forces from north and south. If Herat were attacked our troops would immediately occupy Kandahar and Jalalabad, if not Kabul itself; and this brings us again to the Kabul-Kandahar line and the defences of India abutting thereto.

The five important passes already referred to, which lead from this line Indiawards, are, from north to south, the Khyber, the Kuram, the Tochi, the Gumal, and the Khojak. Each debouches on one or more strongly fortified stations and cantonments. The Khyber Pass leads from Kabul to Peshawur, the Kuram from Kabul and Ghazni to Thal and Kohat, the Tochi leads to Bannu, the Gumal from Ghazni and Kelat-i-Ghilzai to Dera Ismael Khan, and the Khojak from Kandahar to Pishin and Quetta. The Khojak Pass debouches, moreover, on a plateau from which there are but two routes to the Indus. The northern leads *viâ* Harnai and the Bori valley through the Sulaiman range to Dera Ghazi Khan, the southern through the terrible Bolan Pass to Sibi, Jacobabad, and Sukkur.

The primary base of any operations in the vicinity of these passes would be in the Punjab, the capital of which is Lahore. From Lahore a network of strategic railway lines communicates with Central India and all the important stations on the frontier. A line runs northward to Rawal Pindi, a strongly entrenched position and the largest military cantonment in India; thence to Attock on the Indus, also strongly fortified, and across the river to Peshawur, now in the North-West Frontier Province, but still 'the eye of the Punjab,' which commands the outlets from the Khyber Pass. From Peshawur to Kabul is one hundred and eighty miles, to the pass fourteen miles. From Rawal Pindi a branch line runs to Kushalgarh, also on the Indus, and the railway has been recently extended to Kohat and Thal. From Kohat to Kabul by the Kuram valley is two hundred and twelve miles. Southward from Lahore the railway runs to Multan, another formidable position, and on to Sukkur, where it crosses the Indus. From Multan branches pass to Dera Ghazi Khan, and thence northward along the left bank of the Indus to Dera Ismael Khan and beyond. These lines are linked up with the northern lines to Rawal Pindi. From Sukkur to Dera Ghazi Khan the river is broad and deep and at no point fordable. After crossing the Indus at Sukkur, the railway has two main trunks. One proceeds southward to Karachi, affording the nearest supply-line from Great Britain. The northern trunk runs by Jacobabad to Sibi, on the edge of the plateau, at which point it divides into two branches. One branch runs through the Mushkaf valley to Quetta, the old Bolan Pass route having been abandoned; the other proceeds by easy gradients to Harnai and Pishin, with a loop-line to Quetta, and thence on through the Khojak tunnel to New Chaman, on the farther side of the Amran range and within sixty miles of Kandahar. A supply of material is stored at Pishin sufficient to carry the line to Kandahar should occasion require. The distance from Quetta to Kandahar is one hundred and forty-four miles.

On the farther side of the Indus the railway communications are as yet limited, partly owing to the mountainous nature of the tribal territory, partly owing to financial considerations. But wherever possible roads have been constructed, and surveys for railway extensions, such as through the Zhob valley, through the Khyber Pass, &c., have been made. Strategic lines of communication have been carefully planned, and will in due course, as the pacification of the territory progresses, become perfected. A line joining Quetta with Nushki has already been opened, and at the present time work is progressing with the Shilman extension from Peshawur up the Kabul River to the north of the Khyber defile.

A brief survey of the various routes through the passes and the positions which dominate them will complete the purpose of this sketch.

The Khyber Pass, so far as its natural features are concerned, permits the passage of an army operating from Kabul, as an excellent road has been constructed along its entire length. But the defences in the pass itself would make it impracticable, and a small force composed of such hardy mountaineers as our Ghurka regiments could hold it against any great body of regular troops. Jalalabad, on the Afghan side, commands all the approaches towards Peshawur. At the Afghan inlet is Fort Dakka, and with such strong positions in the defile as Landi Kotal and Ali Masjid, an invading army could only reach Peshawur by a turning movement, to which nature presents an effective barrier. The Indian side has several possible outlets, but these are guarded by Forts Jamrud and Michni, and a number of subsidiary posts. With our forces at Kandahar, or within striking distance of Ghazni, the line of communication would be threatened; and Kabul is cut off from the north by the blocking of the two passes from Bamian (Irak, twelve thousand feet; and Shibar, eight thousand feet) during fully six months of the year. Kabul cannot in winter support its own population, much less an army, so that all supplies must in the event of invasion come from beyond the Oxus.

The alternative route, *viâ* the Kuram valley, is equally impracticable for an invading force. To enter it from the Afghan side the Shutargardan Pass, eleven thousand five hundred feet high, and blocked for more than half the year, and also the famous Peiwar Kotal, must be negotiated. These present huge obstacles even when undefended. Thereafter, a fever-stricken country must be traversed and a wide river bridged before Kohat, a

strong frontier post, is reached. The same difficulties of supply are met with. The route is dominated by Kohat, and also by the positions at Thal and Bannu.

The Tochi Pass could not be approached by any force which had not command of the northern routes, so that its possibilities for the offensive are considerably discounted. It is of value, however, for defensive tactics. It leads into the rich agricultural district of Bannu, and is dominated by the military station there.

The Gumal route is alike unapproachable unless the Kabul-Ghazni track is in the possession of the attacking force, with the northern routes above mentioned satisfactorily masked. The Gumal itself is naturally impassable for a large army owing to the narrowness of the defile and the number of rivers to be crossed. The position is dominated on the Indus side by Dera Ismael Khan, and from the Afghan side by the Zhob valley route, which leads from the Gumal River towards Quetta, and also to Dera Ghazi Khan by the Sulaiman Passes. By the absorption of the Zhob district, what was formerly a weak spot in the defence has now been rendered safe.

There remains the Khojak route from Kandahar, and this presumes Kandahar is in the possession of the enemy, a highly improbable contingency. The town of Kandahar is on the only open highway from Central Asia to Kabul, and the defensive works connected with it constitute Britain's strongest frontier position. These all hinge on Quetta, which is practically impregnable. It lies in a hollow basin of the hills, surrounded by towering mountain barriers, with entrances only from the north and from the south. The northern defences at Baleli, four miles long and incapable of being turned, are extremely formidable, while the whole southern winding route through the hills is also strongly fortified. Outside the mountain wall on all sides is waterless desert. Between Quetta and the frontier is the Pishin tableland, with the entrenched position of Pishin; and while the road over the Kwaja Amran range, eight thousand five hundred feet high, and impassable half the year, is strongly protected, there is a tunnel four thousand yards long through the mountain, with strong defensive works at each end.

Between the Quetta and Pishin defences and the Indus there are but two available routes. That *viâ* the Bolan Pass leads through a steep, narrow defile, a deadly trap in the summer and a foaming, blizzard-swept torrent in the rains, and it debouches on an arid desert. For an army, the Bolan Pass, even undefended, is impossible. The route from Pishin by Harnai is known as the Thal Chotiali route, through series of hills to Dera Ghazi Khan. This route traverses the passes of the Sulaiman range, which are also adequately protected at Fort Munro and beyond.

Beyond Quetta no force can hope to move successfully against the Indus line. The Baluchistan desert extends from the swamps of Seistan, and cannot water a company of regulars, much less a single battalion. All the routes south of Herat are, in any event, dominated by Quetta. Even an advance along the coast-line of Makran can be rendered impossible from Quetta, and this independent of the fact that such a route means having command of the sea. Quetta really controls the main gateway to India. The only other approach is *viâ* Kabul. The main route towards Kabul lies *viâ* Kandahar, and Quetta controls Kandahar.

LIFE AS AN ENGINEER.



O profession is more truly the handmaid of civilisation than that of engineering, the advances in which have been so phenomenal during last century. The world has been greatly enriched and benefited by the skill and labour-saving machinery of the engineer, which show a wonderful adaptation of means to an end. The civil engineer, the mechanical, mining, and electrical engineer, with all the numerous subdivisions of the profession, have been pioneers of progress indispensable for opening up new countries, and in fostering, maintaining, and developing the commercial well-being and industrial energies of the old. The engineer equips us as with giant hands and feet, and every portion of the civilised world is benefited by his presence. Canals, railways, bridges, steamers, and locomotives, and the thousand and one labour-saving appliances of modern life, are coextensive with modern civilisation. The evolution of the cycle and motor-car has created an industry worth millions. Irrigation schemes, drainage, sewage disposal, and such a water-supply as that planned and carried through by the late Mr James Mansergh for Birmingham, at a cost of ten or twelve millions sterling, fall into the province of the civil engineer. The skilled combination of the military, naval, and mechanical engineers, along with the personal bravery of the combatants, enabled Japan to be victorious over Russia. The reply of the Spanish Council to an engineer who in 1680 proposed to deepen the channel of certain rivers and restrain their floods belongs to the dark ages. The Council decreed that 'if it had pleased God that these rivers should have been navigable He would not have needed human assistance to make them so; but as He had not done it, it is plain He does not want it done.' The demand everywhere to-day is to get things performed, and the engineer leads the way. A writer in the *Athenæum* says that the management of the world during the next generation or two is going to pass into the hands of the engineers.

Mr Francis Fox, who dedicates his engineering reminiscences, *River, Road, and Rail* (Murray), to his brother Sir Douglas Fox, with whom he has worked forty years, is enthusiastic about his profession. He writes in a most entertaining fashion of railways, bridge-building, and tunnels; of the Victoria Bridge over the Zambesi, erected by his firm; and gives the sanest advice to rising members of the profession. He has found his work, and is happy and useful in it. He was the only English engineer on the international Simplon Tunnel Commission.

There was little use in Thomas Stevenson, lighthouse engineer, sending his son to gain experience at Anstruther breakwater and Wick harbour, for his mind was set upon the study of words and phrases and the after-glory of authorship. His real work began when he sat down in a rose-scented parlour, as he tells us, on the summer evenings, and scribbled prose and poetry as if he expected death would overtake him ere his task was completed. So many moths came and committed suicide in his candles and littered his manuscripts with their remains that he would hasten off to bed with an uneasy conscience. This was not civil engineering —a way of life, however, for which he had hearty sympathy. For, as he says, 'it takes a man into the open air; it keeps him hanging about harbour-sides (which is the richest form of idling); it carries him to wild islands; it gives him a taste of the genial dangers of the sea; it applies his dexterities to exercise; it makes demand upon his ingenuity; it will go far to cure him of any taste (if ever he had one) for the miserable life of cities.' It was only natural that R. L. Stevenson should develop into an author, and not an engineer. His work at Edinburgh University for a degree in science, now so useful to the budding engineer, turned out ingenuous idling.

A premium of five hundred pounds was paid to the master of Francis Robert Grundy, who was associated with George and Robert Stephenson during the railway mania. Besides engineering experience, he learned many other things: to smoke, drink sherry, go to theatres, and keep late hours. The life was pleasant and jovial, but not, he admits, quite the best preparation for a career of hard work. Lord Armstrong, the founder of the Elswick Works, was a Newcastle solicitor with an inborn turn for science and mechanics, which found marvellous development in an enlarged sphere of practical usefulness.

The days of the rule-of-thumb engineer are gone for ever, and the more the student can take advantage of the workshop, technical school, and university laboratory, the better for his position and prospects. If he have a degree, so much the better in applying for many positions. Engineers of earlier days experienced many hardships, yet they accomplished much in civil and mechanical engineering. A glance at their lives is stimulating and inspiring. James Watt, struggling to perfect the steam-engine, nearly failed because of the bad workmanship of the time, for his first engines leaked in all directions, and his pistons were far from being steam-tight. Dr John Roebuck, of the Carron Ironworks, was Watt's best friend before the latter went into partnership with Matthew Boulton. Watt was absorbed in the idea of perfecting the steam-engine: 'My whole thoughts are bent on this machine; I can think of nothing else.' Sir William Fairbairn, who wrote a fascinating autobiography, tells us that when he entered the profession as an apprentice in 1804 there were only about half-a-dozen persons deserving the name of engineer in Great Britain. When he came to Manchester in 1813 the only important tools then in vogue were a few common lathes, a screw-cutter, and a boring-machine for steam-engine cylinders. Fairbairn, who had a hard struggle at first, was a born engineer, with a knowledge of materials gained from observation and experience, and a wonderful eye for proportion and the mechanical fitness of things. Thomas Telford, who had once been a stone-mason, set a high value on the experienced eye and practised hand. Some of his apprentices did not, perhaps, thank him for taking them from the drawing-office and putting into their hands a mallet, chisel, and trowel wherewith to do some practical work. Sir John Fowler, of Forth Bridge fame, was early interested in engineering, and before he was nineteen could set out works and value them, and was a good engineer and surveyor. As a boy he was destructive; in later life, constructive. He revelled in hard work, and had had a thorough practical training in every branch of his profession before the great chance of his life came in that 'crowning victory of engineering science in the nineteenth century, the Forth Bridge.'

When Sir George Bruce, afterwards engineer of the Madras Railway, went as a pupil to Robert Stephenson he was told, 'It is a pity you are not older, for by the time you grow up the engineering work in England will be all over.' Sir George thinks the conditions attending engineering work are just as good to-day as they were in his youth —in many respects much better. The old-school engineer at fifteen went to office or workshop at 6 A.M. and ceased work at 6 P.M., with a break for meals. The period of study and mental improvement came at 6 P.M., after a trying day's work. While on survey for the Madras Railway, Bruce encountered some opposition from the headman in a certain village, who asked by whose authority it was being done, and who was to pay the cost. On the matter being explained, he replied in what was certainly a compliment to British rule in India: 'Because if they were not so just a people, how could they govern the whole earth?'

Mr Fox gives high-toned and sensible advice to the engineer going abroad. He says that in the execution of their great works they visit all parts of the world, and he asks them to do all in their power to uphold the truth, to maintain the national

honour, conduct themselves as gentlemen, use their influence in the suppression of drink, and to protect the honour of women and the innocence of children. He asks them also to sympathise with the missionaries in their hard and difficult tasks. Here is a hint of a very practical nature which his son had from Professor Koch as to the best method of staving off malarial fever. Koch told him to take good food but little stimulant, and instead of a daily dose of sulphate of quinine, to take fifteen grains of hydrochloride of quinine only once in the week. The results are said to be more satisfactory.

Mr J. W. C. Haldane, a consulting engineer, author of *Civil and Mechanical Engineering* and several other volumes, has recently published *Life as an Engineer: its Lights, Shades, and Prospects* (Spon). In this work the author gives his own experiences in the field of engineering over a period of fifty years, with the story of his apprenticeship, drawing-office training, and long private practice, including descriptions of special visits to various engineering firms. To him there appears to be a bright future for the engineer, more especially in the electrical branch of his profession. The repairing-shop seems to him the worst possible school, and he recommends sending the ambitious apprentice for three or more years to good marine, locomotive, railway, or electrical engineering works, and letting him have the run of the pattern and machine-shops, the fitting and erecting department, and drawing-office to finish with. Mr Haldane also recommends the Central Technical School of Liverpool, of which he was honorary treasurer for some years. In all his travels, the best-equipped school he has seen is that of M'Gill University, Montreal.

There are still unsolved problems for the engineer, although our railways, roads, and bridges, and installations of machinery, are so complete, and so much of the pioneer work is done. The training will vary according to the branch or subdivision chosen, whether military, mining, mechanical, electrical, or civil. Apprentices are drawn from all ranks, and are the sons of noblemen, professional men, tradesmen, and workmen. Some are industrious, others the reverse; some enterprising and persevering, others worthless. In Scotland influence is most potent in getting the apprentice into an engineering establishment; in England, both money and influence are needed. The Queen's Engineering Works of Messrs W. H. Allen, Son, & Company, Bedford, are run on the premium system for apprentices. Only youths who show a keen interest in engineering and have passed a strict medical examination are admitted. The three or four years' pupil, in age between seventeen and twenty-one, learns five branches, including drawing-office practice. At the Falcon Works of the Brush Electrical Engineering Company, Loughborough, the premium is one hundred guineas per annum. Engineers with a marine training are generally capable of undertaking any kind of work.

Mr Haldane's own training began in the North British Railway Company's works, Edinburgh, where he remained two years. The sight of the Whitworth machinery fascinated him, and encouraged him to persevere. Then he went to Messrs Denny's at Dumbarton, where he was employed for three years and gained experience in marine work. Steel had not then come into general use, and the most beautifully fitted and finished engine details were chiefly executed by means of the hammer, the chisel, and the file. The William Denny of that day is described as short of stature, mild, gentle, and unassuming. The men and boys were on the whole steady and well conducted. The workmen, however, were at times unmanageable; the riveters would strike, and the 'holder-up' boys go for a holiday—the platers, carpenters, and joiners following suit. On one occasion, however, the men outwitted themselves. Knowing that Mr Denny had secured an order for four good-sized steamers, which had to be speedily built, they struck for more pay. Mr Denny, not having commenced the work in his own yards, immediately handed over the entire contract to Caird of Greenock. Haldane had the privilege of sketching and taking dimensions of the various details of engines, and drew them to scale at home in the evening.

At this period (1855) Robert Napier, whose career was sketched in an article in this *Journal* for 1904, was making his reputation as a constructor of iron ships. The building of the Cunard paddle-steamer *Persia*, of three thousand five hundred tons, caused a great sensation on the Clyde. Haldane says of the work done at this time: 'I hardly ever see nowadays, owing to compulsory economy at every point, such exquisitely finished work as we of this period turned out, every joint being made invisible by hand labour, and on the polished parts not a scratch was allowed to remain.' After passing through the drawing-office of Messrs Neilson and Company, Glasgow, where he remained for three years, Haldane joined Messrs Tod & M'Gregor, who built many of the P. & O. vessels. Subsequently we find him engaged on the designing staff of Laird Brothers, Birkenhead Ironworks, and finally he started in general practice as a consulting engineer.

As a result of this varied experience, what our author has to say of training is worthy of serious attention. Youths for whom a premium is paid are often treated too indulgently; they may work or be idle. Those employed at Denny's rarely lost even a quarter of an hour, and discharged their duties with interest. Robert Napier gave a splendid training to apprentices, the founders of some of the leading Clyde firms having served under him. It is an error of judgment to think that the practical and scientific branches are easily learned. Locomotive engineering may be, but marine engineering and railway engineering need longer time. Those who aim at foreign appointments or private practice

require a thorough knowledge of many departments. The great engineers, we are told, owed their prosperity to innate energy, ability, and perseverance from first to last, combined with that very useful faculty which leads men to perform work rather as a pleasure than as a duty. Practical construction has much changed in forty years, almost every workshop detail being now executed by means of specially designed machines. There are descriptions in Mr Haldane's book of the work accomplished by these machines in the establishment of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., the Crewe works of the London and North-Western Railway, and others. Some of them may be seen to snip a locomotive axle through like whipcord, a boiler-plate one and a half inches thick is severed or punched like cardboard, a lathe may be seen dealing with a steel ingot of sixty or one hundred tons, and a thirty or forty ton armour-plate may be silently bent to fit exactly the side of a monster battleship.

In the United States the budding engineer is sent first to a technical school, and next to actual work. He is grounded in mathematics, the development of heat, electricity, strength of materials, chemistry, physics, and bacteriology. The American Society of Civil Engineers has about three thousand members, that of the Mechanical two thousand five hundred and seventy-three, Mining Engineers three thousand, and the American Institute of Electrical Engineers has two thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight. Doubtless Professor C. M. Woodward, of Washington University, St Louis, is right in holding that no students are more high-minded, unselfish, and patriotic than the engineering student, and no class of citizen is more humble, trustworthy, or better fitted to serve the State and the nation than the accomplished engineer.

The engineer has his periods of stress and strain, of depression, and of failure and disaster. Some schemes are doomed to failure from the first owing to faulty design and construction. Of such was the first Tay Bridge, which collapsed during a gale in December 1879. This ruined the reputation of the otherwise famous engineer, Sir Thomas Bouch, whose design for a suspension bridge over the Forth was afterwards set aside. On the day the news of the disaster reached London, Sir John Fowler met Nasmyth, of steam-hammer fame, at an exhibition of Holbein's paintings. The remark was passed between the two engineers that the bridge might have stood if Bouch had adopted the Holbein straddle, so well shown in the picture of King Henry VIII. The disaster no doubt stimulated Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker to avoid the faults of the Tay Bridge. The Forth Bridge was successfully built on the 'cantilever' principle, a two-hundred-year-old term for a bracket. Sir John Fowler has said the bridge would have been impossible without the use of steel of a superior and economical kind, produced by the open-hearth process; and that he did not believe a better piece of mason-work was ever executed for any public undertaking than that for the approaches to the Forth Bridge. The contractors, also, were men of inventive genius and initiative, particularly Sir William Arrol, once a working blacksmith. Robert Stephenson was not so highly favoured by circumstances, as he had to build the Britannia Tubular Bridge of iron. Of this undertaking he said: 'Not all the triumph which has attended this great work, and the solution of the difficult problem of carrying a rigid roadway across an arm of the sea at such a height, can repay me for the anxieties I have gone through, the friendships I have compromised, and the unworthy motives which have been attributed to me. Were another work of the same magnitude offered to me, with like consequences, I would not for worlds undertake it.'

The *Times* engineering supplement is a witness to the widespread interest taken in the profession. Never were the engineering magazines and periodicals brighter or better. Local societies like the Glasgow Association of Students of the Institute of Civil Engineers do an immense amount of good. Their main objects are to bring members together for the purpose of exchanging ideas and opinions upon matters relating to the profession of civil engineering, by means of meetings, at which papers are read and discussed, and by visits to works.

Mr Gladstone, on the publication of Smiles's *Lives of the Engineers*, wrote to the author: 'It appears to me that you first have given practical expression to a weighty truth—namely, that the character of our engineers is a most signal and marked expression of British character, and their acts a great pioneer of British history.'

ALPINE NIGHTFALL.

Mountains, billow on billow, breaking into a foam
Of infinite peaks of white
Heaving far into the distance, or dome upon dome,
Like a city of Eastern light
Gleaming and glittering, carved out against delicate blue,
No floating cloud-film to tarnish their purity's hue. . .

Up through the pines the shadows come stealthily creeping,
And leaping from rock to rock
On the great flank of the hill, to where—calmly sleeping
As though it could never but mock
At the darkness—the summit lies steeped in the sun,
Mirroring back the west's glory till both heavens are one.

Fades now the splendour. Night has dissolved over all,
Flooding the valley below
With blackness; spreading above a star-sprinkled pall
Where once was day's brilliant glow. . . .
Still, wave upon wave in a pallid mirage gliding free,
Suspended between the two glooms, rolls the ivory sea.

Ward Muir.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS.

By PERCY FITZGERALD.

ABUNDANT are the changes and alterations in social life; they are always going on, and we may wonder how and why they come about at a particular time. But more astonishing is the imperceptible fashion in which the particular custom seems to dissolve away as we see slides do in a magic-lantern. It is incredible how many customs and practices and habits belonging to the period between 1820 and 1850—within easy living memory, as it is called—have disappeared and have become unknown or forgotten. There is no one to tell us about these changes. The historian of the nineteenth century, the philosopher who is to trace and expound the growth or permutations of Victorian days, is not yet arrived. But we are not unprovided in the meantime. Those curious in such things will find the whole set out minutely and unofficially in a most unexpected quarter—a novel—no other, indeed, than the diverting, side-splitting, and immortal *Pickwick*. The philosophical treatise, when it comes, will not accomplish the business half so effectively as does this jolly book. Let us once more wander through its hilarious chapters in search of these mutations, comparing what we recall with what is before us, and noting as we go.

Mr Pickwick started with a carpet-bag! Who starts with a carpet-bag now? Many have not seen such a thing. It was often fitted with a padlock. I myself used to travel long distances—*circa* the 'fifties'—with one. In the Pott-Slurk encounter, the hair-brush packed inside next the surface dealt one of the combatants a tremendous blow. Then Mr Pickwick with his bag got into a cab. Cabs were then—close on 1830—novelties just introduced; but the pair-horse hackney-coach, with straw for the feet, still held the field. We are apt to think cab a full word, but it is a slang abbreviation of 'cabriolet,' which word Mr Raddle uses several times. The fare sat in a sort of covered gig; the driver sat by his side, but outside the cab and separated by a partition. As to omnibuses, an octogenarian may recall the first omnibus seen in the streets of London. It is mentioned once in *Pickwick* as a sort of curiosity, but it began to 'run' only four years before the book.

Of railways, only two short lines had been started when *Pickwick* was issued, and were mere experiments. Travel in *Pickwick*, of which there was a vast deal, was entirely carried on by chaises and coaches. The coach, indeed, was an important branch of social life. People became acquaintances or even friends; for they stayed together at the inns, and spent days upon the road. Hence came an adventurous element—accidents, overturns, snowings-up, breakings-down, highwaymen, and attacks. The guard always carried his blunderbuss. Many of us will recall these things.

And few recall as I can do the procession of glittering mails, all newly painted for Her Majesty's birthday, starting from the General Post-Office. Boz's mail-coaches in his capital ghost-story were really one Croall's, who was a noted Scotch contractor for 'horsing' the vehicles, and whose 'cast' coaches were in a field near Leith.

As to railways, there used to be a rather picturesque custom, remnant of old coaching-days, of piling the passengers' trunks overhead, covering them with a tarpaulin, and strapping them down. Ladders and slides were used to get them up or down. I remember distinctly, when a boy, taking a place at Euston, when the clerk filled in the name, amount paid, and other details on the paper ticket. This was a remnant of the 'booking' system, each passenger being booked; that is, his name was written in the book and on the way-bill.

What a change in drinks! In Pickwickian times (1827–37) porter, not ale or beer, was in vogue, and, more curious still, brandy-and-water. We do not hear of whisky, though punch, particularly cold punch, was in great demand. The appeals that appear in the *Times* from an eminent cognac firm would in those days have gone home. Port was quaffed in tumblers—the Pickwickians once had six bottles among four. The superior ser-

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vants sometimes drank shrub or the cold punch. Dickens's touch always gave a sort of enchantment to drinks; witness the famed bottle of double-diamond port, which only a Trappist could think of without an unctuous enjoyment. This choice wine, by the way, is still on sale, and by the same merchants who may have supplied the Cheerybles —to wit, Morgan & Company. Champagne was but little drunk in early Victorian times. Its merit was recognised, and I think it is named in *Pickwick*, but it was caviare to the general public. It was not flowing at Manor Farm during Christmas. Instead, fancy drinking warmed elder wine as a treat at the Holy Season! So it was at Manor Farm, and the beverage was considered good. A friend rising from the book, after reading an account of the Christmas revels, ordered elder wine from a well-known maker of British wines. But this he found not at all like Mr Wardle's 'tap.' It must be made by the housewife with care and according to some antiquated recipe.

Snuff! But few indulge in snuffing now, which seems astonishing, as it is really rather a piquant luxury, perhaps more so than smoking itself. I often used to envy the palpable enjoyment and relish of the habitual snuffer as he took a long-delayed pinch. Virtually, no one snuffs now. You occasionally meet a rare indulger, and at clubs and messes the snuff-box is kept full. And, strange to say, it is still manufactured in large quantities, and therefore largely used, though so few are *seen* to use it. But in *Pickwick* it is constantly taken out and offered. Even the footmen had their 'fox's head,' and practised their nostrils on coffee. It was as a matter of course when you would be intimate with a person to offer him a pinch; so did Perker; so did every one. When I was at school every second boy kept a box, as did most of the masters. We knew all the distinctions between the 'rapee,' 'prince's mixture,' and Lundy Foot's 'genuine high-toast.' I see now, as I look back, Lundy Foot's warehouse, where he did a thriving trade with his staple.

Connected with snuffing is, of course, smoking, which fifty years ago was not a general custom, though there were plenty of smokers. You never met people smoking pipes or cigars in the streets; it was 'bad form.' In the case of the gentry it was considered *low*, and even discreditable. Within doors huge meerschaums were in great vogue. There was supposed to be an enjoyment in 'colouring' your meerschaum, and colliers and other coarse fellows were employed for the purpose.

Violence, personal chastisement, blows, 'thrashings,' &c. were common and accepted incidents in the case of any one being insulting or disagreeable. 'He was knocked down,' or 'I knocked him down,' was a common form in novels or narratives. Boz's stories are full of personal violence, as when old Chuzzlewit hit Pecksniff on the head with his heavy stick and brought him to the floor, or when Wegg was thrown out of Boffin's house into a passing mud-cart. Pulling Mr Lenville's nose in *Nickleby*, Mr Pickwick squaring up to his friend Tupman, Dowler hunting Winkle round the Crescent, Sam's attack on the Ipswich constables, and the personal encounter at Ipswich between the two editors (a carpet-bag being one of the weapons): these things show that violence was a custom. 'He was horse-whipped,' 'I'll give you a horse-whipping,' or even 'Consider yourself horse-whipped, sir!' Who hears such things nowadays?

Arrest for debt, bailiffs, sponging-houses, debtors' prisons—wonderful and distressing things—these have all vanished; yet I remember the days when people were 'on their keeping,' and could only go out for a walk on Sundays. It is strange to think of those huge prisons, the Fleet, King's Bench, Marshalsea, the 'Rules,' &c., where the whole was a gigantic jail, and there was a regular population under treatment. *Pickwick* and *Little Dorrit* give a far fuller and more vivid account of the Fleet and Marshalsea than could laborious official historians. What a strange feeling it must have been for a gentleman to find a hand laid upon his shoulder as he walked the street, and then to be carried off to the sponging-house!

The Fleet has long since gone, no doubt owing to Boz's terrible picture. But a fragment of the Marshalsea remains, and a very effective fragment—the high wall and house behind calling up all the tragic memories.

What changes, too, in all the apparatus of writing! When I was a boy everybody wrote on letter-paper, and there was no envelope. The letter was folded in a peculiar way that was taught to children, then put in a 'cover.' There were wafers and sealing-wax; no blotting-paper, but sand. Quill-pens were in universal use. There were 'pen-knives,' a name still retained, to 'make' them with. We cannot forget how Miss Squeers shyly brought up her pen to be 'made' by Nicholas. Steel pens were not in use.

And the post! What changes there! How few remember the scarlet liveries and gold-laced hats of the postmen! And the bellman who came round for late letters! It is amazing to think now that the postage for a single letter was then tenpence. One would think that for a busy or diligent correspondent this cost would be a serious burden. But the truth was, at that time people only wrote when they had something to write, and so they wrote rarely; with penny letters they wrote for the sake of writing. There were no stamps or penny postage—though there was a twopenny one for cities. 'Franks'—how often have I heard them asked for, when some good-natured M.P. would sit down and scribble his name on several letters!

We can recall when baldness was thought a disfigurement to be hidden, and young and old wore wigs. These were rich and glossy things with handsome curls. No one minded them. But the moustache, a sound and sensible practice, set in after the Crimean war. Before that time

every one was shaved close. Fine bushy whiskers were in fashion, like those of George Osborn in *Vanity Fair*. A rare person with a moustache was taken to be a foreigner or an officer.

Night-caps have gone for ever. No one, save perhaps invalids, wears them now. But I recall when every one, old, young, and boys, wore night-caps. Mr Pickwick has two side-splitting adventures connected with night-caps.

As for hotels, there were hardly any in London. There were inns, such as the 'George and Vulture' in Cornhill, where Mr Pickwick regularly boarded—a curious oddity—and which was of the type of the old private hotels near the Charterhouse; but it is astonishing how few and how inferior were the greater caravansaries. There was the 'Clarendon,' then as fashionable as the 'Savoy' now is, with Mivart's and Long's; yet they were poor places enough, and had public coffee-rooms with 'boxes' into which any one could enter and order half a pint of wine. Here was the scene of the quarrel between Sir Mulberry Hawk and Nicholas. So lately as 1850 or 1860 the dearth of high-class hotels was extraordinary. Apart from the three mentioned, the others were shabby, uncomfortable places where, like Johnson's leg of mutton, you were ill-fed, ill-kept, ill-dressed, and treated as badly as bad could be. In those days there was a system in vogue that was highly popular: 'bed and breakfast for three and six,' mostly in Craven Street, Strand, and get your dinner where you could.

One of the most astounding changes has been in the growth of the now familiar daily paper. One or two are named in *Pickwick*, but there really were not half-a-dozen London dailies in existence. Now they are uncountable. With all this dearth, no one, we dare say, was 'one penny the worse,' for they had only abridged news and none of those floods of descriptive and rambling effusions which now encumber them. They cost some threepence or fourpence apiece—for there was the stamp-duty marked on each in red.

At parties (soirees), as I remember, trays crowded with little glass vessels filled with negus were handed round. You got a glass of negus for a lady, or it might be lemonade. We can see the drink in the picture of the Pickwick Ball at Rochester. At this period country dances were still danced, and the polka had just 'come in.' The valse, however, had arrived in Byron's time.

The mere mention of the word 'warming-pan' causes a pleasant smile, for is it not ever associated with the genial Pickwick and the amusing Buzfuz: 'Who *does* trouble about the warming-pan?' Certainly no one nowadays, except the antique visitor to Wardour Street. Hot-water bottles have driven out this 'harmless, necessary, and I will say comforting, article of domestic furniture' (*vide* Buzfuz aforesaid).

Dickens and other novelists of his day often dwell particularly on two social customs—to wit, the giving a lady your arm, and kissing. These practices have disappeared—in public at least. When a lady and gentleman quitted a room together, or on rising from a garden-seat to go into the house, if he were a correct man he offered his arm; witness Mr Hartright in *Hard Times*, who is thus constantly distinguishing Mrs Bounderby. The amount of kissing in *Pickwick* is really enormous; indeed, it abounds all through Boz's writings. When Tupman, a perfect stranger, entered Manor Farm, his first act was to attempt to kiss the housemaid! This speaks volumes for the general prevalence of the custom.

Such a trifling thing as a game of marbles would hardly attract the inquirer now. What boy plays marbles now; or, as Buzfuz asks, where are the 'alley tors' and 'knuckling down'? These were popular things in my boyhood, and some lads could make 'strokes' as surely and skilfully as men do at billiards.

Elections! Who will forget that riotous one at Eatanswill, with the 'hocussing' of voters, locking them up in stables, upsetting them into ponds, and other enormities? Yet Eatanswill was but a fair type of the rest. We can imagine the nuisance to the district when the poll was kept open for some twenty days, with the frightful cost entailed. Long since the ballot has arrived and abolished all such excesses.

Again, elopements to Gretna, always in chaises-and-four, were common things enough. There was the pursuit, the headlong chase, like Miss Wardle's, described so spiritedly by our author. I recall the phrase being constantly used: 'She eloped with him.' But the blacksmith-clergyman has been suppressed long since, and is not wanted now. Connected with elopements are the duels, which are on the tapis several times in *Pickwick*. Unless a man carefully guarded his speech—the youth of our day cannot so much as conceive of such a thing—he might next morning be stretched upon the sod. I myself have talked to various persons who have 'killed their man,' and was well acquainted with an old Major Fawcett, cousin of the last victim in the last duel. I recall coming home from a country ball in the small hours with some ladies who were in sore distress as to a quarrel between two gentlemen of their party, which, it was seriously discussed, might lead to 'a meeting.' I saw an uncle of my own, who had often been 'out,' hand his card to an annoying gentleman at some place of amusement.

Inns of all kinds abound in *Pickwick;* over twenty are described, but they are of a different species from those with which we are acquainted. They are not like the railway hotel of our day. There was the friendly landlord and landlady, with a generous hospitality. Where are now the Borough inns, with their two and three galleries, centuries old, to which the coaches came? The coaching or posting inns on the great northern roads were wondrous places for accommodation, with stabling for a hundred pairs, and vast chambers, as at the 'Great White Horse' at Ipswich.

Police, too: what changes there! Boz talks of watchmen and 'street-keepers,' who we may suppose were like those personages that watch over Ely Place and the Burlington Arcade. Many can recall the arrival of 'the new police,' then an ungainly-looking lot in their extraordinary costume of tall hat, tail-coat, and white trousers. They were modelled in bearing and manner on the old type, and it took about fifty years before they could be smartened into their present semi-military form or get rid of their tall hats with glazed tops. I remember asking Dickens the origin of these helmets, when he said it was simply for protection from the crashing blows they received from the roughs. It is odd that Boz, writing in 1836–37, should not have made some use of them. Jingle says, 'Get me an officer,' meaning, we may suppose, the Bow Street folk.

How much legal entertainment is furnished at breach of promise actions when the defendant enters the box! But in the early years of the century such could not be witnesses. The change in the law took place many years ago.

Men's dress about the forties was handsome and picturesque. I can recall it perfectly, and it seems to me now infinitely richer and more effective than our present sober and meagre costume. The best idea of it was gained from Irving's revival of the *Corsican Brothers*. There were velvet collars, curly-brimmed hats, coloured short waistcoats, and trousers tight at the knees and calves. The neckerchief had a 'fall' in which was stuck a handsome pin or jewel. I recall a blue waistcoat of my own, shot with silver, and worn with what was called a 'Joinville' tie, and this for evening-dress was in the height of fashion. Far-off days or nights those now!

Now, plain black is your only wear. But the most startling changes have been in ladies' fashions. When Mr Pickwick went to Bath, which was about the year 1828–29, the Bath dames appeared at the rooms in lofty turbans and hats. Ringlets of the corkscrew order were in high fashion, and for out-door wear the 'poke' bonnet, or what was called 'cottage' bonnet, was invariable. At school, I recall a lovely vision on breaking-up day in a pale-blue satin bonnet; another I can call up in a faint-pink one with white lace veil. The present hat—universal all over the world—came in about the sixties; it was thought a sort of fancy dress, and unbecoming to appear in at church. White hats (worn generally), white trousers or 'ducks,' beaver hats, straps—all these things were universal in the 'forties,' and I have worn them all habitually. Soldiers always appeared in white ducks when the summer began. I have worn straps made of chain-work.

Chariots are now virtually extinct save on occasions of state; yet I recall the days perfectly when they were almost the only private vehicle. There was the coachman on his 'hammercloth,' and the footman behind, standing and bearing a long cane or pole held at an angle. Boz describes the footmen of the 'thirties' as he himself had seen them and as many of us recollect them, perfectly gorgeous in their liveries or uniform. His account of those splendid and really gifted creatures 'the Bath footmen' offers a wonderful picture of a phase of social life. Only conceive it! Uniforms of rich blue velvet or plum-coloured velvet, garnished with gold epaulets like a General's, crowned by richly laced cocked hats—arrayed, in fact, like the Lord Mayor of London's menials! He describes them minutely. But the thing is almost inconceivable now, save on Court days, when the turn-outs are shabby enough. I remember when every gentleman put his servant in livery, valets included. Mr Pickwick so treated his valet Sam.

Who thinks now of that unusual and unfamiliar vehicle the sedan-chair? We shall find but little about it, and scarcely any allusions to it, save in this immortal *Pickwick*, where such fun has been associated with it that it can never be forgotten. Every one knows the Winkle escapade at Bath. No one of the present generation can ever have seen a sedan in use. *Pickwick* tells us how it was used and when. I don't know where else we could find such an account of it. But I recall these vehicles perfectly. I have seen them in rows on a stand. I have seen them brought into our hall by the invariable Irish chair-men, and, I believe, have been squeezed into one myself with our mamma. Now we find them in museums only, or in the hall of some old mansion. But, I repeat, the world knows all about it and its use from the vivid descriptions in *Pickwick*.

And now, alas! Christmas itself has gone out altogether—another immense change! As is well known, Washington Irving, and after him Boz, set the ball a-rolling. But Irving was the real 'kindly engenderer' of the Christmas feeling, and he started nearly twenty years before Boz. The latter, who was his great admirer, really adapted or even adopted many of these effusive Christmas outpourings. The genial and genuine outbursts in *Pickwick* were really the earliest of his joyous bursts, and for close on five-and-twenty years this enthusiasm was maintained. Then he himself grew cool, and perhaps tired of the subject, simply because he had said all that could be said. There was nothing left. From that fall Old Father Christmas has never recovered. We cannot now conceive it possible that any one should be moved by the spectacle of brothers long parted being reconciled, or of old, hard curmudgeons being converted, by the Holy Season, or of doting husbands who suspected their wives but had all doubts swept away by the breath of Christmas Day and the sight of holly and ivy, &c. But to listen to this for near thirty years—all over and over again—became tiresome.

It is generally agreed, and therefore not worth while repeating, that by this time nearly all the Old London has been swept away. There is scarcely anything of importance left. And yet this work of destruction has been wrought within the last

thirty years. On coming to live in London in the 'seventies,' I found all these old monuments in being; everything described in *Pickwick* was standing; and delightful it was to go and explore, as I used to do, and wonder at these interesting but decayed structures. There were all the old Borough inns, including the 'Tabard' and the 'White Hart.' There was Sion College, Doctors' Commons and its gate, a palace at Aldersgate, Christ's Hospital School, numbers of old almshouses (including Lady Dacre's at Westminster), and much more. As Boz has preserved old habits and customs in his story, so has he left a perfect picture of Old London.

What a change, too, in the format of novels! Young people of to-day could not understand how a story could come out in three distinct volumes—always the orthodox form—price thirty-one shillings and sixpence. This was a heritage of Sir Walter Scott's, when people were delighted to get a single volume on terms of sitting up half the night to finish it. Boz's own peculiar form of issue—twenty green-clad monthly numbers or parts—was a familiar thing *circa* the sixties. More astonishing, however, was the day of the quartos, in which cumbrous shape Poems, Travels, History, invariably appeared. The quarto disappeared about the forties. Many will recall the Annuals bound in 'watered silk,' the 'Books of Beauty,' 'Gems of Loveliness,' &c., full of verses by ladies and gentlemen of fashion. Boz's 'Expiring Frog' in *Pickwick* was meant to satirise these efforts.

It was always a pleasant bit of colour to meet one of the Christ's Hospital little monks, in their strapped blue gowns, 'falls,' and yellow stockings. There were other charity-schools, also with uniforms; but all have disappeared, and Christ's Hospital has been set up in the country. But we have instead all sorts of uniforms, gorgeous hotel-porters', commissionaires', messenger-boys', bank messengers', and nurses' too—who display infinite varieties. Gone for ever, we may hope, the Gamps and Betsy Prigs.

Snuffing the candle was a common form, for it *had* to be done. We children were taught to do it neatly. You gave the wick a touch to one side, and then promptly nicked off the head. Awkward folk put the candle out. We had phosphorus-boxes, sulphur matches, tinder-boxes, but not a 'strike a light.' The favourite lamp was the tall pillar one, an argand burner, and a curiously shaped dome.

Mrs Leo Hunter's salon at 'The Den' was a curious entertainment, very different from the garden-party of to-day. She had hired performers, and the company appeared in fancy dresses: brigands, gods and goddesses, and the like; yet this was in the afternoon! We almost rub our eyes as we think of the oddity of such a spectacle.

Of the smaller Inns of Court there has been wholesale destruction. Clement's Inn, Lyon's Inn, Dane's Inn, and others have been pulled down, levelled to the ground. They were picturesque enclosures. I remember them all. It is a miracle that Clifford's Inn has been spared, though it is in a sad state of neglect. The Commissioners of Bankruptcy, who sat in Portugal Street, and 'passed' Mr Weller's coachman-friend, are also gone.

Sliding is scarcely practised now, by men at least; and at a country house we should now never see a long string of gentlemen and servants 'going down' a slide, and giving 'the cobbler's knock.'

Another curious change is that in the East End dialect, which was accepted as a note of cockneyism. This we have in Sam Weller's substitution of *v* for *w*, and the reverse. 'Put it down a *wee*.' This was in vogue so lately as forty or fifty years ago. Now has come the curious and more melodious 'tike' for 'take,' &c. As a servant said to me, she thought the 'tiles in the *Dily Mile*' were not so stirring as usual.

What a sensation if at some fashionable dinner-party one were now to stoop forward, bow gracefully, and say, 'The pleasure of a glass of wine with you'! Yet this was an invariable ceremonial. If you had only a couple of guests, after the fish was removed the host would courteously give his invitation, the servant would go round with the decanter, and both parties would bow to each other and quaff. Occasionally through the rest of the dinner you would hear, 'Glass of wine?' 'Pleasure!' Then there was, 'We will take you in, Jack.' All which sounds old-fashioned enough; but I recall it as a regular rite at our own table, carving by the host and others, removing the cloth and displaying the fine old mahogany. These things used to be.

The revolution in stage matters is extraordinary. About the forties and fifties there were really not half-a-dozen leading theatres. Half-price—that is inconceivable now, for every seat is occupied once the doors are opened. In Boz's early works we find no allusions to stalls. Box-seats, front row, second row, &c.: these were the choice places—in the balcony as it is now. We can recall the scene at the theatre in *Nicholas Nickleby* with Sir Mulberry and Kate. The stalls were not, I think, generally in use before the seventies at the good old Buckstonian Haymarket, which no one can think of without enjoyment, so entertaining a place was it. I recall going one night with a lady, in the year 1876, to the pit; delightfully comfortable seats with high and sloping backs, but there were then no stalls, for we sat close to the orchestra. Not yet had come the system of tunnelling and burrowing under the boxes and sitting in cimmerian darkness. So lately as Irving's time there was always one short piece to open the night and another to end it. Now no one arrives before the substantial dish, and all fly at once after it is devoured. The playbill, too! Gone the romantic, long, and fluttering tissue-paper bill, the black of which—and what an ebony black it was!—came off on our kid gloves. *À propos*, you always entered the room for a dinner-party in 'kids,' with your lady, wife, or daughter on your arm. Such is a glimpse of these old times and old manners.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER III.

MY first dinner at the Brun-varad was quite a small affair. To be exact, we sat down eight, and we dined in a small room in the *Waffen-thurm*, the great tower I had noticed on my arrival. The apartment was panelled from floor to ceiling in age-darkened pine, while the ceiling itself was inlaid with a fine design of variously coloured woods. Trophies of spears and ancient muskets adorned the walls. A huge boar's head grinned wickedly at us from above the high stone mantelpiece, and in each corner of the room a small stuffed bear supported an electric lamp.

The table at which we sat was circular in shape and devoid of any covering. It was of dark, slightly polished oak, showing off to advantage the fine old silver and beautiful glass which garnished our meal. In the middle was a handsome gilt centre-piece, from which there stretched to the ceiling a string of artificial wax flowers.

There were two individuals present whom I had not yet been introduced to. One was the Queen's companion and principal maid-of-honour, Fräulein von Helder, a young woman of about four-and-twenty, with a fat, pale, unprepossessing countenance, and small, pig-like eyes. The other was a short, broad-shouldered person with a tremendously thick head of hair and a bushy beard and moustache of coal-black hue. He was the Grossherzog Fritz, the Princess's father. His evening-dress fitted him abominably, and he looked like a picturesque gardener.

'I hope you will like Weissheim, Mr Saunders,' said Her Majesty, whom I was privileged to sit next to, in the most cordial tones she could command. In her evening attire and by the artificial light she looked positively handsome. Her face, indeed, was pale, but the pallor was translucent and not opaque, and her features were clear-cut and distinctly well proportioned. She had a splendid head of gleaming bronze hair, her lips were red—perhaps I should say reddened—and she wore a profusion of jewels both on her shapely neck and on her vivid green gown. She was not perhaps the most lady-like figure in the world, but in her way she was undeniably striking.

'I feel sure I shall like Weissheim, your Majesty,' I replied. 'I have quite made up my mind on that point.'

'One can persuade oneself to like most things,' she retorted; 'but I have never yet succeeded in liking Weissheim—not in winter, that is to say. In the summer it is tolerable, but at this time of year I prefer Cannes.'

'I have a weakness for clean snow,' I said. 'You see, I am a Londoner.'

'Then you can indulge your weakness to the full,' said General Meyer; 'snow is plentiful at Weissheim.'

'It is five or six feet deep all over the fields,' said the King, 'and up on the mountains as much as twenty or thirty.'

General Meyer had sneered at the snow as if it were something to be ashamed of. King Karl, on the contrary, was evidently proud of it.

'By the way, Saunders,' continued His Majesty, 'are you any good at winter sports?'

'I don't know,' I replied; 'I have never tried my hand at them.'

'Then you are hardly likely to be good at them.'

It was Miss Anchester who made this somewhat caustic remark. I was annoyed, because if there is one thing I pride myself upon, it is my facility for games and pastimes, and I had no doubt that with a little practice I should equal, and very possibly excel, the regular habitués of the place.

Besides, Miss Anchester was a governess—I had discovered that—and governesses, even in a Royal household, are supposed to make themselves agreeable.

'Do winter sports require any special qualifications more than summer pastimes?' I inquired, with extreme politeness.

'They require a good deal of nerve.'

I opened my eyes wide at this retort, insinuating as it did that I might conceivably be lacking in courage. Miss Anchester dropped her eyes before mine and plunged into a conversation with the Grand Duke Fritz. She was certainly a very nice-looking girl in a cool English way. Her fair hair was bright, abundant, and simply done. Her features were regular, almost classic, absolutely calm, and her neck and arms had the roundness and suppleness of a more than ordinarily vigorous young womanhood. Her white evening-dress was simplicity, severity itself; and in this, as in every other way, she was as perfect a foil to the Queen as a lover of contrasts could desire.

On physical grounds I was disposed to approve of her, and it seemed a pity she should be so disagreeable. Had she been otherwise I should certainly have taken the trouble to make myself entertaining to her. I turned to the Prinzessinn, who sat on my left.

'Do you like winter sports, Princess?' I asked.

'I love them,' was the enthusiastic response.

'And have you plenty of nerve?' I pursued sarcastically.

She laughed.

'Any amount,' was the whole-hearted reply. 'Unfortunately, my father won't let me go down the Kastel run.'

'The Kastel run?' I repeated.

'Yes; the great toboggan run which starts near

our home, the Mariencastel, and finishes close by the palace here.'

'You must try that some day,' put in the King. 'It's magnificent. Some of these fellows attain a maximum speed of nearly seventy miles an hour.'

'I will try to-morrow.'

'Have you ever done any tobogganing?' inquired Miss Anchester.

'A little,' I replied, recalling some experiences of my early boyhood, 'on tea-trays.' The governess's feelings were expressed by a slight but highly contemptuous smile.

'I would not advise you to go down the Kastel run to-morrow,' she remarked dryly.

'You fear my nerves would not prove equal to the occasion?'

'I fear your bones might not. It is only experienced tobogganers who go down the Kastel run. The Thal run is quite difficult enough and quite dangerous enough for beginners. Then there is the children's run behind the Pariserhof, which is quite easy. I should certainly advise you to start on the children's run.'

'It sounds rather humiliating,' I protested.

'It is far more humiliating than it sounds,' was the quick retort. 'Tobogganing may be classed as a dangerous sport. It is frequently fatal—to one's dignity.'

'And do you toboggan?' I asked, considerably piqued.

'Does Miss Anchester toboggan!' broke in the King. 'Why, she goes down the Kastel run every day of the winter season except Sundays. She won the Grimland Derby last year in record time—two minutes twenty-nine and a quarter seconds.'

I had never heard of the Grimland Derby in my life; but it was doubtless considered a very important event in these parts, and her extraordinary success accounted, no doubt, for the governess's supercilious tone towards a novice like myself. Nevertheless, as the King mentioned her achievement her eyes fixed themselves on the centre of her plate, while a rosy blush overspread her smooth and shapely cheek.

On the whole it was rather an amusing dinner. The chief talkers were the King, who had a wonderful flow of spirits, and the Prinzessinn, who seemed to regard life as a series of huge jokes. She was quite young—barely twenty, I should have said—and I was forced to admit that my original verdict of 'very pretty' had done her a considerable injustice. Her features were more than merely piquant; they were beautiful and delicately modelled. Ruddy as a berry, her complexion was clear and tremendously healthy, while her little black eyes were bright as beads, and laughed as gaily as her dainty lips. She was small, vivacious, enthusiastic, and alarmingly alive to the humorous side of things. She would have cheered up the veriest dullard on earth; and I, who have a fair capacity for badinage, contrived to tickle her sense of humour almost beyond the bounds of social decorum.

The Queen talked little, and what she said failed to add to the gaiety of the company; while the Fräulein von Helder seemed to care more for assuaging her enormous appetite than the refined pleasures of conversation. As for the Grand Duke, he helped the flow in a spasmodic and perfunctory way, but his thoughts seemed to be elsewhere and his utterances insincere. To the student of human nature there was much food for study; but to my thinking the most interesting of the company was the commander-in-chief, General Meyer. For the most part he remained silent, listening and smiling like some humorous old sphinx, who, while despising mankind, could not help being amused by it. Occasionally he would put his eyeglass into his right eye, lean forward, and deliver himself elaborately of some epigrammatic cynicism; and then he would sip his wine and lean back again with a contented smile, apparently well satisfied with his effort.

After dessert Her Majesty and the three young ladies left us. Coffee was brought, and, the attendants having withdrawn, we four men were left to ourselves. The King, who disliked nothing so much as having everything done for him, rose and unlocked a cupboard, producing a box of cigars.

'Have a priceless Havana, Saunders?' he asked. 'Take care not to drop it,' he added as I helped myself.

'Why not, sire?' I inquired.

'Because it will go into powder if you do. The air here is so extraordinarily dry that it is absolutely impossible to keep tobacco in good condition. Or one's hair either,' he added, passing his fingers through his thick, upstanding locks.

'Yes,' remarked General Meyer, making a wry face, 'everything is extraordinarily dry here, especially the champagne.'

'And your wit,' added His Majesty.

'By the way, cousin,' asked the Grand Duke, 'have you had any more threatening letters lately?'

'No,' replied the King; 'and their unwonted absence is making me positively nervous.—It's a strange thing being a king, Saunders,' he went on to me. 'Here am I, a benevolent monarch devoted to my people, a model husband, and a slave to affairs of State, and yet there is a party, a fairly large party, who if they were strong enough, or cunning enough, would drive me headlong from my place.'

'It is incomprehensible,' muttered the Grand Duke into his bushy beard.

'Your Majesty's army is loyal to the last man,' sneered the General.

'And their chief is a man of immense energy,' said the King dryly, with a side-glance at the last speaker, who was leaning back smoking in his seat, one arm thrown over the back of a chair, and his long legs stretched out reposefully in front of him.

'A man of immense *mental* energy,' affirmed the commander-in-chief, blowing out a cloud of blue

smoke. 'Besides,' he added slowly, 'the ranks of loyalty have been lately strengthened by the advent of a distinguished stranger from England;' and he waved his hand airily in my direction.

'I'd sooner have Saunders beside me in a tight place than some of your marvellously loyal officers,' said the King. I had yet to learn that my royal host was the most apparently indiscreet and outspoken man in his kingdom. All the same, the strange, half-serious compliment pleased me. It even thrilled me. I felt that if ever I were called upon to stand between the King of Grimland and danger, I would remember those idle words and prove their truth.

'Your Majesty should not cast reflections upon your army,' said the Grand Duke, rising and brushing some cigar-ash off his untidy dress-clothes.

'Your Majesty might do worse,' said the General. 'The officers in your Majesty's First Regiment of Guards, of which your Majesty's cousin His Royal Highness the Grand Duke Fritz has the honour to be colonel, are as dissipated a set of young blackguards as one cares to be saluted by.'

'Dissipation and loyalty frequently go hand-in-hand,' remarked the King thoughtfully. 'It is the teetotal cobbler, the non-smoking lawyer, the vegetarian schoolmaster who are all Republicans to the core of their anæmic hearts. The dissolute young Guardsman has little but his loyalty and his dandy moustache to recommend him, and, wisely enough, he prizes them both.'

I looked to see the Grand Duke's anger rise at these uncomplimentary references to his regimental officers. He merely shrugged his shoulders.

'Boys will be boys,' he remarked.

'Yes; but it is not necessary for them to be monkeys,' retorted the General.

The Grand Duke's face grew a shade darker.

'I hope you are not thinking of my son, General,' he said.

'No,' replied General Meyer, with slow insolence. 'I never think of dear Max after dinner. It would check digestion.'

For a second the Grand Duke showed his white teeth like a dog, and I half-feared violence. With an effort he confined himself to a contemptuous gesture and a meaning nod.

'With your permission, cousin,' he said, 'I will withdraw. Her Majesty expressed a desire to talk with me after dinner concerning what guests I should invite to my Winter Ball at the Mariencastel.'

'That,' said the King as the door closed behind his burly relative, 'is the man whom the good Grimlanders would set upon the throne in the event of my being driven from my place.'

'Assuming,' I said, 'that after such an untoward event he would consent to occupy it.'

'The Grand Duke,' remarked the General dryly, 'has many faults. A lack of ambition is not one of them.—By the way, your Majesty, I have completed the scheme for dealing with a hypothetical rising, which you commanded me to prepare. The suspected regiments are to be isolated as much as possible, and individuals of a high position who'—— General Meyer stopped.

'It's all right,' said the King; 'you need not hesitate to speak before Saunders. He is an Englishman.'

'I have not the slightest objection to speaking before Mr Saunders,' said the General. 'The details I am about to place before you are far too technical for a civilian understanding, while the places I shall mention will be mere names to him, and probably unpronounceable at that. I ceased my sweet discourse because it occurred to me that some one might be listening outside the door. It is just the gentlemanly sort of thing your devoted cousin Fritz would love to do. Shall I open the door and see?'

'Certainly not,' said the King. 'This chamber was built with a view to secrecy, and the man who can hear through that door has yet to be created.'

'Then I take it we enjoy absolute privacy?'

'Unquestionably. This is the old *Schweigenkammer*, an apartment used by my less reputable predecessors for secret entertainments of a festive character. Not only could no one outside by any possibility overhear what was taking place within, but no servants even were allowed in the room. The difficulty of getting fresh courses served was overcome in an ingenious way. On a spring being pressed this round table here descended bodily through the floor. The dirty plates were removed and fresh viands set upon the table, which, on a lever being pulled below, mounted again into its original position.'

'And does it work still?' I asked.

'Certainly,' replied the King. 'As a matter of fact the knowledge of some of the goings on which used to take place here managed at one time to leak out, no one could imagine how. Then it was discovered that a small man from the room below could climb up into the cylinder which supports this table, and hear fairly distinctly any conversation that was taking place.'

I looked under the table and perceived that it was supported by a large circular post which looked like the section of a largish oak-trunk. This no doubt was hollow and capable of containing the body of a small human being.

'I will show you how it works if you like,' continued His Majesty. 'In fact, there is no reason why we should not make a descent into the chamber beneath. Come, my friends, mount the *Zauber-tisch*—the magic table.'

Following our host's suggestion, we scrambled on to the table, being careful to avoid upsetting the decanters and wine-glasses which littered it. When we were all three comfortably in position the King leant forward, and putting his hand inside the mouth of the grinning boar's head, which he could now easily reach, pressed a lever. Instantly a circular piece of flooring gave way beneath us in

two flaps, and I realised that we were hanging from the ceiling by the chain of artificial wax flowers which I had deemed but part of the general decoration. Slowly the chain lengthened and the table sank beneath us till the floor was level with our faces and finally above our heads.

'It's all right,' said the King, as the *Zauber-tisch* came to an abrupt stop. 'We don't go any farther. Hallo! Who was that?'

The last exclamation was caused by the slamming of the door. Some one had just left the room in which we now found ourselves, and judging from the violence of the slam, the exit had been a hurried one.

'Who was that?' repeated the King, jumping from the table. Rushing to the door, he flung it open, but all that met his gaze was a dark, silent corridor merging into absolute gloom.

The King repeated his interrogation for the third time, and this time with an oath.

The chamber in which we found ourselves was unlighted, and would have been absolutely dark but for the circular hole above our heads, which admitted a broad stream of light from the brilliantly illuminated *Schweigenkammer*. It was lofty of pitch, a room of massive beams and rough, unplastered masonry. The table, on which the General and I remained standing, was some height above the floor, for the big central shaft which had seemed to support it had in reality passed clean through the floor, doubtless with the object of steadying it; otherwise, hung as it was by a single chain in the centre, it would have swayed and wobbled at every touch. The base of the shaft now rested on the floor of the lower chamber, leaving us at least five feet from the ground. At the King's last inquiry we scrambled down and looked around. On one side was a huge stone fireplace capable of concealing half-a-dozen people, but which as a matter of fact proved to be quite empty. The only piece of furniture in the room was a plain deal chair lying on its side. The General sniffed meditatively.

'Judging from the pleasant odour,' he remarked, 'I should say it was some one who was smoking one of your Majesty's cigars.'

'Fritz!' ejaculated the King.

'He could hardly have got into that,' I said, tapping the table's supporting shaft, and thinking of the Grand Duke's enormously wide shoulders.

'He could not overhear otherwise,' said the King decisively. 'Perhaps he was helping some one else.'

At this moment I caught sight of General Meyer's face. His gaze was riveted to the floor, and his expression was that of a man who has solved a highly puzzling mystery. Following the direction of his glance, I saw what I should certainly have seen before had not my eyes taken some time to accustom themselves to the gloom of the lower chamber. There on the floor, and projecting from the bottom of the table's shaft, was a decent-sized piece of a lady's skirt. It was of a vivid green colour.

The explanation was obvious. Some one who knew the secret of the table had climbed up into the hollow cylinder with the manifest intention of hearing General Meyer's report. That some one had failed to anticipate the possibility of the mechanism being put into play, and the result had been as neat and dramatic a capture as the heart of a dramatist could have desired.

With regard to the prisoner's identity, the particular shade of the green skirt and its rich trimming of old Brussels lace left us in no doubt whatever.

The situation was intensely comic, and neither of my two companions was deficient in the capacity for appreciating the humorous. Yet there was a look on the King's face I had not expected to see, a look that took away the desire to laugh, and made me realise that, however farcical the details, I was face to face with a very real tragedy.

A hand was laid gently on my arm. It was the General's.

'Let us two go and have a game of billiards,' he said.

(To be continued.)

PORT SOUDAN IN THE MAKING.

YEAR by year upwards of four thousand vessels pass through the Red Sea, yet two small harbours are all that are to be found upon the fifteen hundred miles of its African shore. The very centre of the world's traffic, it has hitherto added nothing to the stream but what an odd coasting-steamer now and again might carry. Not that much else could be expected; for the wildernesses of Arabia lie on one side, and the Sahara, with its narrow fringe of fertility, on the other. Were it not for that southern corner where Africa is even now offering a way into its untried depths, the Red Sea trade might be left to stagnate at its two dingy ports.

With the opening out of East Central Africa, however, new conditions arise, and an outlet will soon be required for a river of trade having its source on the watersheds of the great Nile. For, unlike the Nile, the new trade-stream will not wind its way two thousand five hundred miles through the Soudan and Egypt to Alexandria. For all practical purposes, the Mediterranean port will be useless to Central Africa so long as there is a possible outlet upon the southern reaches of the Red Sea. The competition that will arise will be between existing or possible seaports there.

At present Massowa and Suakin hold the field. Of these, the former, in the Italian colony of Eritrea, commands what commerce Abyssinia has

to offer; while the latter, in the Egyptian Soudan, gathers the meagre trade of the country farther north. The opening out of the eastern parts of Central Africa might convert one or the other of these draggle-tailed harbours into a port of outstanding dignity. A struggle for commercial supremacy is, therefore, threatening Italy in Eritrea, and Great Britain in the Soudan.

Suakin is a dirty dock-village having about one thousand inhabitants, of which three-fourths may be called 'natives,' the rest being Europeans of different nations and morals. The town is set in a rocky, desert region, which imparts a fine, destructive dust to the air, and which produces nothing but a prickly scrub. With the exception of the bank and the Government store, it possesses no building worthy the name. Everything is drab, dilapidated, and deadly dull, the only variety offered being in the matter of smells. These are many and vile.

A railway connects the port with Berber and Khartoum (since the beginning of this year), and this and the caravans divide the traffic between them. The harbour itself is large but shallow, and abounds in rocks and coral-reefs, while out beyond the two white stone columns which rise from the surf to mark the entrance, rank after rank of foam-lines stretch away into the distant sea. These mark the rocky shoals among which a vessel must needs steer its hazardous course to make the haven. Not a reef along that meandering way but has taken deadly toll, and so narrow and tortuous is the channel that none but the smaller craft care to venture, and no captain will dream of navigating the approach after nightfall. With such conditions, all hope of extending the trade that centres here is reduced almost to vanishing-point.

Knowing this, the Government has turned its attention to other places along the Soudan shore. Forty miles to the northward is a sheltered double-gulf large enough to harbour all the navies of Europe. Its sides are coral-lined, the reefs stretching out for about twenty yards from the shore at a depth of three feet, and then suddenly falling away into two hundred feet of water.

Behind this natural harbour lies a wide plain, backed by a range of mountains that extends beyond Suakin, running parallel with the coast. The land is barren, the birds songless, the fish rainbow-hued. The sea abounds in sharks, the land in scorpions, the air in mosquitoes. But these are the prevailing conditions for many a mile, and do not count.

Such is the spot the Government has selected as the site of the new town and harbour, Port Soudan, which is to supersede Suakin. Already the plain is mapped out and buildings are springing up under the magic touch of the contractor. Already the submerged shelf of coral that surrounds the harbour is being blasted, and the foundations of quays and warehouses are rising; for the coral here is a blessing and not a curse. Now the steam of the locomotive shows white against the sombre granite of the mountain-side, and gaping Nubians can watch the fire-wolf and his train of grumbling jackals winding their way to the very water-side.

At present the conditions of life are somewhat trying. Food of a kind is plentiful. Twenty folk may dine on fish that cost a penny. Three shillings will buy a sheep, fifteen shillings a cow; but vegetables cost a little fortune, having to come a long thousand miles from Suez. Amusements are of a primitive kind. There are leopards, wolves, hyenas, and gazelles to be hunted, and fish of every colour and shape to be caught. There are natives prepared, for a half-piastre thrown among the sharks, to dive for it; or, if this be insufficiently exciting, there is always the possibility of attempting to bathe without providing sport for a shark as well.

The new Nile and Red Sea Railway between Port Soudan and Atbara was inaugurated by Lord Cromer on 27th January, so that the distance between the Soudan and the salt-water has been reduced by nine hundred miles. It joins the military railway at Atbara, and gives connection with Berber on the one hand and Khartoum on the other. The line runs across three hundred and twenty-five miles of desert country, and has cost one million four hundred thousand pounds Egyptian. Lord Cromer believes that the effect of the line will be to create a trade which did not before exist; also, that any large works undertaken in the future to benefit Egypt must be constructed not in Egypt proper, but in the upper regions of the Nile valley. Further irrigation-works for cotton and wheat will be inaugurated.

TWO LETTERS.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER the meal was over they went back to the drawing-room. Willie, his mother, and his sister sat together in a corner, and talked eagerly. Lettice sat apart. The May afternoon had turned excessively chilly, rain was falling on the little garden outside, but there was no sign of a fire in the highly polished grate, with its cataract of willow-shavings and gold-tinsel; while Mrs Hargraves' asthma demanded ventilation. The muslin frock felt chilly. No, the atmosphere of the room grew more and more frigid, physically and morally, as the hours dragged on. Only Miss Hargraves sidled up to Lettice and began to talk in a slow, shy fashion.

'You go to the theatres sometimes?' she

whispered, with a half-frightened glance at the three who were absorbed in earnest conversation in a corner. 'I'm afraid I should like it very much, only I have never been.'

'I go very seldom,' Lettice said, feeling as if a slight thaw had set in. 'I have no time or'—and she laughed—'money to spend upon amusements. A friend takes me sometimes, and I do enjoy it.'

'Doesn't Willie take you?' Susan Hargraves inquired, with a little colour rising to her face. She had nice features, and a rather sweet expression; there were possibilities of good looks about her, only that her gown was of the wrong colour and her hair unbecomingly dressed; also, her whole air was one of dejection and nervousness.

Lettice felt she liked her, as she sat on the hard sofa close to her and looked admiringly into her face.

'Willie doesn't approve of overmuch theatre-going,' Letty answered. 'We went to a matinée some time ago, when he had tickets sent him. I must say I thoroughly enjoyed it.'

'What was the play? Did we see about it in the papers?' Susan asked.

Then Letty told her what she had seen, and spoke of the actors, who were mere names to the subdued, gentle spinster, to whom such joys were forbidden. The opera? Yes, Lettice had been at the opera; but it was long ago, when she was quite a child, before father's death.

Susan asked about Letty's parents, having, as she said with a flicker of a tear in her tired eyes, lost her own; and in the sad droop of the lips, that touch of moisture in the eyes, Lettice read a story of suppression and of a life turned awry.

They were chatting more cheerfully, Lettice enlarging upon the glories of certain pictures in the Wallace Collection, when suddenly Miss Stott remembered the stranger in their midst. But the change was not an improvement, so far as Letty's enjoyment was concerned.

'Miss Bayne says there are some pictures there that ought to be burned,' said Ada Stott decisively.

Letty made no attempt at argument. All she said was that she had not observed them.

'I heard you speaking about the opera,' the lady went on in her high-toned fashion. 'Weren't you shocked by the dancing there?'

Lettice said that the opera had been *Lohengrin*, and that she did not remember any incidental dancing.

'Miss Bayne only liked one piece in the whole of that opera,' said the lady.

'I bet that was the wedding-march,' Willie laughed, with a touch of coarseness which astonished his fiancée. 'Shouldn't wonder if she'd dearly like to march to it under other circumstances.'

'Hush, Willie!' rebuked his sister. 'She's coming to tea.'

'Is she?' Lettice thought his tone strange.

'She has done so well with her investments lately,' Ada went on. 'Made a round eighty pounds over some shares she chanced upon. She has a great head for business.'

'I suppose she has,' Willie remarked. 'Has she made any plans for the summer? Going abroad, or that'——

'She mentioned a trip to Norway, I think—did she not, Susan?—the last time she was here. Said her eighty pounds would just pay her expenses.—She is so rich, you see,' Ada Stott went on, turning to Lettice—'twenty thousand pounds at the very least—that she can do what she likes, being quite independent.'

To the girl who had once belonged to a position in society where every one was wealthy, the recital of this young lady's thousands seemed nothing so very extraordinary. Mrs Clare, with quite as much, regarded herself as poor; but the little girl had the sense to be silent.

'She won't venture out in that rain,' Mrs Hargraves said, looking between the white curtains. 'It is pouring down.—I hope you have strong boots on, Miss Rivers; otherwise you'll get your feet wet even crossing to the tram.'

Letty was conscious of something worse than getting her feet wet. Her pretty shoes, in which she took some little pride, would be utterly spoilt, and they had cost her more than a day's earnings. But she laughed and said she hoped the rain would cease, as Willie turned to her with a smiling reminder that she had not brought an umbrella.

There was a flutter perceptible in the room, a flutter and a thrill.

'She's coming!' said Miss Stott in a sibilant whisper. 'There's a cab stopping at the door!'

Lettice could have smiled at the flutter of excitement which pervaded the room. Mrs Hargraves rearranged her skirts upon her sofa, Ada put straight the draperies of the chair on which her brother had been sitting, while Willie himself ran a swift hand over his already sleek hair, and Miss Hargraves twiddled her limp fingers nervously.

Lettice was not feeling at home amongst these people with whom she was to be so closely connected for the rest of her life; but, with a happy little flash of premonition, she felt that in the time to come she would make Willie so happy that he would not care to be much with them.

The cloaked and umbrellaed figure which rushed up the little garden-path was closely pursued by another of rougher aspect. Loud voices broke the stillness.

'That is your proper fare, man. I will not be imposed upon. I'll call a policeman,' shrilled a hard voice, distinctly audible through the window.

Mrs Hargraves took a violent fit of coughing, Miss Stott uttered a loud 'Ahem!' while Willie laughed. Only Miss Hargraves looked pained, while her face flushed slightly.

'Call yourself a lady, do you?' shouted the enraged cabby. 'Bringin' a pore chap two long miles in a pour of rain, after 'avin' 'alf a mile's jaunt to the 'ouse, an' to offer a man two shillin'!'

'It isn't half a mile from your rank to my place, and'——

The argument ran high—so high that Willie went

to the door and interfered. By whatever means he made peace none of the listening women knew; but it was with a very extensive smile that Miss Bayne sailed into the drawing-room.

'I'm all in a flurry,' she said as she shook hands effusively with Mrs Hargraves, and kissed Ada after a gushing fashion; Miss Hargraves she scarcely noticed. 'Those London cabmen are such a dreadfully rough lot—dreadfully!—How do you do, Miss Rivers? I think I met some cousins of yours at the Schwitzerhorn Hotel when I was in Switzerland.' She said it all in a breath, and, without waiting for an answer, threw herself gracefully into a big arm-chair.—'Really, it quite put me out,' she said, beginning to draw off her long gloves. 'It takes a man to deal with those wretched people;' and she threw an admiring glance at Willie.

She was a showy, handsome woman, of a coarse, high-coloured type. Her dress was solidly handsome, everything of the best, yet the general effect was far from being satisfactory. There were too many feathers on her toque, too much jewellery on her throat. Her arms were loaded with bracelets that jingled as she moved her hands. Her voice was assertive, and her accent had more than a touch of Bow Bells about it. Nevertheless, she was a handsome, prosperous-looking young woman, and one whom some men might admire.

Miss Stott sympathised with her, and gradually drew her brother into the little ring round the visitor's chair, while Mrs Hargraves for the first time addressed herself to Letty.

'My son is hoping to get a share in Faker's,' she said in a deprecatory voice. 'It will be a very great matter for him if he succeeds.'

Letty had seated herself on a low chair close to the couch upon which the semi-invalid reclined. She resolved to make herself agreeable. Her reception by the family had chilled her; but she made allowances, knowing that the ethics of the circles in which they moved were not those of her own people; and Willie was so much better than his family. Besides, Mrs Hargraves was an old lady, and she was a sufferer—that was evident; although, had Lettice noticed it, her appetite was of the best.

'I hope he will succeed,' Lettice said, with her vivid smile. 'He deserves it.'

'Indeed he does,' said his mother, with a sigh. 'But he don't always see what is best for him; he takes and stands in his own light, poor Willie!' And she sighed.

Lettice did not quite know how to reply; therefore she uttered a sympathetic murmur, and the lady went on. 'People must look to the future in this world, not to the gratification of a moment. It's a foolish thing to be led away by fancies. Don't you think so, Miss Rivers?'

Lettice replied that it altogether depended upon circumstances.

'You was country-bred, Miss Rivers?' the lady inquired. 'I understand that your father was a parson?'

Somehow or other the term jarred. Letty's colour rose as she said quietly that her father had been rector of Woolwrych, and her grandfather Bishop of Churton.

'Dear me! and you have to earn your living?' cried the old woman. 'I always thought that bishops and the like died rich.'

Lettice felt her cheeks burn. 'My grandfather's position at the head of a diocese which was far from being wealthy caused him to spend so much of his personal means as to leave his family poor,' she said, feeling that she was gratifying an impertinent curiosity which she ought to have passed over unnoticed. But this was Willie's mother, and a full knowledge of his future wife's family was due to the mother of her fiancé.

'Well, you do surprise me!' the old lady said. 'And I suppose your pa wasn't much of a business man either?'

'My father's parochial duties took up all his time,' Letty answered. 'He trusted others, and found his confidence misplaced.'

'Dear, dear! People can fool away their means in an extraordinary way,' Mrs Hargraves answered, shaking her head. 'I suppose he hadn't anything to leave you—now?'

Again Letty was obliged to remind herself that this was Willie's mother.

'There was very little—about a thousand pounds; perhaps not so much,' she said. 'I have about thirty pounds a year. One can't just live upon that, you know.'

'But a thousand pounds would be the making of Willie!' cried his mother hastily. 'It's just what would put him into the business on the new standing. Does he know you have got so much?'

The old woman was eager, excited. She bent forward and looked hungrily at the girl, who felt strangely surprised. Money was the last thing which she took into consideration, and with this old woman it appeared to be the one thing needful.

'I never told him. Indeed, he never asked,' Letty replied truthfully. 'But I don't think I can touch that money; it is only mine for life. I know so little about business matters, Mrs Hargraves.'

'That's a pity.' The old lady shook her head. 'A wife with business habits is a great help to a business man.'

Letty tried not to feel crushed; and then Miss Hargraves timidly approached.

'Do you take sugar, Miss Rivers?' she asked in her plaintive voice.

Tea was a more formal function than Letty had expected, Miss Bayne dominating the scene. Her assertive manners, her loud laughter, the rustle of her dress when she moved—everything appeared to get on the girl's nerves and jar them; but she tried her best to keep herself in hand, and Willie all at once seemed to remember her. Possibly, when he looked into the sweet, mobile little face, with its delicate tints and gracious refinement, his heart may have smote him just a little.

Then there was a great cloaking and tucking up of Miss Bayne's gorgeous gown in the hall, and a whistling for cabs, in which Willie took a very prominent part. It was a relief when the magnificent young woman departed.

'Don't you think her very handsome and very bright?' Miss Stott inquired gushingly, as she sat down beside Lettice for the first time. 'She knows so much! Has had such a brilliant education, and has travelled! How it does brighten up any one! Don't you think so?' she went on, without waiting for Letty's reply. 'Maud Bayne has been my great friend for years—years. We know all there is to be known about her.—Oh, Willie, did you hear her say she is going to help at that great bazaar which one of the Princesses is to open early next month? Every one is to wear a dress out of history, and she's to go as—as—a Court Lady of the Reformation.'

Lettice did not correct her, but she smiled slightly; and the other went on singing the praises of her idol until Willie laughingly bade her talk about something else.

Then came supper, and time to return to London town and busy life.

Miss Hargraves was sympathetic.

'Oh, Miss Rivers! you cannot possibly go out without a waterproof. You must positively take the loan of mine,' she cried eagerly. 'It will be the very greatest pleasure to me if you accept it.'

Letty murmured something as to how she was to return it.

Miss Stott struck in.

'Leave it in the waiting-room at the station,' she said. 'The woman there knows me.'

'But it is Miss Hargraves' cloak,' Letty returned.

'Willie, why don't you take a cab?' Susan cried, her face flushing slightly.

'Nonsense,' Miss Stott protested. 'It is only a step to the station; and then Miss Rivers has your waterproof.'

'A cab would be unnecessary extravagance,' said Mrs Hargraves in her hoarse voice. 'It's only a few minutes' walk to the train, even if you can't get a tram.'

Letty said nothing; only she blamed herself for not having tried sufficiently hard to make these people understand her. She felt both depressed and dissatisfied with her day. She was rather fluttered when Susan Hargraves dropped a hasty kiss upon her cheek as she fastened the cloak round her neck. 'I think Willie a very fortunate man, dear,' she said in a trembling whisper.

(To be continued.)

OUR NEGLECTED CANALS.



HAT a melancholy spectacle is presented to the traveller who, in journeying about England, comes again and again, especially in the Midlands and the south, upon canals which appear to have fallen into a state of disuse! What a pity it seems that such great works, which must have taken years and the toil of thousands of men to construct, should now be so little needed!

Such neglect have our inland waterways met with during the past twenty years that they seem to be the relics of some past civilisation. No longer adapted to the uses of present-day requirements, looked upon as things which have served their purpose and are now struck off the active list of modern-day methods of transit, they appear to have been relegated to a back seat as slow and cumbersome, as altogether unsuitable, in fact, for the hustle and bustle which characterise the means of transport of to-day.

It is all the more depressing when, on the map, our canals present such a fine means of communication from one place to another. They make quite a network of waterways, joining rivers here, linking towns together there, and making it possible to journey from one end of the country to the other, and from the east coast to the west. And yet, in spite of the advantages which the general use of them would mean, many have been allowed to sink into a state bordering on stagnation and decay.

The Prime Minister said in December last that 'few things are more capable of benefiting both town and country than the development, if it can be developed, of our system of canals. It will facilitate transit; it will open markets; it will bring town and country together. We have, therefore, resolved to ask the King to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole question.' From a list prepared by Mr Lionel B. Wells, M.Inst.C.E., it appears that the English canals and inland navigations have a total length of three thousand nine hundred and fifty-four miles, of which four hundred and thirty-five miles are more or less derelict, and one thousand three hundred and ninety-nine miles are controlled by railway companies.

What twenty or thirty years ago were thriving ways of communication and transit between all the large centres of population in the country are now very little used. The bustle and life have been succeeded by the calm and quiet of death. Where the barges used to cleave the waters in an almost continuous stream, it is now on some canals almost the exception to see one. The tow-paths are often thistle-covered, the trees overhang the banks, the waters are partially or wholly covered with weeds and water-flowers, and there is nothing to stay the growth now that the barges no longer creep steadily along and keep the channel clear. On too many of our waterways all is silent save for the singing of the birds in the trees and the cries of the boys

enjoying themselves to their hearts' content in the lazy waters.

What a contrast this state of things offers to the bustle which is found on the canals of the Continent! Compared to the inland waterways of France, Belgium, Austria, Germany, and Holland, those of Great Britain are almost out of the running. Of all the countries where canals form part of the means of communication and transport, our own land shows least of all.

Where in recent years our expenditure on canals and their increase has been almost nil, France has been going ahead rapidly, expenditure under this head on works now being constructed or contemplated being no less than twenty million pounds. Austria-Hungary is also forging ahead rapidly in this direction; canal construction in that empire during the next seven years will, it is estimated, cost some ten million pounds. Belgium has expended fifteen million pounds during the last quarter of a century, and the Prussian Parliament is considering new schemes which will total to a like sum. Where the United Kingdom can show a length of nearly four thousand miles of inland waterways, France nearly doubles that number with seven thousand five hundred miles, Germany can boast of six thousand two hundred and fifty, and go-ahead Belgium nearly twelve hundred and fifty. This means that the United Kingdom has one mile of canal to every thirty-three and three-quarter miles of territory, France one in twenty-seven and a quarter, Germany one in thirty-three and a third, and Belgium one in nine. This comparison points to an unhealthy state of affairs with regard to this country. How is it that the canal-trade of the United Kingdom has lapsed while that of other countries has been progressing by leaps and bounds?

The great use made by foreign manufacturers of their canal system enables them to bring raw materials to their factories, and to send the finished product to the ports at such cheap rates, for sale abroad, that it is easy to understand why goods of foreign production are in some cases underselling the British-made article in our own markets. In Germany, also, the great importance of canals is fully realised and acted upon. In that empire, during the past thirty years, the number of canal and river boats has increased by 30 per cent., and their carrying capacity by 150 per cent. The large increase in the use of canal-boats propelled by steam has resulted in the reduction of the cost of transport by quite one-half, less than a farthing being the present carriage of one ton per mile.

Canals, compared to railways, are a much cheaper means of transport, especially for heavy goods. A canal-ship of some five hundred tons will carry as much goods as fifty railway wagons. It is cheaper by quite one-third in carriage per ton. Only one-thirtieth of the hauling-power necessary on level railways is required. Another great advantage is that the canal-boat can load and unload at any place on the route, and the expenditure for men and materials is much lower.

Now that the motor-engine has been brought to such a state of perfection, the vista before the enterprising canal companies is decidedly brightening. Up to quite recent times the chief reason advanced against sending goods by canal was the extreme slowness and length of time taken on a long journey. This reason, now that motor-barges are rapidly coming into more common use, should soon be a thing of the past.

Considering the success canals have met with on the Continent, it seems a great pity that they have not been taken up in this country with the interest that they deserve. Many hold to the opinion that the railway companies are to blame for this negligence. Although partly so, this is not entirely the case. Of the four thousand miles of navigable canals in the United Kingdom, only one thousand four hundred, in round numbers, are owned by the great railway corporations, the remainder being held by the various canal companies. The railway magnates are to blame, however, for attempting to stifle an industry which threatened them with serious competition in goods traffic, and they seem to be going against their own interests in keeping their holdings in such a condition of disuse.

But now that a spirit of unrest is prevailing in the world of locomotion (new methods being tried here and new systems there of cutting down expenses and furnishing new means of transport), perhaps the railway companies will once again turn their attention to the canals as a means of transmitting goods at cheaper rates than at present, and at the same time relieve their lines of the state of congestion into which they often get. If the canal companies proper, too, could only have infused into them a little of the energy which prevails amongst the canal officials of the Continent, there is no reason why this industry should not once again be placed on a sound footing. Granted this, every one should benefit. Goods would cost less in transit; employment could be found for many a man who knows not now where to earn his daily bread; industries which at present are being hard hit by foreign competition would prosper again, for the cost of carriage would be lessened and the difference taken off the retail cost of the home-produced article, and the declining industry of barge-building would receive a fillip.

During the past few years interest in our inland waterways has revived somewhat. A Government Commission has been appointed. Chambers of Commerce have taken up the question and have advocated the transference of the canals to a national trust. This may be taken as a sign of the times. Whether it would be the better policy to nationalise the canals is doubtful; but, anyway, it shows a reawakening to the possibilities of one of our great means of transport, and, from the renewed interest, the result may be that in a few years our inland waterways may compare much more favourably with those of France, Belgium, and Germany, to mention only three canal States, than they do at present.

TWO MASTERS OF FENCE.

By 'THORMANBY,' Author of *Kings of the Hunting-Field; Kings of the Rod, Rifle, and Gun*, &c.

IN the old duelling days the pistol was always a more popular weapon in England than the sword, and there was consequently never the same inducement to cultivate a mastery of the art of swordsmanship as there has been, and still is, in France. But fencing was considered an essential part of an English gentleman's education, at any rate up to the close of George the Third's reign; and for upwards of eighty years there was no name better known in the fashionable world than that of the Angelos, father and son. Not to have taken lessons of Angelo was considered a slur upon the reputation of any man who aspired to a place in the *haut monde*. The elder Angelo, whose real name was Dominico Angelo Malevolti Tremamondo, was a native of Leghorn, and from his youth was remarkable for his singularly graceful figure and handsome features, as well as his extraordinary skill in horsemanship and swordsmanship.

The incident which led to his visiting England was a romantic one.

While at Paris a distinguished nobleman invited all the best swordsmen of the city to a tournament at his hotel. Angelo was one of those who accepted the invitation; and just as he was entering the salon, Mistress Peg Woffington, the celebrated actress, then at the zenith of her fame, who had already made the acquaintance of the handsome Italian, stepped forward and presented him with a bouquet, at the same time expressing a hope that he might win. Every one was surprised at this striking mark of favour from the reigning belle, who had all the notabilities of the day at her feet; but Angelo, with a graceful bow, fastened the bouquet over his heart, and said gallantly, 'Madame, this I will protect against all comers.'

And he kept his word, for though the most expert swordsmen of the time were opposed to him, not one of them succeeded in touching a single leaf of the bouquet.

It was at the invitation of the gay and volatile Peggy that Angelo came over to England. At first Angelo was only known professionally as a riding-master, and in that capacity his success was sudden and surprising. Before he had been established eighteen months he was patronised by the first families, and was making two thousand pounds a year; and when he reached the height of his fame and prosperity his income was close upon five thousand.

Then he married, and his marriage was of a piece with the rest of his romantic life. One evening, as he and Peg Woffington were sitting together in a box at Drury Lane, Peggy called his attention to a very beautiful girl in a box opposite. Angelo looked across and saw a face which from that moment haunted him. He could not rest till he had been introduced to the young lady, who turned out to be a Miss Masters. The gallant Italian wooed and won her. She became his wife, and wherever they went together they were pronounced the handsomest couple in the kingdom.

All this while Angelo had been known to be a splendid swordsman, but he only gave lessons in fencing as a favour. The following incident, however, gained him such a name as a master of his weapon that he found it would be profitable to take up fencing professionally. A Dr Keys, reputed to be the best fencer in Ireland, challenged Angelo to a public trial with the foils. The match came off at the Thatched House Tavern, St James's Street, in the presence of a large and fashionable company, including many ladies. The doctor, a tall, athletic man, wearing a huge wig, appeared on the scene without coat or waistcoat, his great, brawny arms bared to the shoulder. Angelo looked a mere stripling beside him. But the doctor, who had primed himself well with cognac beforehand, depended more upon sheer strength than science to win him the victory. The wily Italian let the big Irishman exhaust himself in a series of furious but futile assaults, then with singular rapidity and dexterity planted upwards of a dozen most palpable hits upon his enraged adversary, and was hailed the winner with tremendous plaudits. From that time he was besieged with aristocratic pupils, and his income was doubled.

His success procured him many professional enemies, however, and his son Harry tells the following story of an adventure of his father's in Paris: 'There was a French officer whom my father met there who boasted of being a first-rate fencer. Motives of jealousy induced him to waylay my father one night, and he was cowardly enough to insult and then draw his sword upon him. My father happened to be only armed with a *couteau de chasse*, a short, small, edged sword usually worn in undress; but he acted on the defensive for some time, when at last he made a home-thrust at the officer, who fell directly, groaning, and at the time there was every reason to think that he was mortally wounded. The officer was taken home. The next day my father waited on him, when, to his surprise, although it was thought that there was very little hope of his adversary's recovery, still, though he lay in bed gasping, there was not that alteration in his countenance which might be expected. My father instantly suspected he must have had a cuirass, and, throwing off the bed-clothes, suddenly discovered the disgraceful stratagem to which he had resorted. This anecdote I have also heard my father mention: that when fencing with Marshal Saxe, who was a scholar of Tailligori's, the Marshal, being displeased at a hit he had received, took my

father—not a little man—in his arms and walked round the room with him as if he had been a child.'

Angelo now purchased of Lord Delaval the large mansion known as Carlisle House, just off Soho Square, and erected there a spacious riding-school and fencing-saloon. It was the custom for noblemen and gentlemen to send their awkward sons to board with Angelo at one hundred and one hundred and fifty guineas a year—very high terms for those days—to be licked into shape, and there were sometimes as many as twenty or thirty of these 'unlicked cubs,' as Angelo called them, residing with him at the same time. Carlisle House became a rendezvous for all the wits and celebrities of the day, and the Italian fencing-master's dinners were renowned. The elder Angelo lived to the great age of eighty-seven, enjoying respect, prosperity, and the possession of all his faculties to the last. Indeed, so little impaired was his bodily vigour that he gave a lesson in fencing the very day before his sudden and unexpected death.

I may add that Angelo's seat on horseback was so fine and graceful that he was engaged by the American painter Benjamin West to sit for the equestrian figure of William III. in the well-known picture of the Battle of the Boyne, and was also the sculptor's model for the equestrian statue of the same monarch in Merrion Square, Dublin.

His son Harry, the younger Angelo, followed worthily in his father's footsteps. He was witty and agreeable, a perfect gentleman, educated at Eton, and well qualified to play his part creditably among the *crême de la crême* of the world of fashion and sport. The list of Harry Angelo's pupils included half the peerage, and he held a position in society which no fencing-master, with the single exception of his own father, could ever boast of before or since. The wild Lord Barrymore was very fond of Harry Angelo. In his *Reminiscences*, the famous fencer gives the following as an instance of Lord Barrymore's extravagance and eccentricity. Describing his lordship's lessons in fencing, Angelo says: 'On our third set-to he was provided with two new white kerseymere jackets, one for himself and another for me; when, after the *coup d'essai*, he rang the bell and desired Trebby, his valet, to bring him the blacking-pot. This was placed on the floor, and his lordship, dipping the end of his foil in the liquid, and inviting me to do the same, with his usual exclamation, "Fair-play's a jewel," we recommenced, and after thrusting at each other for an hour, left off spotted all over like the skin of the leopard. This extravagant folly, which cost him new jackets each lesson, continued for some time, in spite of all my remonstrances; he swearing he would never cease until he had made Angelo as black as Diavolo.'

Harry Angelo was as popular at the east as at the west of Temple Bar. His rooms at the venerable Paul's Head Tavern, Cateaton Street, were crowded, and he was instructor in swordsmanship to the City of London Light Horse Volunteers, a fine body of cavalry raised by the City men at the time of the invasion panic.

Like his father, Harry lived to a ripe old age—he was eighty when he died. But for many years previously he had retired from London life, and passed the evening of his days in a snug little cottage which he had purchased, about two miles from Bath. There, with no other company than his pet poodle and his guitar—except when some old patron paid him a passing visit, when there was always a bottle of rare old port forthcoming to celebrate the occasion—Harry Angelo amused himself by jotting down his reminiscences of the various scenes in which he had played a part and the notable characters with whom he had mingled in the course of his professional career. And he had hobnobbed with the very highest: had shared in the revels of the Prince Regent and their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Sussex and York, and entertained marquises, earls, and barons at his own table. Indeed, to dine or sup with Harry Angelo at his snug little crib was considered a high privilege, though the fare was nothing more sumptuous than a broiled steak and a bottle of old port. The party never consisted of more than four besides himself. One quartette Harry tells us of must have been a lively one: Theodore Hook, Lord Byron, John Jackson ('The Emperor of Pugilism'), and Jack Bannister ('The King of Comedians'). Strange contrast between these scenes and the quiet solitude of the little country cottage, where, almost forgotten by the world, the last great fencing-master in England passed peacefully away!

SERENATA.

All things on sea and shore
Have sought their rest:
The mew his aerie, love;
The hawk his nest.
For dayspring evermore
Dark shore and sea
All wait aweary, love—
And I for thee.

Faint clouds on silent wing
Fleet o'er the moon;
'Mid their rocks wailing, love,
The night-winds croon;
Stands the cliff glimmering
To the dim skies;
The stars are failing, love—
And my heart dies.

Hush! from the vapoury drift,
Where sleeps the vale,
Comes softly wending, love,
A phantom pale:
A white form stealing swift
Near—near—more near.
Ah, pain hath ending, love,
When Love is here!

C. H. St L. Russell.

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THE COMING OF THE ANIMALS.

IN one particular direction natural history differs unaccountably from its sister sciences. The historical aspect of zoology, strangely enough, has been almost completely neglected, though reasons for this are perhaps not far to seek. Animals or birds of a new or strange species, when brought for the first time from remote regions to a European country, were frequently in those unscientific olden days confounded with somewhat similar species that were already known. In the case of particularly novel animals—as, for instance, the elephant or the giraffe—such mistakes could not be made; but with creatures closely related or with marks less distinguishing, error was the rule rather than the exeeption.

The uncertainty which exists as to the primary introduction of many now well-known wild animals into England should have, although apparently it has not, given an added glamour to this byway of a great science.

Many romantic incidents are attached to the story of the gorilla, and the first living specimen which is known to have been introduced into England does not lack a setting of interest. The existence of the gorilla had at the time been for some years indisputable. A skeleton of one had been sent to England in 1851, and a specimen in spirits adorned the British Museum. But the first living animal belonged to a travelling showman, who in 1860 exhibited it as a chimpanzee. Unfortunately, its proprietor's mistake was not discovered until a photograph of the animal was shown after its death. In 1876 a young one arrived in England, being on its way to Germany, and several specimens have at intervals been shown in the Gardens of the Zoological Society; but all, despite the utmost care and attention, have lived but for the shortest space of time in a climate so uncongenial to them.

The rhinoceros has now been known in England for nearly two and a quarter centuries. It has been traced with certainty as far back as 1684, for the newsletters in the summer of that year record the arrival in London of a living specimen, the first ever seen in England. It was put up for sale by auction in the old-fashioned manner by the burning of an inch of candle. A Mr Langley, an enterprising amusement caterer of the time, purchased the animal for two thousand three hundred and twenty pounds, paying five hundred pounds as a deposit. Being, however, unable to raise the remainder of the sum, he could not complete the purchase, and forfeited the deposit and the rhinoceros. It was again offered by auction, but the owners could not find a purchaser; they therefore exhibited it, and, as the gossipy old records tell us, made fifteen pounds a day by charging visitors 'twelve pence apiece' for a sight. As much as two shillings had to be given for the privilege of a ride. This was not the earliest specimen seen in Europe, though it is probable that since the days of the ancient Romans only one other living example had been seen by untravelled Europeans—the famous animal sent from India to King Emanuel of Portugal in 1513. Dürer, from sketches sent to him from Lisbon, made his drawing of this animal which was so fantastically copied by many later artists. So savage and unmanageable was this rhinoceros that, as Mr Beddard tells us, King Emanuel considerately sent it as a present to the Pope. On the voyage, however, the beast, in an outburst of fury, sank the vessel, thus depriving his Holiness of a unique acquisition. In 1739 a rhinoceros was exhibited in various European countries; and again two years later another was shown. The one whose skeleton Cuvier examined was the fifth seen in modern Europe. It died in 1793, when about twenty-six years old, having been brought to Versailles in 1771. Three years before its death another rhinoceros arrived in England, sent from the East Indies as a present to Mr Dundas. It was sold for seven hundred pounds, to be exhibited at that eighteenth century Zoo, the Exeter 'Change. These were Asiatic species; the first African rhinoceros to arrive in England, or indeed in Europe, being that lodged at the London Zoo in 1868.

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The giraffe is an importation of much more recent date, the first living specimen in England being the one sent to King George IV. by Mehemet Ali in 1827. It survived but a few months in the Royal Menagerie at Windsor, and nine years elapsed before any others reached English shores.

Presents from foreign monarchs to European Sovereigns have frequently been the means of introducing new varieties to scientists or to the public. Thus the zebra known as Grévy's zebra was presented in 1882 by the Emperor Menelik, then King of Shoa, to the President of the French Republic, after whom it was named.

The thirty-seven elephants which accompanied Hannibal in his passage of the Alps have passed into history, with the equally famous one which the Caliph sent as a gift to the Emperor Charles the Great. Their introduction into England is a matter of much later date; but as long ago as the times of the later Stuarts they were often to be seen as attractions at the English fairs.

The hippopotamus is a much more recent importation. The first ever seen in England since primeval times was landed in 1850. It was procured specially for the Zoological Society, which had previously made many futile efforts to obtain one. Captured as a three-days-old calf on an island in the White Nile, it was brought with great care to England, and conveyed by special train to London. Although the first hippopotamus in Europe, west of Constantinople, for fifteen centuries, it lived in the Gardens twenty-eight years. Three years after its arrival it was joined by a mate, and in the course of many years three calves were born to them.

I have been unable to trace the cassowary in England farther back than the reign of Queen Anne. It is recorded that one was then exhibited in a booth at Bartholomew Fair, and Professor Henry Morley in his *Memoirs* of that ancient institution has preserved its quaint description: 'The Noble *Cashewary*, brought from the Island of Java in the East Indies, one of the strangest creatures in the Universe, being half a Bird and half a Beast, reaches 16 Hands High from the Ground; his Head is like a Bird, and so is his Feet . . . his Body is like to the Body of a Deer; his fore-part is covered with Hair like an Ox . . . he Eats Iron, Steel, or Stones; he hath 2 Spears grows by his side.' A very remarkable creature that cassowary must have been.

Lions and leopards are visitors of much earlier date. The latter have been known in England at least since 1235, when the Emperor Frederick sent three to the King of England.

Probably the first yak in England was that brought from India by Warren Hastings; whilst elands were first imported by the Earl of Derby in 1840.

The kiwi, the bird which is in many respects the strangest in the world, was brought to England probably for the first time in the 'fifties.'

The coming of the Chinese alligator attracted considerable attention in the 'eighties,' equalled, however, by the arrival of the first specimen of the Himalayan snow-leopard several years ago—unique as perhaps the last species of the cat-tribe to become known in the British Isles.

This is necessarily but the fringe of an entertaining subject. Many are the odd and amusing stories told of the coming to various countries of strange, non-indigenous animals. Such an one is the story of the Japanese and the tigers, although its authenticity is perhaps not unimpeachable. Many years ago, when Japan was still an infant Power, the Japanese Custom-House authorities insisted that before they could pass two tigers imported for exhibition, certain dues must be paid. The showman declined, telling the officials that as they would not let him bring in the tigers without payment of dues, he would let them loose, and they could do what they liked with them. So it was very gracefully decreed that the charges were remitted.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER IV.

I FOLLOWED General Meyer down the dark corridor, stretching out my arms to protect myself from imaginary obstacles. The General seemed to know the way well, for he never troubled to strike a light even when the darkness became absolute. Presently we came to a narrow slit in the masonry, which admitted a faint but welcome gleam from the snow-lit night without. I could just see that we were at the foot of a circular stone stairway, and this we mounted. At the top a heavy, iron-studded door gave on to a corridor, and after a long and highly intricate meandering we found ourselves outside the billiard-room door.

The sound of voices within met our ears, and I was about to enter, when the General checked me with a hand on my arm and a finger on his own lips. Evidently the policy of eavesdropping was not confined to the King's enemies. Disagreeable though it was to participate in such an odious practice, I realised that the proceeding was one in which I was rather a spectator than an actor, and that I had no more right to object to this method of procedure than an onlooker at a game of cards has a right to call attention to an irregularity in the play. After all, I reflected, the situation perhaps was sufficiently serious to justify this meeting of guile by guile; and honour, like morality, was largely an affair of latitude and longitude.

The first voice I heard was that of the Princess Mathilde. There was no laughter in her tones now, but the quavering excitement of scornful anger.

'You call yourself a priest,' she said bitterly, 'and you are ignorant of a priest's first duty—obedience.'

'Who told you a priest's first duty was obedience?' was the calm retort in a singularly deep voice.

'I know it,' was the inconsequent reply. 'Is not discipline the very backbone of the Church? Who are you to set yourself up against the Archbishop of Weidenbruck?'

'I am a man,' replied the deep voice, 'and I have a conscience.'

'A conscience that rebels against authority,' countered the Princess contemptuously, 'and you call yourself a good Catholic!'

'I would sooner be a good man than a good Catholic.'

'Bah! you talk like a pernicious heretic.'

'A daughter should obey her parents,' retorted the other; 'yet there are things which you would refuse—and rightly—to do at your father's bidding. Man is imperfect, and absolute authority is a thing to be entrusted to few. Because the Archbishop lays down an improper course of action for Her Majesty, is it necessary that I should support his erroneous policy by advice which would come from my lips, and my lips alone?'

'Miss Anchester, did you ever hear such casuistry?' cried the Princess.

'It's no good appealing to me,' came the cool, dispassionate tones of the governess; 'you see, I am only a pernicious heretic.'

'But surely your clergy obey their bishops?'

'Not invariably,' was Miss Anchester's dry but truthful answer. 'But I fail to see that you have much to grumble at. If, as you say, the Queen is a good Catholic, she will assuredly obey the Archbishop rather than a subordinate.'

'The Queen is a deeply religious woman,' said the Princess. 'She is always having conversations with me of a spiritual nature, and I know that she sets the welfare of her soul above all things. Her instinct is to do right as the Archbishop tells her; but it is hard for her to do her duty with this man always at her elbow advocating his vile theories.'

'The vile theories of conjugal fidelity and patriotism,' added the bass voice, with a touch of calm scorn.

'Oh, I hate you!' cried the Princess wrathfully.

'Listen,' continued the other sternly; 'you say it is the Queen's duty to play her husband false, to betray his plans to another who wishes to usurp his throne. Are these things in accordance with your abstract ideas of virtue, or are they justified by some great moral delinquency on the King's part?'

'He is an atheist.'

'He is a freethinker who has quarrelled with the Archbishop. His theological views may be regrettable; but on the subject of his quarrel, far too delicate a matter for your ears, I hold that His Majesty was unquestionably in the right.'

'Time-server!'

I heard the impatient stamp of a foot, and the male voice answered with the vibration of rising anger.

'Foolish girl,' it cried, 'what have you to do with politics? What do you know of the world and its wickedness at your years? Go back to the Mariencastel and pray God on your bended knees to deliver you from the faults of your race: pride, temper, and ungovernable ambition.'

But the Princess was not to be cowed, and there was a fearless reiteration of the opprobrious epithet, 'Time-server!'

I saw my companion's face wrinkle into a smile of infinite amusement. Suddenly I heard steps approaching down the corridor, and without a moment's hesitation the General thrust me into the shadow of a pilaster, and flattened himself against the wall by my side. The approaching individual was the Grand Duke Fritz. His black beard thrust viciously in front of him, his bared white teeth, his gleaming eye, and hurried, rolling gait, presented a picture of unedifying and uncontrollable passion. Without glancing to left or right he made straight for the billiard-room and flung open the door.

'Is that cursed priest here?' he demanded. 'I've searched the whole Brun-varad for his vulture face—— Ah! there he is.' Obeying the pressure of General Meyer's hand, I entered the billiard-room with him. The scene that met our gaze might have been a prearranged tableau, so dramatic was its disposition, so effectively were the figures posed. On one side of the fully lighted billiard-table stood the two ladies, the Princess and the governess, the dark Grimlander and the fair English girl. At the rough, threatening intrusion of the Grand Duke they had joined hands with an instinct of mutual support in the face of possible violence. On the other side of the table, his broad back towards us, was the Grand Duke, his whole attitude menacing and furious. Beyond, and facing us, was a tall young man of about five-and-twenty, dressed in the long black garments of a priest. His forehead was lofty, his cheek-bones prominent, his nose high and aquiline. It was a pale, proud face, with big flashing eyes and a mouth that seemed readier for scorn and rebuke than comfort or tenderness. Not one of the four noticed our quiet entry.

'*Schweinhund!*' spluttered the Grand Duke, using the deadliest insult in his verbal armoury, 'you told the King that the Queen and I were listening underneath the *Schweigenkammer*.'

'Your Royal Highness is mistaken,' replied the priest calmly. 'I gave the King no such information, for the simple reason I had no such information to give.'

'Liar! You wheedled our plans out of the Queen, and then betrayed them.'

A faint tinge of colour came into the priest's pale cheeks at this insolent reflection on his professional reticence, but he controlled himself admirably.

'You are wrong,' he answered, 'and you have only to inquire of Her Majesty to prove your error. She made no mention to me of any intention of eavesdropping beneath the *Schweigenkammer*.'

'Then how was it,' demanded the Grand Duke fiercely, 'that when, with my assistance, she had climbed up into the shaft of the *Zauber-tisch*, the mechanism of the cursed thing was put in motion and Her Majesty caught like a rat in a trap?'

There was a little gasp of astonishment from the Princess at the information conveyed in these words, and a gleam of amazement shone in the priest's eyes. He did not answer, however, but merely shrugged his shoulders.

'Was it chance, or was it treachery?' persisted the Grand Duke aggressively.

'Your Royal Highness seems to forget the existence of Providence.'

'Providence! *Geier-falker*, why should Providence help you? The Queen is as often on her knees as you.'

'The prayers of a righteous man avail much,' quoted the priest scornfully; 'the prayers of a treacherous woman are possibly less effective.'

The answer was swift and unexpected. Losing the remnant of his self-control, the Grand Duke struck the priest a heavy blow with his right fist. The stricken man reeled, but for an instant only. He was a tall man, and the blow which had been meant for his face had only reached his hard, lean chest. The light of battle kindled in his eye, and for the moment I feared we were about to witness an unedifying rough-and-tumble. Then something seemed to check the priest in his counter-attack, and I saw that in the Grand Duke's hand which would have checked any one but a madman—the gleaming barrel of a Grimland army revolver.

'Don't lose your temper, Mr Vulture-priest,' said the Grand Duke, whose calmness had returned suddenly in the face of a possible attack. 'I don't want holy blood on my soul.'

'Some things are too foul to be stained,' cried the other bitterly.

'Father, don't kill him!' cried the Princess, who evidently anticipated the worst results from this retort. But the Grand Duke remained with his revolver covering the priest's body, silent and unheeding.

'Your Royal Highness,' said General Meyer in the silence that followed the Princess's interruption. Instantly every one but the Grand Duke looked at us in open-eyed astonishment.

'Your Royal Highness,' repeated the commander-in-chief in a voice that cut like a knife. At this second address the burly Fritz looked round, and as his eye fell on the General's sneering face the old look of fury rushed back into his fierce eyes.

'What are *you* doing here?' he asked, dropping the muzzle of his weapon.

The General gave the slightest possible shrug to his shoulders.

'At present absolutely nothing,' he replied; 'but I have every intention of having a game of billiards with Mr Saunders, if you will kindly move to the side of the room.'

The Grand Duke glared with unmistakable wrath and some measure of perplexity.

'I suppose you have been listening?' he said at length.

'One must be in the fashion.'

'Bah! a vulture for a priest, a crow for a commander-in-chief! What a household!—Come, Mathilde, we will return to the Mariencastel;' and with these uncomplimentary metaphors the King's cousin swung out of the room, followed by his daughter.

The General was the first to break the silence which followed the withdrawal of the Schattenberga.

'I should leave Weissheim if I were you, Father Bernhard,' he said. 'It is a healthy enough place for most people, but you are quite exceptional.'

'In what way, General?'

'The majority find the bracing air good for the chest;' and the commander-in-chief lightly tapped the priest where the Grand Duke had struck him.

'It is my duty to be here,' replied the other gravely, 'and I trust I am not the one to desert the post which duty has assigned me.'

'Especially if the post is a combative one, eh? You should have been a soldier, father, not a priest. I assure you the army of Grimland is badly in want of a little stiffening just at present.'

A smile of gratification lightened the priest's stern features, and, bowing formally to us, he withdrew.

'Now for billiards, Mr Saunders,' said the General. 'I am but a poor performer though a most painstaking and accurate marker. If Miss Anchester will condescend to play with you, she will give you a far better game than a poor duffer like myself.'

Miss Anchester shook her head. 'I am just going to retire, thank you,' she said. 'Besides, I should never have the temerity to pit myself against such a splendid player as Mr Saunders.'

'How'—— I began, well pleased, and wondering how the fact that I had won the 'varsity cue had filtered up to these far regions. Then, as I caught sight of the governess's face, I checked myself. Her expression was not appreciative but sarcastic.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH ANTIQUITIES, GENUINE AND SPURIOUS.

By George Clinch.

IT may safely be affirmed without fear of contradiction that antiquities were never estimated at a higher value than they are at the present day. Never before have collectors been so eager to secure specimens, especially those of peculiarly rare and precious kinds. This great and increasing demand has naturally had the effect of enhancing the prices, because the demand for genuine antiquities has far exceeded the supply. But another and more serious result has followed. The prices obtainable for the rarer and more artistic types are sufficiently high to make it worth the while of the forger and fabricator to expend a great deal of pains and skill in the production of spurious antiques, and some of them are such faithful copies of genuine objects as to deceive even the best archæological authorities of the day.

The collector of antiquities is, therefore, in a doubly unhappy case. He has to pay about 100 per cent. more than formerly, and he runs a far greater risk than ever before of being imposed upon by frauds. At the present time it is most important that he should possess intimate and precise knowledge not only of what genuine antiquities are, and what are the proofs of their genuineness; but also that he should be acquainted with the types of forgeries of various kinds and the points by which their spurious character may be detected.

In this and perhaps subsequent articles an attempt will be made to supply the collector with information and hints which will enable him to test the various objects he may come across.

The collector who devotes his attention solely or mostly to coins and medals has good cause to be vigilant if he would avoid adding to the contents of his cabinet specimens of the numerous forgeries which have been produced almost ever since the first introduction of a coinage currency in Britain. The Romans discovered, or at any rate possessed, the secret of producing counterfeit coins. They plated a core of copper with a thick coating of silver, and passed it off as a genuine silver coin. Several have been found in England buried in the soil at Silchester and other Roman sites. In the early Imperial times in Rome, false coins were held in great estimation by hunters of curiosities, and Pliny states that one spurious coin was worth several good ones.

Coins as tokens of value have, of course, always offered a particularly promising field to the forger, and for many centuries past we have had a certain proportion of base coins in our national currency; but it is to the fraudulent imitation of ancient coins that these remarks mainly apply—coins intended to deceive the numismatist, in short, rather than to pass as genuine money.

The forgeries to which we refer fall into two groups—namely (1) forgeries pure and simple of which no genuine original exists, and (2) imitations of ancient specimens. There are other methods of forgery and falsification, in which, for example, a new device has been impressed on an old coin, or sometimes, indeed, on a new coin. Thus it is known that a coin professing to be a silver piece of Richard I. was made from a fourpenny-piece of William IV., dated 1836. The image and superscription of William III., again, have been detected underlying the device on a rare crown-piece of Elizabeth.

By far the larger proportion of forged coins have, however, been cast from moulds produced by contact with a genuine original. These imitations may be detected by a slightly granulated feeling on the surface, and also by the marks of filing upon the edges, the purpose of which was to obliterate the marks of the joint of the mould. Further, it will generally be found that there is a want of sharpness in the details, and usually the weight is incorrect. Although abundant, these imitations are generally rather clumsy, and they rarely deceive the collector who knows much about coins.

A more successful method of producing spurious coins is by means of electrotypes, in which the exact shape, size, and minute details are reproduced with striking fidelity. The best tests by which the true character of these objects may be detected are by weighing and 'ringing.' Most electrotypes are made in two pieces and afterwards soldered together. Search should be made for the joint between the two halves, as there is sometimes a tendency for them to separate.

Even the cleverest forger is apt to betray his work by reason of his ignorance of history and ancient coinage. For example, a coin of Julius Cæsar has been inscribed with the legend, '*Veni, vidi, vici.*' And coins purporting to belong to the reign of Richard I. have been issued with the name of that king upon them; as a matter of fact, all the genuine coins of that monarch were struck in the name of his father, Henry II.

Perhaps the Italians and the Germans have displayed more skill than any other peoples in the making of forged antique coins. Becker, in particular, was an accomplished artificer of the very first rank. He engraved dies for some three hundred coins of Roman type, and from them he struck impressions in gold which were so excellent as to deceive a very large circle of collectors. Doubtless many of these coins have found their way from time to time into the cabinets of English collectors. Detection of this series of frauds by the ordinary methods would have been extremely difficult; but fortunately complete sets of im-

pressions in lead were obtained for the museums and collectors who had formerly been purchasers.

Amongst the well-known classes of English forged coins for which the beginner should always be on the alert, but which the experienced collector would instantly detect, are the pieces purporting to be coins of Lady Jane Grey as queen, and rare 'siege-pieces,' a large number of which are of quite modern manufacture.

In addition to the ordinary methods of producing false coins just mentioned, various other means have been found by which their whole meaning is falsified. Certain characters or features on genuine coins are removed, whilst in others new features and devices have been added. In this way types new to the numismatist have been produced by unscrupulous artificers, and so puzzling are some of them that the only method by which their true character can be determined is by submitting them to the best authorities at the British Museum or other institutions where there are opportunities of comparative study of coins on a large scale.

Medals, again, have been frequently forged in order to deceive the unwary collector. Perhaps one of the most impudent series of forgeries of medals was that which went on during several years about the middle of last century, when two ignorant men cast some hundreds of quaint, medal-like discs of lead or pewter bearing the figures of kings, armed knights, ecclesiastical personages, and a variety of other objects. These medals were always furnished with a date as evidence of their great antiquity; but unfortunately Arabic figures were employed on medals purporting to belong to the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. The forgers were evidently ignorant of the fact that Eastern characters were unknown in England at such an early date.

On comparing the fictitious dates with the costumes represented, manifest and obvious incongruities are at once apparent. Arms, armour, and costume shown on the same piece are in many cases separated by differences of form and fashion which represent intervals of two or three hundred years, or even more. Indeed, the fabrications are so clumsy that no one with an elementary knowledge of archæology could fail to see their spurious character at a glance. Such frauds were only possible at a time when scientific archæology was unknown.

Every document which in any way assists to throw light upon the early history of England is naturally held in very high estimation by English antiquaries. The more remote or obscure the period to which it relates the greater is the value placed upon it, however imperfect or feeble its evidence may be.

Antiquaries have long turned to the *Itinerary* of Antoninus Pius for information as to roads, stations, and towns in Britain in Roman times. It is true that on comparing the text of the *Itinerary* with the actual positions of Roman remains, certain difficulties as to distances and geographical relation present themselves; but, generally speaking, the information in the Roman *Itinerary* was regarded as correct. In the year 1750, however, the antiquarian world was greatly excited over the finding of another itinerary, supplementing and correcting that of Antoninus, and professing to be a copy of a Roman original by a fourteenth-century monk named Richard of Cirencester. This discovery was communicated by Charles Bertram to the celebrated antiquary Dr William Stukeley. The latter eagerly welcomed a document which appeared to possess important information, and in 1756 he read a learned paper on the subject at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of London. In the following year the paper was published as a small quarto volume, entitled *An Account of Richard of Cirencester, Monk of Westminster, and of his Works: with his Ancient Map of Roman Britain, and the Itinerary thereof.* The world received the new volume with gratitude and appreciation, and until the middle of the nineteenth century there was scarcely a single writer of any consequence on Roman Britain who did not avail himself of the information contained in the *Itinerary*. At length, however, suspicions were aroused by certain incongruities both of the handwriting and of the literary style. On close inspection it was found that the characters employed in the manuscript were entirely unlike any known ancient writings. They were, in fact, pure inventions. The literary inconsistencies were even more glaring and irreconcilable. Bertram's Latin—for he was really the forger of the whole manuscript—was simply a literal rendering of the idiomatic English of the eighteenth century. In 1866–67 the whole thing was shown by Mr B. B. Woodward, the librarian at Windsor Castle, to be a palpable and impudent fraud.

The fact that Charles Bertram has justly been pilloried as the cleverest and most successful impostor of modern times is, we fear, small consolation to the large numbers of antiquaries into whose studies of the Roman period his fictitious *Itinerary* has imported so many mischievous errors and absurdities.

It may be added that there really was such a person as Richard of Cirencester. He was a monk who compiled a work on the history of England, and died in the beginning of the fifteenth century.

Bertram's motive in fathering his bogus *Itinerary* upon the worthy monk seems to have been simply a desire to achieve by easy means a great reputation as a learned antiquary.

It seems pretty clear that the same motive actuated Thomas Chatterton in the production of his remarkable series of forgeries of manuscripts professing to be of medieval date. From quite an early age, prompted by a combination of pride and poverty, he expended a vast amount of labour in

imitating ancient poems, romances, family histories, &c. His death in a lonely Holborn garret on 25th August 1770, while still in his 'teens,' is perhaps one of the saddest pictures of literary history in England.

Another notorious literary forger of the eighteenth century was William Henry Ireland. His impudent and clumsy attempts to pass off his productions as those of Shakespeare obtained for a brief space a hearing from some of the theatrical managers of the day; but when his *Vortigern* was put on the Drury Lane stage the fraud was manifest. At the first performance the audience was convulsed with laughter, and the piece was never played again. Ireland's frauds were too feeble to deceive critics like Malone, and his literary abilities were eventually given sufficient and congenial scope in the small pieces of hack-work which publishers entrusted to him.

Of forgeries having sordid and mercenary motives it is hardly necessary to speak here. Sham bank-notes, forged cheques, false signatures to deeds, and the like cannot by any means be reckoned amongst the more interesting classes or types of manuscripts.

But there is another class of easily forged manuscripts of a singularly interesting character. These are spurious Anglo-Saxon land-charters. As is fairly well known, these charters, in addition to the conveying clauses and signatures of witnesses, contain curiously precise definitions of boundaries of the land to which the charter relates. The earliest deeds are written almost entirely in Latin, but in later examples the proportion of English employed, particularly in the part dealing with boundaries, is much increased. Towards the end of the Anglo-Saxon period, in fact, the deeds are in English entirely. One of the great charms of these documents consists in the evidences they contain of the vernacular of Kent and the kingdom of the West Saxons.

The purpose of those who produced imitations of Anglo-Saxon charters was not always fraudulent. Some, of course, may have been intended to deceive, deliberately designed to bolster up a claim to properties to which the claimants could show no moral right; but other fabricated charters, it is believed, hardly come under the category of forgeries, because they were obviously manufactured for the purpose of supporting a real and existing right, and possibly to supply the place of genuine charters which once existed and had become lost or destroyed. Quite a number of Anglo-Saxon charters of this kind are known to exist in the British Museum. They go to show that there is scarcely any class of ancient manuscripts of which spurious copies have not been produced with more or less success.

Autograph signatures of royal or otherwise eminent people have been very largely forged by unscrupulous penmen. The obvious test, of course, in addition to fidelity to the imitated signature, is the paper upon which the writing appears. If, for example, the signature of a Tudor monarch appears on paper bearing an eighteenth century water-mark, one naturally regards it with suspicion. But, of course, all such points as these are always carefully adjusted by adepts. Paper, ink, handwriting, and even blunders and mistakes are studied and reproduced with such exactness as to deceive most collectors. Every kind of document bearing upon ancient family history, whether in the form of deeds, grants of arms, genealogical trees, or what not, has at various times been counterfeited by clever forgers willing and anxious to take advantage of the man who is collecting material for a history of his family.

TWO LETTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE few minutes' walk to the railway station proved very long minutes indeed. Tram after tram passed them, loaded with a damp freight of holiday-makers returning home. Willie's umbrella was not large enough to cover two people and the poor little chiffon hat! Well, she set herself to make the best of it, and held her peace. Willie also was in a silent mood. He hated rain with an almost feline hatred. Moreover, when at length they reached the station the train which they had hoped to catch was just steaming away from the platform. The twenty minutes' wait that followed was not a comfortable one.

The man showed temper. 'I wish you could have walked faster, Letty,' he said. 'We might easily have caught that train.'

'But I almost ran!' Letty cried in self-defence. 'I had no idea we had so far to go.'

Willie sulked, and Letty sat silently at his side. Verily, no man or woman should say, 'This shall be a day of happiness.'

They missed the last omnibus at Victoria, and there was a hasty scurry to the underground station. 'It would be all of a piece if we lost the last train there also,' Willie said, with something like a snarl.

But they were more fortunate this time; and, almost an hour later than they intended, they arrived at the door of Letty's abode, very tired, cold, and wet. Poor little Letty! her pretty dress hung round her a limp rag, her hat was in pulp, her shoes—— Well, well! there was no use crying over what couldn't be helped.

Willie opened the door for her, bestowing a perfunctory kiss upon her wet, cold cheek as he bade her good-night, and went his way to the flat which he had taken in anticipation of future arrangements.

She cried a little as she crept into bed. The day had not been a joyous one, and she had looked forward to making a success.

She felt cold and shivery all the next day. Happily, her pupils did not demand her services, as she felt it would be impossible for her to do them justice in her present mood.

She did what she could with the ruins of her costume, and stuffed her wet shoes with soft paper, packing it hard into them in the hope of saving them from utter destruction; she heated her little gas-stove and tried to pinch the chiffon on her hat into shape. But in the midst of her endeavours her hands fell loosely into her lap. Willie was annoyed with her. How had she given him cause?

The day drew on, as the longest day will, and another and another. She was back in harness again; but there was a weight on her spirits which took all the flavour out of work and play. She had had a nice little note from Miss Hargraves, asking how she got home, and thanking her for the safe return of the cloak; but there was no mention of either her step-mother or her step-sister. And Willie did not come. He wrote a brief note telling her that he had caught cold. That was all.

Later, another note arrived. His cold was very bad indeed; but his dear sister was taking care of him. She need not disturb herself.

Had she expected it, or did it come upon her with a crushing surprise? She had spent the whole day with one of her pupils, and enjoyed it, because her employer was a truly kind and good woman, who had grown very fond indeed of her little governess.

'Such a pity that she has engaged herself to a man in Faker's,' she told her husband; 'the head of the boot department. She is far too good for him.'

Mr Bolton made answer that a manager in Faker's must be decently off, and perhaps the pretty little girl hadn't the worst of the bargain; but he added that Miss Letty did seem far above her business for all that.

Mrs Clare had written to her: 'I suppose you have seen Sir Henry Barley's death mentioned in the papers. I am quite sure you don't remember him; but at one time he was a frequent visitor at the rectory. I hope you will be able to come to me next Sunday. We can talk about the old boy. I never liked him.'

Letty had not the slightest recollection of any old boy at the rectory in the departed days; but she gladly despatched a post-card to her kind friend, and gave a little sigh of satisfaction as she thought of the quiet pleasure it would be to tell Mrs Clare all about her holiday and its failure. 'She will sympathise with me,' she muttered as she dropped the card into the pillar, and ran on to Mrs Bolton's comfortable home.

When she returned to her room two letters lay on the table. One she caught up eagerly. It was in Willie's neat handwriting. Her fingers trembled a little as she tore open the envelope, and a mist rose before her eyes; the paper shook in her hand; her head reeled. She read:

'My dear Lettice,—I have been very ill and in great pain from my head in consequence of my bad wetting on Monday night. I think the draughty railway station, where we were obliged to wait for so long, was the cause of the cold which has oppressed me. My dear Lettice, I think it only due to myself and you to lose no time in informing you of the great change which these few days of quiet thought and reflection have wrought in me. I now see, and I trust you will agree with me, that we are by no means suited to each other.'

The letter fell from her hand and rustled to the floor. Her first sensation was one of fiery indignation. Not suited to each other! How often had he told her during these last months that of all the women in the wide world she suited him best! How often had he told her she was 'the only woman in all the world for him'! He had not been a very ardent lover, and for that she respected him not a little; but he had been very much in earnest—and in her loneliness—— Down fell the hot, fiery tears, down in a torrent upon her hands; and then—not 'suited'! No—her lip curled—most certainly not suited to go into a family which held her in contempt because she was honestly striving to earn her own bread. No, certainly she was not in accord with his mother and sister—or their vulgar company. Her cheeks flamed and scorched the tears that hung upon them. There was a hot young spirit in the slender frame, and a soul that scorned meannesses of every kind. She picked up the letter and read on:

'It is better for us to make this discovery now, before it is too late to make any change. Believe me, I am acting for your interests as much as my own; an unsuitable union is a thing to dread. Better a little pain now than regrets hereafter. At this crisis of my career I feel bound to act with wisdom and discretion, and for many reasons I feel compelled to take this exceedingly painful step. I deeply deplore the necessity for doing so, as you will fully understand.'

Her lip curled. No, she did not fully understand his motives, although she dimly glimpsed them.

'I have looked carefully into my heart, and see that the step I am taking is quite for the best. Will you pardon me for saying that my dear mother thought you were hardly calculated to make me happy, as she saw in you a leaven of frivolity which hurt her, and made her very troubled about my future? Dear Lettice, we have

been over rash in rushing into an engagement which would not be for our mutual happiness did we carry out our intention of becoming united for life. I know that under all your brightness and light spirits you have a vein of good sense which will at once show you that I am acting in the best interests of us both.

'You will always have my best wishes, and a friendship upon which you may ever rely.—I beg to remain your sincere well-wisher,

'WILLIAM STANLEY STOTT.'

If she cried herself to sleep over the cruel letter, was she to be blamed? Had the man touched her heart? She could scarcely tell. He had been kind to her, and she had but few who showed her kindness, and not one, except perhaps Mrs Clare, who refreshed her little soul by a display of affection. Once she had been surrounded by it; but for the last few years there was only this old friend, who at the best was not demonstrative, that had given her anything resembling home-love. Willie had been kind and tender in his own fashion—such as it was—and the girl felt it was better than nothing. Then for the last six months there had been that prospect of an assured home. That in itself had been a wonderful help and promise; now everything seemed to have suffered shipwreck, and in the dull, gray morning she wept anew. But there was the day to be faced; she must rise up and do battle with her tears. She was young. Hope is not easily slain at twenty-two; and if the morning was gloomy, still it was June, and summer was abroad in the world, even if rain fell in her dismal street.

She fussed about, prepared her breakfast, tidied her room, opened her windows to the fresher air. Dear me! she was already a little late, when there was a knock on the panel of her door. Almost involuntarily she said, 'Come in,' as she turned from her looking-glass, where she was securing her work-day hat upon her glossy head. To her intense amazement, Miss Hargraves stood upon the threshold.

'I—I beg your pardon,' faltered the gentle spinster. What a sweet, kind look there was in her face as she came timidly forward! 'I beg your pardon; but I happened to be in London early this morning on business; Ada wanted a special message sent—and I thought I would bring it—and—and see you. My dear, I'm sorry, sorry'——

Tears ran down her gentle face, and her sympathetic eyes were upon Letty's own with an expression which warmed the little girl's heart. 'Don't blame Willie,' she said. 'It wasn't altogether his fault. You know he was offered such a chance in life as comes but once to a man; and—and a thousand pounds'——

Letty took the cold, trembling hands in her own, and kissed the tearful face.

'Indeed, I don't blame any one,' she said; but her own tears were in her throat. She must not suffer them to fall. She had not time to grieve.

'I can see—almost—how unsuited we were to each other. Our ways of looking at things are so very different.'

'Perhaps,' Susan Hargraves said, with a sniff. 'But you would have made a different man of him—something higher, better. I know him so well, and I know what is in him. My dear, my dear!'

It was she who broke down and cried for the loss of the ideal she had built up, she who clung to Letty, sobbing, 'Oh! I'm sorry—sorry; never so sorry for anything since my father died.'

Letty calmed and quieted her. 'Indeed, I am greatly touched by your sympathy, Miss Hargraves,' she said.

'Call me Susan,' said the poor thing—'Susan. Father called me Sue; no one calls me a pet name now. Just think kindly of—of poor Willie; he is not altogether to blame.'

'I suppose he has got his thousand pounds; and—Miss Bayne,' Letty said. 'Miss Bayne is lending it to him?'

'Ye—ye—yes,' sobbed Susan. 'It will set him up for life.'

'He has engaged himself to her, then?' Letty asked, with a thrill of utter contempt passing through her being.

'Oh dear, no!—not—not yet,' Susan cried, drying her eyes and trying to pull herself together. 'Nothing of the kind; only—it is possible that, some time, later on—at least Ada and Mrs Hargraves hope so—— Dear Miss Rivers, promise me that you won't be hard upon Willie.'

And Letty promised. But time was passing; her pupils waited for her; she must run away. 'But if you wish to remain here until I come back,' she said, 'you are heartily welcome.'

She fought hard with herself that day, and managed to get through her work. Perhaps what had touched her most was the unexpected kindness and sympathy coming from such a quarter. Poor Susan Hargraves! could it be possible that she cherished a hopeless love for her step-mother's son?

The longest day wears itself out even if every hour or moment of it is punctuated with tears, and at length Letty was free to go back to her little home. She wondered if she should find Susan Hargraves there. Could it be possible she would wait to see her, now that the afternoon was so far advanced?

Yes, Susan was waiting for her.

'I went and did my business,' she said apologetically. 'It was so nice to think of returning here and seeing you again. You are so unlike the people I meet every day that I couldn't help coming back to—to have tea. I'—she flushed crimson, and looked so appealingly at Letty that the girl felt she could have forgiven her anything, this poor, suppressed young woman, who looked absolutely afraid of doing a kindness—'I brought back some cake, and a few flowers and strawberries,' she faltered. 'You won't mind?'

'No.' Letty kissed her with the assurance that she didn't mind a bit, but that she was quite grateful for her thoughtfulness. Whereat the poor thing's eyes filled with tears. 'They are so—so much occupied with their own affairs at home,' she said, 'that no one can spare time to take a little pleasure out of their lives, and you can't think what a pleasure this is to me.'

Letty busied herself over her gas-stove, warmed water for tea, set out her table, talking briskly all the time. Then she disposed of the flowers, with many little ejaculations at their beauty—for it was a noble bunch of bloom—and set out the fruit admiringly—also a sumptuous offering; and its companion jug of cream was on the same lines.

'Willie was quite cut by your letter,' Susan said as she munched her slice of bread-and-butter. 'It was so cool and self-possessed, he said.'

'He read it for the family?' Lettice asked, with a sharp pain at her heart. It seemed an unnecessary touch of coarseness in Willie.

'Oh no!' cried the girl, who seemed younger every moment she talked out the thoughts in her mind. 'Ada took it out of his pocket and read it. He was very angry; but'——

There was a sharp, impatient tap at the door, and to Letty's cry of 'Come in,' it opened wide.

A small, exquisitely dressed figure, with white hair showing under a most fascinating toque, and a little, snub-nosed, golden-coloured dog tucked under one arm, stood upon the threshold.

'Mrs Clare—here!' Letty was on her feet in a moment. The old lady came into the room, glancing round in some surprise.

'Why haven't you come to me? I have been expecting you every moment. I thought of telegraphing to you, but decided to come to this out-of-the-way corner and see for myself what had happened to you. There! let Chang have some tea, and give me a cup, if you have one to spare. Why didn't you come to me at once, when you had that letter?'

'What letter? From—from Willie?' Lettice faltered. How in all the world could Mrs Clare have known of the catastrophe which had befallen her? Catastrophe was it, or order of release?

'Your Willie will be in a wild state of mind when he understands everything; but I didn't mean a letter from him—from Hunt & Tryars, my men of business, child—eh?'

'I believe—I mean I think—I had another letter,' Lettice faltered, as Sue Hargraves looked from one to the other in amazement. 'I—was so—so—put out by—by'—— Her tears welled up. How sorry she was for the cruel pain that letter had given her! 'I'll look for it,' she said, turning away, not wishing Mrs Clare to see wet eyes.

The old lady helped herself to tea. 'I think you had better look it up. Hope you haven't lost it; although I suppose it won't make any odds. There, that's it!' she cried, as Letty produced from a drawer the unopened letter. 'Read it! read it! that's all I have to say;' and the old lady helped herself to a slice of Susan's cake.

Lettice Rivers read. Her hands fell to her sides; the letter rustled to her feet. A strip of gray paper fell out. 'It is—what is it?' she gasped.

'Just that Sir Henry Barley has left you half his money, my dear; and my men, knowing from me that you were not in affluent circumstances, have sent you a cheque on account for a thousand pounds. There now, don't faint.' Mrs Clare regarded the girl with twinkling eyes. 'Had the old skinflint done what was right two years ago you need never have been placed in any false positions; but, as it is, of course you must return to the world you never need have left, child,' she said.

'But what was Sir Henry Barley to me? How am I entitled to this money?'

Lettice stooped down and picked up the cheque as she spoke.

'We never mentioned it at Woolwrych,' said Mrs Clare; 'but Sir Henry was your father's elder brother. My dear, your grandfather married a widow. Nobody quite knew who or what she was; but after some years of married life this big, hulking son turned up from Australia. He was nearly twenty years older than your father, his mother having really been married at sixteen—most widows with grown-up children *do* marry at sixteen; but this was a real case, and at nineteen the poor girl was a widow with this child, for whom she worked hard until she managed to make some money by her books, and the son went to Australia, where he had been born; then your grandfather married her, and I must say she made him a good wife. Your father was her only son. The Barley boy kept in the background until you were a dear little trot of five or six, when he suddenly broke upon us. He was delighted with the rectory and everything he saw, especially with your mother, who was then just as charming a woman as you could see. He promised all sorts of things, but went away and never again appeared. I wrote to him at the time of your father's death, and this'—she touched the letter with her finger—'this is his reply. It waited long, but I'm glad it has come before it is too late.' She glanced at the third person in the room. 'You can't marry your manager now, my dear,' she added.

'But he—I'—— Letty looked appealingly at Susan Hargraves, who spoke up.

'Mr Stott has broken off his engagement,' she said. 'I don't know how to explain. I am his half-sister,' she added deprecatingly. 'I am very, very sorry.'

'So am not I, my dear,' cried the old lady gleefully. 'Now, give me some more of those delicious strawberries; they are most refreshing.'

. . . . . .

Next day William Stott and his sister called at the quiet lodging once so familiar to the man, who felt with much bitterness that he had hazarded a wonderful stroke of luck. The landlady was very

curt. Miss Rivers had gone away on the previous night. No, she was not returning. She had acted the real lady, and left all her little sticks of furniture behind, besides being most generous to every one. She spoke with asperity, because Mr Stott, while being a most punctual lodger, had looked very sharply after his interests, and kept the key turned on all his effects. 'Whereby he put a reflection on me,' as she said.

Lettice was walking in the Park one day, two or three years after her happy marriage with a man in every way suited to her. A lady, leading a very small child by the hand, looked hard at her, with a deep blush overspreading her pleasant face.

'Surely I remember you,' said the perfectly clad lady, stopping in the broad walk.

The blushing one looked down shyly. 'I hoped you would remember me,' she said in a soft voice. 'It is several years since I last saw you, and many changes have occurred.'

'You are—no—you were Susan Hargraves, who was so kind to me when I needed kindness!' cried Letty as she held out her hand. 'This is your little girl? I can see you are as happily married as I am myself.' And she laughingly led her to a seat, remembering with a touch of amusement the first time they had become known to each other, and the contrast between now and then.

'Indeed, I am happy! Most happy! Far more so than I ever expected to be,' Susan said, while tears rose to her eyes. 'Willie married me after his mother's death. It was so good of him, because his sister had been very—I mean rather unfriendly to me.'

'Then the marriage with Miss Bayne did not come off?' Letty inquired, with an absolutely impersonal interest in the career of people gone out of her life for ever.

'Oh, that was because Miss Bayne heard he had gone to see you, she said, to try and make up to you when he heard the news I had to tell.'

'Did he try to see me?' Letty asked. 'That was kind.'

But he fell a dozen degrees in her estimation. The action threw a lurid light upon his character, which, for the world, she would not suffer his wife to see.

'He went back because he was very, very fond of you. I think the better of him for acknowledging it, although he is the most loving of husbands to me, and he stood my friend through a very troublesome time. There was a fuss over my father's will after Mrs Hargraves' death. It seems she had misunderstood the terms of the settlement made upon her, and—— Oh, well, my uncle made things straight for me, and—and I felt a great difference. I found myself quite independent; and although I was sorry for Ada, uncle wouldn't let me share with her. I went to live with his family, and saw a little life; travelled about with them for a year, and—and then I met Willie again; and I—— Well, I had been in love with him ever since I was a little child, so we were married, and I am the happiest woman in all the world. He is now high up in the business—one of the directors.' She spoke the words with a flush of pride. 'You can't think how highly every one thinks of him. I have a little son as well as this dear wee girl, whom Willie insisted should be called after you. It was his special desire.'

Somehow or other, the thought of his having insisted that his first child should be called after her touched Letty.

'I'm glad he remembers me,' she said simply. 'Tell him I said it was very good of you to allow him to call your little girl after me.'

'Indeed I shall tell him so. He will be very pleased to think you were glad to see me—that you remembered me. Oh! I am so happy. I should dearly like you to see my pretty house, and my dear baby, Willie's son.'

'Certainly I shall come and see you at your home,' Letty said impulsively; 'and you must come and see me. Tell me,' she added in another tone, 'what has become of your sister-in-law?'

'We settled her in the old house and amongst her old associations,' Mrs Stott said. 'Willie saw I objected to having her to live with us. He didn't wish it himself; so we—we made an arrangement, and she is quite comfortable. I don't see her often. She doesn't care about the children.'

'And Miss Bayne?' asked Letty, with a slight laugh.

'Oh! poor Maud Bayne made a sad mistake. She married a handsome military man whom she met at Harrogate. The marriage didn't turn out well. He was in dreadful debt, and—and he drank, so they separated shortly afterwards. She pays him something a year to live away from her. I'm very sorry for her; indeed I am.'

'Now, will you give me your address? Mine is—— But here is my card; and don't come on my At Home day, because I want to have you to myself.'

And Susan Stott regarded her friend with loving eyes. But the expression in them altered strangely. She flushed up and paled again as her eyes fell upon the scrap of cardboard which she took from Letty's hand. 'The Countess of Trebovir!' she faltered. 'My lady, I beg your pardon. I hadn't an idea.'

'My dear Susan, it can't make any difference. I am just the little Letty whom you once befriended when she wanted a friend!'

Lady Trebovir thoroughly meant every word she said; but William Stott's wife knew that she had met 'poor little Letty,' as Susan's husband called her, for the first and last time in their altered existence.

Unchanged, Letty had said. Ah, perhaps; but a barrier was placed between them which the successful manager's wife full well understood she could not overpass. Susan Stott and the Countess of Trebovir have not met again; but the fault is not on Letty's side.

THE END.

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF STRIKES.

AS a rule, a strike is anything but a joke either for the strikers, their employers, or the general public. At the least, there is shocking loss of money and time; too often whole industries are paralysed, or, worse still—as in the great Pennsylvania coal-strike of two winters ago—the loss of human life from mob violence equals that of a small war, while starvation and epidemic disease complete the deadly work.

Yet strikes have their amusing side, and their literature provides many a hint for the comic opera librettist. Could, for instance, any situation be conceived more broadly farcical than that provided in Holland during the great Socialistic strike of April 1903, when almost every class of worker, including even the 'Christian Association of Bakers' Bread Carriers,' came out on strike? The streets of Amsterdam were patrolled by hundreds of blue-uniformed strikers, called out under military law and armed with rifles and bayonets to protect the railway lines and the public against—themselves!

Holland is cursed with a rampant Socialistic trades-unionism which infects every department of labour, with the result that when one organisation goes on strike all sorts of strangely variant associations are obliged to aid and abet it. Some little time ago the opera choristers in Amsterdam went on strike against Sunday rehearsals. They forced the cobblers' association to join them, and the strange spectacle was seen of the boot makers and menders wrecking the performance of an opera for which blackleg choristers had been at the last moment enlisted.

It was in Holland, again, that a strike of railway employés, early in 1903, was the cause of a most peculiar performance in the Opera House at Rotterdam. The Netherlands Opera Company found themselves stranded without one stick of luggage or property, and were forced to play *Fidelio* in their travelling-clothes, with a piano for orchestra. Perhaps it was the very novelty of the thing that brought them a good audience and plenty of applause.

A sudden strike of gas-stokers in Cork one winter evening had a very odd result, for not only were the streets shrouded in Cimmerian darkness, but the Cork papers, which are set by linotype, could get no news set after nine that Friday night. All sorts of devices were tried to heat the melting-pots, but to no avail, and the consequence was that the Saturday morning papers appeared for the most part without leaders or news, being made up of matter standing in the office, arranged in most promiscuous fashion.

The *Cork Herald*, however, was equal to the occasion. It gave an account of the situation in double-column headings running the full length of its principal news-sheet. They ran as follows:

'Cork in darkness. Result of gas-workers' strike. Gas gave out at ten o'clock. Result: all our linotypes stopped. Streets in darkness and a heavy fog. At 10.30 report from gasworks: "Not a foot of gas left." At 11.30: "No hope left for to-night!" At twelve (midnight): City Engineer orders all lamps shut off to prevent waste. Lord Mayor waited on gas-workers; advised them to go back in the morning and leave dispute to arbitration. Men declined. Post-office working in candle-light. To our Readers.—Large numbers of "ads." held over. We can only issue eight pages to-day. Stock Exchange and sporting news curtailed. Can't help it; did our best. Blame the gas-workers.'

The reasons for which workers will strike are sometimes absurd to the last degree. The record in this direction is claimed by a shipping paper for the firemen of the American steamer *Eastland*. The stokers ceased work in the middle of a voyage because the cook gave them boiled instead of mashed potatoes!

Again, at Pittsburgh, the Birmingham of the United States, fifty workmen engaged upon a building threw down their tools and 'came out' because their employer would not supply them with lemonade. The 'boss' was adamant. 'I gave you lemonade once,' he said, 'and you all drank so much that you made yourselves ill. Next thing you'll be wanting lady-fingers and ice-cream, and hammocks to take naps in.' It is satisfactory to learn that these over-luxurious workmen got no sympathy from their union, and were forced to come back on their employer's terms. He was generous, and subsequently supplied ice-water *ad lib.*

Four hundred miners once struck for the sake of a mule. This amiable animal, by name Jim, had been employed for many years in a coal-mine at Daleston, Ohio, and the men were much attached to him. One day the mine boss decided to transfer Jim to another pit. Promptly every one of the four hundred struck work, and not until the decision was reversed would one of them handle pick or shovel.

The Chinese are so stolid a race that it is hard to fancy them in the rôle of strikers. Yet a very peculiar strike once occurred in Canton: the executioners who do the beheading ceased work, complaining that unless prices were raised they should all starve. Their pay was only five hundred *cash* (one shilling) per head, and their request was for double that amount as a minimum living wage. They brought their grievances before a mandarin, but his only reply was that he could not give them a rise in wages, but that if they did not return to work at once he was convinced that business would soon become brisk. This veiled but ominous threat had a prompt effect.

There was humour and pathos too in the strike of the blind broom-makers in Philadelphia a year

or two ago. The men, to the number of one hundred and fifty, struck for an increase of wages, and day by day for more than a week paraded the streets of the Quaker City. They needed no police protection, as for once the usually selfish public constituted itself their constant and capable guardian. Everything and everybody gave way to them, and eventually the city authorities intervened and the matter was settled by arbitration.

It was in Philadelphia, again, that a strike occurred which the local papers described as 'one of the most charming social events of the season.' The strikers were the fifteen hundred skilled workmen of the Brill car-works. As none of the men made less than four pounds a week, and many as much as twelve pounds, there was naturally not much distress. The strike-pickets strolled round the works in fashionable flannel suits, while the others played golf or base-ball or gave coaching-parties. In the evening the leaders visited the pickets in dress-clothes. Any stranger approaching the pickets was politely informed that there was a strike on, and the picket would then, as a rule, apologise for assuming that the visitor might be in search of work, and end by offering him a cigar.

What an immense amount of strike-loss would be saved if only every employer had the tact and good sense of the owner of a factory in Cleveland, Ohio! Most of his hands were girls, and one day the whole lot struck for some fanciful grievance. Instead of storming at them or locking them out, the proprietor came into the great workroom. 'Young ladies,' he said, 'we must talk this matter over quietly. Come with me.' He then led the way to a great confectionery establishment, begged every girl to order what she pleased, and by the time they had all finished large plates of ice-cream, found them perfectly amenable to his own terms.

We hear a good deal nowadays of women on strike. In February of last year about a hundred Kettering workgirls employed by a wholesale clothing firm struck against a reduction of wages and left the building in a body. But they did not go far. There were several hundred men in the works, and the girls decided that these must be induced to join them. Very ungallantly, the men refused, so the girls decided on sterner measures. When the men returned after the dinner-hour, behold the whole hundred strikers massed around the entrance! 'You may as well go home,' shouted the girls; 'you cannot come in here.' Members of the firm and the clerks were allowed to pass the cordon, but not a single workman. One made an attempt to slink in behind a member of the office staff. Dire was the result. The girls pounced on him, and in an instant his coat was ripped off his back, and he was reduced to shouting lustily for mercy. Not another man dared face the band of Amazons, and eventually all the rest went home.

Talk of the sterner sex: when it comes to striking, women more than hold their own. A strong body of New York police who attempted to arrest two workgirl strikers outside a hall where eight hundred of their sister-strikers were holding a meeting had an exceedingly unpleasant experience. Some scores of the girls armed with hat-pins charged them, and the unlucky officers of the law had literally to run for their lives. Two were quite badly stabbed.

An absurd incident relieved the sordid brutality of the great tram-car strike in St Louis. A number of new men having been engaged by the Transit Company to take the place of the strikers, the wives and sweethearts of the latter determined to prevent them from earning the opprobrious title of 'scab.' One of these men named Langenberg had formerly been a member of the union, but had left it. The company put him to work at once, and he made one journey in safety. When he returned to his shed for a second run, there was his wife, a tall, powerful-looking woman, awaiting him. She at once began to try to dissuade him from taking a second car out. He refused, and started. Quite undaunted, she boarded the car, stood beside him, and lectured him all the way down town. Still he remained obdurate. All of a sudden the good lady lost patience, and seizing her refractory husband by the collar, lugged him ignominiously off his perch, and picking up a barrel-stave—well, to put it plainly, spanked him severely. The unfortunate man gave it up after that, and went meekly home.

An extraordinary scene was witnessed one day last autumn in the Avenue de la Motte Piquet in Paris. Fifty-four stone-masons engaged upon a new building struck work because their wages were a week overdue. The reason of the delay in pay was a dispute between the builder and the contractor. When the builder appeared upon the scene he was immediately surrounded by the men, who loudly demanded their dues. The builder refused to pay until the contractor had settled with him. In a trice the infuriated masons bundled the unlucky man into the temporary office, and with extraordinary rapidity walled him up, declaring that he should not escape until he settled up with them. Sixty policemen were summoned, but the masons armed themselves with their tools and vowed they would attack any one who entered the works. A huge crowd collected, and great excitement reigned, until at last the builder gave in, and sent for the necessary money. When the cash had been counted and each man paid, the masons pulled down the wall and released their prisoner, who had been shut up without food from eight in the morning till five in the afternoon.

Strikers, however, have no monopoly of summarily righting their wrongs. Masters driven nearly to despair by absurd demands have before now taken the law into their own hands. A serio-comic incident of this kind happened at Tampa. Tampa, which lies on the Gulf-coast of Florida, and is

possibly best known as the place from which Jules Verne started his adventurous travellers on their journey per projectile to the moon, practically lives on cigar-making. Most of the cigar-makers are foreigners, Italians, Spaniards, and Cubans, and some years ago five thousand of them formed themselves into a union which they called La Resistencia.

There is no space here to detail the methods of the organisation. To say they were tyrannical is to put it very mildly. Soon the unlucky masters could hardly call their souls, let alone their factories, their own. The last straw was a demand on the part of La Resistencia to dismiss all employés who did not belong to the union. This was met with a flat refusal, and a wholesale strike resulted. Not only the masters but all Tampa suffered, and finally the leading citizens banded together to put a stop to this unendurable state of affairs.

A vessel, apparently a humble fruit-schooner, was chartered. One night she lay in the bay; the next morning she was gone, and so were thirteen of the chief leaders of the strike. They had been kidnapped. Where these men were landed only those responsible for kidnapping them know; but it is said to have been at a South American port. The result was all that could be desired. To use an Americanism, La Resistencia was 'bu'st higher'n a kite;' and since the application of these heroic methods there has been little trouble.

THE SENTINEL AT THE GATE.

By Edward Vivian.

I MADE my last correction in the printer's proofs, slipped them into an envelope, and, well pleased at the conclusion of tedious work, settled myself in the corner. Glancing across at the only other occupant of the railway carriage, I noticed that I was being eyed, apparently with some degree of curiosity, by the man on the opposite seat. He was an old gentleman — seventy-five at the least I judged him; and, seeing that I had finished, he addressed me:

'Pardon my presumption, sir; but am I correct in supposing you a novelist?'

'But an amateur, sir.'

'A successful one, I take it, from the great bundle of proof-slips you have waded through since we left Stratford.'

'A case of great output and little income,' I said, with a laugh; and in another minute we had become chatty and had exchanged cards. 'I do not expect you have heard of me,' I said.

'Mr Allan Coniston! I seem to recollect the name. Coniston, Coniston. Yes, I certainly remember it.'

'Indeed!'

'One of your stories was in *Don Quixote Magazine* a month or two ago, was it not?'

I admitted the fact, and the little old gentleman seemed greatly elated.

'I scarcely ever read,' said he; 'the oculists won't allow it. My granddaughter does my reading. But I certainly remember scanning through your story. I make your acquaintance with great pleasure, Mr Coniston;' and the old fellow bowed at me across the compartment. 'How do you get the plots for all your ingenious stories, Mr Coniston?' inquired the old gentleman.

'They are generally elaborations of merely casual incidents I come across either in reading or personal experience,' I replied.

'Ah!' said the old fellow in a confidential tone. 'I have always wished to meet an author, that I might relate to him a singular incident which, if properly told, could be made into a very interesting story. You will be able to make use of it, I am sure.'

I began to feel frightened. So many of my well-meaning friends have I offended by refusing to work up their ideas into readable fiction that the suggestion of a new plot causes me no little alarm.

'The story,' went on my travelling companion, 'is as I had it from my grandfather when I was a child. It is but short, and I shall have plenty of time to tell it you before reaching Ipswich.

'As your own work testifies, sir, the anecdotage of London is crowded with strange and unusual circumstances. It was the lot of my grandfather, when still a young man, to be among those most intimately connected with one of the many debatable occurrences that make every street and building of the old Metropolis a mine of story. Jervis Bartram was a clockmaker whose work, well known to the public nigh a century ago, is equally familiar now to connoisseurs. Unless you are interested in timepieces, you will, I expect, not have heard of him. You are certain, at least, to have met with the thrice-told tale of the sentry who was accused of sleeping at his post, and who proved his innocence by declaring that the clock had struck thirteen at midnight. I say you are certain to have heard it; but I am equally sure that you have never heard of the part Jervis Bartram the clockmaker played in that historic little comedy.

'One evening Jervis Bartram was late at his work. He, though young and but recently started in business for himself, had obtained charge of the great clock of St Paul's familiarly known to most people. My grandfather was a taking man, and an influential patron—Lord Bute I believe he used to say it was—had obtained the post for him. Bartram was the responsible overseer of the clock's winding

its cleaning, and its repair. For a man so young and untried in his craft it was an uncommon honour, and, as was natural, he strove with might and main to make it the stepping-stone to greater things.

'All the afternoon he had been hard at work on the refitting of new parts to the striking apparatus of the great clock. It had not been necessary to stop the clock, and every hour had been solemnly tolled with wonted regularity through Bartram's long toil. Determined to finish the work that night, he kept on, late as it was, and eleven had long been thundered on the great bell ere the last screw was wrung home.

'Now, to do the work it had been necessary to derange the hammer; but Bartram, every time the clock was due to strike, had temporarily readjusted it till its striking was finished.

'He was dead-tired, and seizing his flask—craftsmen were not ashamed to carry their tools in those days—he went his way home.

'He had barely reached his door when suddenly he remembered—what, sir, do you think? The thought struck Jervis Bartram, so he used to relate, like a blow from the fist of a pugilist. He had let down the clock! Not the running part, of course; but he had forgotten, after its last displacement, to readjust the hammer. St Paul's clock was mute, voiceless, incapable of sounding the hours as though created a mere dumb machine.

'How Jervis Bartram ran that night he told me many times; he never spoke of it without fervour, without emotion, or without a shudder. Back the way he had come he ran, weary with the day's labour though he was. He stumbled and sprawled in the unclean gutters of those good old times; he fell over mongrels prowling the night streets; he cannoned wildly into sleepy watchmen; he was given chase to as a suspicious individual. Up the screw-stair of the tower he raced. Had a legion of fiends been shrieking at his heels he could not have run faster. His breath came in gasps; his hair, his whole body, was adrip with sweat. And with it all he was too late. As, spent and exhausted, he flung himself into the clock-chamber it was already eight minutes past midnight. The great clock had not struck the hour!

'Bartram set to work. As it was so long past the proper time, he would not allow the clock to strike. Silently moving the mechanism, he again readjusted it so that the clock at its next strokes should give forth the correct time and not the missing hour. He finished the work. Then slinking home in the early hours, he went to a sleepless bed. He was sadly afraid that the oversight might, if noticed, cost him his post. For all that, it was the happiest blunder Jervis Bartram made in the course of a long and honourable career.

'All the day that followed, and the morning after, Bartram kept to his workshop, hearing nothing of the talk of the town. He had just settled to his work again after his midday meal when the door was thrown open, and a young woman, red-eyed and tumbled of hair, came hurriedly in.

'"Jervis!" cried this visitor.

'Bartram sprang up and smilingly held out his hand in pleasure. Though for three past years he had been assiduously wooing Margery Rayburn, he had failed as yet to win his right to an embrace.

'"Margery, what is the matter?" exclaimed the clockmaker, in alarm, noticing the girl's evident agitation and her forlorn appearance. "Why are you weeping like this? Quick, tell me, what is the matter?"

'There was no answer save a prolonged sob.

'"Is your mother ill?" And then, receiving no reply, he cried, aghast, "Not dead surely?"

'"No! no! not that," murmured the girl through her tears. "It is worse even than you think. Felix, my darling brother Felix, is condemned to be executed!"

'"Why, I saw him riding in the ranks of his regiment four days ago!" exclaimed the astonished clockmaker.

'"Yes," said the sobbing Margery; "but yesterday he was sentenced to death."

'"But how comes this? Explain your meaning to me, dear," said Bartram, bewildered. "I do not understand. What has brought this upon Felix?"

'Margery Rayburn struggled bravely to control her emotion.

'"The night before last Felix was on sentry-duty at the gate of the Horse Guards. The relief came at the proper time, and declare that as they came upon him he awoke from sleep. And, oh! the colonel of his regiment tried my brother by court-martial, and he was found guilty of sleeping at his post, and he was sentenced to be hanged." The girl broke down again. "Oh Jervis, save my brother, save us all from this black disgrace! Can you not save him?"

'"This is indeed serious," said Bartram gravely; "and this war-scare that now fills the minds of all is making the authorities doubly severe on all military delinquencies."

'"Help us in our trouble, will you not, Jervis?" pleaded the girl.

'"You know how gladly I would, were I able," said the clockmaker fervently; "yet in so grave a matter I feel helpless. I am but an insignificant craftsman, without great friends, without influence, without aught that can serve to wrest a man's life from the law."

'"Would not your patron aid us?" ventured Margery timidly.

'"It would be but folly to go to him on such an errand."

'"Then I know not any way," cried the girl despairingly. "Jervis, help us! Thrice have you asked me to be your wife, and thrice I have refused you. Save my brother's life and I will not say you nay the fourth time."

'Was so sweet a bribe ever offered a man?

'"Stay, let me think," said Bartram. And then he asked, "Have you seen your brother since?"

'"Yes; mother and I went to the colonel of the regiment this morning. A fierce, terribly angry man he was, Jervis. He gave us permission to see Felix for a few minutes; but he was so stern, and told us so cruelly that there was no possibility of a reprieve."

'"Did Felix tell you if he really was asleep at his duty?" inquired Bartram calmly.

'"He keeps declaring his innocence vehemently."

'The clockmaker racked his brain again. At length came another question: "What time was it when your brother was relieved, do you know?"

'"It was shortly after twelve o'clock, I think. Why do you question me thus, Jervis? What will these questions aid us?"

'"Are you sure it was just after twelve, or was it before?" His tone was very eager, and he waited her reply with intentness.

'"Yes, I am almost certain," the girl answered.

'"Thank God!" said Bartram in a low voice. "Margery, I believe I have thought of a way of saving your brother. 'Tis a way dangerous, perilous nigh to death to him and to me, yet with prudence we may tread safely. You have right of access to Felix. 'Tis wiser that I should not appear openly in this affair. Go to him, learn from him if what you have told me is certainty, and then bid him affirm that on his night of duty, at the very time when accusation charges him with being asleep, he heard the clock of St Paul's strike the hour, that he counted its strokes, that it struck thirteen times at midnight. Let him deny who can!" said Bartram, with a ring of triumph. "Let your brother, if necessary, swear it struck thirteen. Felix will do that willingly to save his neck from the noose. Felix was never a stickler for a word," added the clockmaker, with a tinge of scorn.

'"I do not comprehend it," said the girl. "How will that aid my brother?"

'"Never mind, dear," said Bartram. "Soon you shall know all. Go now, and do exactly as I have instructed you. This is no time for kissing; but you will not deny me one, love, will you?" Nor did she.

'Much talk was there in the city on that day and the one which followed. First, the fate of the somnolent sentinel at the gate was the topic, but this began to crystallise into chatter on the prisoner's strange declaration as to the clock of St Paul's eccentric behaviour at the witching hour. He persisted, so the gossip had it, that he was absolutely innocent of any dereliction of duty; that he was wide awake during the whole time he was on guard, had heard the great clock strike the hour, and counted thirteen strokes as he paced. People were incredulous, and laughed and said to each other, "A man will say anything to save his neck."

'This incredulity Bartram had expected and had prepared for. A man deeply indebted to him he suborned, and, singularly enough, it soon became public property that some one else besides the unhappy sentinel at the gate had counted the clock strike thirteen on that fateful night. So disinterested a witness as this was unimpeachable; and hot-foot after this, of course, came similar testimony from several weak-minded individuals hungry for transient notoriety, who, now that they were shown the way, asserted that they too had noticed the erratic conduct of St Paul's clock.

'At this stage my grandfather, crafty fellow, came forward. He made it public that on the day whose conclusion saw an incident so near to tragedy he had been engaged at work on the mechanism of the great timepiece, deranging its parts considerably. He, Bartram, had not heard it strike thirteen that night, but so extensively had it been meddled with that of course it was not surprising if for once it struck the wrong hour. It might have done so. No one would expect that *he* should swear it had not. He could not do so.

'A score of witnesses there were who could have sworn, if necessary, to the truth of Bartram's statement; but it was not necessary. Not one there was who could swear that he had counted it sound twelve that night; and if there were murmurs from many that they themselves had not heard the bell's accustomed tones, the testimony of a single person who said he had counted the clock's strokes outweighed that of a hundred who could merely say they had not heard it strike at all. A universal cry went up, loud and insistent, demanding the soldier's reprieve. As you know, my friend, reprieved he was. Right or wrong as may be, it was a clever and a daring bit of subtlety. Good or bad, his bold stratagem won Jervis Bartram celebrity, a prosperous business, and—a pretty wife. Which of the three stood him in best stead I know not. Felix, thus dragged from the shadow of the gallows, lived long. He died a veteran, slain with his comrade Life-Guardsman, the famous Shaw, in that memorable cavalry onset at Waterloo.'

'But was he guilty?' I asked with interest.

'Who knows?' said the old gentleman, shaking his head sagely.

COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

A holy calm pervades me while I move,
Through daisied meadows, towards the setting sun;
A hazy warmth is in the air. Alone
I muse, happy in treasured gifts of love.
Cloudland has caught a crimson glow above,
High in the orient gleams the silver moon;
The tuneful birds of day, now silent, shun
The open fields and seek the sheltering grove.
Heaven's gentleness, like some sweet, mystic power,
Touches me into reverential awe;
A great peace dwells within: the certain dower
Of souls in harmony with Na[illegible]law;
For Nature never yet [illegible]
That in her calm. [illegible]WAN.

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THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF MONTE CARLO.*

By WARD MUIR.

Throned on a rock, I neither sow nor reap; and yet I live long.
MONEGASQUE LEGEND.

MONTE CARLO is undoubtedly the funniest thing in Europe. Like many European funny things, it moves the alien spectator as nearly to tears as to laughter. It possesses a sort of ironical pathos underlying its patent absurdity. Its atmosphere is so intensely civilised, and cloaks such appalling barbarism! Beneath its eternal smile—its courtly, high-class, demi-monde smile—it is so smoothly cruel. The unfeeling observer cannot but perceive that Monte Carlo, as a phenomenon of latter-day 'civilisation,' is the most ludicrous of spectacles. He who feels—well, he who feels had better disregard Monte Carlo altogether, or he will suffer.

The humours of Monte Carlo are not far to seek. Monaco seems to have prided itself on being a jest amongst the nations—a grim jest—ever since it had a history. Its founder, the first of the Grimaldis, bought it from the sea-power of Genoa, and then calmly levied toll on every passing vessel which came within range of his swift galleys. When it is realised that the majority of his victims were Genoese ships, the excellence of his joke will immediately be apparent. Grimaldi's stronghold—a nice, comfortable, little, sheltered plateau upon a promontory which had an even nicer and more comfortably sheltered little harbour for his galleys at its foot—earned the nickname, locally, of 'Spelugues.' This was in the fourteenth century. The spot is still the Spelugues. Spelugues means 'The Plain of the Robbers,' and the site of Grimaldi's pirate-retreat is at this moment the site of the Monte Carlo Casino. Passing ships have no interest for Grimaldi's successor, the Prince of Monaco; but passing tourists present him, free, gratis, and for nothing, with a comfortable salary of seventy thousand pounds per annum, an impost which his ancestor would have thought unreasonable and excessive.

Grimaldi, like most of the pirates of his age, was exceedingly religious. The very name of his territory, Monaco, derives from the Latin word *monachus*, a monk; and, following up the idea, we find that he emblazoned two monks upon his coat of arms, where they still blandly pose. Observe, now, the consistency of the Grimaldian tendency to jokes. Nine-tenths of the wealth of the present Prince is extracted from a monkish invention—the roulette-wheel. Pascal devised the gambling cylinder exactly as it is now used in the Salles de Jeu during a six months' 'retreat' for meditation and prayer in a monastery. The roulette-wheel has built for Monaco the finest cathedral on the Riviera, has paid for innumerable lesser churches, has founded several orphanages and nunneries, and pays the salaries of a bishop and innumerable priests; but before gambling was introduced into Monaco that benighted State could afford only one small church. Within the Prince's palace, it may be added, a naïve inscription in a prominent position on one of the walls is proudly pointed out by the cicerone of every tourist. It runs: 'The man who pretends to know God and does not keep His commandments is a liar.' Precisely what this may be *à propos* of is not explained. Plenty of charming things are not explained—at Monte Carlo.

One of the many charming things which are not explained at Monte Carlo is the annual balance-sheet of the Casino Company; or why the said company, which exists solely for and by gambling, should call itself the *Société Anonyme des Bains de Mer et Cercle des Étrangers* (the Sea-Bathing and Strangers' Club Company). The one thing which nobody ever does during the winter season—the profitable season—at Monte Carlo is to bathe in the sea. Nevertheless, this Sea-Bathing Company, which provides no sea-bathing, mysteriously announces that its profits for the year 1904–5 amounted to one million four hundred and forty thousand eight hundred pounds. It omits to mention why visitors who have never dipped so much as a toe in the Tideless Gulf should be willing to pay so heavily

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for the privilege of not doing so; and it also omits, perhaps discreetly, to give more than the very sketchiest details of the items of the balance-sheet. The shareholders are incurious; perhaps they realise that silence, like their dividend, is golden.

The founder of the Sea-Bathing Company was a humourist of the first water. Having been invited to leave Homburg, he placidly wandered into Monaco one morning in the year 1860, and cast a critical eye upon the puny Casino which was then rising out of rubbish-heaps on the edge of the promontory. Seemingly, this M. Blanc—whose snowy surname subsequently gave rise to the proverb, '*Rouge perd, noire perd; blanc gagne toujours*'—owned that priceless virtue of the business instinct, Imagination. He saw Money in the rubbish-heaps, and Possibilities in the ugly skeleton of the Casino. He paid a brief call upon the owners of the concession, and, by one of those strokes of luck which occur only to individuals able to appreciate their significance, found these gentry in financial difficulties. He offered them sixty-eight thousand pounds down for their concession. 'I am going to lunch,' he said, 'and when I have lunched, shall receive your decision.' He lunched (a rite omitted by no great financier), and received the decision. That very day, the 31st of March 1860, he became sole owner of the Monte Carlo Casino and a thirty years' gaming concession from the Prince. Seventeen years later he died worth two million four hundred thousand pounds.

Three times since 1860 the Casino has been enlarged; and there is no reason to doubt that it will require enlarging again, seeing that this year's net profits exceed those of last year by no less than eighty thousand pounds; and a fresh lease of fifty years' duration has only recently been granted, with the most agreeably stimulating effect on the Sea-Bathing Company's share quotations. François Blanc, it would seem, is still very much alive, and his joke is still active. A million-pounds-a-year joke is difficult to kill.

The gist of M. Blanc's joke was that he should propose to turn a rubbish-heap into a gold-mine by 'chance.' Roulette, it will be observed, is a game of *chance*. It is a pure chance if the players lose a million pounds a year, a pure chance that the Bank has thirty-seven odds in its favour to its opponents' thirty-six, a pure chance that the Casino Company can provide their patrons with the finest orchestra, the finest gardens, the finest roads and bridges, and police-force and fêtes and pigeon-shooting, in Europe for nothing. Chance—blindfolded Chance, but surely with the bandage slightly hitched off from the eye which beams in the Blanc direction!

What a pleasant thing it must be to live in a realm ruled over by the high-priests of Chance! Land in Monaco was, at the time of the Blanc invasion, worth half a franc per square yard; the value of the same trifling foothold is now quoted at a figure which soars frequently above a hundred francs. Where there were two modest hostelries there are now fifty sumptuous hotels. What was a barren rock sprinkled with a few meagre olive-trees, and nourishing—with pains—a semi-pauper population of four thousand souls, is now confessed by every traveller to be the most cultivated, the healthiest, the best-drained, and the best-governed stretch of coast on the Mediterranean; and it is the most thickly populated State on earth, supporting no less than six hundred persons to the square kilomètre—to be exact, twelve thousand six hundred in all. Monaco is only three miles long by half a mile broad, remember; but it is so wealthy that it can afford to dispense with rates and taxes, although it enjoys the luxury of a standing army. By a strange irony of fate, too, it is morally the most progressive nation in Europe, in one respect at any rate: it forbids gambling by its inhabitants on any excuse whatsoever. Yes, Monaco knows too much about gambling to allow its sons and daughters to indulge in that expensive relaxation. No Monegasque is allowed to put his nose within the Casino doors. The Temple of Chance is reserved for the *étrangers* who come hither for—sea-bathing.

It is said—but perhaps the statement is an envious libel circulated by the less prosperous citizens of surrounding nations—that there are not merely more rich people to the square kilomètre in Monaco than elsewhere, but more needy people too. Certain it is that M. Blanc in his day had to deal with an extraordinarily large number of persons who endeavoured to turn his game of 'chance' into a game of 'certainties' for their own benefit. They did not worry M. Blanc. If they had anything to teach him, he was willing to pay for his new wisdom. Usually, he learnt nothing that he did not already know, and paid nothing; but now and then some fresh genius discovered a weak point in his armour, and M. Blanc had to defray the cost of strengthening it. The firm of swell-mobsmen, for instance, who playfully inserted a bomb in the cellar where the Casino gas-meters were fixed taught him that electric light was a surer illuminant for his tables; and the gentleman who succeeded in switching off the electric light, and during the confusion which followed grabbing some thousands of francs, preached to him a salutary sermon on the merits of oil. Oil-lamps of enormous dimensions, as a matter of fact, now hang over each green cloth; and electricity—brought, it is said, from two quite separate generating stations—adds to the pitiless glare of the Salles de Jeu.

Another lesson which M. Blanc paid dearly for was that hard cash is a more satisfactory, if more blatant, medium of play than counters. When the present Casino was first organised, the players were compelled to purchase counters, priced at two francs apiece, from the administration, and stake with these as tallies alone. At the close of the day's play the counters could be redeemed at the *guichet* at their face-value. But in practice they were not always redeemed, and by degrees got into circulation in Monaco outside the Casino's doors. So admir-

able was M. Blanc's credit that his counters were accepted everywhere by shopkeepers and *hôteliers* in lieu of cash. Two hundred thousand of them in all were issued. This satisfactory state of affairs continued well into the seventies; until one fine day M. Blanc decided to recall his counters, and issued a mandate announcing that they must be immediately redeemed on pain of repudiation. The effect of his announcement must have given him considerable food for thought. His two hundred thousand counters had mysteriously grown and multiplied into four hundred thousand. The shock would have irritated a smaller mind than M. Blanc's. He shrugged his shoulders, and paid out the two francs apiece for each of the counters. But from that day to this the rule of the tables has been: 'No credit, and money down.' At the same date as the abolishing of the tally system, the minimum stake was raised from two francs at roulette to the five francs at which it now stands; and twenty francs was fixed as the minimum for the game of trente-et-quarante. M. Blanc had no use for the small speculator who played often and lost little, especially when the small speculator was not even playing with genuine counters.

The polite Belgian who happened by evil luck to lose a *rouleau* of 'gold coins' which turned out, when its sealed paper wrapping was removed, to be nothing but a brass tube of the correct diameter, taught M. Blanc that *rouleaux* must never be permitted on the tables unopened. This was a cheaply bought piece of wisdom, however, compared with that which was purchased at the price of eighty thousand pounds from Mr Jaggers the Yorkshire mechanic. Jaggers, with an infinitude of patience, and aided by eight assistants, tabulated the roulette results for several months without playing, and, as he had anticipated, discovered that one of the wheels had a distinct bias towards a certain set of numbers. Staking with a knowledge of this bias, Jaggers and his men netted one hundred and twenty thousand pounds before the officials guessed the cause of their amazing success. After this the wheels were made to be movable from table to table, and were changed nightly. Jaggers, still betting, as he supposed, on the same wheel, lost forty thousand pounds in a few days. He wisely stopped, and quitted Monte Carlo, as we have said, eighty thousand pounds to the good. He was succeeded by an individual who, contriving to gain an entrance to the Salles de Jeu during the hours of dark, bent the metal divisions of the roulette-wheel with a pair of pincers, making certain of them narrower and certain of them wider than they normally ought to have been. He was soon found out; and nowadays the wheels are not merely made interchangeable from table to table, but the number-divisions are interchangeable also; so that any variation in their size would instantly be detected. The mechanism of the wheels is also examined every twenty-four hours, and their horizontality tested with spirit-levels. The most carping critic of the Casino officials' methods could not accuse them of any dishonesty, either in the player's favour or in their own, as far as the management of the roulettes is concerned.

The game of trente-et-quarante, for some unknown reason, seems to have attracted the notice of the brainy swindler less than that of roulette. Nevertheless, it was at a trente-et-quarante table that the most famous drama of Monte Carlo sharping which has ever taken place occurred. The incident is known as the Ardisson case, so called from the name of its hero.

Ardisson was an adventurer of the most distinguished type. For years he had lived by his wits in the spas and pleasure-resorts of Germany and Austria, and finally he cast covetous eyes on the wealth of the Monte Carlo Bank. Having, in a modest disguise, made a careful study of all the aspects of play, he eventually laid the train for a truly magnificent attack on the trente-et-quarante, which, being played with cards, probably appealed to him more than the lifeless and machine-like procedure of the roulette.

At the height of the season, then, we behold Monsieur Ardisson, accompanied by a friend and two charmingly attired ladies, enter the Casino and repair idly to one of the trente-et-quarante tables. A series of games having just concluded, the croupier is shuffling his six packs of cards preparatory to dealing them out afresh, and we may suppose that the gamblers already present are taking the opportunity afforded by the momentary lull to compute their losses and gains or examine their scoring-cards. Immediately on arriving at the table, the Ardisson quartette arrange themselves two on each side of it; and one of the ladies contrives to enter into conversation with the *chef de partie* (umpire or referee of the game), and asks him a number of innocent questions as to the methods of play. These he politely answers; and meanwhile, on the opposite side of the table, the other fair creature has begged the second umpire to be so good as to furnish her with gold change for a bank-note.

At the very moment when the croupier has shuffled his cards and is ready to recommence, the lady who wanted change for her bank-note receives it, and, by an unfortunate slip, lets the whole of it fall upon the ground. There is considerable confusion as the gold pieces roll hither and thither, and for a fraction of a second the umpire's attention is distracted from the table. Attendants, however, hurry forward, gather together the coins, and hand them back to their charming owner, who is of course covered with confusion at the disturbance she has created in this usually serene and hushed atmosphere. The game begins.

And what a game! The umpires' faces blanch as they behold sequence after sequence turning up in the Ardisson group's favour. Ardisson and his three companions do not condescend to stake anything lower than maximums—and the maximum at trente-et-quarante is twelve thousand francs. Four

times twelve thousand francs on the table at each coup, and four times twelve thousand francs winning at each coup, is enough to turn the hair gray of even the stoniest croupier. Eight times did the Ardisson gang stake, and eight times they won. Then they strolled off in a body, taking with them three hundred thousand odd francs. A swift carriage waiting at the Casino door whirled them away across the French frontier, to be seen no more.

Horrible suspicions entered the bemused brains of the *chefs de partie* as they beheld their three hundred thousand francs vanish, and they ordered the cards to be examined. There were eighty-four too many of them in the pack. Georges the croupier had accepted a princely bribe from Ardisson to substitute a previously arranged pack amongst his cards, and had contrived to do so at the moment when the eyes of every one—umpires and bystanders included—were diverted by the fallen coins. The rest was easy. Ardisson and his accomplices bet upon what they knew *must* be the sequences, and inevitably won. As for Georges, he spent a couple of months in prison, and issued thence to enjoy his share of the Ardisson fortune.

The majority of the stories of fortunes made at Monte Carlo, nevertheless, centre round ordinary straightforward players and not mere rogues such as Ardisson. Few, however, fail to possess the element of jest which seems inseparable from everything Monte Carlian. One of the most popular amongst the British and American permanent residents is that of an English peer, who, having attended divine worship at the Episcopal church, repaired (let us hope absent-mindedly) direct thence to the gaming-rooms. As he paused for a few minutes beside one of the roulette-tables, a winning number announced by the presiding croupier struck upon his ear as being strangely familiar. It was the number thirty-six—the number of the last hymn which had been given out as he was quitting the sacred edifice. Prompted by the curious inward voice which whispers 'An omen' to even the most matter-of-fact and conservative, he hastily placed a louis on the thirty-six square. Thirty-six won again, though the balance of chances in favour of the recurrence of a single number is excessively remote; and our peer wandered forth into the Sabbath stillness of the gardens seven hundred francs richer than he had been when he dodged the collection-plate of the church by escaping from it while the lucky hymn was being sung. Of course the tale leaked out, and of course the church was crowded on the following Sunday by gamblers eager to repeat the peer's experiment. Never before had the local chaplain beheld from his pulpit such a sea of eager faces; never before had the pews emptied with such astonishing rapidity on the announcement of the collection hymn. The congregation in a body made a bee-line for the Casino, and fought for places at the famous roulette-board, whereon to fling piles of notes and gold, backing the hymn's number. The trifling fact that the number in question obstinately declined to appear did not dissuade them, and for several Sundays the church continued to be crammed with folk intent on hearing the number of the last hymn, and subsequently backing that number in the Casino. The chaplain put a stop to the scandal, and incidentally reduced the size of his flock to its usual somewhat meagre level by a simple expedient. The final hymn was from that time onwards selected from that portion of the hymn-book wherein numbers ran above thirty-six. As the numbers on the roulette-wheel themselves run no higher than thirty-six, it was obvious that the hymn could thenceforward give no clue to the omen-seeking gamester.

Another similar adventure which occurred to a well-known English plunger is equally authentic. Having lost every cent of his ready money, he wired a pathetic appeal for help to a friend in England. Two days later he received a letter, addressed in the friend's handwriting, which on being opened revealed a five-pound note. Without pausing to read the letter, our plunger hastened to Ciro's, the famous restaurant in the Galerie Charles III., and changed his fiver into French money. From Ciro's he went straight into the Casino, where, experiencing an extraordinary run of luck, he not merely retrieved all his previous losses, but gained a substantial increase into the bargain.

Weary of play, he retired with a few cronies to Ciro's again to celebrate the occasion with a bottle of champagne. The usually genial M. Ciro met him at the door of his establishment with a flood of reproaches and upbraidings. The five-pound note was bad! He waved it angrily in the plunger's face—*mais oui*, it was false, this five-pound note!

The plunger took the guilty fiver and scrutinised it carefully. It was one of the sham bank-notes issued by the late Sir Augustus Harris, and bearing on their face an advertisement of the Drury Lane pantomime. The English friend, himself as 'broke' as the Monte Carlo plunger, had posted him the flagrantly worthless fiver as a joke—a joke which, had the plunger taken the trouble to examine the fiver or read its covering letter, he would have seen only too clearly for himself. It was fortunate that he did not do so. He merely paid Ciro his five pounds, and, inviting the pacified restaurateur to share in the champagne, pretended that the whole affair was an intentional witticism on his own part.

The conceit of a croupier, who fondly imagined that he understood the English language, was instrumental in presenting another and far less experienced Britisher with the not-to-be-sneered-at sum of one thousand francs. This gentleman, handing a thousand-franc *billet* to the croupier in question, asked for *plaques* in exchange for it. *Plaques* are the large five-louis gold pieces peculiar to Monaco. The croupier, fancying that the player had said 'black,' and was requesting him to place the note on the 'black' compartment of the cloth, did so unobserved. Black duly turned up, and

the croupier politely handed two thousand francs to the surprised Britisher.

Probably once, and once only, has a player at Monte Carlo won unwillingly. The incident alluded to came under the notice of the writer, and he can vouch for its truth. An elderly lady who was conducting a party of nephews and nieces along the Riviera was persuaded by the young people to take them to the Casino. Aunt Maria, as we may conveniently call her, inwardly resolved to give her protégés a lesson in the futility of gambling. Having made a private examination of the odds against the player in the roulette game, she decided, shrewdly and accurately enough, that to place a coin on a single number was to court almost certain loss. When, therefore, she took her party into the Salles de Jeu, she exhorted them to note how impossible it was to make money by play, and, to point her moral, placed a five-franc piece on the single number twenty-five. By rights, twenty-five should have lost, the chances being thirty-seven to one against it. But 'the best-laid plans'—twenty-five won, to Aunt Maria's discomfiture; and a delighted nephew gathered up from the cloth her winnings—one hundred and seventy-five francs—complimenting her upon her good fortune and judgment. Aunt Maria will not rely again on object-lessons to illustrate her lectures on the futility of gambling.

Lieutenant-Colonel Newnham-Davis, the well-known journalist of the London *Sporting Times*, states that an American friend of his once won twenty thousand pounds in a single sitting at Monte Carlo, and was uniquely sensible enough to take it home with him intact. But the number of people who are genuinely fortunate at Monte Carlo, and whose luck continues till the day of their departure, is exceedingly small. *Décavé*—which in slang simply means 'stony-broke'—is a word whose use is pitifully common at Monte Carlo. The *viaticum* item on the Casino balance-sheet—that is, the money paid for railway fares for the ruined players' return to their homes—amounted in the 1896-97 season to no less than twelve thousand pounds; and it is significant that Monaco is now the only State in Europe where usurious interest is charged by money-lenders with the sanction of the law. The 'breaking the Bank' stories which persistently crop up in the French newspapers during the Monte Carlo season are traceable not so much to a foundation on fact as to a foundation on the 'press subvention' fund of the Casino Company—a fund which in 1901 amounted to no less than twenty thousand pounds; and to which may also be ascribed the strange silence on the suicide question in the same journals. That peculiar weekly, *Rouge et Noir* (the *Organe de Defense des Joueurs de Roulette et Trente-et-Quarante*—probably the only magazine devoted solely to the interests of gamblers ever published), states that the number of suicides per annum at Monte Carlo averages four hundred, or one per week per table. This, it may be asserted safely, is a gross exaggeration of the truth; but that suicides are sadly frequent no one who knows the Riviera would dare to deny. The curious have only to climb the stony and almost pathless hillside behind Monaco town to find proof. Here, surrounded by a high wall, is the suicides' cemetery, a melancholy and neglected little enclosure thick with rank grass, and betraying its nature solely by a few wooden stakes bearing numbers and decorated with bedraggled wreaths and torn visiting-cards. The sun beats pitilessly upon its nameless graves, butterflies flit to and fro over its flowering weeds, and the leaves of its wreaths stir lazily in the breeze. Outwardly, at least, it is perhaps the least picturesque and most uninteresting cemetery in the length and breadth of Europe; but to him who knows its secret it is full of meaning. For these uncared-for mounds represent more than the mere resting-places of madmen or fools who have pitted themselves against the immutable laws of mathematics; they are in themselves a monument—an everlasting monument—to the genius of a man who, with the eye of faith, beheld a gold-mine in a rubbish-heap; a monument to the creator of Monte Carlo: François Blanc. Some day, when Europe gets the true perspective of things, it will be said of François Blanc, not that he founded the Monte Carlo Casino, not that he brought stability and wealth to the throne of the Princes of Monaco, not that he built the Monaco Cathedral, but that he made necessary this suicides' graveyard. And when that day comes, the grisly jest of Monte Carlo will cease to exist.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL

CHAPTER V.



My first night's rest at the Brun-varad was a very sleepless one, but I was not foolish enough to attribute this to strange surroundings or a strange bed. As a matter of fact, my couch was a large and particularly comfortable one, and on the whole I sleep rather better than usual in an unfamiliar bedchamber. I ascribed my lack of repose partly to the high, exciting air of our lofty plateau, and partly to the strange, disturbing thoughts which the events of the evening had given birth to. It was obvious that the palace which sheltered me was the home of a threatened man; that the treason which menaced him was engendered in the bosoms of the highest; that the heart which, of all hearts, should have beaten true for

him was, without the shadow of a doubt, tainted and utterly corrupt. I thought of King Karl's face when he had caught sight of that tell-tale gown, and a great pity rose in my breast for him. I liked the King. It seemed to me impossible to know him and not to like him; he was so full of spirits, so genial, so boyish, so utterly free from pride of birth or position. His unthinking, unhesitating confidence in myself had welded a bond of loyalty that almost rehabilitated my long-shattered belief in the divine right of kings.

I rose in the morning partially refreshed with short snatches of dream-ridden slumber, keen for the experiences of the day, and revelling in the view of snow-clad hills and sky afforded by my double-casemented window.

Coffee and eggs and honey were served in the pleasant little sitting-room reserved for my use, and after I had smoked a pipe and written a letter to my mother I found my way down to the great, sumptuous hall which the present monarch had evolved out of a coterie of small and picturesquely inconvenient apartments.

I found my host seated, in front of an open fire, in the depths of an enormous arm-chair. A large meerschaum pipe was between his lips, and he was studying a bundle of papers through thick-rimmed pince-nez. A huge, snow-white St Bernard lay at his feet, and as I approached the great beast rose leisurely to his feet and advanced affably towards me.

'Good-morning, Saunders,' said His Majesty. 'You slept well, I trust?'

'Tolerably well, thank you, sire,' I answered.

'And I intolerably badly,' he said, more to himself than to me. 'I'm glad the dog likes you,' he went on musingly; 'he doesn't take to most people. —In fact, you're rather a surly old beast, aren't you, Mogul?—By the way, Saunders, I owe you an apology. When I asked you to visit us out here I knew that the subterranean politics of this unhappy land were simmering dangerously—that is their chronic state; but I had no idea things would come to a crisis, as they threaten to do now. You see these papers I am reading? They are General Meyer's report on the military situation, and his plans for the disposition of troops in the event of a popular uprising. My good cousin Fritz would give five years of his restless life for five minutes' perusal of these dry statistics. Nevertheless,' he added, with a smile, 'I have every reason to suppose that his wish will remain ungratified; and, so saying, the King threw the whole bundle into the fire, where in a few seconds they were reduced to blackened ashes. 'As a matter of fact,' he went on, 'we shall prepare a spurious report and contrive to get it stolen, or at least surreptitiously copied. The real details are here'—tapping his forehead—'and in a much cleverer brain than mine—my commander-in-chief's.'

'Is it not a trifle indiscreet to mention all this to me?' I could not help asking.

The King shrugged his shoulders.

'I am as discreet as my enemies,' he said. 'Look at the Grand Duke's behaviour in the billiard-room last night, which Meyer has reported to me. Even if he had not known of the General's presence, he knew he was speaking before Miss Anchester, who is a firm friend of mine. I may not be a particularly cautious person; but compared to me my cousin is rashness personified, and I ask for no clumsier opponent. And after all,' he went on with a touch of sadness, 'one must trust some one. I have never yet met an Englishman I could not trust.'

'Your Majesty's liking for my country and countrymen is well known,' I said. 'You must have been fortunate in the specimens you have met.'

'English gentlemen are all very much alike,' he said. 'They are the salt of the earth. To you, who have spent all your life in a country where social order and respect for human life are as much taken for granted as the rising of the sun, the condition of affairs here must seem well-nigh incredible. The average Grimlander has virtues, I admit—the rough animal virtues of the wolf. He is fond of his offspring, he prefers his own country to any other, and he is amazingly hardy. On the other hand, his respect for human life is lamentably insufficient. For his own it is slight enough; for his neighbour's, absolutely non-existent. Pity, honour, industry, application, self-denial—these are words which do not figure in his lexicon. That is the average Grimlander, mind you. The aristocrat is different—he lacks the animal virtues of the wolf.'

There was silence at the conclusion of the King's words. No phrase occurred to my mind which would not have seemed impertinent in its sympathy.

'And yet,' went on King Karl after a long pause, 'I love my people—because they are my people.'

At this point our conversation was interrupted by the advent of a third party. Advancing towards us across the hall was the figure of a slim young woman. She was wearing a close-fitting woollen jersey, a white beret on her head, a short skirt of dark blue, and a pair of stout boots of which the toes were garnished with sets of formidable iron spikes. It was several seconds before I recognised in this figure the person of Miss Anchester, the caustic governess to the royal children. She smiled brightly enough on me now.

'You find my get-up very peculiar, I can see, Mr Saunders,' she began.

'I beg your pardon,' I returned, conscious of having been staring rather rudely. 'I did not recognise you for the moment.'

'We all dress like this at Weissheim,' she went on. 'It is the uniform of the place. These are my tobogganing boots; I hope you admire my rakes.'

'They are most rakish,' I replied facetiously. 'And are you going down the Kastel run?'

'You'd better go and watch Miss Anchester do the Kastel run,' put in the King. 'I'm busy this morning with old Meyer; otherwise I would take

you into the curling-rink.—Miss Anchester, will you be good enough to look after Mr Saunders till lunch-time?'

'With pleasure,' replied the governess. 'Mr Saunders, I'm sure, will be delighted to pull my toboggan up the hill.'

'How long is the hill?' I asked, laughing.

'Oh, about two miles. You look fairly robust.'

'I will go and get ready at once,' I said; and, suiting the action to the word, I mounted the stairs to my room, put on my thickest Swiss boots, a sweater, and a cloth cap, and prepared to sally forth with daringly athletic Miss Anchester.

I shall never forget my first daylight impressions of Weissheim. The thermometer was showing forty degrees of frost, but there was not the slightest sensation of cold in the air. The sun had just climbed above the shoulder of the mighty Klanigberg, and was making his heat felt with no uncertain ray. There was not a cloud in the sky or a breath in the heavens. The earth was white. Mile upon mile, league upon league, as far as the eye could reach, was snow—pure, immaculate, sound-deadening snow. Below us was the deep, frozen Nonnen-see, so covered with the all-present crystals that one distinguished it from the land merely by its smooth, untreed, unrocky surface. Beyond, the huge Klanigberg and her flanking sisters, the jagged Eisen-zahn and the graceful Trau-altar. Half-way up their towering sides the bare pines projected starkly from the snow; while, above, their gleaming whiteness was flecked with dark crags and clear-cut precipices. To our left lay the town of Weissheim, with its dominating church and the big, rectangular Pariserhof. Beyond, and far below, lay the small village of Riefinsdorf, its little, yellow station easily distinguishable in the clear, thin atmosphere. To our right, and considerably above us, was the Marien-castel, the half-modern, half-ancient home of the Grand Duke, a pink, stucco building attached to an old stone tower considerably out of the perpendicular. Above all, the sky; and it seemed as if Nature had taken all colour from the earth and crowded it into one intense, terrific blue. It was wonderful, beautiful, marvellously exhilarating.

'Well, and what do you think of Weissheim?' asked my companion.

I had fetched her toboggan out of a shed, and was dragging it easily along the path in the direction of the Mariencastel.

Somehow, in her athletic guise, her cheeks glowing healthily in the keen mountain air, she looked quite different from the stately creature of the night before, much more girlish and natural, I thought; and she smiled so frankly and pleasantly upon me that I wondered if the prejudices I had formed against her were really as well founded as they had seemed the previous evening. Still, remembering her remarks to me anent tobogganing and nerve, I felt I had a grudge against her.

'It is better than Whitechapel,' I replied. I felt sure the remark would annoy her.

'And do you live in Whitechapel?' she asked sweetly.

'No; in South Kensington. Still, I prefer this even to Harrington Gardens.'

'But why drag in Whitechapel?' she asked. 'I am afraid you were trying to be flippant. Never be flippant when discussing Nature. It is the sign of a small soul.'

The presumption of this young lady in lecturing me in this manner was far too amusing to cause offence.

'I mentioned Whitechapel,' I said in smilingly insincere defence, 'because we have a small factory there. I am the head of a draper's firm, and we employ a lot of girls there making blouses.'

'Oh, I see,' returned my companion in all seriousness; 'you mention Whitechapel because it is familiar to you. How interesting to be head of a draper's business, and to superintend the working-girls!'

'I am afraid I don't do much superintending.'

'You are busy in other ways?'

'I am rarely busy at all,' I said. 'I fear I have not the business instinct.'

She stopped abruptly in her walk and looked at me in undisguised dismay, almost horror.

'You don't take an interest in your business!' she ejaculated.

I could not refrain from laughing.

'You make me feel like a criminal,' I said.

'I should think so,' she said, melting ever so little. 'I had hoped you had one redeeming characteristic.'

I ought to have been offended, for our acquaintance hardly warranted this familiarity.

'I am an excellent beast of burden,' I protested, with a gesture towards the toboggan.

She laughed at that, and then, as if repenting of the concession, made the latter part of her laugh scornful.

'Yes,' she said, 'you are an excellent beast of burden.'

After that we walked on in silence, till presently we came across the toboggan-track.

'This is the Kastel run,' she explained briefly, and not without a touch of reverence.

I looked at the track with curiosity. It was four or five feet wide, and the surface was of snow turned into ice by the process of watering. On each side of the course were little banks about a couple of feet high, also of iced snow, and hard as iron. The run did not strike me as particularly steep, but the surface was so absolutely slippery that I could well imagine a great rate of speed being attained on it.

Next moment there was a slight scraping sound, and an old lady, a Grimlander, came lugging round the corner. She was a brown-faced, wrinkled old creature, sitting up comfortably on her machine, both feet pressed flat on the surface of the track, and holding a cord in her hand as if she were guiding a horse. In a few minutes she

was lost to view round another bend. The pace seemed to me extremely dangerous.

'She goes well,' I remarked.

Miss Anchester laughed scornfully.

'She does not mean to go too fast,' she said.

'Not fast?'

'No; she keeps her feet down. Besides, she's riding a *schlittli*. You can't get up any pace on an old-fashioned thing like a *schlittli*.'

'And what do you ride?' I asked.

'Oh, I ride a "skeleton."'

I looked at the toboggan which I was trailing behind me. It was just an open framework of steel runners with a small wooden cross-seat which shifted backwards and forwards like the sliding seat of a racing-boat.

'And is it difficult?' I asked.

'It is easy enough in the straight,' was the reply; 'the corners take a little negotiating, though. Let us walk on a little higher and we shall see a bend—the Devil's Elbow.'

The quaintly named bend, which we were soon abreast of, was remarkable for the alteration in the height of the bank. Instead of being only some two feet high, the exterior boundary of the curve rose abruptly to a height of at least ten feet, and instead of being perpendicular to the track, sloped upwards at an angle of about sixty degrees. The object of this was made manifest directly. A tobogganer was coming down, a man this time, and travelling head-foremost. As he reached the bend his machine dashed up the bank to within a foot of the top, kept at that height for a second, and then sank again into the trough of the course. The pace was absolutely terrific.

'Without that bank,' said Miss Anchester, 'it would be impossible to get round the corners. Circular bicycling tracks are constructed on the same principle. That was the Grand Duke's son Max. He is a good tobogganer, but he takes his banks a trifle high.'

'How does one avoid doing so?' I asked.

'It is necessary to dig one's rakes into the ice before coming to a sharp turn. That reduces the pace somewhat, and when you are turning, as here, to the right, you put out your right foot as far as possible, and rake hard with it. Also, much can be done with the arms, pulling the head of the toboggan round. The penalty for taking the bank too high is loss of speed. Besides, you may go over the top, which in a race is of course fatal.'

'And unpleasant at all times,' I added. 'That, I suppose, is where the danger comes in.'

'There is nothing dangerous in going over the Devil's Elbow,' replied my companion; 'it merely means a drop of ten feet into deep snow. It is an alarming, not to say bumpy, business, but it gives one a very good notion of what flying is like.'

'Without, however, the advantages of wings.'

'Precisely. One misses wings badly tobogganing. There is a bend farther down the run which is really dangerous. It is a double turn, with twin banks called Jonathan and David. If you take Jonathan high, you are morally certain to go over David; and if you go over David, you are morally certain to fall a thousand feet to the Nonnen-see. One avoids taking Jonathan high by judicious raking.'

'What would happen if one went down without rakes?' I asked.

Miss Anchester laughed.

'Please don't try,' she said. 'The thing may be theoretically possible, but it is a practical certainty you would never get down in safety. When you make your first effort on the Kastel run, rake all the way—imagine you are in a broken-down four-wheeler trying to miss a train. Afterwards, as you acquire skill and confidence, rake less and less. The less you touch the ice with your rakes the better time you will do. But beware of David; he is a good friend but a bad enemy.'

(To be continued.)

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

TINNED SALMON.

THOSE who are familiar with the conditions of salmon-fishing in the rivers of Scotland and England only would stand aghast if they were to see the manner in which the king of fishes is caught in the rivers of the north-west of America. It is well known that salmon born in a certain stream always return to it from their sojourn in the ocean. After swimming the length of some of the rivers of North America, the fish are so exhausted that they frequently swim into shallow water and die if they are not captured. The salmon-fisheries which have been erected on these rivers have adopted a novel device for capturing the fish when he returns to the waters in which he was hatched. This consists of a huge wheel, sometimes as large as fifty feet in diameter, which is fixed in such a way as to be driven by the rapid stream, much as an under-throw water-wheel is driven. The descending side of the wheel presents a long, scoop-shaped device made of wooden ribs and netting, and in this the fish are entangled, carried out of the water, and pitched into a separate tank to await their fate. By this device as much as fifty tons has been taken from a single wheel during twenty-four hours.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR PLATINUM.

Many of the properties of the metal platinum—such, for instance, as its extremely high melting-

point, and the fact that, owing to the similarity between its expansion co-efficient and that of glass, it is practically the only metal which may be sealed into glass—render it of immense value in a great many industries. Unfortunately its price at present—about four pounds fifteen shillings an ounce—prohibits its use for a great number of purposes for which it would be extremely valuable. According to a note in the *English Mechanic*, a substitute, presumably an alloy, has been discovered by a Mr Birmingham of Baltimore. The new metal is said to melt at about three thousand six hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit, to be malleable and ductile, and to be unaffected by acids. It is capable of being rolled into sheets or made into wire, and it is said to become soft and workable at a temperature far below its melting-point. No particulars are given as to its constitution, but it is said that the price will be about half that of platinum.

A FOUL-AIR INDICATOR.

Under the curious name of the noseroscope, an invention for the detection of foul or exhausted air is being placed on the market in Italy by its inventor, Signor Bertini. By means of this invention an alarm-bell is set ringing directly the atmospheric pressure in a stove, flue, or other place where a draught ought to be maintained ceases to be below that in the room which is being ventilated. A stove or fire which passes its own foul air into a chimney does so by virtue of the fact that the atmospheric pressure in that chimney is less than that of the room; consequently a draught is created, and is kept up so long as that depression continues. Directly the depression disappears, owing to the stoppage of the flue or to any other cause, the foul air finds its way into the chamber, and the result is danger to human health and life. The duty of the invention under review is to call attention at once to this state of affairs.

LIFE-SAVING RADIOGRAPHY.

A strikingly valuable radiograph, or X-ray photograph, as it is wrongly called, was recently the means of saving a child's life. A little girl who had been playing with a couple of tiny little toys shaped like bicycles accidentally swallowed one, and became exceedingly ill in consequence. She was taken to the London Hospital, the usual medical treatment for the removal of the obstruction having proved unavailing. An X-ray picture was taken, and immediately revealed the fact that the obstacle was firmly lodged in the œsophagus. With the skiograph to guide him, the surgeon made a small incision, passed in an instrument by means of which the toy bicycle was cut in half, and removed the two pieces separately. The child's life was saved, and without the X-rays it must almost surely have been lost.

TO PROMOTE RESEARCH.

Every civilised country, by means of its Patent Department, provides for the encouragement of inventors by the granting of monopolies for a term of years. But scientific research, the investigation of matters of prime importance to the community, such as an unpatentable treatment for various diseases, is left entirely to the magnanimity of the experimenter, for reward through the instrumentality of the Patent Department is not feasible. To stimulate scientific research by the award of sums of money proportionate to the value of the discovery is the essence of a scheme formulated by Walter B. Priest in a book just published. The author presents a well-considered plan, by which applicants for grants in respect of any research-work which they may be carrying on would receive, after due inquiries have been made, a sum of money paid out of funds provided by Parliament for the purpose.

ROAD-INDICATORS FOR MOTOR-CARS.

Those who have wrestled with the difficulties of studying an ordinary road-map and at the same time steering a motor-car will appreciate the value of an ingenious device which has been placed on the market under the name of the autocarte. By means of this device the exact position of the car is shown, in epitome as it were, at any moment during the run day or night. In reality, the invention consists of a map of the road arranged in the manner of the toy panoramas familiar to childhood. A space on the map equivalent to five miles of distance is revealed at a time, and the rollers upon which the remainder of the panorama is wound are connected by suitable gearing to the wheels of the car in such a manner that as the automobile proceeds upon its journey the map is unrolled before the driver. He has, therefore, always before his eyes the actual section of road upon which he is travelling, and all the natural and artificial dangers or gradients, or other interesting features, are clearly indicated on large scale. It is obvious that the value of the invention is at once lost if any extensive departure be made from the prearranged route, and one of the delights of motoring would therefore be denied to him who drives carefully by this chart. Nevertheless, for all straightforward runs, where to ask the way is not an easy matter, the device should be valuable.

CHECKING MOSQUITOES.

The island of Barbadoes enjoys a certain immunity from the visitations of the malarial mosquito. In many of the waters of this island there flourish in great quantities a tiny fish known locally by the name of 'millions,' and there is believed to be a connection between the existence of this fish and the comparative non-existence of the malarial mosquito. Some interesting experiments are now being tried in the West Indies with a view to determine to what extent one fact bears upon the other, and to see whether the beneficent little fish can be induced to flourish in the waters of places where the mosquito ravages are more severely felt. It is said that the tiny fish has an appetite quite

out of proportion to its diminutive size, and that it feeds to a large extent on the larvæ of the mosquito. The troublesome insect is in consequence practically exterminated in the area in which 'millions' flourish, and here also, for the well-known reason, malarial fever is practically non-existent.

TO PREVENT SNORING.

It would surely be difficult to find a more curious invention than that described in a recent issue of the *Scientific American* for the prevention of snoring. The device consists of a flexible plate or mouthpiece designed to be held between the lips and in contact with the teeth and gums during sleep. It is fitted with a check-valve to regulate the amount of air passing from the mouth on its way to or from the lungs, and this valve or flap is so arranged as to prevent the entrance of air into the lungs through the mouth, although allowing it to be expelled in the act of exhaling. The wearer is therefore obliged to breathe principally through the nose, and is consequently himself benefited to this extent, that he escapes the evils commonly credited to mouth-breathing, while he saves from disturbance others who might otherwise be distressed by the noise of his sleep.

A STARTER FOR ELECTRIC-MOTORS.

Everybody knows that in starting an electro-motor, unless it be a very small one, the electric current must be gradually admitted so that the motor may be allowed to attain speed before full pressure is switched on. If this precaution be omitted, and the full power suddenly applied to the stationary machine, it will not only damage itself, but will by the sudden flow of current damage or destroy the electric wires by which it is supplied. All motors, therefore, are furnished with a resistance by which a small current is first applied to the motor, and gradually strengthened as the machine gains in speed. According to the *Western Electrician*, an entirely automatic device for the attainment of the same ends has been patented by C. P. Steinmetz. In this device the ordinary rheostat is replaced by a material which when cold has a very high electrical resistance, but as it warms up owing to the influence of the passage of the electricity, its resistance drops until in a few minutes it is reduced to practically nothing, and almost the full power of the current passes unimpeded to the motor. Such a device should be of great value to manufacturers and others who employ electro-motors, and are always liable to have machinery damaged by carelessness in suddenly switching on without due precaution.

MILK.

Among the disadvantages of being born a civilised human being must be reckoned the fact that the natural supply of food suitable to infant requirements is very seldom forthcoming. A great deal of more or less hysterical nonsense has been written about the selfishness of mothers who will not be bothered with the sustenance of their own children in the manner originally prescribed by nature. Like much other pernicious nonsense, this has a considerable basis of truth; but the plain fact appears to be that in the great majority of cases it is not the selfishness of the mothers which is at fault, but sheer physical inability to comply with the natural demands of the child. It is as if the human race were passing on to a further stage of evolution and gradually ceasing to be mammals. As a result, another source of food-supply has to be found, and the most valuable is provided by cow's milk. Here, however, the trouble begins.

COW'S MILK FOR INFANTS.

Milk provided by nature as a food for calves is not quite suitable in constitution to exactly meet the requirements of the human infant; but a greater difficulty than this is found in the fact that milk is intended to be conveyed direct into the mouth of the youthful animal, and is totally unsuited to be carried about from place to place. From its very nature it is an almost ideal culture for bacteria, and all microbes which make their way into it find themselves provided with a nearly perfect medium wherein they may multiply many thousands of times before the milk is consumed by the infant. Quite apart from the diseased condition of a great many cows, perfectly germ-free milk cannot escape outside contamination, for the air of the byres in which the cows are milked is often laden with bacteria; the cows themselves cannot always be described as scrupulously clean; the milkers are not as careful as they might be in the matter of cleanliness. Then this fluid, warm and eager to promote bacterial life, is taken, without any special precautions, on long railway journeys, and finally it stands about in open vats in the shops of big cities. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the germs of disease are present in alarming quantities; but rather one may marvel that milk-borne disease is not a great deal more rife than it is. It is pointed out that at all events one factor which promotes the rapid growth of bacterial life may without much difficulty be removed: it should not be difficult to cool the milk directly it is taken from the cow and keep it cold until it is required for use. In Dr Houston's report on the bacteriological examination of milk for the London County Council, it is pointed out that in New York milk above a temperature of fifty degrees Fahrenheit is defined as adulterated, and wherever found in the hands of dairymen, carriers, dealers, or retailers, is liable to summary destruction.

THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE IN THE AIR.

Mr James Gordon-Bennett, whose name has become famous all over the world in connection with the trophy which is the prize for which

racing-motorists compete, has presented an aeronautical cup to be won by the flying-machine which shall cover the greatest distance. The race has been fixed for 30th September, and the aero clubs of France, America, Spain, and Italy have challenged. The maximum number of entries allowed for any one country is three, and the committee of the Aero Club of the United Kingdom has decided to enter three balloons to compete for the prize on behalf of this country. It is believed that Germany and Belgium will also challenge, so that seven countries in all will take part in the race. The start this year will be made from Paris.

THE OXY-ACETYLENE BLOWPIPE.

A very interesting demonstration of welding by means of an oxygen blowpipe fed with acetylene instead of coal-gas was given by the Brins Oxygen Company at the University Club, Bristol, a short time ago. During the demonstration two pieces of two-inch steampipe were welded together with a joint which was said to have a strength of over 90 per cent. The two pipes were placed end to end and raised to a sufficient temperature by the blowpipe, when a stout iron-wire was introduced in the flame in the manner of solder and run round the joint. It appears that the joint consists of low-carbon steel produced by the action of the flame upon the iron-wire. In the same way a T-piece was made from copper-pipe, copper-wire being used instead of iron, and several other objects were welded or burnt together in a very satisfactory manner. It is said that the temperature of the flame reaches seven thousand two hundred degrees Fahrenheit, which is about two thousand degrees higher than that of the oxy-hydrogen flame.

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF SHARKS.

Not many people know that shark-catching in the Southern Seas is an extensive and profitable industry in which white men and natives have been engaged for the past thirty or forty years, and that there is a small but widely separated fleet of vessels engaged in shark-catching in the North Pacific atolls, where these sea-tigers literally swarm in hordes of thousands. They are caught for two purposes: the rendering out of the liver oil—which is a splendid lubricant, and is also used in a minor degree for medicinal purposes, especially for rheumatism—and for their fins and tails, which are highly prized by the Chinese for many purposes. Every one has heard of the Chinese 'shark-fin soup,' which corresponds, in its excellence and nutritious qualities, to the European isinglass, or calves'-feet-jelly soup. The fins, when thoroughly dried, are worth from thirty to fifty pounds per ton in the Sydney market, where they are bought by Chinese firms for exportation to China. The tails bring less. All the traders in the equatorial islands of the Pacific are buyers of sharks' fins from the natives. The Gilbert Islanders are perhaps the most expert and daring shark-catchers in the world. They use lines of cocoa-nut fibre, and huge and very strong wooden hooks made from the roots of trees; and although the fishing is done from small canoes, it rarely happens that a native loses his life. But on one occasion the writer saw three men devoured in a few minutes. They, in company with twenty or thirty other canoes, were fishing off Ocean Island (lat. 0° 52′ 2″ S., long. 168° 24′ E.), when a large shark which they had hooked fouled the outrigger and broke it, and before the unfortunate men could be rescued, they were seized by several sharks. It is not unusual when a shark is hooked, and is hauled alongside to be clubbed, for it to be seized by several others and torn to pieces. Three or four men in one day will, at Ocean Island, capture as many as twenty. Formerly, after the fins and tails had been cut off and the enormous livers extracted, the carcasses were thrown away; but latterly some demand has arisen for the skins, which are sent to Germany, where a process has been discovered for tanning and making them pliable.

AN INHALATORIUM.

The various diseases of the lungs which are susceptible of treatment by inhalation are provided for in a new medical institute which has recently been opened in New York, where are installed the vaporising appliances invented by Dr Bulling of Munich. By means of these devices the liquids to be vaporised are blown by compressed air into such infinitesimally fine particles that they are carried by the act of breathing into the finest ramifications of the lungs, and are thus able to reach directly diseases situated far beyond the range of the ordinary inhaling appliances. In the medical institute called the Inhalatorium special rooms are set apart for the use of patients, who sit for half-an-hour at a time breathing an atmosphere charged with the vapour suited to their special complaints. In another room are a number of desks, each fitted with a small and restricted vaporiser adapted for direct application to the mouth or nostrils. The air-compressors are fitted in the basement, and are arranged to draw carefully cleansed and filtered air, which, after being warmed by a special appliance, is fed to the various vaporisers throughout the building.

THE EMPIRE UPON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS.

A Blue Book dealing with the last census of the British Empire shows that the area, which in 1861 was eight and a half million square miles, with a population of two hundred and fifty-nine millions, had in 1891 increased to twelve million square miles, with a population of about four hundred millions. The heart of the Empire, or the head and governing centre of this vast area and population, comprises within the United Kingdom one hundred and twenty-one thousand and eighty-nine square miles. The most populous city in the Empire, excluding London, is Calcutta, with a population which has grown from ten or

twelve thousand in 1710 to nearly eight hundred and forty-eight thousand in 1901. Bombay ranks third, with seven hundred and seventy-six thousand; and Glasgow fourth, with seven hundred and sixty-one thousand. Out of about three hundred and nineteen millions professing some form of belief, about fifty-seven and a half millions profess one form or another of the Christian religion.

ITINERATING LIBRARIES.

The East Lothian Itinerating Libraries founded by Samuel Brown of Haddington did a great deal of good in the early part of last century in supplying country villages with healthy literature. Samuel Smiles has owned his great indebtedness to these when a youth. Mr Melvil Dewey in the *Dial* relates the experiment made with what are called 'Field Libraries' in New York State, whereby a community which is too small to own or support a public library may have a hundred of the choicest books for six months for a small fee for transportation. The greatest need exists in the rural sections, where there are fewer distractions, more leisure, and fewer opportunities to get the best reading. The New York State system of travelling books, pictures, and collections has been in existence since 1892. Good results have followed, and it is still in process of growth. It has been proposed to establish a book-wagon with a travelling librarian to visit scattered farms and hamlets. No method could be devised for giving more certain means of instruction and recreation than that of well-selected itinerating libraries.

TO AVOID SEA-SICKNESS.

A German, Dr Eugen Wolf, has found a cure for sea-sickness which will be welcomed by those who dread a voyage because they are not 'good sailors.' The cure is very simple, as all the appliances necessary are a basin of hot water at eighty degrees and a couple of handkerchiefs. Whenever the traveller feels that he is becoming giddy, he must lie flat on his back on the cabin sofa or a deck-chair. The clothes are unbuttoned so that there is nothing to hinder breathing. Then the handkerchiefs are wrung out in the hot water and bound round the forehead. This bandage must be made very tight, which can be done by using a penholder, or something of the kind, as a lever when twisting it. During the first minute or two the sensation is not particularly pleasant, but those who bear it are completely cured, which is surely sufficient reward for any temporary inconvenience. When the bandage begins to get cold, another must be put on and the process continued, each time with a hotter bandage, if possible, until the patient is relieved of the squeamish feeling. This should be accomplished in about half-an-hour. In very obstinate cases it may take an hour. While under treatment the patient must not eat, drink, or smoke. One of the symptoms of sea-sickness is excessive thirst, which must not be assuaged. If the patient has a craving for food he may be given a little dry toast and possibly hot water, or weak tea without milk or sugar. Smelling-salts and all the old-fashioned 'remedies' are to be strictly avoided. Two hours after the cure the patient need not fear a hearty meal, smoking, or even drinking. Those who undergo this treatment at the beginning of a voyage are never troubled with sea-sickness, even when the sea runs high.

THE HORSE AS A MAKER OF HISTORY.

In Professor Ridgeway's book on the *Origin and Influence of the Thoroughbred Horse* it is pointed out that Arabia was not the original home of the so-called Arab horse, but that the blood-horse had a North African ancestry not far removed from the quagga race. It has been Libyan blood which has improved the European horse in speed, good looks, and docility. From the dawn of history down to the early centuries of our era, the Libyan horse surpassed all others. An old inscription found in Rome in 1903 states that of forty-two winning horses thirty-eight were North Africans. Professor Ridgeway further reminds us that Islam would never have affected the world as it has done if the leading men had not been skilled horsemen. The races which have held the mastery in Asia, Africa, and Europe have owed the extension of their power or the preservation of their liberty to the possession of horses. If the Franks had not owned good horses, by 732 A.D. western Europe might have been enslaved by the Saracens. The possession of horses enabled the Normans to conquer at Hastings, while Marlborough's victories were largely due to the possession of cavalry. Steam and the motor-car now threaten to drive the horse from its former supremacy.

THE HIDDEN PEARLS.



HEN the excitement about the great wealth of the Mount Morgan mine broke out I was practising as a solicitor in Rockhampton, which was then the nearest town of any size to the mine. I generally put a few pounds into any prominent mining venture brought out in the locality; but I did not touch the Mount Morgan, though I had several opportunities of obtaining a share at a low price soon after the discovery of the famous hill. I do not think I had any particular reason for keeping out of the mine except that I was rather sick of putting money into mining syndicates; and one can imagine my annoyance when I subsequently found that I had carelessly missed a huge fortune.

One very hot afternoon I was sitting in my office cursing the heat, my bad luck, and things generally, when in walked a tanned, gray-bearded man dressed in the regulation prospector's garb. He took off his slouch-hat with a 'Good-day, mister,' and, drawing a big coloured handkerchief from his shirt pocket, sat down and proceeded to mop up the perspiration which was pouring from his face.

'It's blazing hot—ain't it?' he said, after I had acknowledged his salutation.

'It is indeed. What can I do for you?' I observed.

'You don't remember me, I suppose?'

'I fancy I have seen your face before, but I cannot call it to mind.'

'Don't you remember my evidence got young Strott off when he was copped for horse-stealing? My name's Guire.'

I did remember. Strott, whom I defended, was brought up on what appeared to me at the time most convincing evidence; but the man before me, with another witness, had sworn an alibi in his favour, and the accused was discharged. After I had admitted the recollection, my visitor went on:

'Well, Strott and me has been mates for some time, and we've just come in from Mount Morgan. We saw the stuff where they get the gold—a ginger-bread kind of stone—and we came straight back, for we knows of a big hill just its very twin—same stone and everything. And there's gold in the creeks too.'

'Where is it?' I asked.

'In the Ringara country, about sixty miles t'other side of Charters Towers. We camped a day or two there, looking for a reef, as we reckoned there must 'ave been one there, 'cos of the gold in the creeks; but we couldn't find one, and the gold must 'ave come out of the solid hill.'

'What is it you want to see me about?'

'Well, it's just this way. Me and Strott thought we'd get some one to pay our expenses up to the place, and show some one over the ground; and as we knowed you here, and you got Strott off, we thought it was only paying you handsome-like to see you first about it.'

I had sent men out to look at so many 'wild cats' that I hesitated about accepting Guire's proposal; but eventually I acceded to it, afraid to risk the chance of losing another Mount Morgan. Not being very busy at the time, and badly wanting a holiday, I resolved to accompany the men myself to the supposed big mine, and on the result of the samples I obtained, decide whether or not it was worth while to send up a mining engineer for close examination.

We went by train to Charters Towers, and there I borrowed some camping materials, and we started for the Ringara with a light buggy-and-pair early the next morning. It was a Tuesday. The first night we camped at a cattle station about thirty miles out. Our plan, which was framed by Guire, was to proceed on the Wednesday to an outstation about two miles from the alleged gold-hill, which we would examine on Thursday. Guire said he knew the track well, so I made no inquiries either at Charters Towers or the station homestead; and, to tell the truth, I did not want to put any one on the scent of our errand.

We had travelled at a steady pace from the homestead for about six hours, with an occasional short rest, when I began to inquire how much farther we had to go to reach the outstation. Guire said he did not think it was much farther, but he might have been a mile or two out in his reckoning. I was not very much surprised, as I knew by experience how long the prospector's mile generally is; but when we had been going another two hours without any sign of a hut making its appearance I grew uneasy. The track lay through a low range, thickly bushed; and while I was pretty certain there was water about, yet I had no desire to camp out in an unknown country without any certainty that we had not lost our way. Guire and Strott held out for a long time that we were on the right track; but at length, when we stopped at a water-hole in a dry creek to give the horses a drink, Guire coolly observed that it was possible we had come a little out of our way, and suggested that we should camp for the night at the water-hole. There was nothing else to do but acquiesce in this proposal, though I grumbled about as hard as was possible under the circumstances. Fortunately we had plenty of provisions, and there was fairly good feed for the horses, which we hobbled and turned loose.

I have accustomed myself to sleep anywhere; and that night, being, I suppose, thoroughly tired out, I slept very soundly on a comfortable bed of bushes under the buggy. When I awoke it was approaching seven o'clock. I did not see either Guire or Strott about; and, concluding that they had gone to bring in the horses, I proceeded to light a fire and boil the billy for breakfast. While waiting for the water to boil I got up into the buggy to get out something to eat, and my attention was at once attracted to a piece of light-brown paper with some scribbling upon it, which was weighted down by a stone on the seat. I took up the paper, and, to my consternation, read the following lines scrawled on it:

'DEAR MISTER,—I rite this to say Strott and me's got the hosses, and orf up the Willara. The hosses will way back to Towers. Hut 2 miles down creek. Gude-by. A. GUIRE.'

I was dumfounded. Tricked after all, and in the most stupidly simple way! How could I have been such an ass, I thought, to come on a trip of this kind on the word of two such rascals? I understood the scrawl to mean that Guire and his mate were riding the horses to Willara, and that they would there let the animals loose to find their own way back to Charters Towers. They desired to inform me at the same time that I should reach the

outstation by walking two miles down the creek. I could only make the best of the situation. After all, there was no danger of dying of hunger or thirst, and I reckoned I could borrow a saddle-horse from the shepherd at the outstation to enable me to get back to Charters Towers, whence I could send for the buggy.

I had soon finished breakfast, and proceeded at once to walk down the creek. This time Guire had not misled me, for three-quarters of an hour's steady going brought me in sight of a hut and a rough shed. I could, however, see no one about, and I very soon found that, though the hut was tenanted, its occupant was away. However, I made no ceremony, but entered the hut and resolved to await there the return of the owner.

The hut was of the usual bush-type. A bunk, a rough table, a stool with adze-hewn seat, a couple of shelves holding provisions, two or three empty boxes on end, and a few cooking and table utensils constituted the furniture. There were two or three numbers of weekly newspapers lying about, and these I picked up to look through; but finding I had read them, I glanced around for something else to peruse. I could find nothing, however, till I saw the edges of what appeared to be a pamphlet peeping from under a biscuit-tin on one of the shelves. I drew it out, and was rather surprised, not to say taken aback, at its character. What I took for a pamphlet was in reality about twenty leaves of an old Portuguese book fastened together by a long, thin, bony spine, apparently from some fish. I could not read the print; but I gathered from the look of it that it was very old, probably about three hundred years. How such a curiosity could get into a stock-rider's hut in the Queensland bush I could not imagine. The spine, which was fastened through the leaves in the same way as the average pin is used, struck me as very remarkable, for evidently the bone had been in the same position for many, many years, if indeed it was not as old as the book.

Beyond, however, wondering what the relic could be, and making up my mind to ask the dweller in the hut for an explanation, I did not feel any great interest in the curio, and soon put it down, while I went for a purposeless stroll round the hut. I wandered in and out of the hut until about noon, when I had the satisfaction of seeing a horseman galloping hard towards it. He was, as I thought, the occupant of the hut; and I need not say he was intensely surprised to see me, particularly as there was no horse saddled up anywhere about. I soon explained to him the quandary I was in, and he agreed to provide me a horse to enable me to return on the following morning. Meantime I was to share his hut, and I had the pleasure of assisting him to cook a first-rate dinner of salt-beef and boiled pudding. We were lighting our pipes after the meal, when my eye again caught sight of the skewered book-leaves, and I asked my host how he came by them.

'Oh,' he said, 'that thing came out of a blacks' cemetery a mile or so up the creek.'

'A blacks' cemetery?' I ejaculated.

'Well, that's what I call it. It's a kind of cave with a lot of dried-up blacks in it. They used to bury them there, I suppose, without covering them up. Those leaves, with the bone through them, I picked up when I found the cemetery. They were near one of the bodies, and I thought it might be something to read; but I don't know the lingo.'

The stockman was going to bring in a horse for me in the afternoon, and I thought I might well use the time he was away by examining the cave he spoke of. He agreed to take me to it, and we were soon plodding up the creek-course, he leading his horse. I do not think I should ever have found the place without a guide. We had to ascend a low hill near the creek, and drop down again into a deep ravine, whose sloping sides were covered with bush. My companion tethered his horse, and we descended the slope, taking a circuitous course. Suddenly we stopped in front of an overhanging rock; and, as I at once guessed, this proved to be the roof of the cave-entrance, though until we got right to the mouth of it there was no visible sign of a cave at all.

'Here it is,' said my guide. 'I'll leave you to prospect it while I go and get a horse in. There are no snakes.'

With this he went away, while I proceeded to light a candle I had brought with me. The interior view, except for a few feet, was black as ink, for there was a deep natural porch at the entrance, which effectually shut out the daylight. Notwithstanding the consoling remark as to the absence of snakes, I carefully examined the ground as I proceeded, and found it fairly level, but very dry and dusty. In fact, I was greatly surprised to find so much dust, as one generally expects damp mould and a stagnant pool or two in subterranean openings. I soon noticed, however, that the air was exceedingly dry, though rather cool, and I accounted for it by the fact that the valley was practically protected on all its sides from severe atmospheric disturbance. There may have been other reasons, but I did not concern myself about them. For about fifty feet the cave was little more than an irregular passage, but it then opened out in three directions. I took the middle way without particular consideration, and followed it for fully a hundred feet. Up to this point the roof of the passages averaged, I suppose, about ten feet high and some five feet in width; but here the cave suddenly opened out into a high chamber. The flickering light from my candle as I stepped from the passage showed me many jutting points of rock from the roof and sides, and I was scarcely surprised to see that masses of rock bestrewed the floor of the chamber, having evidently fallen from the rough-hewn, irregular ceiling. In fact, the whole floor seemed to be a jumble of rock and dust, as if the place had been used as a receptacle for builders' waste from a masonry structure. I observed that

the circular wall of the chamber, which had a diameter of some thirty feet, was surrounded by niches cut in the rock, each niche being about eight feet high and two feet deep and wide; but the purpose of these cuttings did not strike me at the moment.

I concluded that, as there was not a second opening from this chamber, I had come in the wrong direction to find the cemetery, and that I ought to have taken one of the other passages. However, I thought I would look round the place while I was there, so I started a circuit of the wall, being very careful where I put my feet.

I had not gone more than a dozen paces when I almost dropped with astonishment at seeing the black body of a man stretched at full length, face downwards, across a heap of rubbish. The shock was only momentary, because dead bodies were the very things I had expected to find, though I was scarcely prepared to come across them in this way. On close examination I noticed that the skin of the body was dried up into a hard, parchment-like substance, and had attached to itself but little flesh remaining outside the bones. In fact, it was a perfectly dried mummy, and had apparently once contained the soul of an Australian aboriginal. On looking about I found several more bodies preserved in the same way, and from their position had no difficulty in ascertaining that the niches in the wall were cut for the reception of the northern braves when it was no longer necessary that they should spear the kangaroo or the cassowary.

Beyond a few arrow-heads, I found no relics of the chase or adornment until just as I was about to return to the daylight, when I saw a large blue feather sticking out from the rubble. I stooped to pick it up, only to find that the quill-end was fastened in a ball of hard, red ochre; and on drawing this out, to my astonishment I found a small, thin roll of paper running through the ochre. It was clear that both the feather and the paper had been fastened in the ball when the ochre was soft, and I thought it probable that the trophy, if such it may be called, had been used as a head-dress or as a charm by some ancient chief.

By this time I had had quite enough of the caves. The air and dust gave me a terrible thirst; and, to tell the truth, I was rather disappointed at not having found more curios. I collected some of the flint spear and arrow heads, and with these and the feather ornament I made my way out into the sunshine, and was soon back at the hut.

I need not go into details about my return to Rockhampton, which was quite uneventful. On reaching home and looking over the articles I had brought from the cave, my curiosity led me to break the ball of clay and unroll the paper running through it. This was rather a difficult operation, the paper being almost as brittle as a dried leaf; but with the use of a damp sponge I managed at last to spread it out flat upon the table. The paper was about ten inches by five in size, and was covered with very small writing, which had greatly faded, but was still quite readable; though, as the language in which it was written was Spanish or Portuguese, it was incomprehensible to me.

A few weeks later I was in Brisbane, and through the courtesy of the Spanish Consul there I managed to get the strange writing translated. It turned out that the language used was old Portuguese. I do not remember the exact translation supplied to me, but the substance of it was as follows:

'I, Manuel José Ramoz, of the ship *Ciuto Ruos*, tell my comrades, if they should find this paper, that I escaped from the blacks, and am making north again to recover the pearls which I hid when the blacks surrounded me. If I do not reach the place, this is to inform them that I wrapped the pearls in a buskin, which I placed in a cavity in the big red rock where we camped on the first night out from the ship. The cavity is the height of a man from the ground.'

This was all. Needless to say the paper excited my curiosity; but the absence of any date, and the sparse particulars generally, deterred me at the time from attempting to find the pearls, which I doubted not were still in the place where Ramoz hid them, or the paper would not have found its way into the hands of the blacks. The paper, too, must have travelled hundreds of miles before being finally buried with the body of the brave, as the two Portuguese vessels that reached the coast of Australia in the sixteenth century touched, I had heard, only on the northern shore. I came to the conclusion that Ramoz obtained the pearls from one of the coast tribes, and was making his way back with them to the ship when he was surrounded by hostile blacks, and captured after he had hidden the treasure. On escaping from them he wrote out the notice and fixed it in a ball of clay, intending to put it in some conspicuous place should he cross the track of his shipmates; but he was again taken or died before he could carry out his purpose. Of course, it was possible that the blacks found the ball after it had been deposited on the track; but this was hardly likely, or the clay would not have been retained as a trophy, if indeed any notice at all had been taken of it.

After I had kept the paper for some months a nephew of mine arrived from England with a view to making his way in the colonies. He was a smart young fellow, and I was glad to have him with me for a time while he looked about for suitable work. One day I showed him the Portuguese manuscript, and I do not know that I was very much surprised when he at once expressed a great desire to go and search for the pearls. I pointed out to him how very remote was the chance of finding them; but the difficulties seemed only to whet his ardour; and, to say truth, I was really so curious about the matter myself that my opposition to the scheme was really only half-hearted.

To cut a long story short, I eventually agreed to

provide the funds for the expedition, my nephew Tom being well satisfied with the promise of a sixth share of any booty afterwards found. We did not have the difficulty we anticipated in finding out the spot where the *Ciuto Ruos* anchored when she landed a party on the coast. The doings of the vessel were referred to in several books bearing upon the discovery of Australia which we found in the Brisbane Public Library. She sighted the north of the continent towards the end of the year 1591, and anchored in a small bay about fifty miles east of the spot where Palmerston is now situated. Closer information than this we did not expect to secure, and my nephew took steamer for Port Darwin in great hopes of success. He was accompanied by two experienced bushmen on whom I could thoroughly rely, and had with him everything necessary for an extended camp.

On thinking the matter over, I came to the conclusion that it was very improbable that the spot where the pearls were hidden would be found. Three hundred years of growth and decay would alter the whole vegetation, covering up open spots, and partially denuding thickly bushed country; so that it would be impossible to hazard a guess as to which was the most likely route taken from the bay. The only points in favour of the adventurers were that they knew the Portuguese camping-place to be not more than a day's march from the shore, and that naturally it would be situated where water was available. As it turned out, it was this latter fact that led to the comparatively quick discovery of the rock.

On arriving at the little bay indicated in the old books, my nephew decided, on the advice of the bushmen, to proceed as far as possible on a bee-line south from the centre of the bay, and follow up and down each watercourse they struck. Owing to the scrub being in places very thick, progress was exceedingly slow along the numerous creeks—most of them dry—which they met with, and it took the party fully a fortnight before they had completed a radius of seven miles from their starting-point. They then rested for three days while my nephew recovered from a slight attack of ague or fever of some kind, and on the eighteenth day out moved their camp to a spot about ten miles from the bay, where a wide, dry, sandy creek was met with. Here they found water at a depth of eighteen inches, and the general appearance of the creek gave them an idea that it was just the sort of place where a prospecting or travelling party would almost certainly rest. And, sure enough, it was along this creek that they found the rock which they were so anxiously seeking.

On the twentieth day, while moving up the creek in an easterly direction, they noticed that the yellow sand was largely tinged with red. As they proceeded, the creek narrowed and its course was obstructed here and there by boulders of red granite. Suddenly the creek took a sharp bend south, and just at the bend was a huge mass of granite rising to a height of some twenty feet. But there was no ledge visible, the rock sloping evenly at an angle of about fifty degrees from the horizontal; and you may imagine the intense disappointment of the members of the search-party when they noticed this. However, they thought it possible that the ledge had been worn off; and, deciding to dig for the precious buskin in the creek, they moved their camp to the place.

Fortunately they were saved the trouble of a prolonged search in the creek, for one of the men, on probing the rock with a spade, found that the ledge had not been entirely worn away, but a considerable portion of it remained *in situ*, though it was filled up by detritus from above. This discovery was quickly followed by some hard shovelling-work, and in half-an-hour or so the remains of an old leather buskin were revealed, and then was found one of the finest collections of pearls that has ever been brought together. We sold them for over twenty-seven thousand pounds, of which the bushmen had 5 per cent. each, according to arrangement, and my nephew and I divided the balance as agreed.

Needless to say, I am not now a solicitor at Rockhampton.

WOODE-MAYDEN.

SHE lived long, long ago, and she died then, people say.
'Tis her wraith lurks round the tree-trunks in the evening's murk and gray;
Her looks are linten-white, her gown 's green as green can be,
And with the first new moon she comes out to dance with me.

Her life was like a flower's; as a flower's life dies, she died.
Wise men put her into volumes, with quaint pictures by her side:
'Woode-mayden cladde in greene, very yonge and sweete to see;'
And with the first new moon she comes out to dance with me.

Her grave 's upon the hill. 'Tain't no grave,' say village folk;
'Just some oddment piece of slabstone where old belfry fell and broke.'
She lies there: still and straight, 'very yonge and sweete to see;'
And with the first new moon she comes out to dance with me.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

**** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

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IN THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'YOU interest me, Epps,' said the Bishop of Clumber benignly. He held a single eyeglass an inch from his left eye and contemplated the moderately new footman. He was a short Bishop, of portly build, with not one single hair on his head; clean-shaven, of course, also. His head would have been as round as a pea if the usual excrescences of a human head had been removed from it—a barbarous idea. He was seated in the library-chair presented to him by the parishioners of his first living, a handsome, carved piece of black oak, with arms that seemed proud to support his episcopal elbows. His legs were thrust forward and crossed at the ankle.

Epps bowed slightly and looked at the Bishop with an expression of serene contentment. He was a handsome young man, clean-shaven like his master.

'I repeat, Epps, that you inspire me with a certain interest. Well?'

'Is that all your lordship wishes to say to me?' inquired the servant. There was a cheerful manliness in his smile, and even in the tone of his voice, which saved him from the charge of impudence.

The Bishop laughed. He had a musical laugh which almost suggested that it had been trained in melody like the exquisite choir of his own exquisite cathedral. He set his eyeglass on the desk and placed his small hands together to form a capital A.

'By no means, Epps,' he replied, having checked the laugh suddenly and glanced round as if for its echo, which had been emphatic. 'I think you were out riding this morning with my daughter?'

'I was, sir.'

'Quite so. Did Miss Wootton hold any conversation with you this morning?'

'Nothing worth repeating, sir,' said the man, with a very pleasing light in his eyes. It was as if the question amused him more even than its predecessor, and at the same time conferred welcome dignity upon him.

The Bishop's chest swelled as he drew his breath slowly. His eyebrows twitched, and then settled into a frown of some severity, concentrated upon the man at the door.

'She told me,' Epps hastened to add, 'about the superstitions in these parts attached to horses with white feet. I don't think there was very much else. It was just before we met Lady Hemsell and her young ladies out for a drive. I assure you, sir, I slipped away to the rear the moment I saw them coming.'

The Bishop rose.

'This is extremely preposterous,' he said, as if to himself. 'I—I believe you were shooting with Mr John yesterday afternoon?'

'Yes, sir—in a sense. I carried the bag for him, and he was certainly good enough to ask me if I would like to hit a rabbit.'

'You did shoot, then—with Mr John's gun?'

'He was so pressing about it, my lord, that I—consented.'

'You *consented!* Admirable! Now, Epps, listen to me. Is the door shut?'

Epps found that it was slightly ajar. He was shutting it, when a hand on the other side interfered with his endeavours, and a moment later he stood away for the entrance of Mrs Wootton, the meagre and somewhat faded wife of the Bishop of Clumber; otherwise an elegant apparition in black silk, profusely charged with fine old white lace which hung about her like stalactite formations.

Epps would have departed at once had not the Bishop coughed and commanded him to stay.

'My dear,' then said the Bishop suavely, 'I have been addressing a few words to this young man on a subject which—which I ought perhaps to have mentioned to you first. As a domestic servant, I wish to find no fault with him—none whatever; but he is, I fear, lacking in certain of the discretions

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which—which, in fact, are so essential to a person of his position.'

Mrs Wootton showed impatience of the plaintive kind.

'What is the matter now?' she asked querulously.

'Nothing, my dear, is the *matter*. You know that, as a rule, I leave these concerns—— You may go, Epps.'

But Mrs Wootton thought not. She lifted her hand to emphasise her opinion.

'No,' she said. 'Let me hear what he has done, and let him explain it, as I feel sure he can. Surely, James, you almost forget that Epps came to us with the highest imaginable personal recommendations from the Duchess of Spoda. I do think it very inopportune to question his discretion the day before her Grace's father and sister are due at the palace. I should not speak so candidly before an ordinary servant; but Epps is no ordinary servant.'

Epps's bow in acknowledgment of the compliment was certainly no ordinary bow. In spite of the irritation he felt—for it was not often Mrs Wootton thus asserted her superiorities before a third person—the Bishop of Clumber viewed the bow as if it were something freakish. Epps bent from the waist. There was a brief period when a spirit-level placed upon his back would have indicated no deviation from the exact horizontal. Either it was a gorgeous token of real respect or a travesty of deference which proved to conviction that this handsome young servant had in him the germs of unendurable insolence.

'At the same time, Epps,' Mrs Wootton went on mildly, in contrast with her previous note, and with the strained smile of a conscious and unwilling sufferer, 'I do hope you will try and remember that England is not America. His lordship is naturally sensitive'——

'Epps, I repeat, you may *go!*' said the Bishop forcibly. His round face was suffused with warm colour, and his eyes showed plain anger.

But Mrs Wootton again held up her hand, a pretty, lace-draped, spectral white thing, with several rings of price upon it.

'I have not finished,' she observed. 'I desired, James, to remind the young man that it is for his own advantage to try and realise that this is a monarchical country, in which it is customary to recognise the very marked differences between people of different ranks.—You *will* try, Epps?' she pleaded.

'Certainly, ma'am,' said Epps, as if it were a pleasure to promise anything to so considerate a lady.

'Thank you. And now you *may* go.'

When he had gone Mrs Wootton walked, not unimpressively, to the arm-chair by the fire and sat stiffly in it. She did not so much as glance at her husband, who had begun to pace the library—plunge about it, indeed—with his hands behind his back, like an over-canvased little schooner in a tossing sea. She was in no hurry to speak the words which her husband knew were inevitably about to come. This made them the more effective when they came.

'We cannot be too careful, James, about the feelings of these persons. I do happen to agree with you at heart that this young man is rather less what he ought to be than is desirable; but we must make allowances, and remember that it would never do to offend the Duchess of Spoda even so slightly until Mr and Miss Slack have paid us this visit. The Duchess was so charmingly in earnest about it.'

'But,' exclaimed the Bishop, 'that is part of my argument. Why should I be—encumbered with such strangers?'

Mrs Wootton looked round at him with elevated eyebrows and an air of refined pity.

'Do you forget that also, James?' she asked. 'Mr Andrew Slack is the gentleman, the American gentleman, who, if Mrs Anfield speaks truth—and I believe she does sometimes—never puts less than five pounds on the alms-dish at a church collection. His daughter'——

'Pardon me, my dear!'

But Mrs Wootton did not like to be interrupted, even by her own husband.

'*Please*,' she insisted, 'let me finish what I have to say. Miss Slack has six millions of dollars in her own right. What were you about to say?'

'I simply,' said the Bishop, speaking with some flatness, as if his observations had lost point at the rate of so much per second, 'wished to ask if Mrs Anfield keeps a register of Mr Slack's church attendances in England; else I cannot admit that his benefactions seem to me at all out of proportion to his means. But I beg your pardon, my dear. I am wasting your time and my own. These—er—inferences distress me, and I have several diocesan reports to go through—several.'

Mrs Wootton rose languidly.

'One must think of one's children as well as one's self, James,' she said.

'To be sure, my dear. Who questions that? It was for Audrey's sake that I felt it my duty to say what I said just now to that young man.'

'I do not understand you, James,' said Mrs Wootton, hesitating between her husband and the door.

'I—I hope you do not. I am very willing to hope that I am myself mistaken. But we will say nothing more about it. I will endeavour to make Mr Slack feel at home during these three next days, and—— We will say nothing more about it, my dear.'

The Bishop's smile and assumption of an easy geniality would have won the regard of any one less seasoned to his lordship's little ways than his wife. His courteous movement to the door, with folded hands, was eminently picturesque in him. But the graciousness of it all was wasted upon his wife.

'Do you mean to tell me,' exclaimed Mrs

Wootton, with pale horror looming in her light-blue eyes, 'that you dare to imagine such a thing? Audrey! Our daughter Audrey! This is too much. It is not often I repine at the lot with which Heaven has blessed us; but really I could wish we were again at our humble little vicarage of Milton-on-the-Dove, and that the last ten years of your—your advancement were blotted out as if they had never been.'

'My dear Caroline!' murmured the Bishop as if he also were aghast. He would have put his hand on his wife's arm, but she declined the loving attention.

'Don't, James!' she said testily. 'It is much too serious to be made light of. What are your reasons for so—shocking a suspicion?'

'My dear, it has not developed into a suspicion. Heaven forbid! I only warned the young man that it is not prudent to—er—talk with his master's daughter as if she were almost his equal; that is all. There! there! dismiss it from your mind. I like the young man. Other nations, other manners. I was not severe with him. As I informed him, he interests me; he has many agreeable qualities which differentiate him from the conventional English servant. My fear was that Audrey, who, you know, is as romantic as she is deservedly dear to us both, might, in her beautiful innocence, tempt the young man towards a misconception of his position; and also, not knowing whither such familiarity might lead her, begin to feel a concern for him which—— But I have said more than enough. I had not meant to hint at such alarming possibilities, and I am sure we can now afford to smile at them.'

This time Mrs Wootton permitted her husband to pat her shoulder. She seemed dazed.

'Forget my words and be happy, my dear,' he whispered as he opened the door for her.

It was seldom indeed of recent years that his wife had so completely yielded to him the deference that was due to him as a bishop as well as her husband. Having watched her glide into the corridor, with a stricken look about the shoulders which was peculiarly touching in her, he returned to his desk. He did not at once resume his work. He was really much moved by the termination of this little interview.

But Mrs Wootton was not in the condition of collapse which her deportment in so obedient a departure seemed to indicate. She sought her daughter immediately.

'Where is Audrey, John?' she asked, when she first chanced upon her son reading the paper in the sunny oriel room which the brother and sister made pretty much their own.

'Cutting flowers, I believe,' said John. 'She said something about it, and whirled off with the scissors ten minutes ago. By the way, mother, about to-morrow'——

'I can't wait, John,' said Mrs Wootton.

A vision of her lovely, gray-eyed child among the plants, with Epps at her elbow bearing a tray, came to Mrs Wootton like a remembered picture in a book. She had seen it happen twice in the past week.

Too true, in fact, also.

There they were, in the second of the glass-houses! And Audrey was smiling at Hamilton Epps, with a sprig of scarlet geranium in her hand, which she seemed in no hurry to pass to the charge of her companion.

Never had the poor lady been so humbled by the perception that the Bishop, her husband, had subtler instincts than herself. She had to exercise very great self-control when her daughter greeted her with a gay 'I'm here, mother. Do you want me?'

'No, my dear; I want to speak to Epps,' she said.

'All right,' said the girl cheerily. 'I'll take the tray. I think these ought to do.'

She laid her cheek to her mother's ere going, and Mrs Wootton marked, with a sinking at the heart, the beautiful brightness of her eyes. Such radiance, at such a time, must mean something. But what dissimulation if so! The poor lady felt as if she could have sighed from the soles of her feet.

'Epps,' she said when the intervening glass door was shut, 'I must ask you to leave the palace. I should be glad if you would do so this very hour.'

The young man started. His look of surprise was so comely in him that Mrs Wootton knew that she was doing right. With her mind illuminated by the Bishop's unwilling communication, she wondered briefly how it was she had never noticed the dangerous fascination of this gentlemanly footman. The Duchess of Spoda ought to have known better than recommend such a snare to her.

'To oblige me—this very hour, please. I will, of course, see that you are at no pecuniary loss,' she added.

'But, Mrs Wootton—haven't I given *satisfaction?*' asked the young man anxiously, making much of the word.

It was on her tongue to reply, 'Too much—much too much!'

'There are circumstances,' she said instead, blushing for him, since he himself seemed so incapable of shame; 'I cannot—I have no time to go into them.'

'I'm sorry,' said Epps. 'I'm very sorry. See here, Mrs Wootton, please. That is, do let me speak. I—expect I'm a disappointment because, you know, in the States it's quite a common thing for men at the colleges to make their fees in this way; and, of course, the tone over here has more—refinements in its blend, if I may say so. We can't pick it up in a month—at least I can't. Mayn't I try another week or two?'

This side-suggestion had the result of increasing Mrs Wootton's alarm to such a degree that she almost forgot her rôle of executioner. Never had this new footman addressed her on such natural and level terms, his singular expressions apart.

'Are *you* at one of the colleges?' she asked, viewing him as if he were a monster.

'I hope you won't mind if I say I *was*,' said he.

He smiled like one avowing a pleasantry rather than a crime.

'In that case,' said Mrs Wootton, 'I must treat you as the gentleman I hope you are.' She held out her hand. 'Will you be so very good as to go at once and ask no questions?'

His eyes searched hers for a moment or two, with less and less smile in them. Then he bowed and touched her hand with his.

'Very well, Mrs Wootton,' he said. 'I—think I see. I'll go right enough, though I would have liked to stay to help you with my fellow-country-folk.'

'At once, Epps!' begged Mrs Wootton, clasping his hand.

He looked at his watch.

'I expect it'll take me twenty minutes or so to change and pack,' he said. 'If you'll let me, I'll leave the things here till I know where I'll want them, except just a brush and comb or so. How'll that do for you?'

Mrs Wootton clasped his hand harder still.

'Thank you,' she said fervently.

'Not at all,' said he. 'And I reckon you'd sooner I didn't say good-bye to a single soul, but just slipped out as if I were going to buy things in the town? Isn't that it, Mrs Wootton?'

'Yes,' she said. 'You are a very—judicious young man, Epps; and if you knew how it hurts me to feel obliged to do it'——

'Oh, don't say that,' said he encouragingly. 'It hurts me to go, so we're balanced, if it's not a wrong thing to say, in my—capacity. Good-morning, then, and good-bye.'

Of the two, Mrs Wootton was much the more confused. She had not realised, apparently, what she was doing in thus holding the footman's hand like that. She dropped it smartly at the 'good-bye.'

Hamilton Epps passed on into the third of the conservatories, whence he could ascend to his room in the purely domestic part of the palace, and so descend in privacy and go out into the cold world as a discharged footman.

Ten minutes later a housemaid brought him an envelope from Mrs Wootton, containing the Bishop's cheque for an entire quarter's salary and a written assurance from Mrs Wootton that if he needed any testimonial she would be very happy to say, as she felt, nothing but good about him.

'I call that real nice of her,' he said, as he pocketed the letter and cheque. He smiled as if he were troubled by but few anxieties about the future.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON A NORWEGIAN FARM.

BJERKESDAL is unknown to *Baedeker*, and there is no reason why it should be otherwise. Lying in a deep valley on one of the old roads that lead from nowhere to nowhere, it is quite off the tourist track, and only strangers of inquiring mind who range the byways in search of new trout-waters are like to happen upon Bjerkesdal at all.

Yet Bjerkesdal is a place of some importance, measured by native standards. Unlike most of the place-names more or less imposing which cover the large-scale maps of Norway, Bjerkesdal is not an isolated farm, but a group of farms. This hole in the hills like the crater of an extinct volcano is fertile in its degree, wherefore Bjerkesdal is a settlement comprising upwards of five farms, a saw-mill, and a church. One of the farms is the posting-station, therefore the inn and the post-office. This house proclaims its dignities to the world by means of a decaying signboard on which you can guess out the word *Skyds-station* (which means posting-station), and by an enamelled-iron plate on which is painted that curly horn made familiar by the postage-stamps. There is also a box for letters somewhere round at the back.

Having been informed concerning the resources of Bjerkesdal, we had not thought well to descend upon the place without warning; and a message in advance had procured the best available conveyance—a country-cart guiltless of springs—to meet us at Strömshavn: which name, by the way, describes a rather decrepit little quay and nothing else. Our hostess, somewhat overcome by the importance of the occasion, received us in a condition of fluent apology that the twenty-four hours' notice had not enabled her to make suitable preparations—suitable preparations, under these circumstances, meaning tinned rissoles, tinned chicken, and tinned balls of fish; but the failure was easy to forgive. Fresh beef or mutton is rarely seen on Norwegian country tables; and when it is, the experienced pass it by. Tinned rissoles are eatable enough, but apt to pall when you get them at every hotel in the land; and fowls are only tinned when extreme old age closes their long and useful career as layers. I have never seen a freshly killed chicken in Norway, and do not expect I ever shall. After all, what does it matter for a week or two? Bjerkesdal could offer what all other places can offer—to wit, eggs, trout, *fladbröd* (the rye equivalent of oatcake), cheese, butter, bread, and jam, with excellent tea and coffee to wash them down; and you look for no more at the best-regulated posting-house.

The posting-house is an institution which the absence of railways has made essential to travel in this country. The larger towns are few, and so are villages; and practically all the journeying not

made by water lies over high-roads of very varying merit, in pony-carts. Distances are great, and in this thinly populated land (there are about nineteen persons to the square mile) farm dwellings are often few and far between. A thoughtful Government, therefore, makes arrangements for travellers. At intervals along every road farmers who feel disposed thus to enhance their incomes are licensed to supply ponies at a small fixed charge per kilomètre; and this privilege carries with it the obligation to provide on demand food and one night's lodging for travellers at charges ridiculous in their moderation. Since Norway was 'discovered' as a tourist resort some twenty-five or thirty years ago, the posting-houses on popular routes have expanded into or have given place to large hotels; but in the byways of the country they remain much as they were a couple of centuries ago.

The Bjerkesdal inn differs in no way from a hundred others. A weather-beaten structure of boards, roofed with clumsy slabs of slate-like rock; squat chimneys guarded against the winter snowfall by slabs raised on corner-stones; guiltless of eaves or any pretence at external adornment save that a few unkempt and straggling shrubs endeavour to hide the course of rough stone on which the house is built. The interior is more attractive by reason of the quaint old furniture. The sitting-room cupboards of dark, carved oak offer curious contrast to the crudely painted chest over by the stove; and the commonplace chairs look more commonplace beside the old Telemark chair hewn in one piece from a solid tree-trunk, the outline of whose circumference you can still trace in its irregularities. The Telemark chair looks like the first attempt of a dawning civilisation to make itself comfortable. No doubt the hour-glass pedestal with upright, coal-scoop back compared favourably with the benches and settles of a bygone age, but its naked quaintness leaves modern ideas of luxury something to desire. These old chairs sometimes offer testimony of Norwegian superstition: you find let into the seat what appear to be scraps of bone or ivory; closer inspection reveals these adornments to be human teeth, which serve as charms against rheumatism. Why the teeth should be supposed to do this the owner can no more explain than he can the efficacy of reindeer antlers nailed on the angle of the stable-roof in warding off ill from the ponies and cattle; but the antlers remain where his grandfather put them, all the same.

But we must go upstairs and get ready for supper. The carpetless bedroom has an aspect of bareness which strikes one cold on a rainy day. Planed deal walls and ceilings have the merit of cleanliness; but they give the feeling that the house is only a temporary dwelling to be pulled down next week and resolved into its original boards. Few householders paint the walls of their rooms; fewer still soar to the extravagance of paper. When they do the result is not always gratifying to the artistic eye. The furniture is scanty: a chair, a washstand, and two small, clean beds, one on either side of the west window. A double bed in Norway is a rarity. I can remember only one such in a country-house during some years of travel, and that remains the more clearly in mind because the owner's misdirected love of gardening had induced him to train ivy over the canopy of the four-poster from a tub of earth at its foot! In the corner behind the door is the inevitable tall stove standing out into the room, and making much of the iron chimney-pipe which started with the intention of going through the ceiling, and, abruptly changing its mind, turned sharp through the wall to join the kitchen chimney instead. The Norwegian stove may be warranted to give out more heat and more smell than any other heating apparatus known to man; its talent for distributing the smell of hot iron is extraordinary. The old-fashioned fireplace is a slower but far pleasanter means of warming the room. This is simply a brick platform in the corner, with a wide masonry canopy over it. You heap wood on the platform, which is a foot or so above the floor, light a handful of the birch-bark which in these parts does duty as paper for firing purposes (and does it very much better), and in two minutes there is a blaze that does your heart good to see on a cold night.

And so to supper, as Pepys would say. Late dinner is unknown in the country districts save in hotels where anglers congregate. In town it is different. Social usage prescribes that the urban dinner shall be a movable feast, the hour indicating its importance. Thus, if you are asked out to dine at the orthodox hour of two, you know that it is a purely family party without ceremony; if the invitation is for four o'clock or five, you may expect to meet other guests and not your friends' young children; but if you are bidden for six or seven o'clock, prepare you for a full-dress function, a crowd, champagne, and probably music after dinner. Champagne, it may be observed, resembles other wines in that it is particularly good in Norway. The system has its advantages for him whose interior is proof against the shock of heavy meals at uncanonical hours; but personally I prefer the British method.

'The dog must go out,' says our hostess, who is waiting with ill-concealed pride by the table she has made ready; and she makes a demonstration which fails to move Iyax (Ajax) from the strategic position he has taken up underneath. But on no account can we allow Ajax to be disturbed; not because we are inveterate dog-lovers, but because there is ham for supper. The Norwegian housewife does many things well, but ham-curing is not one of them; and how shall we avoid hurting the good woman's feelings if Ajax be removed? He does not know the ham is hard as the nether millstone, salt as the sea, and tasteless; and his tail is thumping the floor in grateful anticipation already. We are in luck this evening. The trout are fresh, to begin with. Boiled fresh trout, varied with fried fresh trout, is apt to pall when served up thrice a day for

a couple of months; but it is better than the same fish salted. Industriously as the farmer nets and night-lines the lake or stream by which he dwells, he cannot always depend on a catch. Hence, when he does make a haul, the bulk of it goes into the brine-tub, where, if not wanted for more immediate use, it remains for winter consumption.

Foreign visitors are rare in Bjerkesdal, our hostess tells us; and she this evening meets the first English lady she has ever seen who can speak Norwegian. She makes the most of the occasion by officiating as tablemaid, so Ajax does not get quite so much ham as he hoped, while we take refuge in constitutional inability to eat pig in any form. We are regaled with a chapter of family history which bears striking likeness to many other such chapters poured into the sympathetic ear that understands the language. Our hostess and her 'man' are alone at present; of their two sons, one is at sea and the other is in America. The two daughters, of course, are 'up at the *saeter*.'

The isolation of the average farm is one thing; the solitude 'at the *saeter*' is another. Away up in the folds of the mountains, beyond the crags on the skyline which protect the lingering snow-patches from the July sun, the farmer has a few acres of pasture. Labour is scarce, and as the mountain pasture cannot come to the cows, the cows must go to the mountain. They are driven up as soon as the snow gives place to the spring growth, and stay for six weeks or two months in the care of the girls.

We have not seen our host yet. He has been out on the hillside all day cutting fodder; but as we leave the supper-table a metallic roar that echoes louder and louder among the hills tells us that he is come home and receiving the fruits of the day's work by the wire. The wire is a great labour-saving institution in Norway. From some stout tree-trunk on the hillside a heavy iron wire is stretched to a post strengthened with boulders near the barn, a quarter of a mile below. The workers on the hillside rope up a great bale of the birch-twigs used as winter food for sheep and cattle, hang this by a hook on the wire, and send it sailing over the tree-tops with ever-increasing speed to its destination. Sometimes the wire a few yards from its lower end is flattened and bent out of the straight in such wise that the hook-borne bale shoots off it right into the barn, thus saving all trouble; but the average farmer is content to let the bundle bring its aerial journey to an abrupt close against the bottom support. Accidents occasionally occur. One of a party of girls who were sending down firewood or birch-twigs did not observe that the slack of the rope was about her feet. When her companions let the bale go she was carried away with it, and after a terrible flight across the deep ravine spanned by the wire, counted herself fortunate in escaping with a broken thigh.

What can we do till it is time to go to bed? We might put up the rods and try a cast on the lake, but it is smooth as glass to-night, and there is not a chance of a rise. Moreover, our host, in the intervals of receiving birch-twigs, has affirmed that the trout in Bjerkesdal lake take *slug* (minnow) better than fly, and minnow-fishing is a poor business. We are considering the propriety of trying the streamlet which feeds the lake on this side, when a throaty bugle-blast up the road intimates the approach of the mail; and a few minutes later the clatter of hoofs and the postboy's *p-r-r-r-r!* which being interpreted by the pony means 'stop,' draw us round to the front door, where the postboy, having deposited his revolver on the steps, is dragging the great tarpaulin bag out of the *cariole*. The postboy is almost the only person who uses the *cariole* nowadays; the *stolkjaerre* or chair-cart, which carries two passengers and their baggage, has almost entirely supplanted the old vehicle. This, from a practical point of view, is not much to be regretted. The *cariole* is picturesque and characteristic of the country, but is not comfortable. The long, narrow box, like a coffin with a seat at the end, allows but one change of posture; you can put your legs out, one on either side, and rest your feet in the iron stirrups provided; but you must sit bolt upright all the time. The *cariole* does not countenance a lounging attitude. The conscientious tourist sometimes makes a point of driving a stage in a *cariole* if he can get one; he never asks for it again.

Meantime the mail-bag has been turned out on the doorstep, and our hostess is sorting out the three letters and three newspapers it contained. There is a letter for Anna Bjerkesdal from Bergen, she remarks, turning it over; Anna will be disappointed at not hearing yet from Lars in Oregon. Klara Bjerkesdal has been expecting to hear from her aunt at Nordfjordeid these many days, and here it is at last. Now, who can this be writing to Johann Bjerkesdal? Good hostess, curiosity shall be quickly appeased; for the bugle was heard by all the Bjerkesdals in Bjerkesdal, and behold them drifting with their native deliberation hitherward, to open and read their letters for the public enlightenment. The Norwegian's surname is the name of his farm or the settlement of which it forms an item—a system of nomenclature apt, one would think, to give rise to confusion and difficulties.

The postboy makes over the revolver to our host, as required by regulation, and takes his conveyance round to the stable. It is difficult to imagine such an outrage as mail-robbery in this law-abiding country; theft is practically unknown outside the large towns; but once in a way a gang of gipsies whose address is Europe happens into Norway, and with the remote possibility of meeting such on his lonely journeys, it is perhaps well that the fourteen-year-old mail-carrier should be armed.

The letters have been read, and the Bjerkesdals politely but firmly have asked all the questions that occur to them concerning ourselves, our belongings, our past and future. It is nearly ten o'clock, and the snow-patches on the hill-crests are glitter-

ing in the setting sun, when we escape for a stroll. The choice of route is small. We might go down the road by which we came this afternoon, and see if there are any salmon in the fixed nets which obstruct the stream ten times in a mile; or we might attack the almost perpendicular road by which we shall climb out of the valley to-morrow. Remains only the path along the lakeside to the white-painted, wooden church, with its squat, red steeple, and we take that. Unless it be one of the strange old *stavekirke*, few of which now remain, the country church in Norway is seldom of much interest. Some are adorned with wonderful carvings dating from centuries back, but Bjerkesdal is not one of them, so we do not apply for the key. The average churchyard is rarely attractive, with its wooden crosses falling to decay in the sandy soil, which seems to be selected of set purpose for the site of the church. The *præst* who officiates every third Sunday in Bjerkesdal does not live here, the church being the most northerly of the three in his parish, which is fifty odd miles in length, and he holds services at each in turn. This is a comparatively small parish for Norway. The country being populated in streaks corresponding with the valleys, parishes are very long and very narrow; and this topographical peculiarity gives rise to the funeral custom prevalent in Norway. If a parishioner dies at one end of the parish, it may be impossible to secure the offices of the clergyman to bury him. In his absence, the clerk, who is also the schoolmaster, reads the service and leads the hymns at the graveside; but the *præst*, and he only, may perform the ceremony of dropping earth upon the coffin in its resting-place. To the end that this may be done, a stout stake is placed upright in the grave when it is filled in; and this stake, carefully withdrawn when the clergyman comes on his next visit, leaves a hole through which the 'earth to earth' ceremonial is performed.

We have to make an early start to-morrow, and though the woods around are alive with bird-voices, it is time to go to bed. Were we to wait for the birds to go to roost we should never retire at all; now, in early July, the cuckoo calls as vigorously at midnight as at noon, and the twittering swallows are as busy hawking flies. There is not much unpacking to do when we reach the bedroom, but a few things must be got out. *Imprimis*, the black cloths; item, the box of safety-pins; item, the shaving-glass. It is a curious thing that the Norwegian, despite his twenty to twenty-four hours of broad daylight in summer, should so rarely equip his windows with blinds. It is not at all unusual to find no blinds in the hotels which lay themselves out to cater for foreign visitors; and, to repair this deficiency, the experienced who cannot sleep in a light room provide themselves with sheets of black stuff to hang over the windows. Then the safety-pins. Norwegian blankets and sheets are invariably made exactly the same width as the mattress, so by no possibility can you tuck them in. The Norwegian does not know the luxury of tucking-in—he rolls himself up in the bedclothes instead; so unless you adopt the native fashion and practise making a neat and comfortable parcel of yourself, and can sleep without dreaming that you are a mummy, take a stock of big safety-pins, and therewith make your bedclothes into a bag. The small glass to hang on the wall is also desirable. There may be in Norway a mirror which offers a more faithful reflection than would a battered biscuit-tin, even as there may be a table with four legs of equal length; but if existent, they must be rare.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

By George Frederick Turner.

CHAPTER V.—*continued.*



LOOKED behind me to try and follow with my eye the windings of the run. Here and there a steep bank showed where the track curved suddenly, but for the most part it was indistinguishable in the glaring whiteness of the landscape. The sound of firing attracted my attention to a party of tiny soldiers hundreds of feet below shooting at an ice-target on the Nonnen-see. Half-way down the hillside a couple of men were skiing in swift zigzags among the pine-trees. The speed they attained, the ease and grace with which they turned, fascinated me. Presently one of them fell. His pole slipped from his hand, his long, comical footgear flourished aloft, a feathery spray of whiteness rose momentarily into the air, and he lay stretched and motionless in the deep snow. At first I feared a minor tragedy, a sprained ankle or a twisted limb, but in a second he was on his feet again brushing the snow from his clothes and glissading smoothly down the steep incline.

The extraordinary beauty of the scene held me. It seemed as if Nature had made of this high valley a huge recreation-ground for weary, jaded men. It was as if she said, 'Come, all ye who work in great, stuffy cities, and whose eyes are weary of close-pent streets and mud-stained pavements. Behold! I will fill your lungs with pure, untainted air. I will bound your vision with mountains instead of houses, and your eyes shall rest upon stainless snow. Here you can feel the warmth of a sun whose rays no

vapour intercepts, no fogs conceal, but which will never oppress you. Here you can sport in the most enjoyable, the most exhilarating fashion; and in case you fall, I have prepared the softest pillows in the world for you to fall on, the spotless pillows of my gleaming snows.'

'You still think it is better than Whitechapel?' asked my companion, noticing my entranced expression.

'It is a white chapel,' I replied, 'an immaculate shrine for the worship of Nature.'

'Now you are becoming poetical,' returned Miss Anchester. 'First you are flippant, and then you become poetical. I am afraid you have a very unstable mind.'

'A stable mind is a perpetual boredom,' I remarked. 'But if you are going down the Kastel run, had we not better pursue our upward course?'

'*Vorwärts*, then,' said Miss Anchester; and a few minutes later we had reached the starting-point of the world-famed run.

We were quite near the Mariencastel now, and its quaint Romanesque tower seemed to lean more than ever from the perpendicular. A high wooden construction stood by, from the summit of which a view of the whole course could be obtained. When a rider was seen to fall a warning bell was rung, which was continued till the course was clear. At the base of this tower was a small room where sportsmen stored their toboggans and deposited their superfluous attire, and from which telegraphic messages were exchanged with the Weissheim end of the run. A thin wire was stretched across the track both at the start and at the finish, and by the snapping of these the time of each descent was automatically registered. When a rider had finished his course an electric bell was rung from the other end and his time telegraphed up. By no possible chance were two riders ever allowed on the track at the same time.

There were a few men waiting their turn before us. They were dressed in sweaters and high, white leggings; they wore thick gauntlets on their hands, and stout pads on their knees and elbows. All had boots furnished with sharp, iron-spike rakes.

'If you walk down the side of the track,' said Miss Anchester, 'you will see me pass you long before you get to Weissheim. There is not much amusement in watching the start.'

I acted upon this suggestion, and marched down again by the path which bordered the Kastel run.

At the Devil's Elbow I waited a moment and watched a male performer negotiate the sharp turn. He did not do it at all well, his toboggan skidding sideways down the steep bank, throwing the rider half-off on to the hard track. However, he recovered his position with an effort, and, after bumping rather severely into the counter-bank, steadied himself and disappeared rapidly from view.

I walked on, and after a few minutes another man passed me. His pace was terrific, and he seemed travelling with great skill, but the tense anxiety in his strained eyes seemed to suggest that glory rather than pleasure was the real motive of his descent.

I continued my downward course till I came to a sharp double bend which I made no doubt was the famous Jonathan and David.

The latter was banked up to a tremendous height, and wisely so, for it was obvious than any one going over here would have a fearful experience, an almost precipitous drop of many hundred feet.

I decided to wait here to see Miss Anchester's descent, and selected the top of Jonathan as my best point of vantage. I had not long to wait. There was the slight, scraping sound of iron runners travelling over smooth ice, and my late companion was in sight.

Down the slope she came, travelling smoothly but at a tremendous speed, straight as an arrow, magnificent in her complete control of her lightning craft. A wisp of fair hair streamed behind her ear; a faint gleam of amusement shone in her gray eyes.

Suddenly I heard the chink of metal on ice, she swerved violently in her course, and the toboggan, instead of rising about half-way up the bank upon which I was standing, rushed straight towards me. My first impulse was to jump down out of the way, for it is no joke to stand in the path of an erratic tobogganer travelling at the speed of some fifty miles an hour. In the nick of time there flashed back to me some caustic remarks of the governess on the subject of nerve. I stood my ground in apparent fearlessness, and as I did so I read acute distress in Miss Anchester's countenance. Something was wrong, and as she rushed violently towards me her lips framed a breathless 'Stop me!' The whole time from the moment I had first heard the sound of her runners till her face was almost level with my feet was so infinitesimally brief that my mind worked by instinct rather than reasoning. Fortunately, the abrupt dash up the steep, high bank had taken off much of her tremendous speed. Leaning over, I caught her by the arm, and, throwing my weight back, held her against the inevitable wrench that followed. I felt the muscles of my arms crack, but my feet had good purchase, and for a second we stayed there tottering on the summit of Jonathan. In that second I saw the toboggan slip away from its late rider, dash up David, and disappear over the top into the silent abyss. Then, as we rolled back together like children on a hillside, tumbling at last into a deep, soft bed of snow, the bell on the crow's-nest rang out its deep note of warning. Then it was silent again. The course was clear.

I looked at my companion, who lay motionless at my side. Her eyes were closed. A letter which had fallen from her pocket lay beside her.

'Miss Anchester,' I said as soon as I had regained my breath. There was no answer.

Again I called on her by name. Still there was no answer.

I rose to my knees and gazed at her face. It was very pale, very statuesque, very beautiful.

Putting the letter which had fallen from her pocket into my own for safety, I picked up a handful of snow and rubbed her temples with it. Almost at once the big, gray eyes opened, calmly wondering. Then remembrance lighted in them.

'What a little donkey I've been!' were her first words.

'Something went wrong?' I suggested.

'I lost a rake,' she said. 'Look;' and I saw that the iron spikes were missing from her right boot.

'Still, that was not your fault,' I said consolingly.

'No; that was Krabb the shoemaker's fault. I will talk to him presently. I called myself a donkey because I fainted.'

'Surely,' I said, 'that was a matter beyond your control.'

'Precisely; that is why I feel so humiliated. The sudden loss of my rake threw me quite off my balance, and I dashed up Jonathan instead of keeping low. I should have gone over David, to a certainty, if you had not stopped me. I was afraid you would jump out of the way as I rushed at you.'

'Your opinion of my nerve was not high?'

'It would have been only natural to do so. Fortunately for me, you did not take the natural course. Had you done so I should now be somewhere on the bosom of the Nonnen-see, and my tobogganing career a thing of the past.'

The rapid change from insensibility to her normal calmness was remarkable, and perhaps admirable. Equally remarkable was the complete absence of any expression of gratitude except the implied commendation in the admission that I had not taken the natural course.

It was a little disappointing, and yet I could not help feeling that that commendation, slight as it was, was more truly flattering than the spasmodic outpourings of the average young woman.

'I hope you are not very badly shaken,' I said. 'I had better, perhaps, fetch a sleigh to take you home.'

'I am perfectly recovered, thank you,' was the decided reply; and in another moment she was on her feet brushing the snow from her woollen jersey and short, blue skirt.

We trudged along in silence, the governess refusing my arm, following the downward track towards Weissheim.

'I suppose I shall funk David now,' said my companion a little bitterly. 'I have never funked him yet. The only parts of the course I ever approach with any anxiety are the crossings.'

'The crossings?'

'Yes; there are two places where the track is crossed. One is near the start, which we call the upper crossing, but which is seldom used. The principal one is just below here, where the Riefinsdorf road crosses the run.'

'You mean,' I said, 'that you are afraid of a sleigh blocking your path as you descend.'

'Exactly. It would be terrible, because, though one can check one's pace by raking hard, one can no more stop altogether than one could catch a rifle-bullet in a butterfly-net.'

'Cannot one throw one's self off the toboggan?' I asked.

'One might, but it would be of no earthly use. One would go on just the same, only in a rather more unpleasant fashion. As a matter of fact, there is nothing to fear from this crossing. You see that signal-post? When that signal is up, as it is now, no sleigh may advance to within a hundred yards of the track. That man there is stationed to enforce the rule in case some impatient driver should disregard it.'

Hardly were these words out of Miss Anchester's lips when there came the sound of jingling sleigh-bells. A second later there emerged from the pine-woods a pair-horse sleigh furiously driven by a cockaded coachman, and, despite the signal, they dashed recklessly past the hundred yards limit. Fortunately there was no tobogganer in sight; but the watchman, true to his duty, made as though to dart at the horses' heads. All of a sudden he stopped, backed to the side of the road, doffed his hat, and made a low obeisance.

The carriage contained two ladies. One was the Fräulein von Helder; the other was Her Majesty the Queen.

(To be continued.)

BIRD-LIFE IN A WESTERN VALLEY.

By ALFRED W. REES, Author of *Ianto the Fisherman.*

THE excessive shyness of the kingfisher may be the result, in this western valley, of constant persecution from sportsmen and poachers. As he flashes by on his way to some favourite pool, he seldom fails to awaken immediate curiosity and wonder. Too often, alas! the gun leaps to the shoulder, and the radiant butterfly-bird becomes a crumpled, blood-stained bunch of feathers floating down the sunlit stream towards the ford. Afterwards, when inartistically stuffed and mounted by a taxidermist in some local market-town, he becomes the principal ornament in the gunner's best parlour; or his skin, nailed clumsily to a piece of wood and cured with a home-made compound in which pepper is a chief ingredient, is sold for a few pence to a village fisherman, who in time uses the beautiful feathers as the dressing of the 'shoulders' of a salmon-fly. Because of the kingfisher's timidity, and also because of certain of

his habits, the production of a complete story of his life is beset with many difficulties. Much has been written of the habits of this bird which is wholly incorrect, unless, indeed, such habits differ to an amazing extent from those of the particular bird I have watched in his favourite breeding haunt about two or three miles from my old village.

The heron, too, escapes observation with a skill to be estimated only by the patient naturalist who has succeeded, but much more often failed, in his attempts to stalk the gaunt, motionless bird as it stood in some quiet little bay at the bend of the stream. I remember how once, when I had discovered a heron fishing in the glen, and had almost crept down to him beside a thickset hedge, a moorhen, noisily splattering out from a ditch, gave instant alarm, and sent him away, as hastily as his great, cumbrous wings could carry him, to the dim distance of the up-river woods. No bird possesses a keener sight than this lean hermit of the wilds. However well the watcher may hide in the brushwood near some favourite fishing place, the bird overhead, while spying out the land before descending, will catch sight of the dread human form—the form of an enemy to the heron since the earliest days of falconry—and will pass onward till a mile of field and woodland separates him from the object of his fear. While he stands rigid in the water, apparently intent only on the movements of the minnows and the salmon-fry beneath, he is always listening and looking for the slightest indication of danger.

Last spring, however, I got the better of an old jack-heron that had baffled me by his untiring vigilance. Two of the large feathers in his tail had been permanently destroyed, and thus his flight had long been familiar to me. I had seen him in the glens and the gorges, beside the mill-leat near the mouth of the brook, at a pool on the main river, and even by the old Corrwg bridge about five miles from his usual haunts. I was for ever coming upon him when I least expected to do so, and when he was perfectly aware of my approach.

But one morning, as I lay in wait for the return of a timid sandpiper that I had disturbed from her nest on the shingle by the stream, the old heron suddenly appeared, flying leisurely in the direction of a fir-spinney a hundred yards or so away. He alighted quietly on one of the trees, and, as intently I followed his movements through my field-glass, I saw him feed another heron whose head was thrust up above a large pile of sticks forming a nest amid the green tops of the firs. He soon left his lofty perch, and, much to my satisfaction, headed straight towards a pool at a bend of the stream not far from my hiding-place. I waited for him to return to the wood; then, stealthily and slowly, and with a watchful eye on his movements, I crept behind the bushes and made my way towards a furze-clump that commanded a view of the place where he had fished. Before I had reached the spot, however, I saw him beginning his journey back to the pool. I instantly dropped to the ground, crawled into a ditch, and lay there till he once more went to his nest; then I crept on, and gained my post of observation. For over an hour the bird continued to visit the same place for food. While he stalked through the water—sometimes wading deeply till the current touched his feathers, and at other times only so far as to wet his claws—or, as moveless as the stones around him, stood alert for the least sign of an approaching fish, I watched him eagerly through my field-glass. Time after time he transfixed with his long, powerful beak an unfortunate salmon-pink; and once, among the pebbles in the shallows, he caught a big, fat frog that he immediately carried off to his mate. During his journeys to the nest I stretched my cramped limbs and altered the focus of my glasses in readiness for observing him feeding the mother-bird. At last he varied his course of action by relieving the brooding hen. She, much to my disappointment, flew away to a distant part of the stream; while I, refraining from following her, moved back to watch the sandpiper on the shingles under the beech-trees.

The dipper has never been harassed in these western valleys to the same extent that the kingfisher and the heron have. He makes no imposing show, as the stately heron does, in a glazed case, with artificial rocks and reeds and painted background, over which the sky is a marvel of vivid blue such as only the mind of the country taxidermist could suggest. And though, amid his natural surroundings—rippling streams, and tumbling waterfalls, and many-coloured rocks and ferns and moss and trees, decked with those wonderful pearly lights and shadows which are peculiar to narrow valleys divided into swamps and islands by numerous watercourses—the dipper, with his snow-white throat, rust-brown waist, and dark-gray head, back, wings, and tail, is at all seasons a neat and dapper little fellow, his appearance is not nearly so distinguished as that of the brilliant kingfisher. A familiar figure by the brook, as the blackbird or the wren is in the meadow-hedge, the dipper is seldom molested by the passing sportsman. Like the wren, he sings in all kinds of weather. His blithe and fearless heart is never saddened by the winter storm. Even when the blast is bitter as the breath of death, the stream still sings among the pebbles by the ford. Perhaps, while seeking his food beneath the surface of the water, the dipper had heard the secret of perpetual happiness whispered by the spirit of the brook—as perhaps the wren had often heard it whispered by the spirit of the wind through the patter of the hail on the withered oak-leaves in the hawthorn-hedge—and for that reason is wholly undismayed. The song of the wren is, somehow, in keeping with that of the wind, and the song of the dipper with that of the waterfall; and probably, just as the song of the wren has made that bird a favourite among the country-folk, so the song of the dipper has a bright, peculiar charm for the sports

man, who, in the secluded fastnesses along the brook, listens to the wild, twittering carol rising clear above the undertones of the breeze and the brook.

The heron's nest forms the centre of a wide circle, within the limits of which—to marsh or leat or river or brook—his lines of flight are frequently varied even in the breeding season. On being disturbed, he flaps away to such a distance that hours of careful stalking are often necessary before another glimpse of the gaunt, motionless bird can be obtained. I have noticed, however, that just as the bee, honey-gathering among the flowers, will, for a period, confine her attention to one species of plant, so the old heron, found 'frogging' in some stagnant upland pond, will generally, when surprised, make his way to another pond where frogs are plentiful; or, if alarmed while fishing for unwary minnows and salmon-pink at a ford, will seek a place where the conditions of water and of fishing are apparently similar.

The kingfisher, on the approach of winter, often leaves his home beside the brook, flies far away down the main river to the estuary, and takes up his abode near the fringe of the sea. There he subsists on the small fish that the storm-lashed tides, receding from high-water mark, leave imprisoned in the pools of the rocks; till with the advent of spring the heavy floods become infrequent in river and brook, and, encouraged by the increasing warmth, the tiny samlets, soon to be followed by the silvery minnows, glance again in the shallows beneath his old nesting place. But even in summer the kingfisher's movements are not regular along the course of the stream near which he rears his family. In his flight from one point of the stream to another I have seen him leave a certain salmon-reach at a bend beneath the woods, and fly straight along the line marking the ancient bed of the river. Often, beside this old river-bed, I have found him sitting in lonely state on a projecting willow-root, and looking intently at his image in the placid mirror of the rain-filled hollow beneath him. I would not assert with confidence that on these silent, sunny mornings he was gratifying a personal vanity, though I can hardly doubt that birds, especially in spring, are conscious of their charms; but the pool contained not a single fish of any description, and such an expert as the kingfisher, knowing this, could not have been so mistaken as to visit the spot for the purpose of obtaining food. Yet again, I have startled the kingfisher from his day-dreams in a certain quiet place near the margin of a tiny rill in the heart of a wood where the summer shadows are cold and dark.

I have seldom found a dipper far from his favourite haunt by leat and rivulet. If he has chosen the source of the river among the mountains for his nesting site, he quits this bleak spot during the winter frost and snows for the shelter of the down-stream glens and gorges; but if he has fixed his summer abode on the lower reaches of the brook, he rarely migrates, for he is sufficiently hardy to endure such changes of temperature as may there occur. Once he has thoroughly explored his chosen haunt, he resists to the utmost of his power every intrusion of strangers of his own species. It is, therefore, more than likely that a dipper coming down for the winter from the mountain torrent meets with considerable persecution, and, like an alien gipsy, is passed on under unwelcome escort from place to place till he finds a stretch of water where the rights of proprietorship are not too strictly enforced.

Almost every wild creature has its own fixed ideas of rights of privilege over a certain district about its home, and in no creature are such ideas more strongly developed than in the dipper. It would be interesting to learn, from the observations of naturalists in various parts where dippers are numerous, what is the extent of river or brook usually 'preserved' by a breeding pair of these birds for their own exclusive family requirements.

As far as I myself have been able to ascertain, dippers almost invariably breed twice a year. The fledglings, directly they are well able to take care of themselves, vanish from the neighbourhood of the old home; and the parents, though seldom afterwards seen feeding together, remain, till the pairing season comes round once more, in friendly possession of the reaches which served them with food for their young. Seemingly, their lines of flight reach farther on tributary brooks than on broad, quick-running rivers adjoining, where between the salmon-pools the water is shallow over the gravelly fords.

The dipper has been accused of preying on the spawn and the fry of salmon and trout, and consequently in a few districts has been unceasingly persecuted. There are undoubtedly some grounds for the accusation; the bird, finding an egg or a recently hatched fish beneath a pebble, would hardly disdain such a tempting morsel. The persecution, nevertheless, is altogether unreasonable, since the bird amply atones for his misdeeds. On our western streams he subsists chiefly on water-worms, leeches, and the caddises and the 'creepers' of the stone-fly. No injury is done to the angler by robbing the trout of 'bottom' food, because at all times, except in winter, 'surface' food is abundant. The course thus pursued by the dipper is really productive of good; the trout in these localities, while they do not afford such sport with the artificial fly as on streams where 'bottom' food is scarce, are occasionally induced through the depredations of the dipper to turn their attention to the March browns and the blue duns floating past the 'hovers.' I sometimes fear that if it were not for the dipper and other creatures as eager as the trout in pursuit of the stone-fly grubs, surface-fishing in these western streams would disturb the equanimity of the most philosophical angler that ever wielded a trout-rod. The dipper is also of use to the fisherman by destroying great numbers of the nymphs of dragon-flies, which

devour the spawn and even the very young fry of the salmon and the trout.

Soon after my long watch beneath the pines at the margin of the brook, I again visited the valley, entering at the point where the dippers had flown from sight around the bend on the outskirts of the wood. I had formed an opinion that spring was sufficiently advanced for the dippers to have nested, and that their nest would be found up-stream beyond the spot where they had vanished. If they had built, or even had done no more than choose a site, down-stream, they would, after the long intervals of feeding and playing in the shallows, have departed in the direction of the little cascades not far from the river. This opinion was proved to be correct. For the first few hundred yards along the valley I found no sign of the dippers; then, leaving the water's edge and ascending a steep, badly drained pasture, I crossed a cattle-path ankle-deep in mire, turned into a copse of oaks and firs, and from between the tree-trunks gazed long and steadily through my field-glass at the brook, that, winding along the gorge far below, gleamed in the light of the sunny April day. A moorhen was feeding in the grass by the great crag at the neck of the gorge, and a few yards farther on a restless gray wagtail ran hither and thither over the pebbles. But I could see nothing of the dippers till, after a few minutes, I laid aside my glass and searched with the naked eye the nearest reaches of the stream. At the corner beneath the scattered oak-trees, the rock had many generations ago been cut into a sheer precipice, and between the precipice and an old mossy wall the course of the brook had been deflected into a leat which opened towards the gate from a roughly built and leaky dam. In the shallows near, both dippers were busy at work, and for a time I watched them moving in and out of the ripples. Suddenly one of the birds flew off, turned the corner, alighted at the water's edge near the moorhen, rose again, and disappeared at a spot directly in the shelter of an oak-tree jutting from the crag. There, evidently, she had entered her nest.

I waited on till the other bird became alarmed at a stone that I inadvertently loosened, and with a loud *chit-chit* sped down-stream out of sight. Then, swinging from tree-trunk to tree-trunk, I descended to the bottom of the gorge, walked towards the crag, and quickly discovered the exact position of the dippers' nest. By the oak-tree's root hung a fringe of long, withered grass, and a thick cluster of polypody ferns drooped over the gray, lichen-covered base of the crag. Dead leaves, that had lingered through the winter on the oaks, and had at length been pushed away by the swelling buds, were strewn alike on grass and fern. Beneath the polypody roots, from the long filaments of which the rain had washed the soil, a number of leaves, at first sight seemingly collected by chance while falling from the oak, formed a ball-shaped structure: the snug, well-roofed sanctuary that my little friends had built with care and perseverance. To approach the nest by climbing down the crag was impossible; the bluff towered perpendicularly for more than a hundred feet above the oak, and afforded not the slightest foothold. So, taking off some of my clothes, I waded into the ice-cold stream, which here spread out into a pool about three feet deep and five yards broad. When I had gone half-way across, the dipper hurriedly left her home and flew along the mill-leat to join her mate. Standing on a slippery ledge of rock in the pool, I made a leisurely examination of the nest. It was cup-shaped and domed, and built of grass, with an outer covering of oak-leaves and a lining of fine, hair-like roots of polypody fern. The opening, at first upwards under the dome, and then down into the cup, was so contrived as to be quite invisible till I stood close to the crag. Four creamy-white eggs, one much elongated and tapering to a point, the others almost spherical, lay on the soft, elastic floor of the little chamber. Remembering how fastidious that nearest British relative of the dipper, the wren, invariably proves herself to be regarding the slightest interference with her domestic affairs, I handled both nest and eggs with exceeding care, lest possibly the rain should penetrate the loosened roof, or some other slight disarrangement occur and cause the wary birds to forsake their snuggery. Presently I moved away to a hiding-place up-stream, and there watched for the return of the dippers; but the afternoon was well advanced before they reappeared on the dam, and the mother-bird, satisfied that danger had passed, settled down again to brood on her white treasures in the little house beneath the drooping fern.

Thenceforth, many of my daily rambles led to the gorge, and generally, either before noon or towards dusk, I spent an hour or two not far from the dam. The hen sat closely on her eggs, and I seldom saw her except when the morning sun shone brightly on the nest, and she came out to stretch her wings; while the cock, proud of the satisfactory progress of events, made his periodical visit to gloat over the treasures which, doubtless, he felt belonged as much to him as to his hard-sitting spouse. When the hen was brooding, the cock, however, was by no means idle. He tended his mate untiringly, brought her the choicest caddises and worms to be found by the dam, and worked and fussed as if the patient partner of his summer joys took quite an unimportant part in household duties. In time the eggs were hatched, and during the first days after the event, while the young birds' appetites were quickly appeased, both parents enjoyed brief periods of relaxation, and were often seen far down-stream by the cascades or up-stream beyond the distant mouth of the gorge; and once or twice the cock was heard to sing the cheery carol he had practised weeks before on the pebbles in the shallows beside the dark-green firs, while the daffodils were opening and the wood-mouse ventured forth to seek his timid lady-love. The cock soon found his share in the task of feeding the four

feeble nestlings lighter than that of providing for the hen's apparently insatiable appetite, while the hen on her part found a welcome relief from her long confinement in the comparatively light labour now falling to her share. But holidays are brief in early summer, and before a fortnight had passed the dippers learned that family cares pressed heavily as the appetites of the nestlings increased. Seldom venturing far from home, they obtained food chiefly from the dam by the sluice and from crevices in the old wall a few yards further down the stream. At last, one morning, I ascertained that events had reached a crisis. The young birds, though unable to fly, had left the nest and were wandering shyly here and there among the ripples; while the parent dippers, with much ado, flew hither and thither, and dipped and dived and splattered in the stream, with an air of vast self-importance, as they taught their inquisitive offspring how and where to seek their food, and how to hide when a cruel hawk sailed overhead.

Another fortnight went by, and then the beetling crag near the dam no longer echoed to the oft-repeated calls of the little dipper family. All was silent in the gorge; the fledglings had taken wing to some far-distant retreat, and the parent birds, finding that food-supplies for a while had almost ceased in the neighbourhood of the nest, spent most of the day on the reaches by the weaver's cottage, till, towards the middle of May, the old home was cleansed and repaired, and again four cream-white eggs were deposited in the dark, snug chamber beneath the oak, that now displayed its first rich olive leaves at the foot of the giant rock.

MY FRIEND THE YOGHI.

By Mrs SKOVGAARD-PEDERSEN.

THE following story was related to me recently by a retired colonel of artillery who has spent a great part of his life in India. I obtained his permission to publish it, and herewith repeat it as it was told to me:

'After the Afghan campaign of 1879 I was appointed adjutant of the Royal Artillery at Morar, a cantonment established to look over the fortress-city of Gwalior. The fortress was occupied by the British after the Mutiny, and, I think, about the year 1884 was handed over to the Maharajah Sindia, ruler of Gwalior, when the British troops were withdrawn from the fortress of Gwalior and the cantonment of Morar. The latter now forms a suburb of the city, and the native nobles and wealthy personages enjoy the bungalows and gardens which were built during the British occupancy.

'Morar itself was by no means a favourite station with the British. It had the reputation of being unhealthy and dull to a degree, the climate was very hot and enervating, and I did not take up my abode there with any great exultation. Still, the appointment was regarded as a reward of good service over the frontier, and I determined to make the best of it. The first business was to find a suitable bungalow, but this was not so easy. In fact, almost the only vacant one was the first at the entrance of the cantonment; but as it possessed certain advantages in the way of an extensive compound containing two good wells, I decided to take it in preference to sharing quarters with another officer, and set about devoting my leisure hours to gardening. The soil all around Morar is what is called "cotton soil," said to be unhealthy to live on, but with the assistance of irrigation very fertile. My garden was a perfect joy to me. In the cold season all the English vegetables came to perfection, whilst roses, jasmine, petunias, geraniums, and a host of other flowers flourished luxuriantly; and before I had been there a year the place was a sight to behold.

'But now to commence my tale. It was, I think, in 1881, just before Christmas, that one morning I rode into my compound from the office, and found standing before my veranda a tall Hindu mendicant, naked save for a loin-cloth, smeared with ashes, and with long hair streaming in ringlets over his shoulders. He was gazing with a profound expression at my favourite Maréchal Niel rose, but turned to salaam as I dismounted. I went off to my bath, and during the process I inquired of my bearer or valet, Coda Bux, who the old fellow was. "A most holy man," he replied. "He has been in contemplation of your flowers for an hour or more, and he has blessed you and the garden; and indeed, Protector of the Poor, you must have been born under a lucky star to receive a blessing from one so holy."

'On going out to the veranda I found the Yoghi—as the Hindus call these holy men—still in contemplation of the rose. I beckoned to him, and as he approached I asked him in Hindustani what I could do for him. He replied that silver and gold were nothing to him; but he begged for permission to wander over my beautiful garden, which I readily granted, telling him that he might take what vegetables he wanted. Then I departed for the mess-breakfast, leaving him with outstretched arms blessing me and mine.

'After breakfast I returned to discover him squatting in a corner of the veranda with his spoils—some peas and beans, a few spring onions, two or three turnips, carrots, and radishes—spread out before him. "That is right," I said, nodding approval. "I hope you will enjoy your dinner." In reply the Yoghi rose, and, with a profound salaam, begged me to allow him to rest for a day or two in my veranda,

as he was very weary. I turned to Coda Bux and asked whether he thought there would be any objection. "O my lord!" he cried—"O Protector of the Poor! what objection could there be? His presence will keep off every evil from the compound, and bring good luck to us all, even to the meanest sweeper. He is a very holy man, O Protector of the Poor!" "All right," I rejoined. "Coda Bux does not mind, and I am sure I do not. You can remain as long as you please, and you may have what vegetables you wish for, as well as milk from the cow."

'I may mention that I came into possession of the said cow under rather peculiar circumstances. The meat-contractor was one day driving some cattle into the cantonment, when this particular beast lay down in the road opposite my bungalow, and could not get up again. In pity for it, I bought it for a few rupees—it was a small, thin cow—and after some trouble got it through my gateway and poured meal and water down its throat. Next morning it was up and grazing happily, and the following week bore a calf which was pronounced by all the servants to be pure Brahmin, and an omen of great good to the compound. So the little animal remained with its calf; and as I never touch milk, I suppose the bearer got the benefit of the bargain.

'To return to my friend the Yoghi. At tiffin-time, when I rode back from the office, he was cooking his dinner under a mango-tree; so, understanding the ways of the natives, I was careful not to go near him, as even my shadow falling upon his food would render it uneatable under the strict laws of caste. Old Coda Bux had placed a mat and a blanket in a corner of the veranda, and it was clear that the holy man was to be my guest for some days. Indeed, he had been there for perhaps nearly a week, when one morning I found the veranda empty, save for two marigolds laid carefully in front of each doorway, and intended, no doubt, as *p.p.c.* cards. Previous to his departure I had had some conversation with my Yoghi friend, and found him to be a well-informed man, much versed in occult science, but also in the gossip of the native State wherein we were quartered. From him I learned more of the Maharajah and his nobles, besides all the interior economy of the city, than I could have done in five or six years' residence as a British officer.

'Two incidents I may relate to show the great influence these Yoghis possess over the lower classes in India. A few days after my guest had left me I was strolling through the native bazaar, the faithful Coda Bux in attendance, when it struck me that a tremendous amount of respect was being shown me by all the Hindu shopkeepers. They crowded out of their shops into the street, and almost prostrated themselves in low obeisances before me as though I were a person of the greatest possible distinction; and once, when I stopped to ask the name of some curious wild-plums, the fruit-seller insisted on loading Coda Bux with a quantity of them, for which he refused payment, saying that it was a great privilege that his stall should have found favour in my eyes. On our way home I commented to my bearer on this unwonted civility. "O Protector of the Poor!" he replied, "do you think that all the bazaar is not aware that your bungalow was selected for a resting-place by the most holy man of the century? Verily, it is known that you have thus been blessed!"

'Shortly after this incident I was absent on a few days' shooting expedition, and on my return inquired for the *chokidar* (night-watchman), whom I could not see anywhere about the place. I was told that he had gone to visit a sick relative, and would not be back for two or three days. Now, be it known that the *chokidar* system was a curious institution in Morar. A man belonging to a certain class was paid a few rupees a month to guard the house and compound. Beyond meeting the master on his return from mess, and tapping the floor of the veranda a couple of times with a long bamboo pole after he had seen him safely into his bedroom, he never attempted to keep watch, but rolled himself up in a blanket and slept soundly all through the night. The fact was that if one paid a *chokidar* of a certain class the compound was rarely, if ever, robbed; but if any other native was taken in that capacity, or if one was too stingy to employ a *chokidar*, robbed one was sure to be sooner or later—and generally sooner! Therefore, when I heard that mine had taken himself off I began to think that I was probably to be robbed, and that the rascal, aware of the fact, thought it advisable to be well away from the scene of action at the time, for the class the *chokidars* are taken from are thieves, and to employ one is simply to pay blackmail. So I summoned the bearer and asked him what he would advise me to do. Coda Bux, however, smiled at my suspicions. "O Protector of the Poor! who in all the Gwalior territory would dare to rob the bungalow that a holy man has blessed? The *chokidar* knows that well; hence he has gone, and considered it unnecessary to put any one in his place. Verily, my master need have no fear." In fact, it was as he said. During the absence of the watchman no one attempted to molest the place.

'About a month later I accepted an invitation to spend a week-end with Colonel Dennehy, the officer in political charge of the Dholpur State. This was a tract of country adjoining the Gwalior State, and the road that traversed it was the high-road leading from Central India to Agra and the North-West Provinces. Its geographical position made its loyalty to the British during the Mutiny of great importance to our Government, and the chief had duly been raised from the rank of Rajah to that of Maharajah. He had married the daughter of the reigning prince of Patiala, an important and wealthy native State situated on the borders of the Punjab, which had also been distinguished by its loyalty to the British Crown. The Maharajah had died about

a dozen years before this time, leaving a mere child as his heir. The Government having appointed a Council of Regency, with the widow as regent and president, it was important to select a capable British officer who would take political charge of the State during the long minority of the heir, and my esteemed friend the colonel was selected. Descended from an old and aristocratic Irish family, he had in early life gone out to India as a cadet, distinguished himself throughout the Mutiny, and been for some years employed in charge of the police in the north-west whilst the fermentation consequent upon that tremendous cyclone was simmering down. It was then that he had made his mark by his activity, tact, and courage, and hence he was chosen to direct the Council of Regency at Dholpur. The Maharana, a very superior and clever woman, was not long in recognising the worth of the British resident, and the value that would accrue to her son by intimate intercourse with the colonel and his charming family. Therefore the young Prince spent most of his time with them. He was about sixteen years of age when I made his acquaintance, a highly educated youth, with a knowledge of English, French, and music, the most perfect manners, and about the best seat on horseback I ever saw. The colonel, whose family had then lately returned to England, was anxious that the Prince should make the acquaintance of as many English gentlemen as possible, and thus every week military and civil officers from the neighbouring stations were invited to meet at the Residency.

'On Sunday morning the colonel, following the habit of Anglo-Indians, did not rise till eight o'clock instead of at six—his usual hour on week-days—and when, at six o'clock, I sallied forth into the fresh air all the house was still asleep. I was determined to climb one of a couple of hills about three miles distant, from which I could obtain a good view of the surrounding country and the river Jumna. Imagine my astonishment when, half-way to the summit, I encountered no less a person than my friend the Yoghi! He at once salaamed me, and said, "I knew you would come here this morning, and I have a small breakfast ready for you." So I followed him to the top of the hill, where he evidently had his abode under an overhanging rock. Here he bade me sit down whilst he brought out tea, figs and raisins, and some most delicious cakes; then, breakfast being disposed of, I lit a cigar and we talked for a while. I told him that I should spend my two months' leave at Simla, and he advised me to visit Harduar *en route*, this being a noted place of pilgrimage at the headwaters of the Ganges, where vast crowds of Hindus from all parts of Northern India assemble every April, a horse and cattle fair being held there at the same time. I then took leave of my strange host and returned to the town.

'At breakfast I told the colonel of my adventure. He looked rather grave, and advised me not to keep up the acquaintance, and not to mention the matter before the Maharana. This Yoghi was in high favour with the young Prince, and the colonel very prudently did not interfere in religious matters; but his experiences in the north had led him to distrust all Yoghis and mendicants of that class.

'Another month passed, and I again spent a week-end with the colonel. On the Sunday morning old Coda Bux, who was always up and at hand at any hour when I required him, advised me to take my gun and go to the Pandy Lake before breakfast, where I should be sure to get a shot at a duck. I accordingly started off, though without the gun; and as I arrived at the shores of the lake, out from amongst the reeds stepped my Yoghi. Had Coda Bux sent me there? he asked.

'"Well, yes; he advised me to come," I replied. "Where did you see him?"

'"I have not seen him; but I warned him to tell you to come here," was the man's answer.

'Again we entered into conversation, and again he strongly advised me to visit Harduar on my way to Simla; but I explained that the expense of taking servants, tents, and a pony there for a few days would be too great. He replied that the expense would be little. It was true that there would be no room at the dak-bungalow, but I should find tents and servants ready awaiting me at small cost, and I could buy a pony in the place, and need take no one with me but Coda Bux. Then we parted; but on my return to the Residency I took good care not to mention our meeting to the colonel.

'Warm weather and April came together, and I was glad to obtain the first leave and to quit the plains for a time. I do not know what impelled me to go to Harduar, for I certainly had no particular desire to see it; but somehow or other I found myself there one morning, with Coda Bux in attendance. At the dak-bungalow there was no room for me, and on my arrival I was informed by the butler that I could not even obtain a meal, as the house really belonged to the Canal-Engineer Department, and the officers were all quartered there to meet the Lieutenant-Governor. This was most disappointing; but as I stood wondering what I could do, a cheery canal-engineer came out on to the veranda and invited me in to breakfast.

'"We'll discuss ways and means afterwards," he said. "I think I have an old tent, which you are welcome to pitch in the compound, and you can buy a *charpoy* [native bed] in the bazaar."

'After breakfast, which I thoroughly enjoyed in the company of the jovial engineers, who when out on district duty fully make up for any want of hilarity which they may feel in their rather lonely lives, I was told that a *bunyah* wanted to see me. A stout, old grain-seller then stepped forward on to the veranda, and told me that he was from Roorkee, and that he had pitched tents for me and my ser-

vant on the Government camping-ground next to General Anderson's camp. He also added that the General Sahib, who was chief of the Thug and Dacoit Department, had a beautiful pony for sale.

'Bidding my hospitable hosts farewell, I accompanied the *bunyah* to the camping-ground, and on the way asked him why he had made these preparations for me. He replied that a week ago, as he was saying his prayers, a holy man had stood before him and told him that he was to pitch tents for a sahib from Morar, whom he would find at the dak-bungalow. That morning my bearer, whom he knew in former times as servant to an engineer officer at Roorkee, had come to the camping-ground and asked whether the tents were for a sahib from Morar. He had at once told the *chokidar* to hand everything over to Coda Bux, and had come on himself to find me at the bungalow. As to the pony, he had heard the General say that he would sell it; and my informant concluded by hoping that I, as a Protector of the Poor, would think kindly of a poor old *bunyah* with many mouths to fill, and give him a good *chit* (recommendation).

'At the camp I found Coda Bux busy unpacking my traps in my tent, which was furnished with everything needful. Leaving him to his work, I strolled over to the place where the General's horses were picketed; and meeting General Anderson, I introduced myself, and said that I believed he had a pony for sale.

'"Bless my heart alive!" he exclaimed, "how did you know that? It's barely four minutes since I determined to sell the beast. I find he's not steady in a crowd, and shirks elephants, so he won't do for me; but he is a rare piece of stuff that I picked up at Lahore for two hundred rupees, so if you want him you can have him for the same price."

'Before I had been two minutes on the pony's back I decided to close the bargain, and a splendid animal he proved to be. Afterwards, when I returned to England, he fell into the hands of an officer of the Ninth Lancers, and turned out the best polo pony in that sporting regiment. The General proposed that, as my tent was pitched alongside of his camp, I should mess with him—which offer I gladly accepted. Thus, before I had been an hour in Harduar, I found myself in a comfortable tent, with a pony to ride and my commissariat arranged for, exactly as the Yoghi had predicted.

'Herewith end my adventures in connection with that holy man. On my way back to Morar, after two months' leave, I rested and dined at the railway station at Umballa; and during the two hours I spent there, Coda Bux, who had gone off to gossip as usual, came in greatly excited to tell me that he had seen the Yoghi. My friend was proceeding to the Thibetan border, and had said that he would not return. He predicted that before another rainy season was concluded I should leave Bengal, and that Coda Bux would return to his home, end his days peaceably, be cremated with all ceremony, and have his ashes deposited on the bosom of Holy Mother Ganges.

'True enough, the following year, when I was again at Simla, I was promoted to a mountain battery at Khandalla in the Ghats between Poona and Bombay. Coda Bux, being old and having saved enough money for the requirements of his declining years, did not accompany me, and we parted the best of friends, he returning to his native village near Dniapore, on the banks of the Ganges, and I starting for Bombay.

'In 1884 I received a letter from one Manuk Chund, evidently written in a bazaar, which informed me that Coda Bux had shuffled off this mortal coil, that his eldest son had had the honour of igniting the funeral pyre on which his parent was laid, and that the ashes which remained had been scattered with all proper ceremony upon the waters of the sacred river.

'Of my friend the Yoghi I heard no more. Probably he wandered up and over the Himalayas to some spot which he had chosen as a fitting place for his holy remains to lie in when the time came for him to die.'

LEITH HILL IN MAY.

I HAVE found where the summer sleeps; how he forsakes
His golden throne when the cool west wind shakes
The ruddy apples down before his face
And flowers fade apace;
For then he takes an armful, heap'd, of fallen leaves, and makes
His secret bed, nor ever stirs nor wakes.

Not to the humming valleys does he hie, unseen,
To steal long peace their fragrant breasts between;
Not where the farmer-folk must move and tread
In labour round his head;
There the piled logs, the garner'd stacks, wait on the winter's will,
And little nipping winds blow sharp and shrill.

Far up, near the lone hill-top, underneath the sky,
Where pine-trees croon, there I saw summer lie.
I heard the blackbird's flight, the pheasant's call,
And my own slow footfall.
A little mouse crept in and out to spy
Upon the stranger. Softly I drew nigh.

Dreaming of blossom-time he lay, and the spring threw
Tribute of hyacinths to him for due.
So I kept watch, till the full moon of May
Moved on her stately way;
And at her call, to blue above, and all about him blue,
The summer woke, and walk'd the woods anew.

MAYNE LINDSAY.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE FORCE OF CRICKET.

By E. H. D. Sewell.

FASHION is, as we know, sometimes a very tiresome master, particularly when one has to go to some big social function on a hot summer day. Anything more unsuitable in the way of dress than the finishing touches represented by a high, stiffly starched collar and an unyielding silk hat does not come within the scope of our imagination. Fashion decrees that we shall use them, and, sheep-like, we obey. So, in cricket, it is becoming the fashion to say that the game is growing unpopular, that this and that alteration in its laws is imperative, and that it is not played in the spirit in which our respected and top-hatted forebears played it. This is all, I am convinced, due to fashion, which, dissatisfied with something—it is not quite sure what—complains of the laws because there is, apparently, little else to complain about. Stay! there is the drawn game. The game is becoming unpopular because of the incessant recurrence of the drawn game. So the reason for the frequent drawn game must be unearthed. And so it goes on, this fashionable grumble against a glorious game which attracts thousands of spectators, and of which the standard of play is rapidly improving in distant lands. There is really nothing whatever the matter with the game, but it is not good manners nowadays not to grumble at something.

For proof of the continued popularity of the game, we have only to remember that where Englishmen alone played it, now there are first-class Australian, New Zealand, American, South African, Boer, West Indian, Parsee, Mohammedan, Hindu, Cingalee, and Dutch exponents of the game. In face of the fact that the growth of Rugby football in France resulted, last March, in the first France *v.* England International Match under Rugby rules, who dare say that during the next ten years France will not be included in the growing number of countries whose representative elevens do battle with the mother country in the special arena of test-match cricket? There are good cricketers in Japan, but as yet the world has not heard of any unusual performance with willow or leather by John Chinaman, despite the augury of the pattern plate. During the past winter South Africa has proved her right to play test-cricket. The form of the West Indian team touring England this season will be closely analysed, though it is probable that the class of test Indian cricket as a whole is not that of test-matches—a class quite peculiar to itself. There are hundreds of first-class but not tens of test-match players in the world. A few years ago Parsee cricket was easily the best in India; now it has a rare struggle to overcome that of the Hindus, while the Mohammedans are daily improving, and are certainly a good third so far as native cricket is concerned.

Now, these facts, if they prove anything, do most conclusively prove that whatever the gate register-books of English county grounds may show, the national game has not lost, but has really gained, in world-wide popularity. It is wrong to judge of the popularity of the game by the gate register, just as it is wrong to ascribe the alleged unpopularity to the series of drawn games. The latter are frequently productive of a very keen struggle between bowler and batsman which is most interesting to watch, and they should certainly not come in for the amount of condemnation they do. That is simply due to fashion and the sheep-like trait in the human character which causes the flock to follow the leader, especially if he has a big name in the world of cricket, who first gets up and says that so-and-so or such-and-such is wrong with the game.

This should not be so, seeing what a force cricket is in the life of the nation. With politics neither I nor the game has any concern, but I feel rather sure that much of the dissension at St Stephen's about South African affairs will, out in that country, be smoothed over by the effect of the M.C.C. tour during our past winter. It is well for this reason that M.C.C. were well beaten in the test-matches. Undoubtedly, cricket did much good as between

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England and Australia, and if more official recognition were taken of the game in India we should hear less of a possible recurrence of the grim days of 1857–58 than we do. Perhaps Lord Hawke, as Viceroy of India, would bring about a more satisfactory state of affairs. Those who were in India at the time know well the good done during Lord Harris's régime at Bombay, not a little of which was due to his lordship's judicious use of his ability at the national game. It was said of Sir Charles Swettenham that when he was Governor of the Straits Settlements he would only have cricketers on his staff, and that, moreover, he is said to have expressed himself that no man was any use as a public servant unless he was also a good cricketer. Which reminds one of the good old story of the vicar who advertised for a curate, 'a fast bowler with a good break from the off preferred.' Let us hope he got him, for I know of no pastime at which ability is more likely to be of use to an earnest clergyman than that of cricket. An all too brief association with the Rev. F. Hay Gillingham, the keenest clerical cricketer I ever saw, conclusively proved that to the writer.

The force of cricket as a national asset is one not to be tampered with, as incessant outcries about its unpopularity and the unsuitability of its laws undoubtedly do tamper with it. Small attendances are often largely due to causes outside the game altogether. Has the much-talked-of depression in trade nothing to do with it? Do the increased and increasing facilities inviting the hard-worked man to spend his spare money on cheap trips to the seaside tend to send more people through the turnstiles? Is the improved and improving supply of cricket news in the press, now that more and more practical and good writers on the game are turning their attention to journalism, not partly responsible for the fewer clicks of those recording angels at the gates? I think so. The money is going out of the coffers of the county clubs by sixpences into the pockets of the newspaper proprietors by pence. The man who had to find train, tram, and admission to the ground money, plus lunch and drinks—say, five or six shillings—to see the three days' play of a big match, now saves his five shillings, earns money instead of spending it during those three days, and contents himself by spending threepence on his favourite paper; so he is four and ninepence, plus three days' work, in hand on the match. Undoubtedly the number of men who read their cricket is increasing. The first things looked at when the evening paper is bought are the cricket results, and it is a fact that by publishing the daily one o'clock scores in London one evening paper averages twenty thousand copies per diem. I doubt not that the telephone system has had its effect, however slight, on the attendances at some grounds. Other grounds wisely ignore the irritating instrument.

One word more, for the force of cricket sometimes affects the umpire; as, for example, when a valiant batsman possessed of rather a terrific style, commenced his innings with mighty strokes that promised badly for the portly man in white at square-leg. Fourth ball came a resounding appeal for stumped, which was immediately answered against the batsman.

'Why, look at my foot. I never moved,' quoth the hefty striker. 'Why am I out?'

'Out,' laconically replied the umpire, unmoved. 'I don't like yer style.'

Was not that decision due to the force of cricket?

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER VI.

We sat down to lunch a *partie carrée*, and it was rather depressing. To begin with, the female element was absolutely lacking, the Queen being away, and Miss Anchester lunching upstairs with the children; secondly, we were a small party in a large room, which is never a cheerful circumstance; thirdly, my companions—to wit, the King, General Meyer, and young Prince Max—were not at their best socially. We were seated at one end of the *Gast-zimmer*, a long, narrow room recently built out on the south front of the palace, with a fine lookout over the valley and a superfluity of mediocre carving in highly polished pitch-pine.

Prince Max, to whom I was now introduced, was a short but very good-looking boy, with a small moustache and an exceedingly pale countenance. He looked bored and a trifle dissipated; but his features, which were exceptionally well formed, bore a strong likeness to those of his sister.

As I have already remarked, it was a depressing meal. The King was obviously worried and absent-minded, and the whole-hearted manner in which he neglected his duties as host rather increased my liking for him. I knew he was in trouble, and had he pestered me with small attentions, or, worse still, tried to entertain me with forced gaiety, I should have felt highly uncomfortable.

The commander-in-chief was his usual self—silently critical, sneeringly amused.

Of the young Prince I formed an unfavourable opinion. He drank extremely strong whiskies-and-sodas, and smoked cigarettes (without asking permission) between the courses. Conversation he apparently had none, but he made up for this by gaping elaborately at intervals of every three or four minutes.

After lunch a man brought in letters on a tray.

There was one for me from my mother, and there was also a note for the King.

'Excuse me, Saunders,' said His Majesty, opening his missive. 'Please read your own letter.'

I opened my letter and read the first page, and then, looking up, I saw that King Karl's sun-burnt features wore a more serious expression than ever. He handed his note to General Meyer, who read it without any alteration of his habitual calm.

'Come and talk it over with me in my study,' I overheard the King say in a voice little above a whisper, and he and the General rose and left the room.

The result was to leave me face to face with the uncommunicative and world-weary Max.

With a sudden determination to mitigate the ennui of our *tête-à-tête*, I put back my half-read letter into my pocket and turned to my silent companion.

'It is a magnificent view from here,' I began.

He gaped before replying.

'Yes; devilish fine,' he said.

'I saw you on the Kastel run this morning,' I pursued.

'Indeed! Devilish nearly had a spill at the Devil's Elbow. Good fun tobogganing; but it don't do after a late night and an injudicious blending of liqueurs.'

'Are you going down again this afternoon?'

'No; I'm playing bridge with some fellows at the Pariserhof. Think I'll be off now. So long.'

I bowed slightly, and the young Prince withdrew, yawning, from the room. His English was perfect, or rather it was perfectly colloquial, which is not quite the same thing.

I breathed a sigh of relief at his departure, and put my hand into my pocket again for my mother's letter.

I suppose Max's incessant yawning had infected me with sleepiness, for as I fingered my epistle and turned mechanically to the second page I gaped audibly. Next I discovered that my attention was not concentrated, and that I had read several lines without the slightest comprehension of their purport. Pulling myself together with an effort, I proceeded to make a more intelligent perusal of my mother's handwriting.

'I trust,' began the second page, 'that you are carrying out my request with success and without undue friction; that you are snubbing my dear conceited Robert on every possible and impossible occasion, without regard to the poor youth's feelings or the ordinary dictates of politeness. There is a certain Miss Blackwood, in every way a most desirable young person, whom I am sure he really cares for, and to whom I believe he will ultimately offer his hand and heart if only you are kind enough to devote your very considerable talents to snubbing his absurd self-importance out of him. I fully realise the ungraciousness of the task I have imposed'——

Great heavens! Was my mother mad, or had I been so far infected by the yawnings of the pasty-faced Max as to fall unwittingly into the land of foolish after-lunch dreams?

I turned to the letter's termination:

'Yours very sincerely,
'AUGUSTA SAUNDERS.'

I was more puzzled than ever. The only possible suggestion that occurred to me was that my mother had started writing to me, had been interrupted, and had absent-mindedly finished the letter under the impression that she was writing to somebody else. It was not in the least like her, for my mother is clear-headed and precise to a fault; but I could find no better explanation of the mystery. The letter commenced all right, I reflected; and, lazily wondering, I returned to the first page.

The first words that met my gaze came as a shock:

'Dear Miss Anchester.'

In a second the solution, or at any rate half the solution, dawned on me. It was Miss Anchester's letter that I had been reading, the letter which had fallen from her pocket that morning by the Kastel run, and which I had put into my own pocket for safety and had forgotten to return to her. Having read the first page of my own letter, I had started hers on the second, under the impression that it was the same epistle.

My first feeling was relief concerning the condition of my mother's mind. The second was a modified self-reproach for my unwitting breach of confidence. Then I began to be mystified again. This second letter was undoubtedly in my mother's handwriting. Had it not been so my mistake could never have occurred. The signature proved the letter's authorship, if proof were necessary; but why in the world was my mother writing to the King of Grimland's governess? I had never, to my knowledge, met a Miss Anchester at home, or even heard my mother mention one.

Slowly and almost automatically the words I had read came back to me. I did not, of course, glance at the lines again—that would have been dishonourable; but the meaning of meaningless sentences, the explanation of the inexplicable, gradually but comprehensively illuminated my mind. My dear, delightful, interfering parent had written to Miss Anchester, whose acquaintance she had evidently formed under circumstances unknown to myself, asking her to snub me on every possible and impossible occasion, and regardless of the dictates of ordinary politeness. All was accounted for! The governess's caustic remarks, her unnatural brusqueness (doubtless far more painful to her than to myself), her refusal to thank me adequately for my timely assistance on Jonathan that morning—all were explained.

No doubt she was an ordinary, pleasant girl, ready enough to make herself agreeable to a pre-

sentable young man, and feeling acutely the false, ungirlish position into which my mother's well-meant bungling had forced her. How we should laugh over the incident later on when I had explained matters to her, and how she would apologise for her unnatural acerbities and presumptuous lecturings! Well, I had the whip-hand of her now; and as I was strong I would be merciful, for on physical grounds I was disposed to approve of her. Then I laughed aloud. It was so exactly like my mother to fancy I was in love with the Blackwood girl simply because in one evening I had danced a waltz and a two-step with her.

'Pretty little Phyllis Blackwood,' I said out loud, 'you are very attractive, very dainty, and you have the soul of a butterfly.'

'Isn't Max here?'

I looked up somewhat startled, and saw the King standing in the doorway, with General Meyer just behind him.

'Isn't Max here?' repeated His Majesty. 'I thought I heard you talking with somebody.'

I rose abashed.

'I'm afraid I was talking to myself, sire.'

'The soliloquy,' remarked the General, 'sounded highly poetic as far as I heard it.'

'It was concerning a very charming woman with whom I have not the felicity of being in love,' I replied.

'Where is Max?' asked the King abruptly.

'He said something about bridge at the Pariserhof, sire.'

'Saunders,' continued the King, laying a hand on my shoulder, 'would you care to do me a service?'

'Immensely, sire.'

'You have no plans for this afternoon?'

'None whatever.'

'I wish you would drive over to Heldersburg for me, and bring back the Queen.'

'It sounds simple enough,' put in the General; 'but in reality the betting is against your carrying out the King's wishes.'

Considerably mystified, I turned to King Karl.

'It is necessary,' he said gravely, 'that we should take you into our full confidence. The Queen, to put it bluntly, has bolted. This morning we had a royal quarrel, which, as far as I know, is very like any other sort of quarrel. I reproached her with disloyalty to myself, with conspiring with the Grand Duke Fritz to oust me from the throne, and in particular with having striven to overhear our secret plans from the shaft of the *Zaubertisch*. Now, had she been as guilty as I pretended to think, I should have refrained from these accusations. The time for speech would have passed and the time for action have commenced. My wife, so far, has only played at treason; but the game is a dangerously fascinating one. She is theatrical, restless, inordinately vain, and unfortunately she is afflicted with a husband who is singularly unfitted by nature for dealing with a woman of her particular temperament. In our disputes I am invariably calm instead of violent, which irritates instead of overawing her. She neither respects, fears, nor loves me, and the only reason that prevents her from going over openly to the enemy is that at the bottom of her little heart she is a coward.' The King paused. 'Do I make myself plain?' he added.

'You are frankness itself, sire,' I replied truthfully, and marvelling at his extraordinary outspokenness.

'I know,' he went on, 'that in England it is not considered gentlemanly for a man to condemn his wife openly, however culpable she may be; but this Grimland of ours is a rough, half-barbarous country, and I have never yet cultivated the art of reticence. But to come back to our subject: I accused the Queen of treason because I wanted a disclaimer; I wished her to produce some explanation of her questionable conduct. The result was not what I desired. She merely flew into a violent passion and dashed out of the room, and my latest information is that she has fled with the Fräulein von Helder to the latter's home at Heldersburg. Now, the question that arises is whether I shall make this flight the occasion of a definite rupture, or strive to smooth things over and induce Her Majesty to return. My instinct inclines to the latter course, for a definite rupture with the Queen would mean a big accretion to the forces of disloyalty. Public sympathy would be on her side, not mine; and the probable result would be to precipitate a general uprising of the discontented and disorderly in favour of the popular and amiable Fritz. Now, in my opinion, prevention is better than cure. We could deal successfully, I believe, with a revolt, and a storm would undoubtedly clear the air. All the same, as a man of forty with a superabundance of adipose tissue, I dislike storms. I prefer the air to cool gradually without any violent atmospheric disturbances. That is why I am asking you to fetch the Queen back from Heldersburg. At present no irrevocable step has been taken. The Von Helders are neutral, neither hot nor cold. The particular member of that noble family who has the honour of being my wife's companion has the face of a pig and the mind of a pig. She adores the Queen, who bullies her disgracefully; but, apart from this misplaced affection, her thoughts, I should fancy, seldom wander far from the fascinating subject of her bodily nutriment. From the Von Helders, therefore, you will meet with little opposition. What is important is that my unstable spouse does not go over hand and glove to the Schattenbergs; and to prevent this undesirable eventuality, I must ask you to employ all the means at your disposal to induce Her Majesty to return at once to Weissheim.'

'All the means at my disposal!' I could not help repeating. 'What are they, sire?'

'I selected you for this delicate mission,' resumed the King, ignoring my question, 'because I know no one else so likely to bring it to a successful

conclusion. If I sent Meyer with a battalion of Guards she would resist, because the idea of being forced to return under military escort would appeal to her theatrical temperament. She would become a martyr; the Brun-varad would be surrounded by a howling mob, the Mariencastel by a cheering one. If I went to fetch her myself the result would be a foredoomed failure, for I act on Her Majesty like a red rag on a bull. You she neither likes nor dislikes; she may listen to you or she may not. Anyway, I am convinced you are the most likely man in Weissheim to bring about the Queen's return.'

'But why'——

'The fact is,' interposed General Meyer, 'His Majesty considers you have a lucky face. Square-chinned men have a singular habit of achieving success in life, and success, as we know, is invariably the outcome of luck. You have a lucky face.'

'When shall I start?' I inquired of His Majesty.

'In half-an-hour, if you will be good enough. There will be a royal sleigh awaiting you at the Siegers-thor. I am very much your debtor. Oh, one moment! I do not suppose there is any danger connected with your mission; but should you perceive any, turn back. The Queen's return here is desirable, but it is not worth risking an honest man's life for.'

(To be continued.)

FRANKING OF LETTERS.

By R. S. SMYTH.

THE franking of a letter secured its free transmission by post, and was done by any person duly authorised writing his name on the outside. The system prevailed very extensively for almost two centuries prior to 1840, but to the establishment of the 'penny post' in that year its abolition is to be credited. It is not improbable, indeed, that but for the advent of cheap postage the system in at least some modified form would have been continued till the present time.

It may not be uninteresting to readers of the present generation to learn something of the history of a system for the establishment of which, had it been carried out with the limitations and in the manner originally intended, there was probably sufficient justification. From the difficulty, however—indeed, the impossibility—of applying an efficient check, the system was scandalously abused, and involved the participation in actual dishonesty by many persons from whom better things might have been expected. It caused, as well, very serious loss to the Post-Office revenue.

It would seem that for its establishment we must go as far back as the year 1660, as a committee of the House of Commons that had been appointed in 1735 to inquire into the system reported that 'the privilege of franking letters by the knights, &c., chosen to represent the Commons in Parliament began with the erecting of a post-office in this kingdom by Act of Parliament, 1660' (*Postmaster-General's Annual Report*, 1854). The first official information on the subject is contained in this committee's report. Some curious incidents appear to have occurred in the House in connection with the sanctioning of the system. Sir Walter Earle having moved, in connection with a Post-Office Bill, that letters of members of Parliament should pass free during their sittings, the proposal was by no means favourably received. It was denounced by Sir Heneage Finch as 'a poor mendicant proviso, and beneath the honour of the House.' An angry debate followed, and for a length of time the Speaker, Sir Harbottle Grimston, refused to put the question, saying he felt ashamed of it; but eventually the measure was carried by a considerable majority. When it reached the Lords, however, it was thrown out, ostensibly for the same reasons that had been urged against it by its opponents in the Commons, but really because provision had not been made for the Lords' own letters to pass free. Some time after this, however, it would appear that the Government thought it well to come to the rescue, because the members of both Houses were informed that their letters—those addressed to as well as those sent by them—were to pass through the Post-Office without charge; thus franking seems to have been first regularly established. The matter is thus referred to in the *Report of the Postmaster-General* for 1854:

'By the journal of the House of Commons for December 17th, 1660, it appears that a proviso was inserted into the Post-Office Bill then before the House directing that letters sent by or to a member of Parliament should be carried free of charge; but by another entry five days later it seems that the House of Lords had struck out the proviso, and that their Lordships' amendment was agreed to; and in an entry dated 1735, and referring to the former entry, it is stated that this proviso was left out because there was no provision that their own letters should pass free. The concurrence of the Commons in the amendment of the Lords was obtained on an assurance by the Ministers of the Crown that the privilege would be granted. A warrant to that effect was accordingly issued, and in 1763 the privilege was confirmed by Act of Parliament.'

However unwilling, in the first instance, some members may have been to sanction the system of franking, the House of Commons, having obtained and enjoyed the privilege, became very jealous of the adoption of any means that would tend to restrict its free use, and were also unwilling to share the monopoly they had secured with any counterfeiter. This would appear from the follow-

ing: 'In 1735 it was reported by a committee of the House to be a breach of privilege for postmasters, without a Secretary of State's warrant, to look into letters (as appeared to be the practice) to discover whether or not they belonged to members, and that it was a breach of privilege to counterfeit the signature of a member' (*Postmaster-General's* [*1st*] *Annual Report*).

It was scarcely to be expected that such a system, the carrying out of which was entrusted to so many persons, and which also was of such general application, would not in time be abused; and that it was greatly abused there is ample evidence. A witness before a parliamentary committee testified that amongst other equally ridiculous articles which had been franked and sent through the post were 'fifteen couples of hounds for the king of the Romans,' 'two maid-servants going out as laundresses to My Lord Ambassador Methuen,' 'Dr Crichton carrying with him a cow and divers other necessaries,' 'a box of medicines for my Lord Galway in Portugal,' 'a deal case with flitches of bacon for Mrs Pennington of Rotterdam,' and 'two bales of stockings for the Ambassador to the Court of Portugal.' These, however, or the majority of them, were Government franks; but as at the early period to which this list refers there was no limitation of the size or weight of articles sent under parliamentary franks, there is no reason for doubting the assertion that 'live deer,' 'haunches of venison,' &c., had been sent free through the post by members of both Houses. There seems, indeed, to be conclusive evidence that at a comparatively recent period such articles as a piano, a greatcoat, and a parcel of baby-linen were conveyed under franks! (*Life of Sir Rowland Hill*, vol. i. p. 241).

But while it was, of course, most improper to send such articles by means of franks, there was even greater abuse of the system in the unscrupulous and actually dishonest manner in which franks for ordinary correspondence were disposed of, very serious loss to the postal revenue being the result. The robbery of the Post-Office—for it was nothing else—prevailed to an enormous extent. Members were able to frank by merely writing their names on covers. Parcels of such franks were obtained from members by their friends and adherents, and put aside for use just like the stamped covers now sold by the Post-Office. Indeed, it came to be generally expected that members visiting in private houses would write a supply before leaving. In club-houses, too, thousands of letters were franked for strangers through the medium of doorkeepers, who generally had packets of letters in their charge which they got franked for their friends—and probably for strangers, too, for a consideration—by the members of Parliament who were members of the club. There was even a trade carried on in franks by servants of members, whose practice it was to ask their masters to sign them in great numbers at a time. It would appear, also, that servants' wages were not infrequently paid in this way. Some members sold their privilege for large sums to banking and business firms, and also accepted douceurs for allowing letters and newspapers to be directed to them, which then passed free. 'It was even notorious,' the Secretary of the Post-Office on one occasion represented, 'that numberless letters passed free under cover to members at their various residences who had no opportunity of opening such letters themselves. The result—a most objectionable one—was that numbers of private persons in good circumstances found means to send and receive their whole correspondence free, while the most industrious and poorer classes of people had to pay for all their letters.' Further, it was computed that a certain banking-house having one of the firm a member of Parliament effected thereby a saving of upwards of seven hundred pounds a year. In 1838 no less than seven millions of franked letters were posted, and it was estimated that the revenue of the Post-Office was thereby diminished to the extent of over one million pounds. The system, as has been already stated, ceased on the introduction of the penny post in 1840, and in connection with its cessation it is interesting to know that her late most gracious Majesty relinquished the practice of franking as well as the privilege of the free conveyance of her private correspondence. The matter is thus referred to in the *Life of Sir Rowland Hill* (vol. i. p. 388): 'The Queen having been graciously pleased—and here the words are no mere form—to abandon her privilege of franking, thus submitting her letters to the same rule as those of her humblest subject, it was decided that all other such privileges should cease at the same time.'

The abuses of the system that have been described occupied several times the attention of the Government, and various efforts were made to prevent or counteract them; apparently, however, as will be seen from the foregoing, with but scant success. In the reign of Queen Anne a warrant was issued curtailing the franking powers of both the Lords and Commons, which was worded as follows: 'Members can send letters, not to exceed two ounces each, for forty days before and forty days after each session; and members are admonished not to suffer any letters not concerning themselves to pass under their frank, cover, or direction, to the diminution and prejudice of the revenue.' Previous to 1763 it was only required that the peer or member of Parliament should sign his name on the cover of the letter; but it was then ordered that the whole direction should be written by the member. In 1784 it was further directed that all franks should be dated, the month and day to be written in full, and that they must be posted on the day on which they were dated. In 1795 it was also enacted that franked letters were to be limited in weight to one ounce, and that no member could give more than ten franks or receive more than fifteen free letters daily. Some other restrictions were imposed, but they need not be particularised.

With reference to the franking of newspapers, an

extraordinary state of matters existed. It was the practice to allow certain Post-Office clerks—designated 'clerks of the roads'—to frank newspapers, and this privilege they were allowed to sell to any newspaper publisher or agent, the consideration they received forming a portion of their pay! As members of Parliament, not content with franking of letters, had taken to franking newspapers on a large scale, these clerks, in a petition to the Postmaster-General, set forth the alarming situation they found themselves in, and the loss they suffered from the amazing increase of orders for newspapers from members of Parliament. The chief part of the pay of these clerks was derived from the exercise of the privilege referred to. The newspapers were carried, of course, at the expense of the State; but it was the clerks who, from selling their privilege, in effect received the postage of them. By an Act passed in 1764—drawn, as will appear, with extraordinary looseness—the members had gained the right of franking newspapers as well as letters. The petitioners state that they had been at first afraid of the effects of this Act; but finding that for some time after it passed the members of Parliament had confined their orders to their friends and constituents, they were quite satisfied, and would have remained so had they not had reason to believe that booksellers and printers had afterwards obtained large orders for newspapers from members of Parliament. It was, indeed, shown that one member gave in six weeks orders to have their newspapers delivered free of charge to one hundred and fifty-six different persons. In spite of the complaints of the clerks, more and more orders were given. Members, strange to say, had not, as in the case of letters, to write their names with their own hands, but could give authority for their names to be written or even printed on the address of the newspapers. In view of this, it is not surprising to find that eventually any person could, and that very many did, without any authority, forward newspapers free of charge by merely going through the form of writing on the outside the name of any member of either House of Parliament!

In connection with this it will be interesting to know that the great postal reformer Sir Rowland Hill not only took part in the franking of newspapers apparently without authority, but actually used them in a very ingenious manner to deprive—I shall not say defraud—the Post-Office of some of its legitimate revenue! The matter is thus referred to in his *Life* (vol. i. p. 239): 'In the year 1823, taking a holiday excursion through the Lake District to Scotland, and wishing to keep my family informed as to my movements and my health (then in a depressed state), I carried with me a number of old newspapers; and in forwarding them according to the useless form then required, while I left the post-mark with its date to show the place, I indicated my state of health by selecting names according to previous arrangement: the more Liberal members being taken to indicate that I was better, while Tories were to show that I was falling back—Sir Francis Burdett was to imply that I was in vigorous health, while probably Lord Eldon would have brought one of my brothers after me in anxiety and alarm.' There is the following note with reference to the foregoing: 'In *Post-Office Reform* [by Sir Rowland Hill] this anecdote is given as of a friend; but in truth I was my own hero. It must not be supposed that in franking these newspapers I was usurping a privilege. In those days newspapers, unless franked *at least in appearance*, were charged as letters. But any one was at liberty to use the name of any Peer or member of the House of Commons without his consent!'

Besides suffering from the abuses that have been described, the postal revenue suffered largely from the forging of franks, but the practice does not appear to have prevailed as extensively in England as in Ireland. The Postmaster-General, in a letter to the Treasury in 1773, refers to 'the dangerous consequences to both kingdoms from forgery becoming so habitual, which is almost impossible to detect. This species of forgery,' he adds, 'would be totally put an end to if franking in both kingdoms were discontinued. In Ireland the forging of franks appears to have been indulged in to a very large extent, and was winked at if not actually encouraged by the great majority of the magistrates, who, when efforts were made to put it down, should have acted at least impartially.' In an official report in 1777 from the Secretary of the Post-Office in Ireland to the Secretary in London, he says: 'It is my duty to acquaint you for the information of the Postmaster-General that from the insufficiency, or rather the neglect—I may with great truth add contempt—with which the Post-Office laws are held in this country, every effort hitherto made to punish persons guilty of counterfeiting franks, though the most direct and positive proof hath been adduced of the fact, hath been rendered abortive. There is scarcely a magistrate to be found in Ireland who will take examinations on the Post-Office laws; and certainly in no instance has this office prevailed in getting bills of indictment found by a grand jury. This being so universally known, counterfeiting franks is drawn into such general practice that I believe there are very few merchant's or attorney's clerks throughout the kingdom who do not counterfeit in the name of one member or the other; nay, if I classed with them almost every little petty miss capable of joining her letters I should not exaggerate the abuse, for either a brother, a friend, or a lover is to be found to avow the act, however dissimilar the handwriting, and justifying it on the principle—the members themselves as well as the people—that every shilling remitted to England becomes so far a loss to Ireland. This idea is so prevalent that every degree of countenance is not only given to this most pernicious practice, but in every

town of consequence throughout the kingdom the members resident under their address cover the correspondence of the merchants; and to such a scandalous extreme is the traffic carried that, not satisfied with counterfeiting the covers, I have an instance at this moment before me of a charged counterfeit certificate on frank with the member's name also forged to it for the rebate of the postage.'

A recent writer in *St Martin's-le-Grand* (October 1903) describes how a clerk in an Irish office (Belfast), who retired shortly after the introduction of the penny post, used actually to receive at the Post-Office letters handed in by friends and acquaintances to be held over until the local member would call, when he would get them franked; and how after some time, when such letters became too numerous, he actually forged the member's signature and sent the letters off. On his own admission he franked several hundreds every year—no doubt a very moderate estimate. It is not surprising to learn that while the system of frank-forgery was so prevalent the revenue from the Irish Post-Office fell considerably short of the net expenses of the establishment.

In his arguments for the establishment of the penny post Sir Rowland Hill made full use of a number of the facts mentioned in this paper, both as to the abuse of the franking system and the resultant loss to the Post-Office revenue; and if his successful efforts had secured no other advantage than the abolition of a system shown to have been so very objectionable and demoralising, he would have deserved well of his country.

IN THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

CHAPTER II.

THINGS were somewhat strained at the palace during the remainder of the day.

It was only by the use of sheer peremptoriness that Mrs Wootton had forced the Bishop to write Epps's cheque and acquiesce in the summary chastisement she had meted out to the poor young man.

The Bishop had called him that. 'It were far better, Caroline,' he had said, 'that *I* should finish saying to the poor young man what I was saying when you came into the library. I do not like such harshness, unless it seems absolutely necessary.'

But Mrs Wootton had insisted that it was absolutely necessary. She did not go into particulars. 'I wish you, James, to dismiss him from your mind altogether. Do not breathe a word about him to any one. Let his going seem to be voluntary on his part. *That* is best.'

And so the Bishop had shrugged and written the cheque resignedly.

Mrs Wootton made a confidant of her son John. She thought it her duty to lay on the colours to him a little unfairly. She drew him towards the palace lawn, where the three cedars of Lebanon cast meditative shadows on a turf of ages, and then, with her plaintive hand on his stalwart arm, she painted a picture of her fears which was designed to call up all the filial and brotherly indignation of which John Wootton was capable.

'You've sacked him?' exclaimed her son the moment he caught a clue.

'My dear John, of course he has had to go,' she replied. And then she hurried into more exaggerations. 'They were laughing together in the greenhouse,' she said. She hoped she could read dear Audrey's face better than any living soul, and she had seen more than enough in it to disquiet her. And if she had seen rather less than she had seen, was it not obvious that something had to be done before the young risk matured into a full-grown peril?

John was hard to convince. He couldn't believe it, he said. He used the word 'Stuff!' but apologised for that the next moment.

'All I know is,' he said, 'that he is a first-rate fellow, surprisingly well up in things. He can pull an oar like a varsity crack, and his riding—— My dear mother, I do think you're rough on him.'

'My dear boy,' said Mrs Wootton to that, 'these very attributes are dangerous in him. The Duchess of Spoda named him to us as a *footman*. We do not want an accomplished young student of an American university'——

'Was he *that?*' cried John.

'He confessed it, my dear. His manner was, if anything, too distinguished. *Now*, I need say nothing more. I sincerely hope Audrey will not add to my worries by referring to his absence; but if it should be so, we—must dissimulate—for her own good. It must appear that he has left us of his own free-will. You see it now, my dear John?'

John saw it with reluctance. He said he hated plots and stratagems; yet even while he spoke he glanced at his mother covertly, and then blinked rapidly as he looked elsewhere. He still thought it a molehill treated as a mountain. He had seen not a single indication of anything of that sort between them. But, of course, since the deed was done, it was done beyond remedy.

Audrey did not reappear until luncheon.

She had gone out, singing to herself, when she had arranged the flowers in the rooms of the palace. She was a girl with a very young temperament. Though twenty, she had the blithe face and sunny

ways of a child of sixteen or even less. Her gray eyes gazed eagerly at life from the child's standpoint. She had been hitherto guarded zealously from all its enlightening disappointments, and perhaps overmuch from its petty disciplines.

At luncheon she looked about for Epps. He was wont to wait at table. It was his graceful waiting at table and sympathetic anticipation of her little needs which had first won her regard—to call it that. How far the regard had ripened into something else was her secret. But she evidently missed him; and the others saw that she did so, and were disturbed about it.

Still, she said nothing, of course. She chaffed her right reverend father when the Bishop rather nervously mentioned the fiscal question *à propos* of very little, and she smiled at John triumphantly when she had, as she believed, cornered the old gentleman in argument with wonderful ease; the Bishop's stammerings at least suggested such a dilemma.

Only when the meal was over did she breathe the fatal name.

'Cookson,' she said to the man in waiting, as she was leaving the room, 'please to tell—Epps I want the horse at half-past two—sooner if he's ready.'

Her father's formal cough did not check her, nor yet Cookson's stupid stare. But she was certainly astonished when her mother took her by the arm, and—giving Cookson no time to reply—said that she wanted her to stay at home that afternoon.

'*Can't* I have my ride, mother?' she asked, with bright surprise.

'We will talk about that, dear child,' said Mrs Wootton.

'A lot of fuss about nothing, in my opinion, sir!' said John Wootton to his father when they twain were alone.

So in fact it might have seemed to them if they had merely heard those two in the drawing-room.

'My dear,' said Mrs Wootton to her daughter, 'Epps has had to go away very abruptly. He will not return.'

'N-o?' said Audrey.

'But I dare say John will go out with you, if you particularly want to.'

The girl was gazing at her hands as if she had all at once discovered that they were very pretty hands.

'It doesn't matter, mother,' she said. '*Had* he to go?'

'Yes, my dear. I am very sorry for him.'

'Yes,' said Audrey.

There was not the faintest note of tragedy or anything of the kind in her words. Then, however, she looked up, and her mother's disingenuousness was declared to her. Her sweet lips parted, and her natural pallor gave place to a sunset's crimson. She seemed to be asking questions with her beautiful gray eyes. But if so, she waited for no answers.

'I'm off upstairs, mother,' she said with perfect calmness. 'Let me know when you want me. I don't care a bit about the ride after all—not the least bit.'

Upstairs in her own dainty little room she sat at the window and for many minutes looked at the picturesque ruins of the old palace buildings beyond the garden; sat and looked in complete silence, with her arms on the back of the chair—a boyish attitude which became her well. There were chattering jackdaws on and around the fretted walls and needle-pointed pinnacles of the ruins. She heard their sharp-edged gossip. Perhaps their voices soothed her. Be that as it may, presently she rejoined her mother with a light of earnest and worthy purpose in her eyes. Mrs Wootton was waiting for her, having formed a rather unwise new resolution. If, as she hoped, Audrey was doing battle with her temptations in the noble spirit that befitted her own child and a bishop's daughter, the time might be ripe for insinuating into her warm and responsive heart thoughts about some one else. The only son of Sir Edward Parratt of Glenside Hall had for weeks betrayed to experienced eyes his regard, and more, for the very ground Audrey Wootton's little feet trod upon. He would be a baronet some day if he lived long enough; and although there might be a doubt about that, there was none about the value of the property which his children, if Heaven blessed him with any, would indisputably inherit.

'Well, mother,' said Audrey, with the open countenance of a lovely child, aged, however, in the last hour as if by a stiff school-exercise, 'what are you going to do?'

'I was thinking, my dear, of paying a call. I will order the carriage.'

'Yes, do,' said Audrey. 'It's the very thing. Where shall we go?'

'I wish to see Lady Parratt, my dear, about their parochial bazaar. We will go to Glenside.'

'O-h!' said the girl; and the second time in that afternoon Mrs Wootton felt that she was no good at artifice in the presence of her own child. Audrey's clear eyes seemed to look to her soul and read it.

But if the girl did so perceive her mother's shortcomings, she said nothing to proclaim her insight.

'Do you know, mother,' she said, 'I don't think I'll come with you after all, if you don't mind. There's old Mrs Snape in the village. I promised to go and read to the poor blind old thing. I ought to have gone yesterday, and to-morrow I sha'n't be able. Let me off, mother dear, won't you?' She put her arm round her mother's slender neck and coaxed her. 'I don't want to go to the Parratts', and I do want to go to old Mrs Snape.'

Mrs Wootton often felt singularly futile in

argument with her daughter. With the firmest intentions to have her own way, she repeatedly found herself baffled by the child. Though but a third as old as the Bishop, her father, Audrey won battles which the Bishop could never have hoped to win.

'But, my pet, no one will be there except Lady Parratt. Edward Parratt is not likely to be at home.'

'Very well, then, mother. You *won't* want me. And so I'll go to old Mrs Snape. It's settled.'

She kissed her mother and settled it. And Mrs Wootton drove off alone to Glenside, and manœuvred earnestly with a lady more astute than herself, who agreed to all the words in praise of Audrey which Mrs Wootton dropped, seasonably and unseasonably, in the course of half-an-hour, but smiled to herself at the presumption of her visitor in daring to think that the merely pretty daughter of a bishop—who was nobody until he became a bishop—was good enough for the grandson of an Earl whose patent of nobility hailed from Tudor times. And Audrey read to Mrs Snape until the old lady fell fast asleep with her mouth open. After which she sat still and continued those selfsame thoughts which had engrossed her in her own room while she looked at the ruined palace, the jackdaws, and their background of bright blue sky.

Mrs Wootton's discomfort was prolonged right up to bedtime. It was with difficulty that she broached to her son John the small yet significant hint about her aspirations with regard to Miss Eugenia Slack. They had ten minutes alone together in the drawing-room before dinner. Mrs Wootton referred to their very especial good-fortune in securing such opulent visitors even but for a week-end. They were both, she said, in extraordinary request in the very highest circles. 'We have to thank our stars and the Duchess of Spoda for the blessing, and—it will be an opportunity for any young man of John's personal advantages. Though one does not perceive a girl's character on an hour's acquaintance, John, the Duchess raves about it. She is also an exceedingly pretty girl; and if anything were to happen to your father, our circumstances would be very, very greatly altered, of course.'

John Wootton, with his hands in the pockets of his trousers, walked about the room while his mother thus spoke. He wore a very determined expression, with something of sarcasm at the mouth. And all at once, just before the Bishop entered with the glow of appetite in his eyes, he let loose upon his mother one more surprise to add to the earlier ones of that day.

'I met her in New York last year,' he said. 'It's been on my tongue to tell you fifty times. It's an odd thing, but I rather *thought* you'd begin building up such absurd hopes by-and-by. I hoped to heaven you wouldn't, for I may tell you there's nothing in them.'

'You—met her, John! And you never told me!' exclaimed the astounded lady.

'Just so,' said he. 'You are such a scheming old mother. I hate to have webs spun about me, and you were bound to start on 'em. Besides, I never reckoned they'd come. Like enough there'll be a wire in the morning to say they can't.'

'But why practise such—reticence with *me*?' urged Mrs Wootton drearily.

'On the contrary, I think I'm showing simplicity, for she sees so many folks that she'll probably have forgotten me and treat me as an entirely new acquaintance. See now, mother? She's *that* kind, I'm afraid.'

This was painful to Mrs Wootton.

Furthermore, she could not make out her daughter Audrey. The child had never looked more radiantly beautiful than when she followed her father into the room, and so far from there being any semblance of regrets in her manner for the absence of that handsome young Epps, she seemed without a care. She was by much the gayest at dinner. She was particularly animated on the subject of their guests the next day. It was lovely, their coming, she said; *only*, she added, Miss Slack would have to be almost an angel to come up to her expectations. Whereupon Mrs Wootton and her son exchanged glances; and if Audrey's mother had not read the warning in her son's eyes she would certainly there and then have let out the secret—poor secret though it seemed—and have asked John if Miss Slack *was* so much of an angel.

The Bishop seemed thoughtful, and, like his wife, sensible of a certain mysterious electricity in the atmosphere which disquieted. He ate his dinner and was commonplace.

But he was not commonplace over the one glass of port he allowed himself, face to face with his son John. He was exasperating.

'My dear John,' he said, after some preliminary hems and coughs which paved the way for his son's attention, 'you are six-and-twenty, and doing very little at the Bar at present.'

'There never is anything doing in the Vacation, sir,' said John dryly. 'I'm earning as much as most strugglers of my time of life.'

'Precisely, John. That is to say, nothing at all.'

And then, with splendid sacrifice of his scruples, he fell upon the subject which he had found so antipathetic when his wife had opened it after that eventful meeting in the library, with Epps as looker-on. He had pondered during the day, and his wife was right. If John could be aroused to a due consciousness of the opportunity that was to arrive on the morrow, there was certainly nothing morally wrong in the wish that he might marry a wife with an income several times that of his bishopric; granting, of course, that proper affection preceded the alliance—no unreasonable presumption, bearing in mind John's own comeliness and character.

John smoked a cigarette and listened in silence, now viewing the wine in his glass, and now

smiling faintly as he set it down and viewed his father.

'There, my boy,' said the Bishop when his distasteful task was over, 'I feel sure your mother agrees with me.' He coughed. 'We will leave the rest to Providence.'

John nodded, and laughed in his throat. 'I think we'd better,' he said. He resisted the slight inclination to tell his father what he had already told his mother. In truth, he very much resented this rather mundane, if quite paternal, homily from the Bishop. It had irked him immensely.

'You don't misunderstand me, my boy?' asked the Bishop. It was as if he were apologising both to his son and himself for so unepiscopal a line of argument.

'Not at all, father,' John replied. 'Only—I think you're exploiting a mare's nest. It's the case of Hamilton Epps repeated, I venture to think.'

That made the Bishop frown heavily as he rose.

'Life's conventions, John,' he remarked, 'must, I fear, be respected even at considerable cost to personal comfort, and now and then to conscience.'

'Ah!' said John, looking pleased.

'Yes, my boy. Life demands much casuistry. It is sometimes permissible, or at least pardonable, to commit a small injustice in self-protection against an intolerable mischance.'

'I see,' said John.

'Yes; and I am very thankful the step has been taken in time, if it had to be taken at all. Audrey is a sweet-natured girl. I have much to be proud of, John, in both my children.' This with his well-formed little hand on his son's shoulder.

'We'll hope it always may be so, sir,' said John gravely. He reached up and pressed his father's hand; after which they went with some solemnity, arm in arm, to the billiard-room for the couple of games with which the Bishop of Clumber liked, when possible, to round off his day's activities.

And meanwhile Mrs Wootton manœuvred about her Audrey's tender heart as she had tried to manœuvre with Lady Parratt that afternoon. She recurred to Edward Parratt's good qualities. Audrey seemed very glad to hear about them. She even seemed astonished that he had so many. Her 'Yes, mother?' and 'Of course, mother,' as if in eager request for more information and cordial assent to her parent's generous estimate of the young man, were, in their way, most encouraging.

But the instant Mrs Wootton showed her hand candidly a cloud arose in the bright sky of her hopes.

'I'm sure he loves you, moreover, my dear,' she said tremulously, yet with a determination to go straight to the root of the matter.

Audrey put down the embroidery which had engaged her eyes hitherto, and annihilated her mother's ambitions in a twinkling.

'Then I'm sorry for him,' she said, 'for I don't love him. I never could, I think; and I'm sure I'm not going to try, mother.'

Mrs Wootton swallowed the pill almost audibly.

'Why, my dear?' she asked, with puckers on her brow and loving appeal in her voice.

'Oh, because—— But is it a *fair* question, mother?'

'You are very young, my dear. As your mother, can I not be trusted to see better than yourself what makes for your happiness?'

The poor lady's doubts in her own strength were distressingly evident.

'I don't quite think you can, dear,' said Audrey. She spoke as if their relationship were transposed, and it was her part to soothe and her mother's to be passively soothed.

And then, before Mrs Wootton's pale eyes could gleam to a fresh inspiration, Audrey was kneeling by her mother, with her pretty head on Mrs Wootton's breast.

'You're the dearest of dears,' she said, 'but you don't know everything about me. I don't want you to, either—yet. You've got to have faith; that's about it. And *don't* look so woefully worn and worried, as if you'd got the cares of forty million daughters on your dear heart instead of only me. I'm not half a duffer, mother. That's what they say about my hockey, and it's true about the rest of me too.'

Mrs Wootton kissed and caressed her child.

'But—you are not happy, Audrey?' she ventured, with a very great weakness of judgment.

'No? Why not?' suggested the girl, with a charming, if rather roguish, smile which her mother was not allowed to see.

'*Are* you, my dear?' Mrs Wootton urged. 'Tell me what you mean by saying that I don't know everything about you, child. I think I ought to.'

'Oh no, you oughtn't; not in these days. It's daughters who don't feel quite happy about their mothers nowadays. You are so deep, you mothers. If you can't understand us, it's your fault; we're plain sailers. But our mothers are so *artful* that it's—disheartening to us; it really is. And—sha'n't I go to my little bed now?'

She was dazzling with smiles, the most beautiful maiden-smiles in the world; and, still smiling, she got up and—well, stretched herself like a man whose muscles demanded such ease.

Mrs Wootton gazed and gazed at her lovely child. She seemed bewitched by the spectacle as much as by Audrey's words.

'Good-night, mother dear,' said the girl, and, stooping, she kissed her. 'I really am very sleepy.'

But Mrs Wootton held her tightly and would not let her go.

'Tell me, my dear, what you are thinking about,' she entreated. 'What makes you look like that?'

'Let me see, then. Let me look at myself.'

She released herself and ran to a mirror; stood erect before it, even postured a little. Her mother watched her with wide eyes.

'I think I look disgustingly smug, mother,' she said, returning slowly.

'But your thoughts, child?'

'Oh, bother my thoughts! Good-night. I shall yawn my head off.'

She marched to the door, with the smile playing about her face again like sunshine. But at the door she turned.

'You foolish little mother!' she said archly. 'I'm just wondering to death what frocks she'll bring. What else *should* I be thinking about? Sweet dreams, dear!'

She waved her hand and was gone, carolling her way upstairs as if no care, only joy, lay in her heart.

(*To be continued.*)

HUNTING WILD HORSES IN AUSTRALIA.

By T. J. FITZPATRICK.

In many runs in Australia it is a common occurrence in summer for mobs of wild horses to come out on the clearings to graze, as the grass is always sweeter and better where the timber has been killed or cleared. These horses have no owners, and are the property of any one clever enough to catch them. Many have good strains of breeding, through well-bred horses joining them from the run. There are, roughly, two means of capturing these horses—'scrubbers,' they are called. The first is to build a strong trap-yard on their line of retreat, and endeavour to run them into it. The other method is to single one out and run it down. The former requires several stockmen; the latter needs only one. It frequently happens that youngsters, if good rough-riders—and nearly all Australian youngsters are—can run down old mares and young foals; but to capture young full-grown horses requires the strong, steady nerve and ingenuity of the experienced hunter, as well as marvellous staying-power in his horse. The reason for this is obvious, for the stockman's horse has to carry at least fourteen stone, while the one he is hunting is perfectly free. When one considers that the extra handicap of one pound reduces the speed of a racehorse by several seconds in a mile race, it is easy to realise the difference six hundred and sixteen pounds must make in a race lasting many hours.

Returning home late one evening from a ride in the backwoods, I saw a mob of wild horses on a clear ridge much closer to the boundary fence than usual. Among these was a beautiful gray filly with a long, silvery mane and tail—the fastest of the lot, having resisted several attempts at capture the preceding season. I got permission to stay at home from school on the following day on another pretext, and made up my mind, unknown to those at home, to try and capture the gray filly. The risk of crippling my horse or of seriously injuring myself was too great to permit me to hope to obtain permission had I asked it. That night I put the best stock-horse in the stable, and had him well fed and groomed. In the morning at daybreak I was out fully equipped, and, as usual, accompanied by two of the best cattle-dogs, both dogs and horse being my own special property, as it is usual for all—even the womenfolk—to have their own horses, and it is only on rare occasions that any one else is allowed the privilege of using them. This explains the wonderful attachment and mutual understanding which exist between the bushman and his well-trained and well-cared-for animals.

The sun was just tipping the mountains when I reached the run. It required some careful manœuvring to get round the camping-ground where, as I expected, the horses had camped for the night. There were ten altogether, and, as is nearly always the case, they were led by a large stallion, the first to scent any cause for alarm and to give the signal for retreat. I got well behind them and fairly close before they saw me; then they started off at full gallop down a ridge to the eastward. This would bring them close to the boundary fence before they could turn either to the right or to the left to get back to their native haunts. If they turned to the left they would have to pass through some miles of cleared land, whereas to the right brought them much sooner into the heavily timbered country; it was, therefore, fairly certain they would take this direction. Signalling the dogs to follow the mob, I then turned sharp back along the range, crossing the ravine to the left high up. This gave me an opportunity of resting my horse while I waited at a point the mob must pass. In about half-an-hour I could hear the dogs barking and the scrub crashing on the ridge below, and in a few minutes the whole mob crashed past me, and now the chase commenced in full earnest. The country was the roughest imaginable, and had not as yet been penetrated by the axe of the settler. Half a mile farther we emerged on a fairly level plateau, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I kept up with the mob. Some were already showing signs of distress, taking refuge in the dense scrub off the main line of retreat. They only do this when fairly done or closely pressed. At last only four were left, led by the bay stallion and the gray filly. A special spurt enabled me to turn the two hindmost

ones into a thicket and follow close on the leaders. By this time rising ground was again reached, and just as the ascent of a main spur commenced I succeeded in separating them, turning the filly to the right and the stallion to the left. The race was for some impassable jungles to the westward, so it was evident both would continue to make in that direction; it was also a matter of speculation that the filly, after making a wide detour, would bear to the left in the hope of joining her companion. My course was therefore to push on due westward beyond the summit of the ridge and await developments. The dogs were in the meantime following the filly, preventing her from resting, and occasionally indicating her course by their barking. This enabled me to off-saddle and rest my horse. It was practically the winning move.

At the top of the ridge on which I was waiting there was a gradual slope to the south-west, and a large tussock-swamp—dry at this season of the year—spread out for some distance, being in places fully a mile broad. It was interspersed with charred logs—the relics of many bush-fires—smothered in tall grass, ferns, and scrub. There were numerous wombat-holes, and, worse still, the abandoned holes of many an adventurous prospector for gold, so that the country was not only difficult but very dangerous. Beyond this swamp it sloped away towards the river, the steep approach to the river-bed being quite impassable for a horseman. Could the filly gain this haven of refuge it was clear she must escape. As anticipated, she came in view at the head of the swamp near where I was waiting. With my left hand tightly grasping the reins and the end of a lasso, the coils of which were firmly held in my right, ready for a throw when the opportunity came, the final and deciding course of the chase commenced. Twice my horse stumbled and fell in wombat-holes, but fortunately was unhurt. In falling the second time he fell against a tree, which struck the saddle just in front of the knee-pads with such force as to cause both girths to snap and send saddle and rider over his tail. There was no time to splice the girths; but, springing to my horse, I was on his back as he regained his feet, casting a hasty glance round for some landmark to enable me afterwards to find my saddle. I started off bare-backed at full speed, adjusting the coils of the lasso as I sped onward. The filly was moving along at a rattling pace, proving by her great endurance that she would be a rare acquisition to the stud if captured. When half over the swamp I was close enough to risk a throw, but just at this moment she rose to jump a log, and the noose missed by a few inches. The few seconds taken to gather up the rope and adjust the coils, though it was done at full gallop, enabled her to increase her lead. At the farther end of the swamp a fairly clear grassy space led to the thicket bordering on the sharp slope to the river. This was the final chance, and once again the lasso flew out, the coils unfolding with arrow-like swiftness, revealing the large running noose, which this time caught the fugitive round the neck. To spring or slip from my horse and give the rope a dexterous turn round a tree was the work of a second, and not only brought her to a standstill, but tightening the noose soon caused her to fall, choking, to the ground. Before slackening the rope I slipped a pair of hobbles on her front feet, then with a few turns converted the noose of the lasso into a halter on which she could pull without injury. This rope was made from six stout strips of green hide plaited together. It would bear a great strain, and being slightly elastic, would not break with a sudden jerk.

The sun was now sinking behind the distant hills, so there was nothing for it but to bivouac for the night. Having tended my horse and killed and skinned a few opossums for the dogs, I recovered my saddle, partook of a scanty meal of bread and meat which I had in my saddle-bag, and prepared to camp. With a few dry gum-leaves to cover the damp grass, and with my saddle for a pillow, I was soon in a sound slumber. Camping out in this way is no new experience for a bushman. About midnight I was awakened by the dogs barking, and found the filly struggling on the ground, having got tangled up in the rope. This is an instance of the sagacity of the collies; they knew something was wrong, and hastened to give the alarm. I set matters right and again retired to rest, waking as the first gray streaks of dawn shot through the tall gums.

Away in the heart of the forest, many miles from any trace of civilisation, how was I to bring my fiery captive through such country? I fully realised the magnitude of the task before me, and mentally planned the best means for its accomplishment. The first thing to do was to 'handle' the filly—that is, hold the end of the halter and drive her round and round. When she refused to go or pulled back, the dogs would sharply nip her heels. This process was then repeated on horseback for about an hour before I had her sufficiently in hand to start on the homeward journey. It was almost dark and my folks were beginning to get anxious, when, hungry and sore, I at last reached the homestead. I had some nasty cuts and bruises, my hands were cut and blistered, and my clothes were very much torn; but these discomforts were nothing in comparison with the pleasure of being the proud possessor and captor of such a coveted prize.

CONCERNING TWO TROUT.

By WARD MUIR.

'YE'LL be usin' the wurrum, maybe?'

'Eh, what?' The Englishman was mystified. The 'wurrum' was not in his vocabulary.

'Ye're fishin' wi' bait?' Archie Anderson repeated his question patiently.

'No; I'm using fly.' Mr Smith of Kensington rather implied that he did not condescend to soil his fingers with the humble worm when trout-fishing.

'Then ye'll catch naething,' said Archie laconically. 'The watter's low. We havena had a spate for three weeks. There's just a chance wi' the wurrum in the early mornin' or when it's gettin' dark in the efternoon, if ye hunker weel doon an' dinna show yersel' on the bank; but if the watter keeps as clear as it is the noo, ye'll never see sae muckle as a tail if ye use the flee.'

Mr Smith smiled with vague superiority, though inwardly he was not a little impressed by Archie's pessimistic pronouncement. He made a mental note of the lowness and clearness of the water—useful items to use as excuses should he return to Mrs Smith with an empty creel. He was enough of a trout-fisher to know the value of excuses, was this Mr Smith of Kensington.

'In the south of England,' he remarked, resting his rod against the road-dike while he took out his cigarette-case, 'we fish in what are called chalk-streams, which are always much clearer than any of the Scotch—what do you call them?—oh yes, burns.' He pronounced it 'behns;' and it is to be feared that Archie, forgetting his native politeness, smiled faintly. 'But, then, angling in England is, of course, a much finer art than it is here. We use the dry-fly, for one thing; and the fish run much larger, and are more sporting to play. I am told that here one never needs a landing-net, for instance. The trout are small enough simply to whip ashore. Whereas, with us'——

Archie was becoming weary of the wonders of England and English fishing.

'There's mony a guid fish in the Drumdreep,' he put in, 'for those as can catch them.'

The Englishman leant his elbows on the top of the dike, and looked down to where the silvery waters—alas! now far too silvery from the fisher's point of view—of the Drumdreep wound their way through the oat-fields. 'It's a pretty little stream,' he observed; 'but I doubt if it's very promising as far as angling goes. There hardly seems to me to be enough feeding for the trout, or enough depth either. May I ask whether you've ever yourself had good baskets here?'

Archie grinned. His memory flew back over many a magnificent long day by the burnside, when his creel grew heavier and heavier, and his bulging worm-bag lighter and lighter, and his arm more and more tired of lifting the struggling little yellow trout ashore out of the swirling brown pools of springtime. 'Oo ay,' he admitted cautiously. 'Aince or twice I've hed a goodish wee fishin' in my time. I remember me and Jimmie Wilson takin' fifteen dizzen between us one Saturday; and if next day hadna been the Sabbath, maybe we'd ha'e done the same again. The watter was in fine condition yon time.'

'Fifteen dozen trout to two rods!' cried Mr Smith enviously. 'And about what weight did they run on the average?'

'Aweel, they was mostly sma' fish: a quarter of a pound and less. There's naething bigger nor a pound in the Drumdreep that I ken of.'

'Oh!' The Englishman's tone expressed disappointment—or at any rate he intended it to sound so. It is probable, however, that he would not have objected to a bag of fifteen dozen—even such comparative minnows as the fish of the Drumdreep. Quantity, it is to be feared, is apt to outbalance quality even with Kensington anglers who wield the dry-fly. 'I have never taken a fish lower than a pound weight in any of our chalk-streams at home,' he said grandly; 'and as a rule they run to two and three pounds apiece, and sometimes even bigger.'

'Is that so, noo?' commented Archie dryly.

'I'm afraid if I catch anything here as low as a quarter of a pound in weight I shall throw it back,' the Englishman went on. 'One gets into the way of preserving the small fish almost without thinking.'

'Indeed?' queried Archie, with a twinkle in his eye. 'I'm sorry for that. If ye dinna keep the sma' fish, ye'll keep naething here.'

'It hardly seems sporting to kill such tiny creatures,' said the Kensington angler.

Archie's ire began to rise. 'If ye catch onything bigger nor half a pound in the Drumdreep ye'll be clever,' he asserted, with sudden emphasis. ''Deed, if ye catch onything at a' in this weather'—— Remembering his manners, he left the sentence unfinished.

'I intend to try, at any rate,' the other retorted calmly. 'We'll see if a little dry-fly science from the South won't beat local methods;' and, throwing down his finished cigarette-end, he nodded, and continued up the road. Archie whistled to his dog, and turned off towards the clachan of Drumdreep Bridge. Now that the Englishman had gone, he allowed himself to grin broadly.

In the evening Mr Smith passed Archie's cottage door, and had perforce to confess that his creel was empty. Archie sympathised verbally, but in his

inmost soul he rejoiced. 'Yon's a stuck-up ijit,' he said to Margaret, his wife. 'He'll catch nae-thing as long's the burn's no' drumly. He thinks he kens more aboot the fishin' than I do, an' me been here, and fished, man and boy, for twenty year. They English buddies are a' fules, it seems tae me. The way they talk is eneuch tae'——

'Dinna ye be sae sure, Archie, ma man,' said Margaret quietly. 'He comes frae London, they tell me; an' Londoners are tricksy fouk.'

'Mebbe they are; but not tricksy eneuch for the trout,' muttered Archie.

But two days later, when Mr Smith came to Archie's door after his day's fishing, he stopped and knocked.

'Good-evening, Mrs Anderson,' he said when Margaret appeared; 'is your husband at home?'

'He's awa' tae the hull,' said she.

A curious expression shot for a moment across the Englishman's smoothly-shaven face; but it was instantly suppressed. 'I wanted to show him a fish I got to-day,' he remarked indifferently. 'We had a little argument, you know, about the size of the trout in the Drumdreep.' He opened his basket and took out a fish. 'This weighs four and a half pounds,' he went on. 'I wish your husband had been at home. I venture to think it would have shown him what can be done—even by an alien!' He laughed nervously.

Margaret's eyes were wide with astonishment. She had never seen so big a trout before, though Archie was a persistent angler.

'I am sorry I must take this fish home at once,' Mr Smith continued. 'I would have liked to leave it for Mr Anderson's inspection. I have kept promising my wife to bring home a dish of fish, and now that I have at last caught one worth keeping, she will be anxious to have it cooked for breakfast. Of course I have caught a good many others, but threw them all back, as they weren't up to my standard.'

Margaret remained speechless at this example of London grandeur.

'However, you must tell your husband about it when he comes home. Just to satisfy yourself, perhaps you wouldn't mind weighing the fish on your own scales. I want Mr Anderson to have no doubt about the correctness of my statement.'

Margaret took the trout, carried it into her kitchen, and duly weighed it.

'Simply to make the evidence more clear, maybe you wouldn't mind laying the fish on a piece of paper and running a pencil round it,' the Englishman went on eagerly. 'Your husband will then have the evidence of his own eyes as well as the testimony of your scales.'

Margaret laughed. She was entering into the fun of the thing. This Englishman was really very polite and amusing; and she would be able to twit Archie about his scorn of Londoners. She did as she was requested, and then the trout was returned to the creel.

'Next time I see Mr Anderson I shall challenge him to catch a bigger fish than that,' said Mr Smith graciously. 'I don't think that either with bait or wet-fly it can be done. Some day I must give him a lesson in dry-fly fishing. He mustn't despise Southern methods, you know, Mrs Anderson;' and the Englishman departed.

Archie's feelings when he returned and heard Margaret's tale may be imagined. 'Ye're dreamin', Maggie,' was all he could gasp. But unfortunately the evidence of the tracing on the paper was incontrovertible.

'He challenged ye tae catch a bigger fush than yon,' said Margaret, rejoicing in Archie's crestfallen appearance.

'By gum, then I maun try!' cried Archie, and forthwith sallied forth to the midden to dig worms.

But, truth to tell, the digging of the worms was only a blind. For a deep-laid plot was maturing in Archie's keen brain. Well did he know that though he fished for a lifetime the chances were hopelessly against another such fish being captured in the Drumdreep. So some wilier mode must be employed for accomplishing the downfall of the conceited Englishman. Archie chuckled. Londoners might be sharp, but Scotsmen could be sharp too!

A couple of days later came a mysterious parcel addressed to 'Mr Archibald Anderson, Mid-Dreep, Drumdreep Bridge:' a parcel which, it may be mentioned, was surreptitiously taken from postie by Archie's own hand, and never caught the eye of Margaret. Archie, indeed, instead of showing it to his wife, carried it away to the byre to unwrap, and later on might have been observed issuing forth in the direction of the burn, rod in hand and basket on back.

At the close of the day he returned, a curiously triumphant smile wreathing his sunburnt features.

'Look at that fush, Maggie!' he said, proudly lifting the lid of his basket and displaying a grand trout which would turn the scales at five pounds if it was an ounce. 'This'll mak' Mr Smith look astonished, I'm thinkin'. Dry-fly, indeed! The wurrum's guid eneuch for Drumdreep.'

Margaret had to admit herself proud of her husband. 'Ye maun gang roond to Mr Smith's hoose and show it him,' she said. 'No, ye needna; for here he comes himsel'.' And, sure enough, the Englishman was descried approaching.

'Well, Mr Anderson,' he said as he came up, 'have you caught that fish yet—the one that was to beat mine? Or are you ready for a lesson with the dry-fly?'

Archie silently held out his creel.

The Englishman glanced into its cavernous depths, and then started. He put in his hand and lifted out Archie's big fish. 'A fine trout,' he said; 'half a pound heavier than mine, I should guess. But you didn't land it from the Drumdreep.'

'Deed, I got it this very day,' cried Archie. But it was noticeable that he avoided the verb 'catch.'

The Englishman's eyes twinkled. 'Come, come,' he said, 'you mustn't think I'm so innocent as all that, Mr Anderson. There are no pink-fleshed trout in the Drumdreep, I think you told me?'

'No,' Archie allowed. He was becoming a trifle nervous under this scrutiny.

Mr Smith whipped a pocket-knife from his pocket and made a deft slit in the fish's belly. 'Look at that,' he said coolly.

If Archie had been able, he would have blushed; but his rich tan saved him this humiliation. The trout itself blushed—internally.

'This is a Loch Leven trout,' Mr Smith continued. 'I recognised at once that it had not the same markings as the local fish. If I hadn't eaten the one I caught the other day I'd show you the difference in a moment; but as it is'—— He shrugged his shoulders. 'No, no, Mr Anderson, you can't palm off on me a fish which you have sent for from a fishmonger's, as though you'd caught it in the Drumdreep. Moreover, unless I'm much mistaken, this is a netted fish. Yes'—he forced the trout's jaws apart—'there is no hook-mark and no blood. Besides'——

But we must draw a veil over the discomfiture of Archie Anderson. As his wife remarked afterwards, 'It was ye yersel' that luked the fule, Archie; no' the gentleman frae London. He was nae fule, was Mr Smith.'

Which was truer than Margaret supposed. For a week later, after the excellent Mr Smith had departed from Drumdreep Bridge (asserting that even he found the fishing too poor to be worth bothering about), Archie received a missive which gave him considerable food for thought. It was from his old friend the fishmonger in Glasgow, enclosing a bill for the bought trout. 'By the way,' the letter concluded, 'I sent a slightly smaller trout to your neighbourhood a little while ago, at the order of a Mr Smith. I had some difficulty in procuring one to suit him, as he was most particular in specifying both size and colour; and he insisted on the flesh being white and the fish being absolutely freshly caught. In the end I had to send him one slightly different from his specification; but apparently it suited him all right, as he paid up promptly. What have you folks at Drumdreep been up to? It seems suspicious, this sudden demand for trout.'

Archie ran his fingers through his hair. 'Well, I'm'—— was all he could gasp for a while. Then he turned to his wife. 'Maggie,' he said, 'all fishers are liars; that's my opinion.'

'I'm glad ye've admitted it at last,' commented Maggie. 'I've thocht so mysel' for mony a year.'

Archie ruminated in sad silence. Then he spoke again. 'Now I ken why yon Mr Smith called wi' his fush when I was oot,' he said. 'It was part o' his London cleverness. He waited till he saw me gang oot, and then cam', for fear I'd see his fush was no' frae the Drumdreep. Eh, thae Englishies!'

But if Archie had only known, Mr Smith was saying, 'Eh, those Scotsmen!' in much the same admiring tone. For after narrating the little joke to his Kensington friends, he always added, 'As a matter of fact, I never saw a solitary fin the whole time. It's my belief that our methods are utterly useless on Scotch rivers. That fellow Anderson I was telling you of used to catch dozens. How he managed it I don't know.'

So the mutual tribute of two anglers (I had almost written 'Ananiases,' which begins with the same letter of the alphabet) was complimentary on both sides, though in different ways. And on the whole it will be admitted that the Scotsman came off best. For it is better to be good at catching small fish than at saying you have caught big ones.

TRANSFORMATION.

The leaden fog begins to lift—
I almost see the sun;
It seems, though twilight's near, as though
The day had just begun!
The sodden pavements seem to glow
With light, your steps to greet;
A sudden radiance falls o'er all
As you come up the street.

The many flights of white stone steps,
Each blind and window-pane,
The very knockers on the doors,
Fresh lustre seem to gain.
All that before looked poor and mean
Seems wondrous fair and sweet,
And blossoms into Paradise,
As you come up the street.

The barrel-organ playing near
Seems scarcely out of tune,
The street-boys' cries have gained a note
Like nightingales' in June.
For every sound to me is merged
In your dear voice so sweet,
When you stop and speak some friendly words
As you come up the street.

They say that Heaven is paved with gold,
With gates of jewels bright,
And countless angels pass along
In robes of dazzling white;
But yet to me that heavenly land
Would not be quite complete
If *you*, my Heaven on this dark earth,
Did not pass up its street.

N. H. Manley.

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MEMORIES OF A HAPPY LIFE.

By Henry Leach.

THE worst of the average autobiography is that it is not usually candid and accurate as to the qualities of the writer when circumstances necessitate any reference to them. It is not that these authors of their own histories are intentionally unfair to the people who are called upon kindly to read them, or that they wilfully keep back material facts which might lead them to a judgment as to character and so forth less flattering than they might desire; it is simply that the human nature in them causes them to think well of their own deeds and dispositions, and to rate themselves higher than others might, as well as to regard as too trivial for mention those little failings which count for so much in the reckoning of a man. Therefore it is very refreshing when one comes across a biographer who insists upon telling you the truth, and the whole truth, about himself; and his readers, having thanked him for his excellent candour, amounting at times even to naïveté, can appreciate his stories and enjoy them much more than if they had any doubts about their man. In such a simplicity as this the autobiography which has been written by the Hon. F. Leveson-Gower—although he prefers not to call it an autobiography, but merely a book of recollections under the title of *Bygone Years*—and which he has published through Mr Murray, is most refreshing, and in its way a work of unique interest. We are given some miniatures of social life in distinguished circles in the heyday of the Victorian period, and the gossip that is quoted and the comments made are universally diverting. Mr Leveson-Gower is a leading member of a great family, and he is very nearly a nonagenarian, for he was born in 1819; and at this time of life he sits down to write his story, which circumstance does much to indicate the latent energy in him, the existence of which he himself seems to deny steadily all the way through his life. Of such family, entering Parliament in due course, and being himself a man of considerable talent, a great career was possible for him; but he tells us in effect that he was all through his life too lazy to prosecute it, and that he found it much pleasanter to take things easily and gad about at dinner-parties and drawing-rooms. In this capacity he had unique advantages: family, Parliament, official connections, charming manners, and an attractive *bonhomie*.

The items of self-depreciation to be found in this candid tale are themselves somewhat interesting in the circumstances. Eton was a failure, to begin with. 'My life was not a very happy one, and, unlike most Etonians, I do not retain a very pleasant impression of it. My health was indifferent. I was not good at games, and I made no friends—at least, none who remained so in subsequent years.' It must be added that during a period of indisposition his tutor accused him of malingering, when two days later he was at death's-door, and his relatives were being summoned to his bedside. Oxford and the friendships that he made there he did enjoy; but, he says, 'I must confess that I was very idle. The atmosphere at Christ Church was not at that time intellectual. I cannot call to mind in my time at Christ Church any undergraduate who afterwards became a Cabinet Minister or who, with one exception, distinguished himself in any other capacity; and amongst my friends there was not one who seemed in the least anxious to obtain university honours.' He thinks that this state of affairs was partly due to Dean Gaisford's management, the Dean knowing more about Greek particles than about young men. Mr Frank Charteris, now the Earl of Wemyss, was almost the only undergraduate whom he inspired with any confidence. This young man was not afraid of the Dean, and said what he liked to him. On one occasion the Dean gave him permission to go to London to get advice about a lame leg. The following day the Dean perceived his name in the list of guests at the Palace ball, which made him say the next time he saw the young man, 'I was not aware, Mr Charteris, that dancing was a cure for lameness.'

Mr Leveson-Gower went in for having his good

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time at Oxford. Soon after getting there he was elected to membership of the Mitre Club, a famous old hunting society which was not noted for its sobriety. Although this was one of its better periods, Mr Leveson-Gower will not say that it was conducted on strictly temperance principles. 'For instance,' he remarks, 'a new member was required to empty at one draught a cup, called the "Fox's Head," containing a bottle of port. I have always looked upon myself as a sober individual, because I never reduced myself to that state in which I could not take care of myself; but I am free to confess that, both at Oxford and afterwards, I sometimes imbibed more wine than was good for me.' Farther on he soliloquises rather regretfully: 'Our life was very pleasant, but must be considered to have been wasted, except by those who look upon time affording much pleasure as not absolutely thrown away. . . . I read little, and relied on what I had learnt at my private tutor's to get through my daily work. We were on the whole a steady set, but it was not a life calculated to promote success in our future careers. In my opinion, my masters, whether at school or college, were to a certain extent responsible for my indolence.'

Soon after he went down from Oxford he had some excellent times in Paris, where his father, Lord Granville, was Ambassador, meeting all kinds of distinguished people. Princess Lieven, who, after ceasing to be Russian Ambassadress in London, took up her permanent abode in Paris, used often to call at the Embassy. Mr Leveson-Gower was once present on an interesting occasion at her salon, all Paris at that time being in a state of wonder as to whether the Emperor would marry Mademoiselle de Montijo. The room was full when the door was thrown open and the Comtesse and her daughter announced. Madame de Lieven immediately got up from her seat, and, brushing past the mother, embraced the daughter, taking her by both hands. All those present knew then that the engagement had taken place.

A lady of London society who much attracted him, and of whom he formed a higher opinion than some other people did, was Lady Holland. She was very forceful and candid, but very good-natured. Her physician, Sir Stephen Hammick, was sometimes made very uneasy in her presence and that of others who were in her company at the time. 'Where do you dine to-day, Sir Stephen?' she once asked him when Mr Leveson-Gower was there, and the physician answered that he would dine at his club. 'What is the name of your club?' her ladyship asked. 'The Union.' 'I have never heard of it,' she observed. 'Frederick, *is* there such a club?' Young Mr Charteris aforesaid was achieving much deserved popularity in London society; and, being curious to see him, Lady Holland asked Mr Leveson-Gower to take him along to Holland House for dinner one night. 'The invitation gratified him,' says Mr Leveson-Gower, 'and we accordingly went, when she received him graciously. Upon our taking our departure, we were already on the staircase when she called me back and whispered, "Never mind, my dear Frederick; good looks are not everything in this world."' When she died she left him a legacy of two hundred pounds with which to buy books.

A rather interesting family note is made upon the death of his father, the first Earl Granville, which occurred in 1846. 'He was greatly beloved by us all, and was the most indulgent parent—possibly too indulgent. Himself a younger son, although I cannot say that his own case was a hard one, he sympathised with me for being one of that unfortunate class. It may have been this feeling, combined with much affection, that made him leave me well provided for. He did not follow the example of Lord Buchan, who boasted that his brother, Lord Chancellor Erskine, owed his success in life to him; and being asked in what way he had contributed to it, said, "By steadily refusing to increase his allowance when strongly urged to do so." I much question whether if I had been left to earn my bread by my own exertions as a lawyer I should have succeeded.'

Thus he had been called to the Bar. Canning, when Prime Minister, who was a great friend of the Earl, 'thought he perceived in me some signs of intelligence. This made him say to my father, "Bring that boy up as a lawyer, and he will one day become Lord Chancellor." I really believe this made my father cherish the idea that this prophecy might turn out to be true.' In course of time he became Judge's Marshal, an easy and pleasant task. He acted in this capacity first to Lord Denman, and in course of business he went to Cambridge with him, where Lord Denman's son George resided. 'The latter persuaded me to go by water to Ely with him to see its glorious cathedral. He was a capital oar, but I was not; and perhaps on this account, or because of an adverse wind, we found ourselves still on the water when we ought to have been attending the Judge's public dinner. Now, for a Marshal to be absent from one of these dinners was a serious offence. Still, I trusted to my Judge's good nature, particularly as his son was *particeps criminis*, and I hoped that he would deal with me leniently. Happily, owing to the prolongation of a trial, the time of dinner was postponed, and we were not too late.'

About this time, in his legal capacity, he frequently met Lord Brougham, about whom he tells a good story. Brougham was not supposed to be devoted to his wife, whose first husband was a Mr Spalding. He was heard one day to address the following words to Mr Spalding's portrait, which was hung up in the dining-room: 'My dear Jack, how much I feel every day what cause I have to regret your sad loss!'

Mr Leveson-Gower travelled much, and gives some most interesting accounts of his experiences in Spain and India; while in 1856 he was one of the entourage of the Earl Granville, his brother, when the latter

was sent on his magnificent special mission to Russia on the occasion of the coronation of Alexander II. This special mission to Russia has always been a kind of prerogative of this family, and this particular mission, and that of the Duke of Devonshire before it, were extremely magnificent. On this occasion, when everything that could be thought of had been taken from England to complete the sumptuousness of the affair, it was found that they had no portrait of Queen Victoria to hang up in the Embassy. Thereupon one of Lord Wodehouse's attachés undertook to paint one full-length from memory. 'He had never done anything of the sort before, and he finished it in nine days. When seen from a distance it had a plausible effect. The Russians expressed admiration for it as a fine work of art. They are so amiable that they will say anything, whether true or false, if they think it will give pleasure.' Count Nesselrode told him a curious thing. He said that his (the Count's) father's fortune originated in the snuff-boxes which he received as Minister between the years 1812 and 1815, and which he sold for twenty thousand pounds. This sum he invested in land, which increased in value to an incredible degree. One estate that he gave ten thousand pounds for was bringing in that sum yearly at the time of the Coronation.

Mr Leveson-Gower sat for various constituencies in Parliament, and Mr Gladstone twice offered him important posts, one of Chief Whip, the other of Postmaster-General, which he declined because he thought there were others who, from greater attention to their duties, deserved promotion sooner than himself. 'I am certain,' he remarks, 'that Mr Gladstone would not have made me these offers if he had not thought me sufficiently competent to perform the work required of me; but I doubted whether such would be the general opinion, and I feared it would be thought a job.'

He had many interesting parliamentary and election experiences, and a good story is that of how, when he was contesting a Cornwall division, his agent, Collins, once besought him to sit in a particular pew at church instead of the Corporation pew which he had been occupying, 'because, as it faced the altar, I could not then betray any preference by turning to the east or refraining from doing so during the recital of the creed, and would thus avoid offending either the High or Low Church party.'

Mr Leveson-Gower does not say in so many words that this life of his has been a happy one, and he appears dissatisfied in some respects; but if it has not been one of the strenuous variety, of which great biographies are written, it seems to have been constantly pleasant and interesting, and the scene has nearly always been the Palace or Parliament. So we will assume, or at all events hope, that it has been happy.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER VII.

AT three o'clock I entered the royal sleigh, which was waiting for me at the imposing Victor's Gate, the great archway at the base of the Waffenthurm. It was a magnificent afternoon. The sun shone with even greater power than it had displayed in the morning; the sky was, if possible, a deeper blue.

There are not many roads open in winter in Grimland; but the Heldersburg road is the highway to Austria, and when a fall of snow comes they drive a team of horses trailing great logs of wood behind them to roll the freshly fallen crystals into a firm, compact mass.

It was a lovely drive down the hill past Riefinsdorf and away to the left, at first between villas and small hotels, each with its covering of snow and fringe of glistening icicles, and then between pine-woods and half-concealed boulders, with glimpses of frozen waterfalls, and in the background dazzling summits and the amazingly blue sky.

The buntings twittered cheerily overhead, and my heart sang back to them. 'Surely, if there is a Paradise it is here, it is here!' was the familiar refrain that rang involuntarily in my head. Doubtless the object of my drive was largely responsible for my unwonted exhilaration of spirit. The fact that the King had chosen me for this delicate mission was flattering to a degree. The romance of the situation and the slight possibility of danger roused my enthusiasm quite as much as the bracing air or the unmatched glory of the scene.

I had travelled but a little way beyond Riefinsdorf when my sleigh pulled up abruptly. Impregnated as my mind was with fancies of a dramatic and adventurous nature, I quite expected to find a band of ruffians, armed to the teeth, disputing our path and demanding instant submission. What I actually saw was a young lady standing in the middle of the road, and an enormously long, heavy-looking toboggan at right angles to our course and completely blocking our progress. The young lady, who looked very charming, and was attired much as my companion of the morning, brightened visibly as her eyes lighted upon me. It was the Grand Duke's daughter, the Prinzessinn Mathilde.

'Oh, Mr Saunders,' she cried, 'is that you?'

'I have every reason to believe so,' I replied, jumping out of my conveyance. 'Can I be of any assistance to you?'

'You might be,' she replied reflectively. 'Where are you going to?'

'I am out for a drive.'

'So I perceive.'

'To Heldersburg,' I supplemented.

'Oh, I wish you would come bob-sleighing with us.'

'I'm afraid I don't know much about bob-sleighing.'

'That does not matter in the least. Max and a couple of men will be here directly. I steer and Max "brakes," and all you have to do is to sit behind me and lean over a bit when we come to the corners. It's really very pleasant.'

'It sounds delicious. Unfortunately, I am taking a message to Heldersburg for the King.'

'Can't the coachman take it?'

'Please don't tempt me,' I replied. 'The idea of bob-sleighing fascinates me enormously, but duty is duty, and I have not the honour of being King's messenger every day of my life.'

'You might at least have one run with us,' persisted the Princess. Her importunity was flattering; but I had taken my mission very seriously, and was determined not to be seduced from the path of duty by siren blandishments, however innocuously meant.

'I fear not,' I replied, shaking my head sadly. 'I could not love bob-sleighing half so much, loved I not honour more. But how comes it that you are here by yourself blocking the free way with this derelict craft?'

'We've just had a run down from Weissheim,' she explained. 'We are waiting here for a horse to lug the old "bob" back again for another run. As the horse hasn't turned up, Max and his friends are doing a little skiing down the snow-slopes.'

'You won't mind my gently shifting the "old bob" out of the way, will you?'

'I shall be highly offended,' was the laughing response. 'I think it is most disagreeable of you not to join our party. Do think better of it, and let the coachman take your stupid message to Heldersburg.'

'You are a descendant of Eve and a wicked temptress,' I replied. 'And as I am a descendant of Adam and a frail man, I shall not risk parleying with you any further;' and, seizing hold of the 'bob's' steering-gear, I proceeded to pull the obstructing conveyance to the side of the roadway.

'Remember, I am very much offended with you,' persisted the Princess.

'And I with you,' I retorted. 'I was enjoying my drive immensely till you rendered it tame and commonplace with your alluring suggestions of bob-sleighing;' and, raising my cap, I re-entered my sleigh and bade the coachman drive on.

I watched the Princess mischievously snatch up a handful of snow to throw after me; but snowballs are not easy things to make with the temperature standing below zero, and a mere harmless, powdery cloud of white was all the result of her wicked machinations.

What a jolly little girl! I thought. How natural and unaffected! How delightfully free from stupid shyness and stupider pride of position! And as my sleigh-bells tinkled and the turns of the road continually revealed fresh glimpses of winter beauty, I let my mind dwell pleasantly on the charming characteristics, physical and otherwise, of the sun-burnt, sport-loving little Schattenberg. I looked forward to seeing her a good deal during my stay at Weissheim. After the unpleasant atmosphere of sordid squabbling, of subversive intrigue, and deep-schemed counter-plotting which impregnated the Brun-varad, her cheerful, thoughtless, joyous little presence had all the refreshment of the cool, clear, pine-laden mountain air. I even began to be mildly philosophic, wondering why Nature sends to scheming, selfish fathers delightful, unaffected daughters full of frank, natural, innocent joy in life, and without the slightest capacity for an evil thought or an unkind action.

Unhappily meditations even of a mildly rapturous nature must come to an end some time, and mine were rudely interrupted by a second stoppage of the royal sleigh.

My previous romantic expectations would not have been so out of place on this occasion, for the road was blocked by some dozen soldiers of the Guard. Shod with skis and armed with rifles, they were drawn up in a straggling, menacing line across the road. Their uniforms were of dark green, with black facings; they wore high, white leggings, and on their heads scarlet berets. They were fine, active-looking men, deeply sunburnt and distinctly picturesque in their workman-like uniform. One of them, a sergeant, blew a whistle.

'What's the matter?' I demanded of my red-bearded driver.

'He says we must not proceed, Excellency.'

'Why not?' I inquired.

I got no more information than was conveyed by a shrug of extremely broad shoulders. Suddenly I discerned on my right a further party of half-a-dozen men skiing down the hillside towards us. They approached us at great speed and with alarming directness. Just when I imagined a collision to be inevitable, they turned their skis sideways and jumped down into the road in front of our horses' heads.

An officer, whom I now perceived to be Max, approached. He looked very well in his smart uniform, and the quick rush through the air had lent a tinge of colour to his pale cheeks.

'Why are we stopped?' I began.

'We are carrying out some important manœuvres,' was the reply. 'We have fixed some dummies up on the road farther on, and we are firing at them from across the ravine. I am sorry to interrupt your drive, but I cannot permit you to go on. It would not be safe.'

'I am going to Heldersburg with a message from the King.'

Max remained silent for a moment.

'Kindly show me your message,' he said at length.

'It is a verbal message,' I replied.

'Have you no written order authorising your journey?'

'I have nothing but my word.'

'I'm very sorry,' said the young Prince, gaping; 'but my orders are positive. We are to permit no vehicles or passengers along the Heldersburg road this afternoon. Had you a written authority from His Majesty I should, of course, give way.'

His tone was palpably insincere, and I began to feel annoyed.

'Are the manœuvres being held by His Majesty's special command?' I inquired.

'Really,' replied Max sarcastically, 'I cannot discuss my authority with every one who wants to pass this way. You must go back, my good friend; and, if the matter is so extremely urgent, get your permit from the King and try again.'

'I may not be able to find His Majesty,' I objected.

Max laughed.

'You may not,' he said; 'in fact, if my information is correct, he is gone with a skiing party across the Nonnensee to the lower slopes of the Klauigberg.'

I had great difficulty in controlling my temper.

'Look here, Prince,' I said, 'I cannot tell you what my message is, but I give you my word of honour it is an important one. If the King learns that I have been stopped he will be very angry.'

'And if my father learns that I have neglected my instructions and let you pass, *he* will be very angry. I would sooner face the King's wrath than my father's. No, man; it's no use. It's better to accept the inevitable and go back than be potted at by the best shots in Grimland.'

I looked at the group of soldiers who blocked the way. They held their rifles threateningly, and their maliciously grinning faces seemed to my imagination to invite the requisite permission to riddle us with bullets. My coachman sat stiffly on his box, but I noticed that his fingers fumbled nervously with the reins, as if his mind were ill at ease.

'Very well,' I said as calmly as I could, 'I accept the inevitable.—Coachman, turn round and drive back to Weissheim.'

The command was obeyed with alacrity that bespoke extreme relief. I had a vision of Max's pale, sneering face, of half-a-dozen rifle-barrels levelled playfully but regretfully at our heads, and my sleigh swung rapidly on its course in the direction opposite to Heldersburg. I was angry, disappointed, and not a little humiliated. After the flattering way in which I had been chosen for this mission, it was most annoying to be checkmated in such unanswerable fashion. Without a doubt the Schattenbergs knew all about the Queen's departure, and were determined, as far as in them lay, to render the rupture permanent. But what of the Princess's invitation to bob-sleigh? Was she, too, playing her part in the revolutionary and aggressive schemes of the Grand Duke Fritz? Was her attempt to decoy me from the path of duty a mere coincidence or the result of definite instructions from her ambitious parent? I recalled her interview with Father Bernhardt on the previous evening; and, alas! unflattering as was the conclusion, I could only believe that her strongly pressed invitation was due rather to the exigencies of intrigue than a frank, girlish desire for the company of a passably interesting young Englishman. And yet I found it impossible to be angry with her. If she had merely been carrying out the Grand Duke's behests, it was obvious that the part she had been assigned was one that suited her own inclinations; that her conduct had been less a deliberate piece of acting than a judicious adaptation of her natural instincts to the requirements of her father's policy. Anyway, she was a charming little girl, and I felt that she and I, however antagonistic our parts might be, would play them with good nature, good feeling, and with a strong appreciation of the humorous. I smiled, despite myself, as I thought of her snowballing efforts; and then, as I remembered Max's sneering countenance and intolerable manner, I frowned again, and, I fear, swore.

'Coachman,' I cried as we emerged from the pine-forest upon the outskirts of Riefinsdorf, 'is there any other way to Heldersburg?'

'Your Excellency might go across the hills on skis.'

'I know nothing about skiing. Is there no other track?'

'There is a path open through the wood—the Wald-promenade.'

'I will take that, then,' I said. 'Where can I get into it?'

'It starts from the road a few hundred yards back. There is a sign-post, and your Excellency cannot possibly miss it. Nevertheless, I would respectfully advise your Excellency to let me drive you back to Weissheim.'

'Why?'

'Because there will be a detachment of soldiers on the Wald-promenade just as there is on the road, and our soldiers are not the most patient people in the world.'

'All the same, I shall make the attempt,' I said. 'His Majesty considers me a lucky man, and I must live up to my reputation.'

So saying, I descended from the sleigh, and bidding the fellow drive back to the Brun-varad, retraced my tracks till I came to the commencement of the Wald-promenade. The path, starting with a sharp ascent, plunged into the heart of the pine-woods; but I had hardly gone a hundred yards before I came to a halt. A seat was placed invitingly at the edge of the path, and I took advantage of it, not from a desire to rest, but solely for purposes of meditation. To go on was to incur a certain rebuff, and perhaps worse. To make a detour through the deep snow was an utter impossibility. Had I possessed a pair of skis, and the ability to use them, I would have chanced evading the soldiery who were doubtless watching

the hillsides, and made a dash for Heldersburg. I was just beginning to despair of a satisfactory solution when my attention was attracted by a strange figure approaching me from the direction of Riefinsdorf. It was a remarkably curious figure, too, when I came to appreciate the details. The man—I gathered it was a man—was covered from neck to foot with a long fur coat of a coarse and tremendously shaggy nature. On his head he wore a dirty white woollen cap, a curious article of attire so constructed as to pull down over his entire head, leaving a small aperture for his eyes and nose, and giving the appearance of a medieval helmet with the visor up. The small portion of his countenance left uncovered by this serviceable headgear was reduced to a minimum by a large pair of blue glass spectacles, and between these loomed a nose of ample proportions and aggressive colouring. In his right hand he carried a long, iron-shod pole, and on his back a basket containing a crowded, high-piled mass of tins. He walked slowly and with a pronounced limp. As he drew nearer he bade me a gruff good-day.

'One moment, my fellow,' I called. He halted.

'Who are you?' I pursued.

'I am Peter,' he replied. 'Lame Peter of Riefinsdorf.'

'Are you in a hurry?'

'*Himmel und Kaiserfleisch!*' he grunted, 'am I in a hurry? Is it any use my being in a hurry—me, Lame Peter, with the frost-bitten toes?'

'I only asked,' I said, 'because I wanted to chat with you. Where are you going to?'

'I am going to Heldersburg, Excellency, to sell tinned tomatoes and tinned beans, and maybe a little canned pine-apple.'

'And do you go there every day?'

'Every day, Excellency, and always at this hour. The train brings tinned fruits and vegetables to Riefinsdorf, and I take them on foot to Heldersburg.'

'And are you well known hereabouts?'

'Every one knows Lame Peter, Excellency.'

'Good,' I said. 'Now, tell me, how much do you expect to get for your load?'

'Twenty florins—perhaps twenty-two. The profit is not large.'

'Good,' I said again. 'I will give you twenty-two; but that must include the loan of your basket for the afternoon.'

'Excellency!'

'Also, I desire the loan of your coat and your beautiful woollen cap. How much shall we say for these? Five florins should, I think, be ample.'

'Excellency!'

'Come, I will pay at once, and you shall have the things back to-morrow morning. Put down your load and take off your coat and cap.'

The man obeyed me with jerky, rheumatic movements and the furtive air of one dealing with a possibly dangerous lunatic.

'Now for your staff and blue spectacles,' I said.

'I can walk but ill without my staff, Excellency, and without my glasses the strong sunshine on the snow pains my eyes exceedingly.'

'Nonsense,' I said, producing my money. 'You can manage to crawl back to the "Drei Kronen" and solace your eyes with the sight of a *Bier-kanne*. There's thirty florins for you, on condition that you go back to Riefinsdorf and drink my health nobly. Come, I will take care that your things are returned to you in plenty of time for your journey to-morrow.'

'A thousand thanks, Excellency. You will not forget—Lame Peter of the Kuh-gasse, Riefinsdorf. Your Excellency is English?'

'Yes,' I replied, donning the lame one's garments, 'I am English, and therefore rich, mad, and scrupulously honest. You need have no anxiety for your possessions.'

'I have no fear,' he grunted, helping me to strap on the basket of tins. '*Teufelchen*, but it is cold without a coat! I shall certainly take your Excellency's advice, and visit the "Drei Kronen." Good-day, Excellency, and a thousand thanks.'

So saying, the old fellow hobbled away in one direction, while I advanced in the other towards the home of the Von Helders.

(To be continued.)

REPLICAS AND COPIES OF SOME GREAT RENAISSANCE PAINTINGS.

By E. Govett.

IT is quite impossible to palm off, even upon the merest tyro, a modern copy of a work by an Italian Renaissance artist as an original; and the ingenuity of 'planters' has therefore to be devoted to manufacturing histories relating to old copies, or to faking works by lesser artists than those to whom they desire to impute the authorship of the pictures for sale. The fact that some of the greatest Italian artists painted replicas lends assistance to the business, and another point in favour of the dealers in spurious attributions is the existence of copies of some of the greater works made by good artists soon after the originals were executed. So good are many of these copies that the first connoisseurs sometimes differ as to which is the original and as to whether one or more of the others is a replica or not. Thus there are no less than nine of the same portrait of Pope Julius II., and five of these are claimed by one or

more authorities to be by Raphael. Florence has two, one in the Uffizi Gallery, and the other in the Pitti Palace; while there is one in our own National Gallery, one in Berlin, and a fifth at Turin. That one is by Raphael is certain, and perhaps the preponderance of opinion is in favour of the Uffizi picture. Vasari said of the original portrait that it was 'so true and life-like that it made one tremble to see it, being so like the living man;' and Muntz refers to the picture as one of the most astonishing creations of the sixteenth century. Yet, notwithstanding the unanimity of opinion as to the merits of the original work, experts by no means agree as to which of the five examples Raphael himself painted or whether he executed more than one.

There is no more marked instance than this of the difficulties with which amateur buyers must meet in making their collections, owing to the high excellence achieved by the copyists of the Renaissance. Take Correggio's 'Ecce Homo' also. There are no less than four of these, one being in the National Gallery; but it has not yet been settled which is the original, or if one of the other three is a replica.

Most of the best old copies of the great Renaissance artists were made in Rome and Florence in the later half of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, say between 1560 and 1620. Many of these are difficult to distinguish from retouched originals, but they have generally a marked peculiarity which does not exist in the originals—namely, a slightly bluish tone. Whether this arises from some defect in the colours used, which time has brought out, or whether it is the effect of the style of the period, is not now known; but, in any case, it often assists in detecting a copy at first glance.

I believe the only Raphael duplicate which is absolutely established to be a replica is the 'St George' at St Petersburg, which was painted to the order of Henry VIII. for the Duke d'Urbino. It differs slightly in detail from the original at the Louvre, but critics hold that it is equally fine. How many pictures, after being admired for two or three centuries as productions of Raphael, have been dethroned by the searchlight of modern investigation it is hard to say; but nearly every important collection has had Raphael attributions erased from its catalogue. The latest change is in reference to 'The Fornarina,' hanging in the collection of masterpieces in the octagonal room at the Uffizi Gallery. At the end of 1903 the plate at the bottom of the picture was changed, and the work labelled as a production of Sebastian del Piombo. The attribution of this beautiful portrait to Raphael had often been questioned, and it was only after years of consideration that it was decided to alter the label on the definite pronouncement of the new director of the Florence Gallery. Nevertheless, some authorities, including Dr Bode, still regard Raphael as the author of the work, though the suggestion that it represents Raphael's mistress is invariably discarded. The large 'Repose in Egypt' at Vienna has long been recognised as a copy of Raphael's original work by Giulio Romano. In 1900 a duplicate of this picture turned up in Paris, and was pronounced by a Louvre expert to be the original. A little later an article appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* over the signature of Professor Ravaisson-Mollien, supporting this assertion; but on Professor Venturi being called in he judged against the attribution, though he agreed that the work must have come out of Raphael's studio.

The 'Virgin with the Lizard' at the Pitti Palace, and the 'St Marguerite' at Vienna, both by Giulio Romano, were formerly considered to have been painted by Raphael. The originals are at Madrid and the Louvre respectively. The portrait of Cardinal Bibbiena at the Pitti, which is still labelled as the work of Raphael, is, according to all the critics, a copy only, the original being in the Madrid Museum. Another important false Raphael attribution was that of the 'Virgin and Child with St John' at the Borghese Gallery, where, by-the-by, with one exception, all the pictures formerly assigned to Raphael have now been classified as by other masters. Many of the great Italian artists who lived during the century after Raphael's death made copies of his pictures, often to the order of Church dignitaries and confraternities, and these are continually coming into the market as lost Raphaels. Probably the most successful copyist of the Umbrian master since Giulio Romano was Guido Reni, whose repetition of the Bologna 'St Cecilia,' in the church of San Luigi de Francesi in Rome, is a gem.

It can well be understood that there are very few indeed of even old copies of Andrea del Sarto's works that would pass muster for one second. The wonderful delicacy of his shadows and the beautiful gradation of his outlines defy the copyist, while the frequent repetition of the same features in his Madonnas brought about a perfection of portrait which must have driven half his imitators to despair. As far as is known, he seldom made replicas, only one important replica, I believe, being established—namely, that of the 'Holy Family' (with St Joseph) at the Pitti Palace, the repetition being in the Pommersfelden collection. The 'Holy Family' (with St Elizabeth) in the Dulwich Gallery, which was formerly supposed to be a replica of the same subject in the Pitti, is now pronounced by some experts to be a copy. Next to Raphael, Andrea del Sarto has probably more copyists nowadays than any other artist, and the absolutely hopeless character of the reproductions can be regarded as a tribute to the mighty genius of the artist. When alive and in his prime he was considered by the Florentines second only to the Urbino wonder as a painter, Leonardo having ceased to work in Tuscany and Michelangelo being engaged almost exclusively in sculpture; and I am inclined to

think that the time will come when he will regain this great celebrity.

Titian produced more replicas than any other Italian artist of his period. His lovely creations seem to have half-paralysed with wonder some of his patrons, who, from Charles V. downwards, never tired of him. Each great work painted brought the artist several commands for replicas; and, notwithstanding his long life, it is really a marvel how he accomplished so much. Certainly it is not a matter of surprise that he was unable to carry out all the replica work that was offered him. Naturally, a true artist must prefer to concentrate his attention upon original works rather than upon repetitions, and probably Titian painted no more of these than he could very well help. In working out the details of a picture he paid just as much attention to a replica as to an original. It is difficult for art-critics to distinguish between the two as to quality, though Titian seldom made a replica exactly like the original in subject. In the repetition he would alter the pose, or he would put in an extra figure, or a dog, which did not exist in the first picture; but however many times he might repeat the work, and whatever alterations he might make, the *motif* and the general scheme remained the same. The 'Madeleine' takes the pride of place in regard to the number of replicas produced, and all are good. The work may be seen at the Pitti Palace, Hampton Court, Madrid, the Doria Gallery, and half-a-dozen other public museums. Of the beautiful 'Virgin and Child and St Catherine' at the Uffizi, there is a replica at St Petersburg, and 'Venus couchée' exists at Madrid, Florence, and various other galleries, the example at the Uffizi being regarded as the original. The portrait of Catherine Cornaro in the Duke of Wellington's collection is a replica of the Uffizi portrait of this queen. England also possesses a replica of the Louvre painting of 'Alfonso d'Este and Laura Dianti,' but I do not know its whereabouts. Titian's 'Christ' (bust) and 'Adoration of the Shepherds' at Christ Church, Oxford, are held to be copies, the original of the first being at the Pitti. The fine Madrid painting 'Ottavio Farnese and his Mistress' is reproduced at the Hague, Dresden, and Cambridge University, but the pictures at all these four places are regarded as copies.

How great Leonardo da Vinci seems when one comes to think of him in connection with copyists! Farther above them all is he, farther perhaps than Raphael and Michelangelo. Who can fathom him? Who can read that lofty mind, looking ahead, ahead; living a thousand years before his time? Astronomer, physiologist, geologist, botanist, engineer, philosopher, mathematician, inventor, and artist, and great in all. One of those responsible for the monumental translation of his works carried out a few years ago under the auspices of the French Government—but which costs, unfortunately, owing to the enormous expense of production, something like sixty pounds—remarked to the writer in reference to Leonardo: 'He foreshadowed the discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo; founded geology as a science; divined the circulation of the blood; expounded the science of optics, of geometry, of anatomy, of hydraulic and military engineering; established the laws of perspective; and painted the most marvellous portrait the world ever saw.' Is it surprising that such a man seems so great a mystery after four hundred years of criticism? And he will always remain a mystery until some one equally great is born; then perhaps he will be comprehended.

Meanwhile, we can only wonder and deplore: wonder at the immensity of the genius exhibited in the few works he has left; deplore the fact that so little remains of him. *À propos* of this, I cannot help observing that it almost gives one a nightmare to think of that portrait of Mona Lisa in the Louvre being exposed to accident day by day; to think that possibly it might meet the fate of the Portland Vase. It seems to me that such a marvellous treasure should be out of the reach of destruction, that it should only be seen yards behind an iron gate, and that even then the gate should never be left without a guard. That portrait is the glory of the Louvre, and the greatest art-treasure in France, and yet it hangs upon a wall that whoso may touch who chooses. Year in and year out, copyists come and go, nearly all despairing, all failing to catch that mystic smile. Is it beyond reason to imagine that one day a brain will be turned? Let us hope not; but in this case above all others it should be remembered that prevention is better than cure. As has been hinted, no one need be frightened of being deceived by a copy of Leonardo, because a plausible one does not exist, and never will exist. I believe the only serious doubt that has ever been raised about one of his pictures is in reference to 'The Virgin of the Rocks' at our National Gallery, which is like the Louvre picture, with one or two important variations. No definite objection which will stand criticism has, however, been brought forward in support of the copy-theory, while it is certain that the National Gallery example was recognised as a Leonardo in the sixteenth century. The Louvre picture is from a collection of François I., and is undoubtedly genuine. Altogether, considering the extraordinary difficulty there must have been in making a good copy of this great artist, and seeing that no fault can be found with our own picture, the latter may fairly be regarded as a replica.

It is probable that Turner will in time to come be recognised all over the world as the greatest landscape-painter of any age or country; and yet more swindles have been perpetrated in the faking and disposal of sham Turners than in the sale of imitations of any other six artists combined. Fortunately, no public gallery of importance has been deceived; but the spurious Turners in private collections are to be counted by the hun-

dred. In one private gallery alone, in Paris, out of over fifty paintings labelled as having been executed by Turner, only eight are genuine; and in another, out of fifteen alleged Turners, only one has any appearance at all of having been painted by him.

A collector of nineteenth-century English works in London told me that when he commenced to form his gallery he bought over a period of three years seven pictures 'by Turner.' Being then a beginner as a connoisseur, he had to rely in his purchases almost entirely upon the judgment of others, mostly dealers; but nearly every picture had a history 'down to the ground.' One day a visitor to his house threw a doubt upon the genuineness of one of the Turner landscapes; and, not knowing what else to do in face of the specially good history this picture had, my friend resolved to find out for himself the 'meaning' of a Turner. For a period of some months he paid frequent visits to the National Gallery, but got little the wiser; until one day, while looking at the Nile piece, the view seemed to spread out suddenly. In a moment he had fathomed the mystery. 'I was,' he said, 'half-overcome by the glory and the beauty of the work, and in a very short time my whole Turner collection was cleared out of my house.' Certainly few persons can grasp Turner all at once; but when they have once been able to read his magical effects, and the meaning of his oft apparently purposeless lights and shades in his backgrounds, they can never be deceived by an imitation.

Very few London dealers, indeed, are competent to judge Turner's works—that is, without a certified history. A lady acquaintance of mine had a large picture in her house which she had always regarded as a Turner; and, desiring to sell it, she offered it to five or six of the leading dealers, but not one of them would buy it at any price, asserting that Turner never saw it, and that it was nothing like his work, and so on. A few months afterwards a document turned up amongst her family papers showing that the picture had been specially painted by Turner for her husband's father, and in a week she had sold the work for two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds. The average dealer is almost frightened to touch a Turner, and you seldom or never see one exposed for sale in the galleries.

A great many of the spurious Turners go to America. A picture by Linton, sold in London in 1900 for one hundred and sixty pounds, went to Paris, where it was sold as a Turner to New York for two thousand pounds. The buyer died in 1903, and his picture, being put up to auction, realised no less than seven thousand pounds, and this notwithstanding that an engraving of the work exists on which the artist is given as Linton.

It is Turner's later works only which are imitated to any extent, there being little demand for his earlier and more detailed pictures. These latter are perhaps more difficult to copy—using the word to express a superficial resemblance only—because of a peculiar blending of the outlines into the body of the work, which seems almost to have been taken from the manner of Andrea del Sarto. It would be highly interesting to have exhibited together a series of Turner's paintings showing the gradual development from his first clear architectural work through to the finest and broadest manner of his last years.

It is quite certain that Gainsborough either painted replicas of many of his important portraits or else there has lived since his day a copyist with qualities and powers almost as great as his own. Scarcely one of this artist's best portraits exists without a duplicate, the only practical objection to which is that it has a fellow with a certain history. The celebrated 'Blue Boy' belonging to the Duke of Westminster has a duplicate which was sold to America by one of the first judges of Gainsborough's works in London. There are no less than three duplicates of the celebrated 'Duchess of Devonshire' sold by Messrs Agnew to Mr Pierpoint Morgan, and the portrait of Mrs Siddons in the National Gallery exists also in another well-known collection. There are very few people in London who can speak with certainty about the authenticity of these duplicates—that is, who can give valid reasons for their dissent when they express it; and the chances are that Gainsborough followed the example of most other artists of his time in painting replicas when he was asked for them. Unlike his portraits, the landscapes of Gainsborough were rarely duplicated, if at all. I have only heard of one instance of a supposed landscape replica, and this was doubtful. Gainsborough landscapes are not very popular, their high qualities being chiefly academical.

To me, Reynolds is far and away the greatest of our English portrait-painters. To the grace of Gainsborough and Romney (at his best) he adds a strength and vigour which neither of his great contemporaries can approach. No other British painter, with the exception perhaps of Raeburn, could give an impression of the mind of his subject—could, in fact, disclose character as well as features on his canvas. And this is why Reynolds is so difficult to copy. He must be a poor judge indeed who is taken in by a sham Reynolds. True, there are many attempts to imitate him, and copies are continually coming forward; but they realise no price. Indeed, the more skilled manipulators of the English school have long given up Reynolds as a hopeless task. They found that the best work they could do in attempting to imitate the master was to produce a painting which might possibly be suggested as having been executed by Cotes; but such a Reynolds as would deceive sufficiently to pay them for their trouble was beyond them. Reynolds's subject-pictures are almost as interesting, and quite as impossible to copy successfully, as his

portraits. They must have been immensely popular in the time of the artist, judging from the number of them that were repeated.

It is a common error on the part of dealers to refuse to regard a picture as by Reynolds simply because another of the same subject is known to exist. As a matter of fact, there are at least a dozen certain replicas of Reynolds's subject-pictures, and indeed it is surprising there are not more, considering how few painters there were in his day who could make a good picture.

Numberless attempts have been made to copy Raeburn with success, but all have dismally failed. Expression is given to his portraits without apparent definition; and so perfect is the even grading of his shades that one is tempted to suggest that he must have mixed his colours with the aid of a most delicate balance. If genius is the cause or effect of 'taking infinite pains,' then certainly Raeburn possessed it, and it is not surprising that his powerful work cannot be reproduced. If any one could have copied Raeburn fairly well, it was another Scotch artist—Robertson the miniature-painter. He had much the manner of Raeburn, though he was by no means so strong—that is, if any such comparison can be made from his fine miniature portraits.

Of the English school of portrait-painters between Gainsborough and Lawrence, Romney has proved the most easy to copy. Few of the really great works of Romney have been so well imitated as to deceive even the half-practised amateur; but the larger part of Romney's pictures have nothing great about them, and these may be well reproduced with facility. It is in Holland and Belgium that Romneys are chiefly made, only an occasional *chef d'œuvre* (as a copy) being turned out in Paris. There used to be about fifty Romneys placed on the London market every season, and of these probably ten or fifteen would quickly pass into collections as genuine works. Another dozen or so would be regarded as doubtful, and become the property of amateurs who are on the lookout for bargains; while the remainder would find their way into country auction-rooms, there to be sold with second-hand furniture. Nowadays the trade is not so brisk, signs of Romney exhaustion having appeared; but still a good score or so of copies from his works pass through the hands of dealers every year. If all the alleged pictures by Romney were catalogued, the number would be found to be appalling.

Few attempts are now made to copy Constable's finished pictures. Thirty or forty years ago sham 'important' Constables were comparatively common, and some of the best experts could only distinguish them by pricking the paint, which in any case is a very doubtful test. At present counterfeiters confine themselves to Constable's sketchy pieces, which are reproduced by the dozen. Most of these are made in London, whence they are sent to Paris to be distributed in out-of-the-way places for the benefit of British buyers or for export to America. A sham Constable will always bring a higher price in Paris than in London, just as the best market for a fraudulent work of the Barbizon school is London.

IN THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

CHAPTER III.

'THERE'S just one safe thing you can say about me, parpa,' said Eugenia Slack during the journey from town to the Bishop of Clumber's palace at Danesham, 'and that's that I'm not going to follow the fashion and marry a lord. I don't like 'em.'

'And how's that, Jinny?' asked her father. 'They seem very ordinary persons themselves. Don't the extra fixings on them help them with you?'

'They do not, and that's a fact. They blemish them. And you just know it as well as I do myself. What would I be doing with a lord who'd turn disagreeable when I said I'd had enough of Europe, and wanted to go right back to my native land, to stop? You've only to look at poor Dolly to see what it makes of a girl when she's tied to Europe neck, wrist, and foot.'

Mr Slack became grim.

'That's so,' he said. 'But because her Spoda's a Duke without a character, it don't follow that you mightn't have better luck, say, with a Prince.'

'We'll hear what Chauncey has to say. Oh, parpa'—she clasped her hands and looked indescribably regretful—'why *couldn't* he keep it up? It would have been too lovely for anything. It's the most annoying thing I've had to put up with for a whole month—that telegram of his yesterday.'

'There, Jinny, I differ from you,' said Mr Slack.

'But it would have been lovely, parpa. A play in real life! And he acts so amazingly that they wouldn't have found him out to the very last moment. We'd just have been spectators, you see, and it would have added so much to the pleasure of it all. By the way, I hope he isn't a pompous little Bishop. Dolly says he has a voice like a harp, but thinks a lot of himself.'

Mr Slack looked at his watch.

'It never was the right thing to do, my dear,' he said; 'not a fair and square game, according to me. I'm glad it's off. We're getting to that junction, and I'll soon tell him how glad I am.'

'Well,' said Eugenia Slack, 'you can tell him that if you like. It's a blow to me notwithstanding. There's so much I want to know, though.'

'I reckon there is,' murmured her father. 'Oh, Jinny, Jinny! you're that wilful there's no holding you. If you hadn't such a powerful head on your shoulders I'd be feeling anxious about you ten times a minute.'

'Yes? Would you?' said she, smiling. 'And as it is, you know I'm safe as a Rothschild, don't you?'

'You've all your father's wisdom, twice his tact, manners for ten, and,' said Mr Slack, with that grimness showing again on his weather-beaten countenance, 'it's a real misfortune Spoda didn't try his talented tricks on you instead of on your poor sister. You'd have X-rayed him in about half-an-hour.'

'I don't know. I'm not sure that I'd have tried,' said the girl. 'He's such a fascinating picture outside. If Dolly hasn't got much else by her marriage, she's got a husband Velasquez would have loved to paint—just loved to.'

Mr Slack did not seem to think that was anything in the Duke of Spoda's favour. He shook his head gloomily.

And then they ran into the station of Markboro' Junction just five minutes late, to be hustled by porters and requested to look sharp if they meant to catch the Danesham train.

They were so hurried, indeed, by the officials that Chauncey Slack, who was there sure enough, had time to do little more than help them into that other train.'

'Well, old boy, what luck?' whispered Eugenia to him as they sped across the platform.

They exchanged meaning looks, but her eyes were much brighter than his.

'Oh,' said he, 'you're not far out of it. He's a good chap.'

'That's so,' said she simply, and left him to reply to her father's staccato questions about his intentions, for he had already told them he was not going on with them after all.

'Why did you cable you were, if you're not?' asked the old gentleman.

'I see it wouldn't do; that's why I've changed. But I'll be somewhere about.'

And then it was a fair bolt into a carriage, with a shout of 'Right away!' from a fiend of an official; and Eugenia and her father were left simmering with wrath about the remarkable impetuosity of a train at so unimportant a station. But Eugenia soon calmed and became pensive for her. She didn't seem to want to talk. She just looked out of the window and took stock of the hedge-rows, the fields, and the thatched cottages.

'I reckon,' she said once, 'you can make yourself comfortable about things. Chauncey'll go back with you in the fall, and anyhow you'll have me on your hands in Italy, parpa. You can just trust me.'

Mr Slack seemed to put more trust in his cigar than anything else at the moment.

'*That* so?' he asked, with uplifted eyebrows.

'Well, it might be,' she replied; and she looked very winsome as well as imperative. She had beautiful, tranquil, dark eyes, and a complexion of very pale gold. Her mouth was a perfect mouth, whether in repose or with her small, curved lips parted in one of those serene, queenly smiles of which the New York papers had made so much on so many social occasions. Her hair was coal-black and abundant. Worth did not often have a more stimulating task than to be called upon to design half-a-dozen new gowns for a girl of Eugenia Slack's undeniable attractions. The sable cloak and sable toque in which she journeyed to the Bishop's palace borrowed distinction from her quite as much as they graced her.

They were met at Danesham by Mrs Wootton; and great was the shock thereof to three of the joint party—great in its pleasure, not its pain.

Having learnt her saddening lesson, Mrs Wootton had even contemplated the need of introducing her son to the Slacks, with a gentle mention of the possibility of their having met before. But she was spared that trial, spared it gloriously.

'Well, I do declare—if it isn't *you!*' exclaimed Eugenia, turning upon John Wootton after a handshake for Audrey and a look which even that simple child understood as a sympathetic recognition of her beauty.

Mr Slack had already greeted him with a man's unceremoniousness.

John's eyes were grave as he clasped her hand and admitted the impeachment.

Audrey was all eyes and ears. She was a lovely sight, thus beaming her admiration of Eugenia, with not one single ungenerous or critical reservation.

'The Bishop, Mrs Wootton,' put in Mr Slack, 'does us much honour in taking us on trust, so to speak.—And—er—you've swelled out some, Mr Wootton, since we saw you.'

'He has not, parpa. He's just the very same to a hair,' objected Eugenia.

'Cookson,' said Mrs Wootton, excited already by these unexpected remarks, 'have you seen to the luggage?'

The servant had approached to say that he had done just that; and even while he spoke Audrey's and Eugenia's eyes met again, and Audrey's exquisite blush deepened.

'The carriage is ready, Mr Slack,' said Mrs Wootton.

Eugenia slipped her hand into Audrey's arm and whispered, 'How sweet you are!'

'And so are you, to say so!' said Audrey, with a happy little laugh. 'It was what I felt like saying to you first, though. You steal my thunder, Miss Slack.'

'That's nice of you too; my word it is,' said Eugenia, and then she looked suddenly very intense. She glanced round to see what John Wootton was doing. He was relieving Cookson of Eugenia's crimson jewel-case. 'Say, Miss Wootton,' she added,

'how's that man getting on that my sister sent to the palace?'

Their eyes met again.

'Do you mean,' Audrey stammered, 'the one'——

'Epps, wasn't it?' put in Eugenia, with a smile that quickly came and quickly went.

'Oh,' said Audrey, more rosy than ever, 'he left yesterday.'

'Never! Did he? What a pity! Wasn't he good for *anything*?'

Audrey, who was never known to show confusion of countenance in her own home, seemed greatly confused by this simple question from a stranger.

'Oh yes—but—he had to leave, you know,' she said awkwardly. 'I don't fully know why.'

And then they were in the presence of the Bishop's handsome grays and the roomy barouche which was wont at times to hold the little Bishop as a hat a mere hen's egg.

'Dear, dear!' said Eugenia, and, having pressed Audrey's hand, she let it go, and turned upon John Wootton.

'Is it far to drive?' she asked.

'Not more than a mile,' he said, looking very constrained.

'Really! not more than that.—Oh, Mrs Wootton, if you knew how I *long* for a little walk. A mile is just *the* distance. May I?'

Mr Slack passed his hand over his brow. He had many established wrinkles. It was as if he wished to smother some of them out of existence. He viewed John Wootton keenly while he did it.

'She's like that, ma'am!' he remarked to Mrs Wootton.

But it was John Wootton who answered her question.

'Do you mean it?' he asked eagerly.

'*Do* I mean it when I say a thing, parpa?' said Eugenia.

'In general, Mrs Wootton,' replied Mr Slack, 'my daughter is pretty much what you'd call headstrong.'

'In that case, I must accompany you,' said John Wootton, with emotion which he concealed fairly with an indifferent smile.

'Poor man!' said Eugenia, 'I'm afraid you must. I'm just tired out with sitting still.'

'If you wish it, my dear,' ventured Mrs Wootton timidly, in spite of almost an excess of graciousness in her yearning eyes, 'of course you shall please yourself.'

'Thank you so much,' said Eugenia.

They let the stately vehicle move first. It moved ponderously, with Audrey's eyes still bright to see at a distance. Eugenia commented to John Wootton on his sister's beauty. She seemed to think he had done wrong in not telling her a year ago that he had a sister with such a face.

'*She's* unique, you know, if you like.'

John winced at that. She noticed it, smiled, and affected to apologise.

'Oh my! I've let myself down,' she said. 'But I mean it about her. I don't know when I've seen such a pretty girl. Men say those things about a woman, and go off and drink a cocktail and forget; but you can take it if a woman says another woman's unique, she's quite that. Well, let's start, Mr John.'

John Wootton seemed tongue-tied for several yards.

'Well,' she said then, 'what's the matter? What do you think of me, anyway?'

'I think you're more than a little cruel,' said John.

'Cruel! How's that? *Me* cruel?'

'Cruel and—divine!' said John, in the voice of a hopeless suppliant at a shrine.

'But you said last year that I was unique. It's likely you forget. You'd just given me an ice at the Van Benks's highty-tighty after the most blissful waltz that ever you'd had in your life. You said that too. Oh, Mr John, Mr John, I premised you were a flat or two above such ground-floor flattering fibs. And to think you meant I was only unique in cruelty! Why, the worst thing I've ever done in that line is eating a live oyster, and I always eat them fast, for their comfort's sake, poor things!'

The barouche had turned a corner. With it seemed to vanish for John Wootton the sure proof that he was at home and not again in the America which had given him but one human being to think about for ever and for ever.

'You're the same Eugenia!' he murmured.

'That's me,' said she. 'But tell me something right off. Who's got your heart now? You said I'd got it last spring, and I felt tall about it, I can tell you, though I'd been told things like it more times than I can count. That was before Granny Okes left me the heap of golden dollars I'm strangled with now. You can guess what's happened since. It's "No, thanks," every speaking hour with mankind since gran's funeral. But I'm drifting from your heart, Mr John.'

She took his arm gradually.

'I may like walking,' she added, 'but I feel a small need of a walking-stick too.'

And then John Wootton unbridled himself.

'You know I love you,' he said. 'I don't want to love any one else, and it will be very difficult to live through the next three days. If you've come to pay me out for telling you I loved you, you'll get your revenge.'

She laughed at that.

'What mummies men are!' she said strenuously. 'Mummies. What did I say, by the way, when I'd eaten that strawberry-ice at the Van Benks's?'

'Does it matter?' he asked.

'My! Yes, I should rather think it does, considering how green you're looking. John Wootton—John—are you going to have a fit? You're shaking. Now, do be steady, or this funny old lady will addle her brains thinking which of us is the intoxi-

cated one. John, you're a block! I love you! Of course I do. And it's for no born thing else under the sun that I got Dolly to perform such an outrage as to corner your poor dear mother into inviting us here. You're just the one man in the world for me. I didn't feel sure before, but I've figured it out now. And if I'm not the coolest young person in your island at this moment, I'll ask you to show me my rival.'

In the very face of that old peasant woman with eggs in a basket on her arm, John Wootton stopped, clasped Eugenia's hand, and looked at her.

'Is it all true?' he gasped.

'Deplorably so; yet I don't deplore it.'

He would have kissed her hand close before the very eyes of the old woman if she had not asked him to wait.

'*Now*, if you like!' she said, when the old woman had passed them by with reverent furtiveness.

A little later they entered the precincts of the Bishop of Clumber's palace, with love's sunshine on their faces beneath the clouded sky. Eugenia had left John Wootton in no doubt on the great subject, the only subject that just then mattered. She had exposed her own brother Chauncey to all the wrath a Bishop's son might brew up for him, and exposed herself too, as a confederate with Chauncey. Of course Chauncey Slack and Hamilton Epps were the same individual. Chauncey had taken the footman's job with an enthusiastic appreciation of its scope for studying a phase of England's high life; but his main aim, as Eugenia felt no shame in declaring, was to satisfy him and her that John Wootton was really a suitable bridegroom for so exalted a personage as Eugenia Slack. Eugenia said that she had never doubted it, but that Chauncey was a young man with vigorous *a priori* prejudices about the sacrifice of America's beautiful young millionairesses to Europe's omnivorous greed.

John Wootton had more than forgiven her everything. It was only when they were close to the mossy stone porch of the palace grounds that he saw the side-issues to this very remarkable confession of his heart's queen.

'Where is he now?' he asked ardently.

'That,' said Eugenia, 'is best known to himself, poor dear! Is his reverend lordship a very formidable gentleman, John, and did poor Chauncey drop entrées, or what? My! we'll laugh at him as long as we've any laugh left in us; only—it won't be nice having to tell your mother, John, will it? She'll think we're too awful. It's as bad as mocking an archangel, I expect, playing pranks like that in an English Bishop's palace. And you shouldn't smile as if it weren't, John.'

'Sweetheart!' whispered John.

'Right here, John!' said she.

'No,' he exclaimed, 'I can't tell you. And yet—I must, you know. Those araucarias are the pride of the gardener. Yes, I don't see how to get out of it. You've *got* to be told. Your brother —that is, my mother believed your brother and our little Audrey'——

'Oh!' cried Eugenia, 'if I didn't feel it! It's—delicious, like herself. Is Chauncey a stock or a stone that he could stand seventeen or eighteen days of it *without* falling in love with her? Poor tormented boy, what agonies he must have suffered! Did he seem very sorry for himself, John?'

'He did not,' replied John, with more smile. 'Now I know, of course, why I took to him so much. There *is* a likeness, bless it!'

'But tell me; did she, or didn't she—I reckon, however, she *couldn't*, any more than you could if I had come here as a housemaid on twenty pounds a year—could you now? Honest Injun, could you, John? Hallo!'

It was the right reverend Bishop of Clumber himself approaching them bareheaded down the drive, his face wreathed and tapestried with the radiance of illimitable amiability. Mrs Wootton had despatched him forth. She had told him the triumphant news, with a reference to the wise French saw which teaches that the first step is the one that takes you farthest. She had timed their coming liberally, and accounted every minute over the time as another long step gained in the direction whither her soul yearned. From an upper window she had seen them pass through the gate, seen them dally, too, with such significant contentment already in each other's society; and then she had sped her lord to crown their achieved intimacy with such joyous welcome as it was in his power to bestow.

'The good old governor!' said John. 'Doesn't he look as if he loves you at first sight?'

'He's a beautiful picture, John,' whispered Eugenia, nodding and smiling her own welcome. 'Would it be sacrilege to—to kiss him?'

'Try it and see,' said John.

She dared even that. She broke up the Bishop's sonorous yet silvery greeting of 'So truly delighted, my dear Miss Slack!' by putting her warm, furred arms round his neck and kissing him on his smooth, shining brow. And then, while the astonished brow bloomed a clear pink, she justified herself:

'John said I might, sir, and—I guess I'll leave him to tell you why.'

Eugenia herself was pink as well as sparkling, for, looking up from the Bishop's tinted head, she had seen the little Audrey on the threshold of the palace. Audrey certainly seemed surprised, and it was to explain, without a moment's delay, to John's sister that she tripped towards her, leaving John to impart the great communication to his father.

'I—kissed him for his son's sake, dear,' said Eugenia to Audrey. 'And now it's our turn. See?'

They kissed and drew apart, as if to do fresh homage of admiration each to the other.

'My! You are too sweet even for dreams,'

Eugenia murmured, seeming to wonder why so simple a salute should add such extraordinary charm to Audrey's face. Audrey looked as if she could hardly contain herself. She cried 'Oh!' and nothing more; but it was plain from her eyes that with due encouragement she would have said very much besides. Instead of that she took an opened telegram from the hall-table and gave it to Eugenia.

'Mr Slack said you'd wish to see it,' she said; 'and—afterwards I am to show you to your room.'

Eugenia read the message and seemed delighted.

'It 's from my brother Chauncey!' she exclaimed. 'If he isn't following us! He 's to be at the village inn by-and-by, he says.'

Audrey glided behind Eugenia to help her out of her cloak.

'*Is* he?' she said. 'How nice for you!'

(To be continued.)

A VILLAGE OF HEALING.

By F. Cowley Whitehouse.

COURY, the village of healing, lies in a wooded ravine between two hills which overlook the Sea of Marmora and the Gulf of Ismidt (Nicomedia). It is a spot romantic enough to make me dream of days long past—days when, in Bithynia, hamadryads lived in the rustling trees, nymphs bathed in the pellucid streams, and the sovereignty of Zeus, king of gods and men, was acknowledged by all. I see a great, titanic struggle going on. Huge rocks, hurled by giant hands, fly hurtling through the air; a warrior, struck full in the forehead, reels and falls, and as he falls he clutches in agony at the earth, tearing a deep rent adown the length of the hill. Mother Earth quivers beneath the blow, and hot from her heart there bubbles up her life-blood in an unceasing stream, curative of many of our human ailments. Kindly Nature lays her gentle touch upon the rent, and tenderly heals the wound, hiding its unsightliness with trees and flowers and aromatic shrubs. There, on these lovely spring days, the nightingale and the blackbird sing, butterflies dance in the sunshine; and there, as the winter comes on, the timid roedeer, the wailing jackal, and the sullen wild-boar lurk in the coverts, and serpents steal down to the hot waters to sleep the hours away.

I dream again, and I see Jason and his Argonauts coming to Pythia (as Coury was first called) to consult the heathen oracle of the place, and to pay their vows to Heracles and to his triad of attendant nymphs. Nor is it difficult to understand why Heracles should have been chosen as the patron and guardian of the waters. He is the type of manly strength, and suffering humanity goes down into the waters to come forth once more with restored vigour and health. But times change, and men's ideas change with them, and the heathen mythology gives place to Christian truth. The name Pythia, recalling too clearly Apollo—confounded by the early Christian with the Apollyon or Satan of the Apocalypse—is converted into Sotiropolis (the City of Salvation), and the three nymphs make way for the three virgin martyrs Nymphodora, Minodora, and Mitrodora. To Sotiropolis, after her carefully planned and cleverly executed invention of the Cross, comes the Empress Helena, mother of the great Constantine; while later on, with a suite of four thousand persons, the Empress Theodora, once the dissolute actress of the Hippodrome of Byzantium, but now the greatly honoured wife of Justinian I., comes to renew her health, impaired by the excesses of her early life and possibly by the secret vices of the imperial court.

A few traces of the olden days remain uneffaced by the passage of the centuries. There are still to be seen bas-reliefs of the dancing, diaphanous-robed nymphs, and of Heracles clad in the lion-skin and armed with the club; the foundations of a royal Byzantine palace may be traced on the hillside, and a stone receptacle cut in the shape of a cross is to-day pointed out as Helena's bath.

During the Macedonian dynasty of the ninth and tenth centuries men bathed but infrequently in the waters of Sotiropolis. This was owing to the fact that Bithynia was the seat of almost continuous war; and as proof of the desolation caused in the province, the change in the name of Helenopolis, a great city near Sotiropolis, may be cited. By the insertion of an *iota*, Helenopolis (the City of Helena) was converted into Eleinopolis (the City of Misery).

From that time onwards the medicinal virtues of the waters of Coury were disregarded, and only of late years has attention been drawn once more to their curative properties. The present Sultan of Turkey helped to found a new village on the ancient site, and the modern Coury, or Dagh Hamam (the Mountain Bath), as the Turks call it, has gained under the management of Madame Branzeau a great reputation for cures effected in rheumatic cases and in disorders of the digestive organs.

Weakened by rheumatism which had settled in the eyes, and with a nervous system somewhat demoralised by acute suffering, I was debating a visit to one of the European spas. Living in Constantinople, I did not, in my weak state, look forward with much pleasure to a trip across the Continent, and I was advised to give Coury a trial. Two hours by sea and an hour and a half by carriage was preferable to three days in the Orient Express, and I

arranged to accompany some friends who were going in their yacht to Yalova, the little port on the Anatolian coast of the Marmora.

Carriages await us on landing, and we drive away up the Sananli Dereh, through cultivated fields of aniseed, wheat, and the opium poppy, until we come to wilder country, and pass the spot where Madame Branzeau and an Armenian lady were carried off by brigands and held to a ransom of ten thousand pounds.

As we approach Coury the driver whips up his horses, and we dash down the mountain-path into a little quadrangle kept shady by two gigantic planetrees. Attendants run out to welcome us, the men in ordinary European attire, and the women in the native zouave jackets and trousers. Behind them comes buxom Madame Branzeau, full of French volubility, and with a warm welcome for my companions, who have visited Coury for several seasons past. I am introduced to her, and she promises me a speedy cure.

'But look, monsieur,' she cries, pointing to a number of crutches hanging from the branches of a fine oak—'look, and behold the votive offerings of many who have come as cripples and gone away cured and thankful.'

'Madame,' I answer, 'with all the goodwill in the world will I hang up my linen bandages and my black eye-patches if Coury works a cure on my eyes.'

'Monsieur will see,' she replies; and we are shown to the châlet prepared for us.

We spend the afternoon wandering about the village and visiting the different baths, where we interview Anastasi, the guardian of the men's department, and the nymph Eudokia, whose insignia include a bath-towel and a ponderous bunch of keys, and who is the present-day representative of the virgins who prepared the waters for visitors in the time of Heracles.

Sir William Whittall, the cicerone of our party, is evidently on very familiar terms with the nymph.

As she leads us across the courtyard to Helena's bath he calls to her:

'Eudokia, my lamb! don't walk so fast. You are young, but I am old.'

Eudokia grins back appreciatively over her shoulder.

'Eudokia, my soul! why do you not wear a hat instead of that old *fakiola* twisted round your head?'

'Because my *fakiola* cost me two piastres, and a hat would cost me fifteen.'

'Eudokia, my eyes! if I give you a hat will you wear it?'

'Why should I not? Send for one this day.'

'Eudokia, my chicken! your wishes shall be gratified. The best hat in Constantinople shall soon adorn your head.'

And another vast grin spreads itself over the weather-worn features of the bath-attendant.

We stroll up the hill past the guardhouse, and as we return the soldiers are drawn up for evening parade. The swords flash out in the salute as the bugles peal forth their ringing notes, and the 'everlasting hills' softly echo back 'Ya-a-a-a Sha-a-a-a' as the men shout their daily '*Padishah chok Yascha*,' which, being interpreted, is 'Long may the Sultan live!'

The visitors gather in the quadrangle before the great wooden gong is sounded for dinner. At the doors of the châlets sit a number of Turkish women in *ferijehs* and *yashmaks*. Some of them do not mind being viewed by Giaour eyes, and the soft evening breeze wafts aside the *yashmak* from one beautiful face with regular features, pearly-white complexion, black brows and eyes, and shapely neck and throat. Hard by is a group of Turkish excellencies, as sedate and dignified as a corresponding group of Greek merchants is noisy and undignified. A vile old Greek spy, who, as one of his compatriots contemptuously says, would 'sell his mother for ten piastres,' endeavours to enter into conversation with all who will suffer him. He meets with several rebuffs, but his trade has made him thick-skinned, and he attaches himself to a man who evidently is unaware of his unsavoury reputation. Besides these there are a number of Armenians, Israelites, and Levantines of one sort and another, and a sprinkling of Europeans. Dinner is served in a big, cool hall. The food is fairly good. Fine red mullet caught at Yalova are followed by mutton fed on the salt-marshes around that port. The chickens are somewhat thin, but the *yaourt* (a kind of Devonshire cream) is excellent, and the strawberries and cherries are all that can be desired.

After dinner we sit for an hour in the quadrangle. Madame Branzeau comes and talks vivaciously to us. She tells us of the name-day of Helena and Constantine, which is celebrated at Coury with great rejoicings. It falls, according to the old calendar, on the Greek 21st of May, and all the country-side come flocking to Coury. The women, in their picturesque native costumes, go up first to bathe in the hot springs. Turkish soldiers are stationed a little distance away to keep off intruders. Then comes the men's turn, and after they have all gone down into the healing waters a move is made to the quadrangle, where a service, without which no Greek holiday is complete, is held. An altar is decked with the beautiful spring flowers, water from a holy spring is blessed and scattered over the people by the priests, and the service concludes with a procession in which banners and *eikons* are borne in triumph around the little village. Their religious duties thus performed, the villagers start dancing and feasting, and the day is turning into night before the simple folk go down the mountain-paths to their respective villages.

The next morning we start on our cure. We rise at seven and walk up the ravine. Lizards, basking in the morning sun, dash hastily out of our way, and an occasional serpent whips itself across our path. We come to an archway under which people

sit to enjoy a vapour bath from a hot spring below. If you enter there in the cold weather you have to drive out a few snakes which are pretty sure to have taken up their quarters inside. If you are of nervous temperament the process will be reversed, and the serpents will drive you out—in a hurry. Ferns in plenty strew the wayside, and over the hedges the pearly-white *chemises de la reine* have thrown themselves with reckless prodigality. All sorts of wild-flowers are to be seen. Here are masses of dog-roses and purple clematis, there sweet-scented honeysuckle and clinging convolvulus, and there again the Rose of Sharon with its yellow-ochre blossoms. The path winds along by a rippling brook, over which dragon-flies hover and flit with quivering iridescent wings. Arriving at the tiny little pump-room, we draw up from the spring below tumblers of boiling-hot water. After breakfast we rest for an hour, and then make for the baths. It is advisable to stay in at first only for ten or twelve minutes, and gradually to extend the time to the requisite thirty minutes. On coming out of the marble bath, the patient wraps himself in a bath-towel and lies on a couch until the whole body has freely perspired. Lunch is served at midday, after which every one lies down until nearly four o'clock. A quiet walk fills up the time until dinner, and at nine o'clock most of the visitors are in bed. The cure is somewhat enervating, and one soon becomes reconciled to this lazy-sounding programme and to the apparent waste of time.

The daily walks over the roughly cut mountain-paths are interesting. We go to a village of Georgians, and snap-shot the mosque with its minaret, and a group of bonny children just let out by the *hodja* (teacher) from the restraints of school. We visit a protégée of Lady W., who asks the old lady to show her the orange-coloured *ferijeh* she had given her a day or two before.

'*Aman!*' ('alas!') replies the old dame, 'I have it no longer. My daughter set her eye upon it, and, seeing that she will soon be a mother, it would have been a sin to refuse her, and so she has it, and I—I go without.'

The following afternoon we walk along a mountain hog's-back to a large village called Lazkeui (the Village of the Laz, a Turk who comes from the Black Sea littoral). It is beautifully situated on the ridge of the hill, and lies in the midst of mulberry plantations, the rearing of silkworms being the chief occupation of the people. Around lie fields of wheat, maize, and aniseed, already beginning to yellow in the mellow sunlight. The villagers in many cases have abandoned their houses to the silkworms, and sleep out in the open on platforms raised up from the ground on four posts. A number of fowls are wandering on the slope of the hill. A dark shadow passes swiftly over our heads, and the next moment a large black-and-white hawk has swooped down on a full-sized hen and borne her aloft into the air. Men shout, the other hens squawk distressfully, and there is quite a wave of excitement. The lord of the harem stretches out his wings to their full extent, and, waiting not on the order of the going, half runs, half flies to the mud-wattled, lean-to shed which constitutes the *haremlik*. Ungallant fowl, thus to desert your many wives! They follow his lead at top speed. Evidently they are gifted with vivid imaginations, and already feel the fierce talons of the bird of prey piercing their feathered backs. Cackling dolorously, they pause not until they too have gained the same haven of refuge. On the way back we follow the course of a brook, and come to a primitive shed in which the upper and nether millstones are steadily grinding maize for the villagers. A few paces farther on, and Sir William, a keen *shikari*, suddenly stops up short in his tracks and points to a golden-red body creeping through a big patch of dwarf oak covert.

'A fox!' I hazard.

'Too big,' my companion replies; 'it's a huge wild-cat.' The next moment the animal breaks cover, and heads away at a great pace for the nearest wood.

So the peaceful days glide by. My eyes recover well-nigh their normal range of vision, and the busy world summons us to return. The carriages are waiting in the courtyard. The Greek servants gather around for their *baksheesh*; we exchange a few words with Madame Branzeau, and as we start up the hill we turn round to wave a last regretful adieu, and to take a last look at Coury, which, in my case at least, has proved a veritable village of healing.

AT SEA.

Swallows skimming the shady stream,
Swallows stooping on wheeling wing,
Life awake from a winter dream,
Smiling sweetness of English spring.
Swallows swooping over the grass,
Meadows bright with the bloom of May;
Now the promise has come to pass:
Earth is nourished by earth's decay.

Here, on the far Arabic sea,
Shining silver and sapphire deep,
Only the sea-winds sing to me,
Only the wingèd fishes leap
Over the waves with a swallow's flight—
Something akin to the swallows these,
That take me back to the tender light
Of April gloaming on April trees.

Swiftly darkness follows the sun,
Stealing silently stars ascend
The blue dim dome, till the zenith won,
The Cross shines down on the way we wend.
Only the hurry of foam I hear,
Just the throb of the eager screw;
Far away is the spring o' the year,
We go where summer is ever new.

Lawrence B. Jupp.

The Residency, Fremantle,
Western Australia.

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REMINISCENCES OF THE CONGO CONFERENCE, 1884-85.

By Sir AUGUSTUS W. L. HEMMING, G.C.M.G.

AT the present moment, when the condition of affairs in the Congo Free State is engaging a considerable amount of public attention, it may not be without interest to recall some incidents of the Conference at Berlin by which the State was formally established and recognised as an independent and sovereign Power.

The Conference in question was one of the results of the 'scramble for Africa' which had begun shortly before, and it arose particularly out of the conflicting claims of France, Portugal, and the Congo Association (which had been formed under the auspices of the King of the Belgians) to authority and control over the magnificent waterway into the heart of the 'Dark Continent' which had been recently opened up by the great explorer Stanley.

For many years the whole of the West Coast of Africa had been practically divided between Great Britain, France, and Portugal; but little had been done to make any advance into the interior. As, however, commercial competition increased, so did the need and desire for new markets; and the rich possibilities of trade with the teeming populations of Central Africa began to be realised, and the ways and means of its development investigated. A great impetus to these schemes was given by the descent of the Congo in 1876 by Stanley and the publication of his book *Through the Dark Continent*. An association was formed in Belgium to explore the great river, and Stanley was persuaded by King Leopold, who took an active interest in the matter, to go out in charge of the expedition. About the same time M. de Brazza started from the French colony on the Gaboon to ascend the Ogowé River, and ultimately found himself on the Upper Congo, where he proceeded to establish stations in rivalry to those set up by Stanley for the Congo Association.

In the meantime Portugal, claiming authority over the mouth of the river, though for centuries she had made no endeavour to open it up or develop it, began to assert her claims, which, if fully recognised, would have given her the power of stopping, or at least seriously hampering, the freedom of trade which was necessary and desirable.

The situation was becoming somewhat acute, and other Powers were being drawn into the controversy, when Prince Bismarck proposed the meeting of an International Conference to regulate the conditions on which the waterway of the Congo should be opened to the trade of all nations. The proposal was accepted, and the Conference met at Berlin on 15th November 1884.* All the European Powers except Switzerland were represented, and also the United States, in most cases by their Ambassadors or Ministers at the German Court, with the aid of special assistants or delegates. I had the honour of being selected as one of the British delegates from the Colonial Office, the other being the late Hon. Sir R. Meade, then Assistant Under-Secretary of State. The British representative was His Majesty's Ambassador at Berlin, the Right Hon. Sir Edward Malet, and the delegate from the Foreign Office was the late Sir H. Percy Anderson.

The opening meeting of the Conference, which was held at Prince Bismarck's palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, was of a somewhat dramatic character. At a long central table were seated the various Ambassadors and representatives, Prince Bismarck occupying a chair at the end as the president, and the delegates and assistants were placed round the room, each in the immediate neighbourhood of his principal. After the necessary preliminary formalities had been gone through, the president made an opening speech in which he explained the objects of the Conference, and welcomed the representatives

* I would refer those who desire fuller information as to the origin and circumstances of the Conference to Dr Scott Keltie's excellent work, *The Partition of Africa* (Stanford, 1895).

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of the Powers. The speech was in French, and was delivered in a sonorous though somewhat harsh voice. A short discussion as to the course of procedure followed, and then Mr Stanley was called in to address the Conference and furnish information with regard to the Congo and the adjacent countries, their condition, and the prospects of trade. His address was most interesting and striking. For nearly an hour he held the whole room spell-bound by his graphic and forcible description, couched in the most charming and picturesque language. Although he spoke in English, with which many of his hearers were but little acquainted, he was listened to throughout with almost breathless attention. It was indeed a remarkable performance, and displayed in the strongest light the genius and ability of the great explorer.

The subsequent sittings of the Conference were held at irregular intervals, the bulk of the work being entrusted to commissions formed from among the members. These commissions studied various branches and details of the general question, and made reports which were then considered at full meetings of the Conference, and the decisions arrived at embodied in protocols, and finally in the 'General Act,' which was drafted by Baron Lambermont, the able representative of Belgium at the Conference. The Conference lasted until the end of January 1885.

During its continuance, as may be imagined, Berlin was very full, the hotels being crowded with visitors from almost all civilised countries, either commercially interested in African trade, or philanthropically anxious with regard to the treatment of the natives, or as journalists eager to obtain news and catching at and publishing the most startling and unfounded rumours and canards. All this was very lively and amusing, and promoted gaiety and sociability.

The members and delegates of the Conference were most hospitably entertained, and it may be feared that some of them may have suffered from the number and magnificence of the feasts of which they were called upon to partake. One of the most interesting to which I was invited was a dinner at the Imperial Palace, given by His Imperial Majesty the Emperor William. The menu was sufficient but not lengthy, and the service so rapid that one had to be careful not to lay down one's knife and fork for an instant, or one's plate, whether its contents were finished or not, immediately disappeared. The whole dinner did not last more than forty minutes. On leaving the dining-room we adjourned to an adjoining salon, where the Emperor walked about and talked to those whom he knew. There was a great and special interest in seeing the fine old man (he was then eighty-four years of age), slightly bent, but still full of fire and vigour, surrounded by the great statesmen and Generals by whose exertions the unity of Germany had been effected and the German Empire established. There were the Crown Prince (afterwards the Emperor Frederick), truly a 'king of men,' Prince Frederick Charles (the 'Red Prince'), Prince Bismarck, Von Moltke, Von Roon, Manteuffel, and many others whose names are written indelibly in the history of their times. Whatever might be one's views as to German policy and German ambitions, there could be no doubt as to the splendour of the achievements and the greatness of the services of these men of 'blood and iron.'

Among other entertainments at which I assisted, I may mention a magnificent banquet at the house of Baron B——, one of the principal bankers and financiers in Berlin. This was a great contrast to the Imperial dinner. It was a truly Gargantuan feast, of prodigious length, and embracing the most wonderful variety of dishes and every possible delicacy, whether in or out of season. No one but a Vitellius or Heliogabalus could have done full justice to it; and the gorgeousness of the Baron's palace was in full keeping with that of his hospitality. And the owner of all this wealth and splendour was blind! A strange instance of the irony of fate.

The Burgomaster and Aldermen of the city entertained us at the Rathhaus or Town Hall, and right well they did it. Municipalities in England are famous for good feeding, and the worthy city councillors of Berlin appear to be equally fond of the pleasures of the table. The wines, of which there were a great variety, were all excellent, but the hocks in particular, which I was informed were from the private cellars of some of our hosts, were of the most perfect kinds and exquisite flavour. One thing surprised me greatly. At the close of dinner, even after coffee and liqueurs had been served, when it might have been imagined every one had drunk all that was good for him, or that he could require, large glasses of beer were handed round, and were freely partaken of. Before long I became accustomed to this, which I found to be a general conclusion to a German dinner.

Prince Bismarck, of course, gave a dinner at his palace, and a very interesting evening it was. When, after coffee, the usual adjournment for smoking was made, the Prince, who sat at a central table surrounded by the Ambassadors, had his long German pipe brought to him, and—he having drunk little or nothing at dinner—a large tankard of beer. When the pipe was finished and the tankard empty they were replaced by fresh ones brought by his favourite son, Count Herbert. The two Counts Bismarck, William and Herbert, were very different men. The elder, William, was pleasant and cheery, very English in appearance and manners, but, I believe, not regarded as a man of much ability. Herbert, on the contrary, was arrogant and supercilious, and certainly not generally popular; he was, however, at one time considered to be likely to become a worthy successor of his great father, but these expectations were never realised.

Prince Bismarck's appearance fully bore out my preconceived ideas of the man. Never have I been

so impressed with a sense of power and inflexible will as by his remarkable countenance. The great, overhanging, shaggy eyebrows, stern, piercing eyes, heavy moustache, and square jaw, all gave evidence of the character for which difficulties only existed to be conquered, and nothing would be allowed to stand in the way of the achievement of the object aimed at. His great Danish boarhound, which lay at his feet, was in keeping with the strength of his characteristics. This dog, by the way, was said to have been very nearly the cause, on one occasion, of a suspension of relations between Germany and Russia. The story runs that Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian Chancellor, calling one day upon Prince Bismarck in Berlin, was shown into an apparently empty room. But the dog was lying there, and resented the intrusion with low growls; and when, shortly after, Bismarck appeared, Prince Gortschakoff was cowering in a corner, with the dog in a threatening attitude before him. *On dit* that the Russian believed it to have been a planned affair, and that much diplomatic tact was required to avert serious consequences. *Si non è vero, è ben trovato.*

Among other entertainments which live in my memory is, in particular, an evening party at the Crown Prince's palace, where the Crown Prince, then in the full vigour of health and strength, and his wife, our own Princess Royal, were the courteous, kindly, and affable hosts. Had his life been spared, and had he reigned longer as Emperor, Germany would undoubtedly have been a far freer and more liberally governed country than it now is, and her relations with England would never have become so strained and in some respects unfriendly. There would certainly have been no 'telegram to Kruger' or other Imperial manifestations of jealousy and ill-will.

The winter was extremely cold, though, I believe, not exceptionally so for Berlin; but the dryness of the atmosphere prevented it from being felt as severely as similar weather would have been in England. Fifteen and sixteen degrees of frost were about the average, though occasionally the temperature fell considerably lower. There were also very heavy falls of snow, but the streets were rapidly and efficiently cleared—a great contrast to the belated and ineffectual methods of our London municipalities, to whom snow simply spells chaos. For several weeks we enjoyed most excellent skating on the various lakes in the Thier-Garten, on one of which the Crown Princess and her daughters, and the ladies and gentlemen of the Court—the officers, of course, being all in full uniform—were constantly to be seen disporting themselves. I was greatly amused at the time by a curious instance of the child-like obedience of the Germans to regulations and restrictions. There was a local ordinance that no one should be allowed on the ice until it was (I think) four inches thick, and a single policeman was on duty at each lake to see that this rule was duly observed. Round and round each sacred piece of water, before the ice reached the prescribed limit of strength, a number of persons, of both sexes and all ages, might be seen daily promenading, skates in hand, waiting eagerly for the desired permission, but none venturing to try to evade the vigilance of the guardian, though nothing could have been easier. How many police would it have taken to keep the boys and 'roughs' of London off the Serpentine or the Long Water under similar circumstances? This reverence for the law and its representatives may be taken as one of the results of the discipline which is inculcated upon the German from early youth and enforced by the compulsion of conscription.

During the three months' duration of the Conference and of my stay in Berlin I made many good friends and more pleasant acquaintances. Among these I reckon several Germans, and I am convinced, from all I saw and heard, that in the heart of the nation generally there is no animosity or ill-will towards England and Englishmen. The feeling which has been exhibited of late years is, I firmly believe, an exotic which has been grown and cultivated by an ill-conditioned and vulgar portion of the press, by certain professors anxious to make themselves notorious, and by military officers to whom a war would offer opportunities of distinction and promotion. Of the German army in general I would desire, as an admirer of the great deeds it has done, to speak with nothing but praise; but I cannot express too strongly the disgust and indignation which it was impossible to help feeling at the arrogance and swagger of many of the Prussian officers as they paraded along the Unter den Linden and other streets, in twos and threes, occupying the whole of the side-walk and never deigning to make way for any male civilian, and hardly for ladies. This, of course, by no means applies to all; but it is too frequent, and strikes a foreigner very disagreeably.

With regard to minor incidents of my sojourn in Berlin, I may say that the Kaiserhof Hotel, at which I stayed, was very comfortable, and extremely amusing, as it was the meeting-place of almost all those connected with the Conference. I believe that it was burned down a few years later, and not rebuilt as an hotel. The principal inconvenience from which I suffered was an inability to sleep, which I was told frequently happened to persons on their first visit to Berlin, and was attributable to the dryness and exciting influence of the climate. It was aggravated in my case by the fact that within a few yards of the window of my room was a church the clock of which struck every quarter of an hour. The effect on sleepless nerves may easily be imagined, as may be, better than described, the flow of language it frequently occasioned. Then, again, the *plumeau*, the heavy feather-pillow which forms a covering to all German beds, was a source of deep annoyance. I suppose I was very restless, for I never could long keep it from falling off, and the sensation of waking up, after having at last dozed off, to find it gone and oneself icy cold

was anything but pleasant. I finally circumvented its vagaries by pinning it firmly to the sheet before getting into bed, probably to the wonderment of the chambermaid in the morning. But she would no doubt put it down to the natural eccentricity of a 'mad Englishman.'

Just before Christmas the Conference adjourned for a fortnight, and I was able to return to England and spend the 'festive season' with my family. On the journey back to Berlin I had as a travelling companion a young officer in the Imperial Guard, the son of a distinguished diplomatist, who had been visiting his friends and relations in England. He was naturally travelling in mufti, but he told me that, even under such circumstances, he was committing a serious breach of military discipline in being out of uniform. I was greatly amused when he left the train at the station before Berlin, and said he should have to try to sneak into barracks unobserved, as if caught in civilian dress he would be liable to arrest and punishment. This is carrying matters to an absurd extreme in one direction, whereas I cannot but think that in our army there is too much laxity in this respect, and officers appear to be almost ashamed of their uniform and wear it as little as possible, and are allowed to do so. The German punctilio is as strained and ridiculous as our practice is derogatory to a noble profession, and invidious as making too great a distinction and difference between officers and men. If officers wore their uniforms more frequently in public, as at theatres, &c., we should hear less of respectable, well-conducted soldiers being refused admission to places of amusement when in their proper and official dress.

The Conference came to an end with the signature of the 'General Act' on 30th January 1885, and my winter in Berlin concluded at the same time. I returned home, carrying with me many pleasant memories and experiences which it is agreeable to recall. Some of these I have here thrown together in a somewhat desultory manner, with a hope that they may prove interesting as a slight record of circumstances surrounding a political event which will hereafter not be reckoned as one of the least important in the history of the nineteenth century.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER VII.—*continued.*

CLAD as I was, and carrying on my back the basket of tinned provisions, I made no doubt that I could pass unchallenged for the lame pedlar. The only uncovered portion of my countenance was my nose; and though this was in several respects inferior to that of my late companion, I trusted that in the friendly shade of the pine-forest its deficiencies would pass unnoticed. Realising that any turn of the path might land me in the midst of the watchful soldiery, I walked but slowly, mimicking as well as I could the halting gait of the frost-bitten Peter.

It was fortunate I did so, for a detachment of Guardsmen had been stationed at a sharp bend of the track, and it would certainly have been too late to alter my manner of progression before I was among them. As it was, my arrival only provoked but a momentary excitement. There was a sharp 'Who goes there?' and then almost before I had time to reply they fell aside. 'It's only old Lame Peter,' they said; and with a gruff 'Good-day, little soldiers,' I passed unmolested through their midst.

Sitting on a boulder and swinging his short legs was no less a person than the Grand Duke Fritz, attired in his colonel's uniform, and holding a big, drooping meerschaum pipe between his teeth.

'Good-day, Lame Peter,' he called out, removing his pipe from his mouth.

'Good-day, Highness,' I replied, making a rheumatic gesture of salute. He nodded cheerily, and I saw his teeth gleam white against the thick black beard and moustache as his lips parted in a broad, good-natured smile; and, with an incipient comprehension of the Grand Duke's popularity, I walked lamely and unhurriedly on. The incident was over so quickly, so satisfactorily, that I could hardly realise that I had probably been risking my life on the accuracy of a disguise. One thing, at any rate, was evident—namely, that the tale of firing across the ravine at dummies on the road was an undiluted fiction, and that any one might go to Heldersburg provided there was no fear of his being an emissary to the royal fugitive.

Now that the critical moment was passed I walked on rather more rapidly, and after a while the path brought me down to the main road again. There was not a soul to be seen; but below me, in the valley, lay the little village of Heldersburg, with its white-roofed, close-packed houses, and its tall, quaintly steepled church tower. Outside the village and commanding a small eminence was the Schloss, a brown, rectangular building, old, gaunt, and unadorned, a stubborn relic of medieval Grimland; and to those gloomy walls, the ancestral home of the Von Helders, I made my limping way. Down the long, winding road I marched, past the church, through the narrow streets, and as I went the people all saluted me with a kindly 'Good-day, Lame Peter.'

Some wanted to buy my wares, but I told them curtly that I had an order from the castle, and walked on. Slowly I climbed the hill to the Schloss,

and, passing through the open gateway of the drive, boldly rang the castle bell.

The door was opened by a woman of mature years and more than ample proportions. She looked untidy, good-natured, and palpably over-nourished; and doubtless she was so, for the Von Helders had liberal ideas of the alimentary needs of humanity.

'What are you doing here, Lame Peter?' she asked, with an attempt at severity. 'Why don't you take those things round to the back?'

'I want to see the Queen,' I replied.

The good woman's fat cheeks dimpled into a beatific smile.

'You want to see the Queen!' she ejaculated, casting her little eyes to the ceiling. 'How many *Seidels* of beer have you emptied at the "Drei Kronen" before leaving Riefinsdorf? Want to see the Queen indeed!'

'You are labouring under a delusion, my good woman,' I said calmly. 'I am not Lame Peter, but a certain Herr Saunders, who has a message for Her Majesty from the King. Be so kind as to inform the Queen of my desire for an audience.'

The look of astonishment on my companion's face melted into one of cunning incredulity.

I removed my blue spectacles and woollen cap.

'Now,' I said, 'are you satisfied that it is not Lame Peter who speaks with you?'

'*Potztausend*, Excellency! I make my very humble apology. I will take your message to Her Majesty at once; but I do not think she will see any one.'

She was about to close the door in my face; but I stepped inside and set down my staff and basket and removed my shaggy overcoat.

The hall in which I found myself reminded me of the *Schweigend-kammer*, in that the walls were entirely covered with dark pine panelling, and the ceiling inlaid with diversely and beautifully coloured woods. It was a lofty, handsome apartment; a trifle sombre perhaps, with its dark colouring and small, heavily barred windows, but full of the indescribable dignity which comes from good proportion alone, and which is so conspicuously lacking in the majority of modern dwellings.

The stout lady mounted the broad staircase, and after a few minutes returned breathless and shaking her head.

'Her Majesty is resting,' she said; 'she refuses to see any one.'

'It is entirely in Her Majesty's own interests that I am here,' I said, with intentional distinctness. 'It would be a thousand pities, from *her* point of view, if she sent me back without an audience.'

The good woman looked puzzled.

'Why?' she asked at length in a wheedling voice.

'Because,' I said, raising my voice still louder, 'I have a most important message from His Majesty to deliver to her. If she does not get it, the consequences may be serious.'

'For Her Majesty?'

'Hush!' I said in a stage-whisper. 'I did not say that.'

'Tell me the message,' said my companion invitingly, proffering a fleshy ear for my confidences. 'I will guarantee to take it to Her Majesty.'

'Impossible,' I said. 'What I have to say is for the Queen's ear alone. If you are her faithful servant, go back and tell her that Herr Saunders begs her to reconsider her decision—*in her own interest*.'

'I am devoted to Her Majesty, Excellency; but she has a temper, a most energetic temper. However, if your Excellency'——

A voice broke in from above—a harsh female voice—'Take the gentleman into the library, Kreifel. I will be down in a few minutes.'

I had gained my point; the Queen would see me. What I was going to say to her I had not, so far, the faintest idea, and the more I racked my brains the hazier grew my notions.

I looked round me, but could draw no inspiration from the dark book-shelves, with their recondite theological works, their musty histories, and pseudo-scientific treatises on medicine and zoology; I looked vaguely at the heavy stone mantelpiece, with its coarse supporting nudities—ancestral Von Helders surely—and its pompous flamboyant coat of arms. I glanced at the heavily barred, heavily mullioned window, at the old, comfortless furniture, at the faded curtains, at the antique porcelain stove, and I received an impression of a grandeur that had departed, and which at its best had never been very refined; but for the life of me I could not extract one idea as to what I was going to say to the Queen of Grimland.

The door opened and a little woman in a blue tea-gown advanced towards me. It was the Queen.

I bowed. She offered me a heavily ringed hand, and motioned me to a chair.

'What is this message the King sends me?' she began.

She was pale but composed, and, to my fancy, was ready to fly into a violent temper if she thought I was likely to be cowed thereby.

'His Majesty desires you to return instantly to the Brun-varad,' I replied firmly.

She opened her eyes wide. 'Is that all?' she asked.

'That is the sum and substance of the message,' I said, not knowing what else to say.

'But—I overheard you talking with Kreifel in the hall. You spoke of its being in my interest to receive you. You hinted that the matter was one of overwhelming importance—that it would be most unwise of me to send you away without an audience.'

'I spoke what I thought,' I replied. 'His Majesty considers it most important that you should return to Weissheim without delay.'

She smiled scornfully.

'And did he so far take you into his confidence

as to give any particular reason why my return was so extremely desirable?'

'He did,' I replied gravely. 'He spoke of weighty political reasons which rendered your absence from the Brun-varad most undesirable at the present time. He also said that if you returned immediately he would consider any grievances he might hold against you cancelled—that he was prepared to forgive everything.'

At this rather daring statement of mine the Queen rose hurriedly from her chair, her eyes flashing, her little hands clenched, and advanced wrathfully towards me.

I sat where I was, outwardly calm, and meeting her gaze unflinchingly.

Suddenly her manner altered and she broke into a peal of mocking laughter.

'He said he would forgive me everything?' she repeated.

'He pledged his word of honour,' I affirmed.

'Well, Mr Saunders,' she said bitterly, 'go and tell your friend the King that I am not in any particular need of his forgiveness, that I am very comfortable at Heldersburg, and that I shall return to the Brun-varad at my own convenience—which may be a week hence, or may be a fortnight.'

'His Majesty will be very disappointed.'

She laughed again.

'His Majesty will get over his disappointment,' she said. 'There are feminine attractions enough at Weissheim without me. There is his precious governess, Miss'——

'Your Majesty!'

'Don't lose your temper, Mr Saunders. Kings are not invariably models of virtue, and dear Karl is quite capable of making a fool of himself. Forgive me! did he say? He did not perchance ask me to forgive him?'

'There is no such request in his message,' I replied dryly.

'Bah!' she cried angrily. 'I am sick of his canting hypocrisy. You have had my answer; kindly convey it to him word for word.'

Things were going badly, but I refused to accept defeat without a further effort.

'I fear he will not consider your answer final,' I remarked.

'I don't care that'—she snapped her fingers vulgarly—'whether he considers it final or not.'

'Your Majesty does not quite comprehend my meaning.' I threw a little mystery into my tone, and was rewarded by a passing gleam of apprehension in the Queen's eyes.

'Then kindly make your meaning clear.'

'I mean,' I said, 'that His Majesty is *determined* that you shall return at once to Weissheim.'

'He will use force? He will send a regiment of soldiers here to fetch me?' and there was an ill-concealed eagerness in her tone.

I remembered what the King had said on this subject, and his remarks about his wife's theatrical instincts.

'He would certainly not do so—by day,' I replied.

'He would send and fetch me by force at night! The coward!'

I hung my head.

'I did not say so,' I muttered.

'Nonsense,' she cried. 'I can read you like a book. He said he would send and seize me by night. And what did he say he would do then?'

I hesitated intentionally.

'His Majesty was very angry,' I said at length.

'What did he say he would do?' she almost screamed at me.

'His Majesty was very angry,' I repeated. 'He said things which he doubtless did not mean. I would rather, with your Majesty's permission, refrain from repeating them.

She was genuinely alarmed now. There was no misreading the frightened glare in her eyes or the nervous plucking of her tiny fingers at the lace border of the blue tea-gown.

'You have not my permission,' she said breathlessly. 'I command you to speak. What did he say?'

'His Majesty was very angry'——

'You've said that three times,' she screamed.

'It appears,' I went on undismayed, 'that you overheard a private conversation of His Majesty's in the *Schweigend-kammer* by concealing yourself in the shaft of the *Zaubertisch*'——

'Go on.'

'His Majesty was very—— This annoyed his Majesty exceedingly. He said, "If she plays me any more pranks like this, Saunders, I shall put her in the shaft of the *Zaubertisch* and leave her there for a day or two." Doubtless His Majesty, who is a most humane man, did not really'——.

'Stop!' she cried, one hand raised dramatically and the other pressed against her heart. 'I have heard enough. He is a monster, an inhuman monster. He would fetch me by night—by night, mind you, so that the people should not see his poor tyrannised wife—and starve me to death in that miserable funnel. Heavens! it's too horrible to think of.'

'Do not think of it,' I said soothingly. 'Think rather of His Majesty's promise to let bygones be bygones if you return at once.'

'I don't understand it at all,' she went on, in distressed perplexity. 'The King must have been very angry; he is not what I call a strong man.'

'He is not,' I admitted confidentially, 'and therefore all the more dangerous. When a weak man is thoroughly moved he is sure to fly to the extreme of violence. Believe me, in pressing you to comply with this request I considered I was acting in your interest quite as much as the King's.'

She looked at me curiously.

'Why should you consider my interests at all?' she inquired.

'It is impossible to know your Majesty and not desire to serve you.'

'You are a courtier,' she said, smiling in obvious pleasure.

'I am a man.'

'Well, I will come. Ah, Mr Saunders, if you knew the misery I endure mated to this weak, pleasure-loving monarch you would pity me. A woman needs a man for a husband, not a brainless, gibing buffoon.'

'You have my sincerest sympathy.'

'Yes, I will come,' she went on, 'because it is my duty. Karl is my husband, and he requires my presence at Weissheim. Little consideration though he deserves at my hands, he shall have one more chance. As a patriotic Grimlander, I desire peace and tranquillity for my country; but let him beware. The sceptre is slipping from his grasp, and a stronger than he is ready to seize it. The country needs a firm ruler, not an inconstant, flippant fool; a man of strong moral fibre, not a scoffer who treats all things, from religion to the revolutionary efforts of his enemies, as an amusing jest.'

'You are perfectly right,' I said. 'His Majesty needs a great deal of moral stiffening, and if there is one person in the world capable of giving it him, it is you.'

'Oh, I have tried and tried,' she exclaimed, 'till I am sick of it all. I will make one more effort to brace his sluggish spirit, and if I fail, well—the deluge will come, that is all.'

'Your Majesty has a noble soul!' I murmured.

'Ah, you understand me,' she cried, well pleased; 'it is pleasant to be understood—especially when one is not used to it. I will give orders for a sleigh to be ready in half-an-hour. Fräulein von Helder will accompany me. Cannot I give you a seat too?'

'I should esteem it a proud privilege.'

(To be continued.)

ALPINE MOUNTAINEERING IN SCOTLAND.

By Rev. Archibald E. Robertson, B.D.



DARE say to many this will seem a strange title: 'Alpine Mountaineering in Scotland.' How can that be? I thought you could only get Alpine mountaineering in Switzerland. Yet the title is a just one. For Alpine mountaineering can be had wherever Alpine conditions exist, be they on the mountains of Switzerland, the Caucasus, the Andes, the Himalayas, or even on the great peaks that crown the tableland of Central Africa; and on our own Highland hills in winter, but especially in spring, we find all the essential conditions which go to make some of them truly sporting Alpine peaks. So that mountaineers in our own country are now beginning to realise that they do not need to wait for summer and go to Switzerland to get first-rate Alpine climbing.

The fact is, in this as in most other things, in our zeal for travel and exploration we have left unseen, unappreciated, and untouched many wonderful places lying at our doors. 'Stretching out his hand to catch the stars, man forgets the flowers at his feet.' We do not half realise what a wealth of scenery and rich beauty there is in our own native land. Our Highland hills are unique, and we who are Scotchmen, and especially we who are Highlanders, may well be proud of them. Yet we do not know our Highlands as we ought, or explore them as we might. People go abroad for health and recreation to Germany, to France, to Switzerland, while all the time there is a world of beauty lying at their own doors which, to their shame be it said, they utterly neglect.

'Why do people go to Switzerland when they can get scenery like this?' exclaimed our King to Lord Burton as they stood together on the shores of Loch Quoich last year, gazing around on the wild ruggedness of the scene before them. And it is true. The majority of people are profoundly ignorant of some of the finest spots in the Highlands. They have been at Oban, sailed through the Caledonian Canal, done the West Highland Railway once, spent a day in the Trossachs—and they think they have seen the Highlands! When you speak to them of Loch Quoich, of Glenstrathfarrar, of Loch Duich, of Glen Dessary, of Lochinver, they look blankly at you, for they have never even heard of such places, far less visited them; whereas, if they only realised it, they could find in such out-of-the-way spots a freshness of beauty and scenery which they could never get in the hackneyed tourist centres either at home or abroad.

Scotland is in very truth a land of mountains. Few people would dream that there are no less than two hundred and eighty-three separate hills over three thousand feet high, eight of these being over four thousand feet. Now, on the majority of these there is splendid Alpine climbing to be had in winter, but especially in spring. Our Highland hills in spring are just like the Swiss Alps, covered with snow, their north and north-east sides seamed with ice-gullies and snow-couloirs, and to climb them requires the same skill and the same tools, and you encounter much the same difficulties as in the Alps. True, we have no glaciers here; but that is little as far as climbing goes, for generally speaking in the Alps the real climb begins only when the glacier is crossed, when you get on to the main peak of the mountain that rises above the glacier. 'But,' some one asks, 'what about their height? In Switzerland there are hills of thirteen thousand, fourteen thousand, fifteen thousand feet; here there are only paltry three thousand feet things.' Well, the difficulty of a mountain or the interest of a

mountain is by no means dependent on its height. The two highest Swiss peaks, for example, Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, are far more easily climbed than many a peak inferior to them in height; and remember that although a mountain may be fourteen thousand feet in height, that is not to say that it affords climbing, in the true sense of the term, for anything like that height. Seven thousand or eight thousand feet below the snow-line can at once be taken off, for this you can drive or ride without putting a foot to the ground. Then above the snow-line there is almost always, to begin with, a big walk over easy glacier or névé. So that, generally speaking, the real climbing, where hand as well as foot has to be employed, is confined to the final one thousand five hundred or two thousand feet. Now, in Scotland we have on many of our mountains, three thousand feet only though they be, many rock-faces and ridges of one thousand to two thousand feet. On Ben Nevis, for example, there are two ridges—the Tower Ridge and the North-East Buttress—which need yield the palm to no one of any Swiss climb either in interest or in difficulty or in length. So that it is evident that it is quite possible, if one knows where to go, and goes at the right time of the year, to find an Alpine climb in Scotland quite as interesting and quite as stiff as many a crack climb in Switzerland.

Then, again, it has all the freshness of novelty. We who are now going in for this kind of thing in Scotland feel ourselves to be pioneers in a sense, and all the zest and interest of pioneering is ours. Alpine climbing was unknown in Scotland until about seventeen years ago, when it was introduced by a few climbers who had served their apprenticeship in the Alps. These men were regarded by all as eccentric persons hardly accountable for their actions. For, in contradistinction to the Swiss, the Celt is not by nature a climber, and he cannot understand the joy of climbing for its own sake. He is a born hunter—no need to teach the average Highland boy to shoot or stalk or fish: he has it in his blood; but when it comes to the use of ice-axe and rope, climbing snow-slopes, scaling difficult rocks for the sheer joy of the sport, he is out of his element altogether. Whereas the young Switzer is a born climber, and he takes to the snow and to the rocks instinctively and with relish. It can easily be imagined, then, that Alpine climbing got but little encouragement when it started in the north. To the Highland mind to try and climb up a steep mountain-side when it is covered with ice and snow seemed nothing short of downright madness. Kindly gamekeepers and stalkers looked upon those early pioneers as clean daft. The innkeepers stood at the door, apprehension and fear stamped in every line of their countenances as they saw their guests with axe and rope leaving for the hills. 'It's naething less than a fair temptin' o' Providence, this kind o' wark. Do ye no' ken, sir, ye're just throwin' away your life on sic an exploit. Nae leevin' man can possibly climb in that snow or on thae rocks. It's just fair suicide.' However, despite these little hindrances, the movement has grown and grown; and now, thanks to the Scottish Mountaineering Club, an ice-axe is as common an object in the lobby of many of our Highland inns at Easter as a fishing-rod is later on in the season.

The rise and progress of Alpine mountaineering in Scotland is largely identified with the rise and progress of the Scottish Mountaineering Club. This club was formed in 1889, Professor Ramsay of Glasgow University being its first president, its object being to encourage mountaineering in Scotland in winter as well as in summer, proprietary and sporting rights on the hills being carefully respected. There is now a membership of about one hundred and fifty; but its members are fit though few, for only those who have had a certain amount of experience in hill-craft are admitted within its ranks. The club has two official 'meets' in the year, one at the New Year holidays, the other at Easter. At these times a hotel is fixed on near some good climbing-ground. There a goodly gathering assembles for three or four days, perhaps twenty to thirty members turning up at New Year, thirty to forty at Easter. It is a merry party, and good humour and fellowship prevail. Dividing themselves up into small parties of three or four, they tackle the various climbs according to the individual experience of the party, the more experienced parties doing the more experienced climbs. In this way men of kindred interests are brought together, friendships are formed, and the sport advanced; men learn their craft from their more experienced friends, and are gradually initiated into the deeper mysteries of the 'Oromaniacal Quest.'

The best climbing-centres in Scotland are undoubtedly Fort William, Glencoe, and Sligachan in Skye; but there are many other spots where good climbing can be had, as Arrochar, Tyndrum, Aviemore; while the Torridon mountains, the Lochinver hills, the Teallachs at Dundonnell are as yet almost untouched. There are ridges, buttresses, gullies, absolutely untrodden hitherto by the foot of man, lying waiting to be explored by those who love first ascents and new routes. Truly, this is the golden age of climbing in the Highlands!

Most people have very vague ideas of what mountaineering really is, and many people only speak of it to condemn it as rash and foolhardy and dangerous. 'What is the earthly use of it?' they ask. 'What pleasure is there in it? What do you do when you get to the top? Isn't it most dangerous?' And whenever an Alpine fatality happens they at once cry out, 'I told you so. That is what comes of your mountaineering mania; it is a most dangerous and risky thing.' Now, to this it may be answered that many of these so-called 'Alpine accidents' are not true accidents at all, nor are the unfortunate individuals to whom the so-called

accidents occur mountaineers in the real sense. In nine cases out of ten it is the certain result of gross carelessness, ignorance, and foolhardiness on the part of tourists who know absolutely nothing of the craft of mountaineering. For mountaineering is a craft, a skilled craft, to which an apprenticeship must be served. Climbing is a thing which has to be learnt like anything else, and the mountaineer must never outrun his knowledge or his skill. And it is the ignorance of or the denial of this on the part of those who are not real mountaineers that causes nine-tenths of the climbing fatalities, and brings mountaineering into disrepute as unsafe. That word *danger*, too, is strangely abused. 'Isn't it most dangerous?' some one asks. Well, that depends; dangerous to some, certainly not necessarily dangerous to others who have trained themselves to move about in such places. Danger is entirely a relative term. What is dangerous to one is not dangerous to another and more skilled man. What was dangerous to me some years ago may not be dangerous to me now, because I am more skilled now than I was. It would be exceedingly dangerous for a landsman to put to sea in a fishing-boat in a stiff breeze of wind; it would not be so to a fisherman who knew his business. There is an element of danger, no doubt; but is there not a spice of risk of danger in all sport and in many things that we daily do? The dangers of skilled and temperate mountaineering are far less than people suppose; and after all, as some one has remarked, the majority of mankind die prematurely in their beds from the fatal hazard of not taking enough of exercise.

There are, of course, certain dangers that can never be entirely avoided. A sudden change in the weather may turn an easy and safe route into one the very reverse; a falling stone dislodged from the heights above by natural agencies may carry destruction with it to those in its line of fire; a flash of lightning may stun a man and hurl him downwards. Such 'acts of God' mountaineers (and those who are not mountaineers) must just take the risk of. It was one of these unavoidable mishaps that befell the writer last spring on Ben Nevis; and as it probably is the first recorded instance of a similar experience in Scotland, some account of it may here be given. Leaving Fort William on a fine morning last April, I set out to ascend the Ben. As I was alone, no climbing was thought of; an easy training-walk by the tourist route, chiefly for photographic purposes, was all that was intended. The morning was dry and sunny, and promised well enough. In the course of the ascent I had out my camera several times, and for some hours I was wearing my blue goggles to keep my eyes from the glare of the sun on the snow. On nearing the top a heavy snow-shower came on, which lasted until I had got a good way down on the descent. Descending in a southerly direction, I soon found myself overlooking Glen Nevis. Taking out my aneroid, I noted that the height was three thousand one hundred feet. From where I now was I could see my way clearly to the bottom. 'A good glissade,' I said to myself, 'will take me to the bottom of this corrie'—it did, with a vengeance!—'then, traversing along the hillside, I will rejoin the path and so home.' Suddenly, without any warning, a flash and a crackle above my head told me a thunderstorm was imminent. Several of the flashes seemed pretty near; then the steel head of my ice-axe began to hiss. From that moment I remember absolutely nothing till I found myself walking down the hillside—off the snow altogether—some one thousand two hundred feet below where I was when the thunderstorm came on.

I was in a somewhat 'disjaskit' condition; my cape and ice-axe were gone; my face was plastered with blood, and so was my coat. I could only see a little with one eye, the other being completely closed over. What in the world had happened? In the first returning glimmerings of consciousness I thought it was all a dream, and that I had only to turn over and go to sleep again! Then I would drift away into unconsciousness again, but all the time walking on, making straight for home. Gradually I began to perceive that it was not a dream; then, remembering about the lightning, I realised I must have been struck in some way and had a fall.

It was a marvellous escape. The lightning must have struck my ice-axe or the ground near me, thereby stunning me and knocking me over. I must then have slid down the snow, hitting my head against some rocks in the descent, and when this wild and unorthodox glissade came to an end, picking myself up while yet unconscious, I must have started off to walk home! What will instinct not do for a man?

Curiously enough, I felt no pain or weakness, my clothes were not torn in the least, my camera and plates were intact in my rücksack, and long before I reached Fort William—a walk of about five miles—I was in perfect possession of my senses. Walking up to the first doctor's house I came to, I rang the bell. The maid who answered nearly dropped with fright. 'Yes,' she faltered 'the doctor is at home.' His first words were, 'Man, you ought to be delirious with a wound like that in your head.' And well I might, for although I had no idea of it then, being unable to see my own forehead, my skull was laid open bare to the bone for two inches, a ghastly, gaping wound. Soon I was in bed, with my head dressed, twenty stitches being required to draw the wound together; but in a few weeks I was all right again, and I am now as fit for the hills as ever.

Of course, anything savouring of an Alpine accident was a grand chance for the newspapers, and they made the most of it. Every paper in the land had more or less exaggerated and absurd accounts of it. Take this for example, a passage extracted from one of the accounts in a certain London paper: 'His clothes were torn to ribbons as his body was hurled from boulder to boulder.

His body bears the appearance of having been cut by thousands of minute knives, while his features were so terribly battered that they are almost unrecognisable.' The reporter who wrote that has, to say the least of it, a vivid imagination! If all the accounts of things we read of in the daily papers are as true as this was, then it is little in the newspapers we can believe. The fact of the matter is that it can hardly be regarded as a climbing accident. The writer was not climbing at the time; he was walking down easy snow, and what occurred might have happened to any one apart from mountaineering altogether.

However much it may appear to be to the outsider, mountaineering is not foolhardy. It is a skilled game, and the game is played by the player according to his skill; the skilled mountaineer does not outrun his knowledge or his skill, or venture to do what for him would be dangerous. Alpine climbing is not throwing oneself at a face of ice and rock and snow, scrambling up by hook or by crook. In climbing there are certain rules to be learnt and kept by, as in any other sport, and if a climber abides by these, as a good climber always will, risk is reduced to a minimum. Everything that makes for safety is carefully conserved by all expert climbers; for, as has been well said, '*safe* is the highest qualifying adjective we can bestow upon the mountaineer.'

The true climber does not make for the easiest side of a mountain, nor yet for the most dangerous side; but he makes for that side which will give him a good climb, a climb that is within his power to do; difficult enough to tax all his skill and knowledge of his craft, but not so difficult as to be for him dangerous. The true view of climbing is to get away from all beaten tracks, to make for difficulties and to master them, and to find one's pleasure in the climb itself, be the weather fair or foul. The true mountaineer does not climb to see something at the top; he climbs, and he finds delight in every step of the way to the top. If the day be clear and the view good so much the better; but if it be misty and nothing is seen he is disappointed in a sense, but the view was not everything. He has had his climb, and therein he is satisfied.

Alpine mountaineering, when regarded in this way, is one of the most fascinating and healthful of outdoor recreations; and until the passion for adventure decays, climbing, for those in that way bent and possessing the necessary physical and mental qualifications, will ever be an irresistible attraction.

IN THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

CHAPTER IV.

NEVER since a right reverend Bishop and his family had dwelt in the palace of the See of Clumber had so much happiness pervaded the old house with so little warning of its approach. It had come unheralded, like the rustle of angel-wings; and, as Mrs Wootton in the very first half-hour of its realisation said of it to her husband, it was almost *too* much for a constitution not naturally strong. In fact, it produced in Mrs Wootton a feeling of faintness so that she had to lie down and abandon her guests in the hour before dinner. She bore the pleasure of entertaining Mr Slack and Eugenia at afternoon tea; but the sweet shock evidently tired her, though she was spared more arduous activities than the mere steady and heartfelt moonlight smile with which she beamed alternately on Eugenia and John and Eugenia's father.

The Bishop rose to the situation. He was almost frivolous with Eugenia, having first ascertained, with some solemnity of inquiry from Mr Slack, that there was every reason to believe the young folks *had* seen a good deal of each other for a week or two in New York.

'You sharpen us, my dear child,' he said to her in the first hour of their acquaintance, 'by showing us how dull we old folks are. It is salutary instruction, my dear. Expecting only to have the pleasure of making some new friends, behold I am —embraced by a prospective daughter!'

He then devoted himself to Mr Slack and an eloquent description of the antiquities of his diocese. Mr Slack was patient and moderately responsive; but it was evident he had something on his mind, something that did not exactly overwhelm him, but yet put the peep-show products of England a little in the background. The something came out when the Bishop, in the heat of his hospitalities, had drawn his guest into the library to make exhibition of certain scrolls and volumes.

'Bishop,' said Mr Slack, 'now that we're alone, I'd like to speak out straight.'

'Cer-tainly,' said the Bishop. 'Anything, Mr Slack, you have to say will merit and receive my most earnest attention.'

Though he spoke cheerfully he was conscious of anxieties—as sudden as vague.

'I've always given my children a free hand in their lives, Bishop, once I've seen 'em to years of what I believe the Prayer-Book calls discretion, and taken the measure, as I reckoned, of their brains.'

'Very proper—in a degree,' murmured the Bishop diplomatically.

'No, sir,' said Mr Slack; 'I've been mistaken, and I'll tell you why.'

There and then he unfolded the startling truth about the late Hamilton Epps. It made the Bishop

chill to his extremities, frown also, and look—well, try to look incredulous.

'I've nothing to say, sir,' proceeded Mr Slack, 'not one word, against my daughter Eugenia's affection for your son. If it suits them it'll suit me. But I feel it—it touches me on the raw, Bishop, to use a homely word—that *my* son should have been so carried away by his youth as to do a thing like that. Amateur play-acting's very well in its way. There isn't a smarter young man at it than Chauncey; but it was low of him. It looks like a conspiracy, sir. Every man's home should be his castle, as the saying says, and my daughter the Duchess—yes, and Eugenia herself, ought to be ashamed of themselves, as well as Chauncey, for insulting a gentleman's house by such mountebank tricks. The three of them were in it, Bishop, and all the three want smacking, if you'll pardon another homely word.'

The Bishop blessed his soul twice.

'Yes, sir,' said Mr Slack, 'smacking!'

'But, my dear Mr Slack, why,' clamoured the Bishop, smiling stiffly under the weight of his memories—'why hit upon *my* establishment?'

Mr Slack's eyebrows became agitated.

'Ah! there again,' he said. 'Killing two birds with one stone's first-rate sport if you're in real hunger and would starve else; but it was not the game to play here. Eugenia could have got her news direct, I reckon, without wheedling her brother into your house as a spy on your son's home-life like the young men you read of in the Second of Kings who went to Jericho under orders suitable enough for *their* business. You see, sir, it's like this: we see so many of your people over yonder, and we take to them and they take to us. They've what the ladies call handsome ways with them, and they're fine, upstanding young men, fitted like peas in a pod to snare the hearts of our American girls. That's what your son did with my daughter. But, as she said to me, "Who's to tell what they're like in their own parlours? They may be fast, or rude to their mothers, and things like that, and'——

The Bishop had heard enough. He saw fully as much as he wanted to see, and now interrupted with great good humour.

'My dear Mr Slack, not another word about it!' he said cordially. 'I understand. I may even say that I approve—nay admire, such—er—conduct in the abstract. It is not devoid of courageous enterprise as well as brotherly solicitude! One cannot be too careful about a partner when it is to be for life. But—but—where *is* your son?' He laughed a little. 'Really, I—er—it's not from you or him that any apologies will be due, I think. He always interested me, I may say profoundly, but I fear I treated him as—may be supposed. Where has he gone?'

'Never mind that, Bishop,' said Mr Slack. 'It's enough that you're so forgiving about it. You'll not see him again; take my word for it. Thank you, sir; and now I'll be enchanted to see the plans of those old burial-spots you spoke about. I'm relieved, sir.'

The Bishop pressed still on the subject. He assured his guest that he felt sympathy for Chauncey Slack—growing sympathy. There were even special reasons why he wished to see the young man again soon.

But Mr Slack preferred now to engross himself with the prehistoric mounds and graves of the Clumber diocese, a collection of the records of which was one of the Bishop's innocent and educative hobbies. He engrossed himself so deeply that at length the Bishop stole away to tell Mrs Wootton this astounding news. At any other time he would have known beforehand that Mrs Wootton would bend almost to the breaking-point under so monstrous a revelation. But he was excited and imprudent to-day; and so he plunged the truth at her, none too heedful of her interested 'Ohs!' and 'Ahs!' and crowning wail of 'Oh James, how inconceivably dreadful!'

And then he trotted down to his guest again, having, on demand, given her the eau de Cologne very briskly and whispered that there were possible consolations even in a trial of such magnitude.

'Think it over, Caroline,' he urged, 'and I believe and hope you will agree with me. I too am bewildered and unhinged; yet, as you see, I am not depressed.'

His wife's laments seemed excessive, and he was glad to leave her. He believed, moreover, that her natural talents would soon rescue her from the sea of regrets into which she had thrown herself under the sudden scare. Nor believed unduly, for in less than a quarter of an hour Mrs Wootton sent a message to her son to come to her at once.

That relief, however, was not available. The servant brought word that Mr John had gone out. Being questioned, she said the two young ladies were seated on low chairs before the drawing-room fire; but, according to Miss Audrey, Mr John had gone down to the village.

This also seemed to Mrs Wootton an extraordinary occurrence.

What, she mused, with her thin hand to her aching brow, should take John down to the village in the first hour or two of his heart's splendid rapture?

She rang again and bade the girl make inquiries if all the luggage had come up from the station, and in due time was informed that there had been no complaints on the subject from either Mr Slack or Miss Slack.

And then Mrs Wootton just lay still and submitted to Providence. She did not understand.

The tranquillity of the palace and the slow, stealing acceptance of the truth that we are all but as children in the hands of the Omniscient, who manages us better than we can manage ourselves, little by little soothed her. For once it was a consolation to feel that she could rest and believe that the rudder of the lives of those so very dear to her

was under even more capable guidance than her own.

So for many minutes, during which she drew sustenance repeatedly from the eau de Cologne as well as her faith.

Then, with dinner-time approaching, she bestirred herself.

Why did not Audrey come to her? It was unlike the dear child to leave her so entirely alone, even with such precious guests in the palace. She had expected at least one flitting visitation; her headaches were wont to receive such homage of tenderness at all times. And she had so much to hint to the dear child, who, in her sweet innocence, had, by Heaven's mercy, done with such enchanting wisdom the very thing she ought not to have done.

She went languidly to the window and opened it. The soft spring air of evening would, she trusted, help the eau de Cologne and her bright intuitions to brace her for the ordeal—welcome, yet an ordeal—when she was to give Mr Slack her hand and be led in to dinner.

If only she could meet the young man she had known but as Epps the footman *now*, she felt, she could say such words to him that he would forget the past, even down to her dismissal of him and the cheque. Her heart was in a glow for him.

The twilight was well advanced. The palace gardens were partly veiled in the mists of coming night. Almost fearsome was the blackness of the cedars in the midst of this romantic, half-established grayness. One shining star was overhead. It seemed to be eyeing the cedars, mocking their gloom with something of elfish glee in its own splendour.

And then a sense of sadness in the scene, and of her own bereavement in being thus isolated from the drama of her children's lives, suddenly possessed the Bishop of Clumber's wife. It was a sadness to be fought against. She understood this. Quickly cloaking herself, she descended the side staircase and passed into the garden to seek fresh comfort from the cool, invigorating air, and the stillness of the trim walks among the flower-beds and shrubs sacred to the domestic vicissitudes of ten generations of bishops and their respective families.

There was an arbour in an angle of the gardens which was a favourite spot of hers for meditation and knitting in the long, hot days of drowsy summer. Thither she turned her footsteps. It was a pretty little confection of stained glass, varnished boughs, and thatch, with inner seats and a table; earwigs also in their season.

With her hands clasped in front of her and her somewhat long and attenuated nose pointing steadily at the arbour in spite of her bowed head, Mrs Wootton drew near her destination. She knew not at all why she made thus for the arbour. It was at any rate a goal, and she was a lady who did little at sheer random.

But some ten paces only from the mildly gleaming glass she stopped. She stood stock still, save that her head moved this way and that, like a mother-bird's on her nestlings when something external excites interest or even alarm.

She moved forward again, and stopped again; and then indeed she saw. The arbour was occupied, and they were human voices that she heard drifting from it upon the tranquil air. A pane of glass was broken, and she saw the passing of a face inside.

With a hand to her heart, Mrs Wootton stepped now on tiptoe upon the grass to the left. An old hawthorn gave her cover. She felt that she *had* to take cover for a moment or two, however undignified the proceeding on the part of the wife of a Bishop of the Established Church. It was imperative that she should regain breath and composure ere proclaiming herself.

And scarcely was she thus niched in darkness when she heard an indeterminate whisper.

The answering whisper was quite audible.

'Of course you may, dear!'

The words were Audrey's; they were blithe and free as a lark's notes high up in the blue, with a trill of happy laughter suffusing them.

And then there was a kiss, another, and another, as plain to hear as the simple child's own words.

'Our first in our lives, darling!' said the other voice, as it were palpitating with solemn joy.

'First *three*, you mean, Chauncey! And now, do come and let's get it all over with mamma. It's got to be faced, you know, and—bother the servants! And I must *fly*, if I'm to dress, dear.'

'You shall fly, then, my sweet. And I'll fly too, back to the inn. No, no, I can't—can't. And yet I'm sure they wouldn't like it. It would be horrid for them yet. But to-morrow'——

'Well then, until to-morrow, Chauncey *dear*.'

Again they kissed. Trembling from head to foot, but without consciousness of shame now, Mrs Wootton saw the parting under that one star. There was a beautiful prelude to it in the final embrace, after which Chauncey Slack moved backwards, like a courtier before a queen, kissing his hand until he was lost to Mrs Wootton's sight. And then, swift as a firefly, the little Audrey ran past her hidden mother, with a whisper of song on her tongue.

'Audrey!' cried Mrs Wootton faintly, and for a wonder the joy-bells in the girl's ears did not drown the maternal call.

'My sweet child!' sighed the almost too happy mother, when, after an exclamation of dismay, Audrey had come back, with a stateliness that was new and marvellous in her. 'I have heard it all, Audrey.'

'O-h, mother, how could you!' said the girl.

'But it was an accident. I—I—it is all too startling for my poor head. I—— But did you know before to-day that he was not what he was?'

Audrey laughed as she put her arm round her mother's waist.

'Why, of course I did,' she said. 'It was our

sublime secret for the last week. And, oh, mother mine, am I not just the luckiest creature on this earth?'

The clang of a gong sounded as from afar.

'Come along, dear,' Audrey continued. 'John *is* a brick. He fetched him up. Eugenia knows too. She guessed. You must break it to papa, and Chauncey'll tell his father in the morning. And oh, mother darling, I *am* happy!'

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AFFORESTATION.

EVERY now and again a plea appears in print for the afforestation of some of the waste land in this country, but it does not receive the attention which the subject deserves. Professor Schlich of Oxford recently wrote a letter to the *Times* urging the desirability of giving labour to the unemployed in the planting of trees, and pointing out that in England alone there are over two million acres of mountain and heath land available for the purpose, while there is another million in Wales, more still in Ireland, and far greater areas in Scotland. In the eager march of humanity one is apt to lose sight of the absolute necessity of preserving an abundance of plant-life. Every green leaf performs every day a chemical process which the human chemist cannot attempt to imitate. The living cells of the green leaf are outlined with the remarkable green substance known as chlorophyl, which has the wonderful power of making use of the radiant energy of the sun and causing it to effect a dissolution of the small amount of carbonic acid gas present in the atmosphere. This very stable chemical compound is silently and easily separated by the sunlight into its constituents of carbon and oxygen, and the latter is returned to the air, while the former gas builds up the body of the plant, which ultimately becomes human food. For, when all is said and done, the meat and the eggs and the milk upon which we feed consist only of the materials originally produced by the plant, and so the human being is really a vegetarian after all, and without the green leaf he certainly could not exist. So the carbon which has been sucked for us from the atmosphere by the green leaf is recombined in our bodies with the oxygen we breathe, and liberated again into the air, where but for the green fields and forests it would ultimately accumulate to poison us. Man can never spread his cities over the entire earth, therefore, for his lungs no less than his stoves and fires are always throwing carbonic acid into the air, and the green leaves alone can entice it back again and transform it into food, while at the same time leaving the oxygen pure and fit for breathing.

THE SHADOW OF THOUGHT.

A curious report comes from New York to the effect that Professor Elmer Gates of Washington has discovered that ultra-violet light of a certain wave-length penetrates dead material easily, while living tissue obstructs it. In other words, in this invisible light—which can be made manifest to the eye by various means—a living substance will cast a shadow, while the same substance dead will not do so. Professor Gates is said to have repudiated the idea that the shadow cast is that of the soul, and he attributes it to the presence of electric currents in the nerves and muscles of the living tissues. These currents being absent when the tissue is dead, ultra-violet light passes unimpeded and no shadow is cast. According to the report, it is hoped that this discovery will prove an important means of diagnosis in various diseases, supplementing the valuable evidence afforded by the X-rays; and it is said to furnish the only reliable means of ascertaining in certain cases whether death has or has not actually taken place. It is also believed that by means of these rays warning may be given of the approach of disease long before the prospective sufferer is aware of any symptoms. Presumably, the intensity of the shadow varies with the strength of the electric currents in the nerves, &c., for it is reported that Professor Gates expects to be able to measure how much mental effort a man is exerting. Further particulars will be awaited with interest.

THE MOTOGODILLE.

A clever little device for propelling small boats is being placed on the French market under this name. It is most easily described by reference to the small single paddle used for propelling dingies, which, as will be remembered, is worked by means of a notch in the stern of the boat. A motion is given to the paddle somewhat similar to that of a fish's tail, and in skilled hands a considerable degree of speed is obtained. The motogodille is like an oar with a screw-propeller at the end instead of a blade. About the middle, where the jacket of leather is usually fixed, is placed a small gasolene motor, complete with its starting-coil and supply of petrol. The device requires no further attachment to the boat than that afforded by a simple plate held in place by four screws. A pin on this plate forms a pivot for the little engine, and is so arranged that the propeller can be immersed to any required depth so as to control the speed of the boat, and swung from side to side for steering purposes. It will be seen that any small boat can be converted into a motor-boat in a few minutes, and the device should be especially useful in the case of small

sailing-vessels; for in the event of a calm, or when entering harbours or sheltered rivers, the motogodille can be taken from the hold and fitted up at the shortest notice.

ALUMINIUM BOOKS.

A new use has been found for aluminium in the making of books for the blind—books which are read by passing the fingers over the embossed letters printed upon the pages. The paper books hitherto in vogue have been open to the objection that they soon become dirty and wear out comparatively quickly. The Braille Printing Company of Edinburgh are issuing books in which the leaf is of aluminium embossed in the usual manner, and it is said that these books are much easier to read than the best paper books, especially by those who have become blind late in life and whose fingers are not very sensitive. Naturally, the price is rather high, because aluminium is very much more expensive than paper; but for public libraries and similar institutions the advantages should outweigh this consideration.

HYDROPLANE BOATS.

A great deal of attention is being devoted, especially in America, to the construction of mechanically propelled boats, which are intended to glide upon the surface of the water instead of cutting their way through it. In mechanical locomotion on land the speed increases very nearly in proportion to the power expended, but in the water the speed of a vessel is proportionate only to the cube root of the power. Every observant boy who has dragged a toy boat by string through the water will have noticed that as he increases the speed out of all proportion to the size of the tiny vessel a point is reached where the drag upon the string is very much less than at a lower speed, and he will probably have observed that that coincides with the point at which the little boat rises out of the water and rushes over its surface instead of cutting through it. Now that we possess such very powerful motors of comparatively light weight, it would seem to be perfectly feasible to drive a specially shaped boat sufficiently fast to lift it out of the water and cause it to skim over the surface. In many of the experiments now being conducted, boats are fitted with hydroplanes, which are nothing more than submerged kites, whose effect is to lift the vessel absolutely clear of the water when it attains a certain speed, so that the entire weight is sustained by the hydroplanes alone. These inclined discs are of comparatively small area, and their resistance in the water is very slight. Consequently the speed of the boat is very high in comparison with the power expended, and it is hoped that a speed of sixty miles an hour will soon be obtainable on the water. In another type of boat the hydroplanes are permanently submerged, and although they act on the same principle and raise the boat itself clear of the water as soon as sufficient speed is obtained, they do not raise it any higher, and the hydroplanes themselves remain well beneath the surface. One great advantage of this arrangement is that the vessels are able to work without trouble in very much rougher water. The hydroplanes, of course, have to be controlled as to their angle of inclination, so that as soon as the requisite degree of emersion is reached they assume a more horizontal position, and do not rise farther out of the water. This control is automatically attained by a clever device. A kind of fan trails on the surface of the water behind each hydroplane, and as the speed of the boat increases and it rises out of the water under the influence of the inclined planes below, the trailing fan sinks lower in relation to the rest of the craft and brings the submerged hydroplane more nearly horizontal. In the case of all these boats, of course, as soon as the speed is slackened the whole vessel sinks into the water until it is sustained only by its own buoyancy.

THE FUTURE OF THE MOTOR-OMNIBUS.

The advent of the quick and mobile motor-omnibus should give food for thought to those councils and corporations who are still installing electric tramways in their respective towns. A case in point is that of the London County Council, who are at very great expense extending their system of electric tramways in various parts of London. At the same time, and at very much smaller outlay, various private companies are placing motor-propelled omnibuses upon the streets in ever-increasing quantities. Their quickness and convenience are obvious to everybody; but the building of the tramways still goes on. Yet the temporary breakdown of a single tram will stop the running of twenty or thirty others until the obstruction is removed, while the motor-omnibuses make a slight detour and continue on their way without trouble. It is a curious thing that London, which waited for its tramway service until every other city in the world of any importance had been equipped for years, should finally decide to install its own system just at the moment when the electric tram is superseded by a more convenient means of transit. With the passing of the horse-drawn vehicle, and the construction of smoother roads necessitated by the demands of quicker travelling, and the fact that foothold for horses will soon be unnecessary, street locomotion will probably become a very much more rapid thing than it is at present, and the tram-car which cannot turn aside to avoid a temporary obstruction will be at a great disadvantage compared with all steerable vehicles.

AGRICULTURE BY MOTOR.

It will soon be difficult to point to a single outdoor industry which the internal-combustion engine under some form or other has not invaded. Street traffic of all kinds is rapidly coming under its sway; it is being installed on boats of all sizes, except the very largest, and even there it

may find a place before long; and now its application to agriculture is being seriously discussed. At a recent meeting of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, under the presidency of Professor T. Hudson Beare, Mr William Ireland described a motor cultivator of his own design. By the use of this machine the whole process of preparing the ground for seed is performed at one operation, and, indeed, the sowing may be accomplished at the same time by a simple additional device. The machine can be driven at three times the speed of an ordinary plough, and at each traverse covers three times the breadth, pulverising the ground sufficiently at a single operation.

ELECTRICITY AS AN ANÆSTHETIC.

The production of anæsthesia by electric currents of very low voltage has been made the subject of special study by Professor Leduc, and, according to the *Scientific American*, Dr Louise G. Robinovitch of New York, one of the professor's assistants, has continued his work, and has recently published the result of her investigations. Experimenting upon animals, and giving a current of one and a quarter milliampères at five and a half volts with a hundred and ten interruptions per second, complete anæsthesia results. It is said that the preliminary contractions appear to be painless, and it would certainly seem that at such low voltage the electricity should give no inconvenience whatever. On the other hand, it is difficult to see how such low-tension electricity can produce anæsthesia; but as no details as to the mode of application are given, an opinion cannot be formed. It is said that when fully under the influence of the current the animal may be turned from side to side and pinched or pricked without provoking any reaction on its part, and it remains limp and senseless until the current is stopped, when it immediately awakes, apparently unharmed. According to the report, a current of fewer interruptions per second is useless, and a higher frequency is also without effect. Professor Leduc himself submitted to experiment; but in his case, although he was reduced to a stage in which it was impossible to communicate with the experimenters in any way, he still retained consciousness to a certain extent. It is believed that if the experiment had been carried further by a strengthening of the current it would have been entirely successful.

MOTOR-LIFEBOATS.

Yet another application of the gasolene motor is found in its use by the United States Government as a means of propulsion in some new lifeboats recently constructed. The lifeboat at the best is an exceedingly heavy vessel to propel through the water, and in circumstances when the sails cannot be used the crew have a very hard task to perform apart from their life-saving duties. In the new lifeboat a twenty horse-power motor does all the work originally performed by the rowers, and more, for it makes the craft independent of a tow, which in the present circumstances is so often necessary when long distances have to be covered. The new boat is self-righting and self-emptying, and a simple but ingenious device provides for the stopping of the motor immediately if the boat capsizes. It can be started again as soon as a member of the crew is able to reach the crank.

CAMPHOR.

The industrial value of camphor is so rapidly increasing, owing largely to its use in the making of celluloid, that the possibility of its production in British colonies is worthy of careful consideration. Most of the camphor at the present time comes from Japan and from the island of Formosa, which is the property of Japan, and the manufacture of refined camphor is a monopoly of the Japanese Government. Camphor is the product of the tree *Cinnamomum Camphora*, and until the product was made a Government monopoly it was prepared by the natives by a very crude process. A kind of kettle made from the hollow trunks of trees, protected by a coating of clay, was used to boil water, and the steam escaping from the holes in the cover passed through chips of the wood of the camphor-tree. The camphor was extracted by the steam and deposited in crystals on the insides of inverted earthenware pots. Now that the Government have taken over the production, more economical methods are in vogue, but owing to the monopoly the price of camphor is, nevertheless, very much higher. The cultivation of the camphor-tree has been successfully tried in Ceylon, India, and Australia, and in Ceylon especially it appears to thrive in a very satisfactory manner. It is probable that its cultivation will be undertaken in the island on a commercial scale, as the demand for camphor, both for celluloid and for smokeless powder, is constantly increasing.

THE TWO MONSTER NEW CUNARDERS.

The two new twenty-five knot turbine-propelled express Cunard liners, the *Mauritania* and *Lusitania*, in size, speed, and wealth of equipment will surpass any vessels hitherto built for passenger service. About eight hundred feet in length and capable of developing eighty thousand horse-power, each vessel is provided with eight decks; the upper deck, in which is the dining-saloon, can accommodate five hundred persons. There is space for five hundred first-class, five hundred second-class, and twelve hundred third-class passengers; so that, with a crew of eight hundred, this floating hotel can carry some three thousand souls. The *Mauritania* has been built by Messrs John Brown & Company, Clydebank, Glasgow; the *Lusitania*, which is to be launched in June, by Messrs Swan, Hunter, and Richardson, at Wallsend on the Tyne. The stern frames and brackets, made by the Darlington Forge Company, are the largest ever constructed; for the stern frame sixty-nine tons of molten metal were required. In bringing the frame from Darlington

for embarkation at Middlesbrough, it projected over the wagon to such an extent that three sets of rails were required, and portions of stations and signal-posts had to be temporarily removed for the six miles of journey.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IN WARFARE.

During the recent quelling of the Herero rising by the Germans, wireless telegraphy was used with most satisfactory results, and three detachments of soldiers were able to keep in permanent mutual communication, even when separated by distances of nearly a hundred miles. The antennæ were raised by small balloons, which had the incidental disadvantage of affording to the enemy an indication of the position of the German troops. In considering the great advantage which the possession of wireless telegraphy has proved to the German troops in warfare, it must not be forgotten that the Hereros, being without similar equipment, were unable to interfere in any way with the operation of the instruments. It is conceivable that the result might have been far less satisfactory if the opposing force had been scientifically equipped and bent upon destroying the enemy's wireless communications.

IRRIGATION CANALS IN MOROCCO.

A correspondent, who has resided for more than twenty years in Morocco, writes from Saffi: 'I read with much interest in the March issue of *Chambers's Journal* an article on "Persian Irrigation Channels." Your contributor, who appears to know the subject thoroughly, states that "the art has not spread westwards." As this country, in spite of the vast multitude of books, and recently almost vaster number of newspaper articles (which are as a rule quite inaccurate and cause us residents much amusement), is still very imperfectly known to folks at home, I think the writer of the article may be interested to learn that around the city of Morocco (Marakeesh) precisely the same system has been in use for probably eight hundred or nine hundred years. I can also confirm what he says about fish; but those I have seen are tiny things, and how they got there I cannot tell.' Neither can Lieutenant-Colonel Bairnsfather, who thinks this as inexplicable as any other fish-mysteries of which one hears.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLOURS.

That long-desired secret, how to photograph in colours, appears to have been solved at last by a Paris firm, Messrs Lumière. Experiments have given perfect results, and we are promised that very shortly prepared plates will be on the market for all interested in the art to secure photographs in the natural colours. The prepared plates are almost as simple as those in everyday use now, the glass being simply covered with a layer of microscopic and transparent flour of infinitesimal size. These grains are coloured respectively red, orange, green, and violet, the primary colours being so arranged and spread that the sunlight passing through is reconstituted white. This layer, while interstices are filled with the finest powdered charcoal, is re-covered with yet another layer of panchromatic, and sensitised. If such a plate is exposed to the rays which emanate from a coloured object—care being taken to expose the back so that the light transpierces the coloured layer before reaching the sensitised plate—complementary tones to those of the original are obtained by development. Thus the red rays will be absorbed by the green of the layer, and will only pass through the orange and violet; the sensitised plate will only, therefore, be affected behind these, and will be unaffected by the green grains. Green and violet rays will act in the same manner. Beneath a green light the layer will appear to be coloured red; with yellow light it will look blue, &c. Thus a negative can be obtained by development coloured in the complementary tones of the original, which will in turn give the exact colouration of the object desired, by photographing the negative on prepared plates in the same way, and thus securing complementary colours once more, which are, in fact, those required. The preparation of the plates is extremely difficult, the powder used being so fine that it will require from eight to nine thousand microscopic grains to cover a square millimètre, while the greatest care must be taken that one must not lie on another. However it is believed that shortly this can be simplified. In taking a photograph the plates are exposed to daylight, but by the back, the lens being covered by a yellow screen which will correct the excess of activity in violet and blue rays. With very quick lenses the pose need not be longer in sunshine than the fifth of a second. The invention seems to offer no extraordinary difficulties for amateurs, and will doubtless soon be popular.

SONS OF THE ISLES.

THERE is a spell woven by restless seas,
A secret charm that haunts our Island air,
Holding our hearts and following everywhere
The wandering children of the Orcades;
And still when sleep the prisoned spirit frees,
What dim, void wastes, what strange, dark seas we dare,
Till, where the dear green Isles shine low and fair,
We moor in dreams beside familiar quays.

Sons of the Isles! though ye may roam afar,
Still on your lips the salt sea-spray is stinging,
Still in your hearts the winds of youth are singing;
Though in heavens grown familiar to your eyes
The Southern Cross is gleaming, for old skies
Your hearts are fain, and for the Northern Star.

D. J. ROBERTSON.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

A LABOUR MEMBER.

By Mrs HERBERT MARTIN, Author of *Britomart, Gentleman George, Bonnie Lesley*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

'MR JOHN FALCONER, 8650; Mr Ivor Lanyon, 7100.'

The names were out, the figures staring upon a staring, seething, shouting mob. Up went the ragged caps, the fustian arms; the well-dressed, blue-ribboned crowd were silent, disgusted, or groaning out their rancorous disapproval. Ivor Lanyon, the former Conservative member, was out; John Falconer, the Labour candidate, the mechanic—in the ranks, not risen above the ranks—had a majority of fifteen hundred!

It was the bitterest moment of Lanyon's life to be beaten so and by such a man! But the sportsman's, the gentleman's instincts forbade all show of emotion. He had to do the usual thing: to declare his opponent's conduct throughout had been straightforward and manly, to hope for better luck next time, and to offer his hand to the horny grasp of the man who had beaten him. There they stood in the face of the crowd, a contrast as sharp, as marked, as between any two of the moving mass of people: the gentleman who was defeated, tall, thin, erect, with his finely cut profile, firm, close mouth, short upper lip, and long, sharp chin clean-shaven to show the well-shaped jaw; the man of the people, with his ragged, grayish beard and untidy moustache, the thick, unkempt locks, and shaggy eyebrows like quill-pens, the large, melancholy eyes, the haggard face that bore the expression which seems to say its owner, like Dante, had been down into Hell. Even his triumph—great, unexpected—brought but a passing gleam of light over the rude features; but his reception of Lanyon's words and his offered hand was surprising. The defeated candidate was only saying, mechanically, what he felt to be incumbent upon his position, the decorous, orthodox expressions after a well-borne beating; but the words seemed to strike the other man with sudden force. He gripped the long, fine hand with a grasp of iron.

'Thank ye, sir; thank ye,' he said, in a hoarse but not altogether uneducated voice. The man could speak—had natural eloquence at command, and at times a strange display of emotion which the cultured shun as a crime. 'It 's a gentleman's way of taking it. It must come rough on you to be licked by the man I am. I appreciate your good feeling. You say I 've fought fair and honourable. Your words shame me a bit, Mr Lanyon, for I know, now and again, being the rough chap I am, I 've said things of you I hadn't ought to have. I hope you 'll overlook 'em, and take my thanks.'

'Oh, that 's all right, Falconer. Public enemies needn't take things into private life. Don't say any more.' He spoke hurriedly, and disengaged his hand. He longed only to get the disgusting show over with smiling decency—to be at home and digest his defeat. He was almost glad there was no woman very near to him to be broken-hearted, as women will be over such rubs. His wife had been dead ten years. They had been in their first youth then. He had never replaced her. There had been no child.

He made his way, surrounded by eager, indignant friends, to his motor, waiting in the thick of the yelling crowd. It was much easier to smile in the teeth of the hooting, jeering mob than to stand the condolences of his own supporters.

As for the Labour member, he was engulfed in a noisy sea. The auburn-haired, sad-eyed young woman, plainly and neatly dressed, who by her likeness claimed him as father, could not reach and grasp his arm before he was caught up and borne on the shoulders of his new constituents, though he tried laughingly to resist, and called to 'Margaret' to come with him. He had to give in, and was carried away in the brief triumph of his one great day.

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Lanyon drew a long breath of relief when he was in his own beautifully appointed flat—the belated lunch on the table—no one to vex his soul with futile laments over his and the country's downfall. He wanted food, and felt better for it and a glass of extra good wine. Afterwards, in his smoke-room, he could let his body and mind alike repose after the hateful turmoil of the day. He had felt the defeat sharply, as proud men do; but now that the first sting was over, he was not sure but that he was glad to have done with the House, which had grown of late to be anything but the 'best club in London.' He could give himself up to his hobbies now; he could finish his historical essay; he could write clever, scathing articles in the papers. As the smoke-rings floated above his head, and his tired eyes idly followed them, his thoughts—against his will—settled on the man whom the constituency had preferred to him. Some strongly worded, harshly voiced phrases of the fellow had fastened on his memory. What were they? 'As for me, I'm one of you. A lot of you have known want, perhaps hunger. *So have I.* Some of you have had to see your wife and children want. *So have I.* Some of you have needed a place to shelter in—maybe a roof over your heads. So have I, mates. There isn't a thing, bitter as death, that the poor have to bear as I haven't had put on me. So it ain't that I can feel *for* you: I can feel *with* you.'

Ivor Lanyon was no mere selfish worldling, no pleasure-loving dilettante; he could sympathise, he could understand. He had never disliked his opponent, rough as he was, and, fond of cut-and-thrust, he had been straight, rudely eloquent, interesting in a way. The deep, despairing eyes of the man who had walked, as any one could see, in the valley of the shadow, who had looked into the Inferno, had oddly fascinated him. Good God, what these people knew! For the moment his mind dwelt appalled on that thought. This new member for ——, this shabby, stooping, uncouth son of labour, who had fought his way through wild beasts, had—he said it, and he was no liar—gone without food and shelter; worse than that, had seen his wife and children want; his life had been all through a hard, fierce, comfortless struggle. Of luxury he had known nothing, unless the deep sleep of intense fatigue may be counted luxurious; of pleasure probably as little. Lanyon's eyes, falling away from the smoke-rings, took in vaguely the details of the room, which meant the routine, the habit of his life. The exquisite finish and beauty of it all, involving not only money but taste—could he exist without it? Hadn't it all helped him to find life not only bearable, but pleasant in spite of griefs and bereavements? This other man was a widower—he had said so in his oddly confidential way—without compensations.

He felt suddenly as if he had opened a curious volume, and glancing in, wanted to read on, to know more. The naked humanity of the type not overlaid with the thousand-and-one decorations of our complex society habits had a curious fascination for the man confronted for the first time with it. He wanted to study the anatomy of such a soul: its pulses, organisms, habits. He had not lived at all, he felt, as these men counted living. How fantastic it was to come across such raw, unpolished personalities—heroic shapes just blocked out of marble, with not an angle smoothed, not a grace touched in!

'I'd like to see into the life for myself,' he thought; 'how it feels to be able to say the very thing you mean outright, without an *arrière pensée;* to suffer horribly; to let the world see you crucified.'

He was as much, or as little, a Christian as the ordinary polished, highly educated man of the world. He considered the Church a good institution, religion a wholesome check on the masses. He had his 'philosophic doubts' and his secret creed, his fatalism and his half-formed consolations, as most of us have; but now he was curiously haunted by the old, outworn sayings and thoughts of a Christianity that has nothing to do with the ordinary modern fashionable society that goes to church in the mornings, bows before an emblem of supreme suffering and humiliation or a cup that typifies the heart-blood of surrender. Men like Falconer do not bend and bow; they bear on themselves the cross, the crown of thorns, the agony and bloody sweat; they have not where to lay their heads; they know what those shadowy phantoms stand for that one passes as one drives from the club or the theatre: the shivering shapes that cower in the cold mist of the river—homeless—hopeless—lost. Lanyon had glanced them over, at the best with a 'Poor devils!' at the worst with contempt; unemployed because unemployable, the self-constituted derelicts of life—there would be such till the evolution of the fittest was completed.

But Falconer had agonised with them. After all, it was a good thing such men should have a voice in the councils of the nation. It was odd how the idea of the man haunted him; he had never seen such mournful eyes set in dark hollows, like dim pools on some blasted heath. That girl whom he had watched with her father had just the same eyes, only younger wonderful eyes! That a young woman's should hold such depths of sadness was uncanny. He had heard that she busied herself in the slums, and could go where the police were afraid to enter. Queer people, out of his beat altogether, but he thought he would rather like to know a little more of them. And, after all, was a man educated in the least if he was profoundly ignorant of the real selves, the living ways, of more than half his kind? He recalled all he had heard of Falconer: that he was a mechanical engineer, had married as almost a boy, had six children as fast as possible, had prospered to a certain extent and made himself known as a rather rash, noisy orator of an advanced political section. Then sorrow on sorrow came thick upon him. He had four children down

with diphtheria; three had died; then the worn-out mother who nursed them sank like a spent flame. Then the man went under. Drink, first as consolation, then as curse, flung him into the depths of despairing, frenzied poverty; he lost his place, his friends, the esteem of men. How he had recovered, fought upwards again, no one seemed to know; but it happened. The man who had been down into Hell emerged, blackened, scorched, with the despair left in his eyes, 'saved so as by fire.'

'*I* should never have come up. There must be something great in the fellow. I'll see more of him. I'll see something of the life that makes these people. After all, there's more human nature in it, more interest, than in the people one meets every day, all turned out alike, all talking the same shibboleth, all wanting the same things. This Falconer thinks, I suppose, he's going to do something now he's in. How disillusioned he'll be! Ground down by convention, turned into an official machine, he can't kick against the pricks. He'll *do* nothing. The yelling mob will be disappointed. He's not going to undo in a few months what it will take generations to alter. We old parliamentary hands know what promises come to; but, after all, I believe on my soul he'll give a better account of himself to his constituents than I ever did. At any rate, he's in dead earnest, and *that's* a thing by no means up-to-date. I did feel a sick sort of disgust when the numbers were out; but that goes like other feelings, and I wish the poor chap joy of his success, which probably spells a larger failure. Let's hope he'll not find out how he's bound to fail—just yet at all events.'

CHAPTER II.

YIELDING to an impulse born of these thoughts, Lanyon suddenly made up his mind to look up the Labour member one evening in the humble lodgings which he called home. It was situated in a mean, if not absolutely poverty-stricken, street, and the woman who opened the door looked astonished at the appearance of the handsome gentleman in a fur-lined greatcoat. After staring him over she informed him, with a jerk of her thumb towards the oilclothed staircase, that Mr Falconer was in, and he'd find him 'first floor, door opposite top o' stairs.'

Lanyon knocked accordingly at this door, and a loud, abstracted voice shouted to him to come in. A more uninviting interior he had seldom, if ever, seen. It was a place to work and to feed in, but not for rest or for enjoyment, unless the smoking of coarse tobacco—an odour of which filled the atmosphere—can conduce to the same. A writing-table in the window was littered with blue papers and pamphlets, dull-looking books stacked at the back of it; the sullen fire, tired of struggling unaided against odds, was now but a heap of reddish ashes. A tray stood on the middle table bearing a brown teapot and some fragments of bread-and-butter; the floor, like the stairs, was covered with an oilcloth, a rug made of cloth scraps lay by the fire, and on the rug an old ragged-haired but knowing-looking terrier. Falconer got up hastily with surprise at seeing his visitor, but with no air of distress or shame at his surroundings. The man had always impressed Lanyon with his simple, straight, unself-conscious honesty.

'Well, sir,' he said, 'I didn't certainly expect you to call on me; but you're welcome. Sit ye down. I haven't got much of an easy-chair for you, and the fire's out, I'm afraid. I forgot all about it.'

He poked the ashes vigorously, only succeeding thereby in making a prodigious dust.

'I'm afraid it's a gone coon. Are you cold?'

'No, not in the least. It's mild enough. Don't bother, Falconer. You'll excuse an informal call. We've seen a good deal of each other through this campaign, and it struck me that possibly my experience might help you through the start a bit. One's first few weeks are a little trying.'

'It was downright kind of you, sir,' Falconer said heartily, a dull colour rising in his rough but sensitive face. 'I shouldn't have thought you'd ha' taken the trouble. But I will say you took your beating like a gentleman. I couldn't ha' stood it like that; but, as I needn't remind you, I'm no gentleman.'

'Oh, that's all right! I suppose you wouldn't be if you could.'

The man was silent; there was a look of thought on his face as if he were searching his mind for an absolutely truthful answer. He pushed one great bony hand through his shock of hair.

'Would I, or wouldn't I? I don't know. There've been times I've been wild at my limits and meanly envious of them born into the purple and fine linen; times I've revelled in being free of all the shackles that bind folks who daren't be their very selves. But I'm bound to confess that you've taught me a thing or two I needed to know. When you took it as you did—so calm and polite—I knew I couldn't have come it that way. I felt there was something in this "gentleman" convention after all.'

'It's mere habit, Falconer—mere habit.'

Falconer shook his head. 'More than that, sir. I suppose we need to know each other—the folks in my world and them in yours—to find out what's to admire.'

'That's true! That's honestly the chief reason—though I gave another that wasn't a lie—why I called on you. I felt I'd like to know you.'

'Shake hands over it,' the other cried heartily.

The rough, hard hand gripped the gentleman's, which, though white and delicate, was neither weak nor soft, and they fell into talk.

It was from the beginning an interesting talk to both; but for some time it was not, as Lanyon aimed to make it, autobiographical. They drifted on, however, from parliamentary discussion, descriptions and advice from one eagerly swallowed by the other, to more personal matters. Skilfully, imperceptibly drawn out by one who was a master in such an art, the man who had never learnt the secrecies and reserves of culture yielded more and more of himself, of the real, fierce suffering, struggling, conquering self which Lanyon wanted to read. He found the talk, when once established on this basis, curiously interesting. It seemed to him that the original personality of the man more than compensated for the deficiencies of manner, breeding, and environment, which ceased to affect him painfully.

'You don't live alone?' he said, glancing about the unhomelike room.

'No. All my children but one have emigrated—the two sons that are left, that's to say—and my wife died twelve years ago; but Margaret lives with me. Didn't you see her election-day—tall, thin, with sort o' copper-coloured hair?'

'Yes, of course I did. She is a person to notice; but I didn't know but she was married.'

'You don't see traces of female occupation here,' Falconer said, smiling. His smile showed but a ragged regiment of teeth, yet it was purely agreeable and illuminating. 'No, Mag ain't what folks call "domesticated." She's out somewhere after some of her games.'

'Of her games?' Lanyon repeated, puzzled as the vision rose of the tragic-eyed girl he had glimpsed.

Falconer threw back his head, laughing. 'Good heavens! you don't suppose Mag's a lively sort of party? Not she. She hasn't had much chance, poor lass!' The laugh suddenly died, and a look of gloomy retrospect succeeded. After a pause he said bitterly, '*Your* girls, now—what's *their* life? Sheltered, cossetted, surrounded with luxuries great and small, pleasures strewn on them as they walk, smiles, compliments, flatteries, easy lives, orange-blossoms, wedding-gifts. I've looked on afar off. I know—leastways, I guess. And *my* girl—if I was to let you into the secrets of her life you'd stand aghast. But I ain't going to—I ain't going to. Take it from me she's been down in the depths; only twenty-five, but there's little she don't know, little she hasn't suffered. So now the fever's in her to try and help other folks—that's what she's on now. She hasn't much time for domesticities.'

'Now you've risen you'll be able to make her life happier; it ought to be—it's her due.'

'Due! Who's to talk of *dues* in a world like this? To have the strength to bear, and just now and then the triumph of succeeding, that's about all our class look for. Not enjoying ourselves, Mr Lanyon—not that.'

'And you think *we* do nothing else? That we never feel, never have to endure?'

Falconer was staring hard into Ivor Lanyon's handsome, high-bred face. Something he saw there—a bitter twist of the mouth, a gleam in the eyes—suddenly enlightened him.

'Well, well,' he said, nodding his head, '"Man's born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward." Maybe there's different sorts; and what seems like bliss to the homeless and the hungry—to be well fed, soft-lodged, free o' money trouble—ain't everything, don't always satisfy. Folks aren't all body, though it seems like it when the body's craving. When my wife died it made it worse that I hardly knew where to turn for a sum to bury her decent, yet it ha' been hard enow without'——

'I have lost my wife,' Lanyon said briefly and quietly.

Falconer stared at him as if searching for the secrets of the man whose instincts sealed his soul.

'You and me ought to be pals,' he said suddenly. 'I guess if we got down into things we should find a good deal alike.'

They parted late, with another hearty hand-shake. Lanyon took the vivid impression of the man with him. He wanted to understand something more of the life that had graven those tragic lines on the working-man's face, dwelt in his deep-set, sombre eyes, and gave the note of impressive eloquence to rude, ill-chosen words.

(To be continued.)

THE COMPLETE TOURIST IN INDIA.

By Eustace Reynolds-Ball, F.R.G.S.

EVERY noticeable phase of popular travel within recent years has been the great expansion of the winter touring-field. Our grandfathers were satisfied with the south of France, South Italy, or Madeira; the next generation adventured themselves to the southern shores of the Mediterranean, and sought the brilliant sunshine and cloudless skies of Algeria or Egypt. Now, winter tours in South Africa, the West Indies, or India are in vogue, especially the latter.

The increasing popularity of India as a touring ground is easy to understand. Its comparative novelty, its wealth of ancient monuments, its picturesque and varied scenery, its magnificent cities, its own romantic history, its heroic stories of English courage and daring, and finally the

potent fascination and mystery of the unknown Orient, all combine to kindle the imagination of the intelligent traveller.

But though we venture farther afield in quest of health or sunshine, yet the typical hide-bound conservatism of the Englishman is painfully manifested in the tendency to follow unswervingly the stereotyped, beaten track in the round of the great cities and show-places of India. The India Grand Tour remains what it was when Messrs Cook first 'discovered' the country for the tourist. It would appear that to the ordinary tourist India consists merely of the three capitals, Cawnpore and Lucknow (so specially associated with the Mutiny), Benares, Delhi, Agra, Amritsar, Jeypore, and Mount Abu. The limitations of the 'India of the Tourist' are even indicated by the stock photographs of the chief Indian photographic firms, for it is notoriously difficult to obtain photographs of cities which are not in the well-worn track of the winter tourist.

No doubt the lack of variety in the regulation Indian tour is due to the round being modelled on that arranged when Messrs Cook first took India under their patronage, when railways were few. Since the great expansion of railways, especially in the last few years, quite a new India is thrown open to the winter tourist. For instance, there is now a trunk-line through the heart of unknown Rajputana, linking up Central India with the Punjab, to say nothing of the recently opened line from Kalka to Simla.

Then, in Burma, the railway towards the Chinese frontier now extends north of Mandalay—formerly the Ultima Thule of tourists in Burma—as far as the distance from Rangoon to Mandalay.

The time-honoured itineraries of the guide-books seem arranged with a view of seeing as many show-cities and places of interest as can be crowded into the few months' tour, without sufficient regard to a repetition of interest. For instance, when the Ellora Caves are in the itinerary, why waste time on the far inferior Caves of Elephanta; or if Gwalior is to be visited, why include a similar but far less interesting natural hill-fortress like Jhansi—another of the many Indian Gibraltars?

Again, more days are allotted to the two least typical and characteristic of the great cities of India, Bombay and Calcutta, than to Benares, Agra, Delhi, Lahore, Udaipur, or Amritsar, perhaps the six most interesting or most beautiful cities in India. As for Lucknow, with its bastard pinchbeck architecture, or Jeypore, the freak-city, no traveller is allowed to omit these from his itinerary.

How to get to India is naturally the first point to be considered by the prospective tourist.

There is an embarrassing choice of steamship services to India. The chief lines are the P. & O., British-India, City, Hall, and Anchor. The return fare (good for two years) is exactly a single fare and a half on all the lines. The routes may be conveniently divided into the Bombay route and the Calcutta route. Speaking generally, the Calcutta services are the cheap ones, and the Bombay fast but expensive. (1) *Vid* Bombay—the P. & O. from London, charging fifty-two pounds; then there are the three cheap lines, Anchor (no second class), City, and Hall, from Liverpool, with a uniform charge of thirty-seven pounds ten shillings first and thirty-two pounds second class. (2) *Vid* Calcutta—P. & O. intermediate steamer, forty-two pounds first and thirty-two pounds second class. Then there are the British-India, Anchor, and City lines, with the same charge as to Bombay.

For leisured tourists it will probably be found that not only is the P. & O. Calcutta service ten pounds cheaper than *vid* Bombay, but more comfortable accommodation is obtainable than in the overcrowded crack Bombay steamers; so that on the whole this service is about as cheap as any, and well worth the few pounds difference by the cheaper services, whose charges *vid* Calcutta and *vid* Bombay are the same. Then the saving is actually more than appears by the fare, as an additional week at sea is thrown in. For those who wish to 'do' India as economically as possible, consistently with a reasonable amount of comfort, a return second-class ticket (forty-eight pounds) by an intermediate P. & O. steamer should possess considerable attractions. Indeed, a voyage to India and back would cost only some ten pounds more than a first-class return from London to Cairo.

Venturing upon a delicate social question, it may be said that a distinctly better class of passenger is found on the P. & O. steamers than on any of their rivals; and it is significant that though Anglo-Indians growl at the antiquated arrangements of some of the intermediate boats, they travel by the line all the same, if they can afford it. Next in popularity come the British-India and the City lines. As to second class on the P. & O., the saving is considerable, and there is little to choose between the accommodation of first and second class except lack of space. But the great drawback is the early dinner. Indeed, it is said that were it not for the objectionable supper in the second *versus* late dinner in the first class saloon, the latter would be depleted.

Railways in India are remarkably cheap, the first-class fare amounting to little more than third class in England. The conditions of railway travel differ in many respects from those on European lines. The first-class carriages—and few tourists would care to test the second-class accommodation except for short distances—are certainly more comfortable and spacious than the ordinary carriages of the trunk Continental lines. They are not, however, so luxuriously equipped; but, in view of the great heat and the penetrating dust, luxury would be absolutely opposed to comfort in India, as all decorative accessories must be sacrificed to coolness and the necessity of excluding dust. Each first-class compartment (which is meant for four, though as a rule it is occupied by two passengers only) contains two long seats, with racks, pegs, &c., while

overhead are movable sleeping-berths, which are let down at night. Each compartment has a lavatory, while on the trunk-lines a shower-bath will also be found, and ice can always be procured on the train. There is no excuse for mistaking the classes, as each carriage is painted in distinctive colours according to class—the first-class white and the second-class dark green.

Hotels are no doubt very moderate in price compared to the European standard (seven shillings to eight shillings a day); but it must be admitted that they are also for the most part cheap and nasty. In fact, no Anglo-Indian has a good word to say for the Indian hotels. With the exception of the Taj Mahal Palace (which is in a class by itself, and is the only real *hôtel de luxe* in India), Watson's Annexe, Great Western at Bombay, Great Eastern at Calcutta, Elphinstone at Madras, a few at the popular hill-stations and great tourist centres like Agra and Delhi, there are no first-class hotels in the whole of British India.

The Continental pension system obtains at nearly all the hotels, and three unnecessarily solid meals, quantity taking the place of quality, plus *chota hazri* (equivalent to the Continental *café complet*), are included in the daily charge of five rupees. Attendance is a negligible quantity, and the management do not venture to include it in the bill, as most English visitors bring their own native servants. Yet, strange to say, the attendance is conspicuous enough in the hotels, as at *table-d'hôte* there seem to be more waiters than guests; but the servantless, independent traveller apparently loses caste with the turbaned host of hirelings; at all events he is, as a rule, left severely alone. Besides, ignorance of Indian languages prevents his insisting upon some attention from this mob of hotel menials.

A native servant is best obtained through Messrs Cook, Messrs King, Hamilton, & Co., or the hotel proprietor. His services will be especially useful in hotels, dak bungalows, and in railway journeys, for of course the short-time tourist will be compelled to spend a great part of his time in trains.

Wages have gone up considerably since India has become a popular tourist ground; but for thirty-five or forty rupees a month a good 'boy' will be obtainable. It will be a good plan to retain the *chits* (testimonials) till the engagement is concluded, otherwise the employer will have little hold—a written agreement is of little use—on his attendant, who might otherwise incontinently leave him should he find, for example, that his perquisites, commissions from traders, &c., fall much below his expectations.

A few hints on the winter climate of India may perhaps be of service.

Even the most robust cannot afford to ignore climatic conditions altogether. The climates of India are of course legion; but we need only concern ourselves with the winter climate in the great tourist zone. This forms roughly a rectangular triangle, Bombay forming the apex and Lahore and Benares the two bases. It is a popular fallacy that because India is more 'tropical'—whatever that may mean—than Egypt, therefore its climate must be superior and more genial. This is not the case, though the reason would only be appreciated by those interested in meteorology. As a matter of fact, in the whole of India it would be difficult to find a winter climate to equal that of the Upper Nile. In consequence of this delusion, new-comers are apt to indulge in a superfluity of tropical equipment, and will be seen garbed in duck or drill suits, *solac topees*, pugarees, &c., to the unexpressed amusement of residents.

In Northern India the cool season begins in October and lasts till March. The extremes of day and night temperature will perhaps be found a little trying, the cold at night being sometimes intense. Still, the winter climate is on the whole pleasant and salubrious to persons in ordinary health. India is beginning now to be regarded as a kind of alternative health-resort to Egypt or Algeria for semi-invalids; but the suitability of an Indian winter for delicate persons is outside the scope of this paper. Still, even the robust traveller must not be above taking common-sense precautions against illness in the matter of diet, clothing, and exercise. An illness in India is likely to be a far more serious matter than at Nice, Rome, or Cairo. To those ignorant of the tropics it may seem paradoxical to say that the chief precaution to be taken is against chill. But, as all Anglo-Indians know, chill in tropical countries is more easily taken than in a temperate climate, and the results are far more serious. It would be, perhaps, a counsel of perfection to advise the wearing of wool, or at least silk, next the skin; and those who regard the wearing of Jaeger costumes next the skin as a harmless fad may affect to despise this warning; but the fact remains that the wearing of linen or drill is a frequent cause of catching cold, and though a chill may be trifling in itself, it predisposes one to malaria or cholera.

And now for the complete tourist's itinerary.

How India can best be 'done' within a reasonable time, with most pleasure and profit, is, in short, the leading question most tourists put to themselves, or at all events that is the chief point on which advice is sought. Of course, much depends on the traveller's individual tastes and temperament, putting aside questions of season, climate, and means. He may be interested chiefly in Mogul, Buddhist, or Jain architecture, in the Hindus themselves and native life generally, natural scenery, or simply 'sights.' Probably the ambition of nine out of ten is merely to see as many as possible of the innumerable 'things best worth seeing in India' in the time at their disposal.

Here then, perhaps, a few hints may prove serviceable. First, Delhi and Agra must of course be included in every itinerary. Then other cities, sites, and sights which no self-respecting globe-trotter can afford to miss are—ignoring geographical

sequence—Baroda, Mount Abu, Udaipur (the most beautiful city in India), Gwalior, Amritsar, Lahore, Peshawur (a new India reached here), Cawnpore and Lucknow, Benares, Darjeeling (for the grandest mountain-views in the whole world), Seringapatam, Hyderabad, Madura, and the Caves of Ellora. With the exception of Mount Abu and the Ellora Caves, all these places are served by one or other of the network of railway lines with which India is now covered, so that all these varied and remarkable places can be comfortably seen in some six weeks or two months. For though 'India is a big country,' Tourist or Winter India is not of such vast extent as most people imagine, at all events in point of time.

At the beginning of the tourist season the hotels at Bombay and Calcutta are notoriously overcrowded, while the through express trains northwards and to Calcutta are equally congested, nine out of ten tourists hastening either north or to Calcutta on the arrival of the P. & O. boat at Bombay. If they do intend to extend this tour to South India—to Mysore, Bangalore, Madura, Madras, Trichinopoly—they usually leave this part of the tour to the last. Consequently, it is a good plan to reverse the time-honoured itinerary. Climatically, this course is preferable, while some comfort and a reasonable amount of privacy will be obtained on the railways. Therefore, the wise traveller who is not a slave to tourist routine will devote, say, a couple of days after landing in Bombay to attempting to assimilate India and Hindu city life, and to an inspection of the few sights the Liverpool of India has to offer—chiefly modern public buildings—and then proceed south to Madras and Ceylon.

In the matter of ways and means, if we allow a week for connections with the mail-steamer on leaving India, travel overland to and from Marseilles or Brindisi, and make Bombay both the port of arrival and port of departure, India can actually be 'done' almost as well as it is by the ordinary four months' holiday-maker in a little over two and a half months, at an expenditure in India of some eighty to one hundred pounds, allowing a reasonable margin for native servant (say fifteen to twenty pounds), cabs, horses, excursions, gratuities, and incidentals. Of course, travelling with a companion, who would share servant, carriage, &c., would reduce expenses considerably, and two could do the trip for about sixty pounds each. For the voyage out and home one hundred pounds should be allowed, including all extras and incidentals; or if the tourist were satisfied with second class, it could be done for some seventy-five pounds.

I have not included Bombay or Calcutta, as one of these two ports he is bound to visit whatever his route. As for Calcutta, it is perhaps in one sense the least typical and characteristic of any of the great cities of the peninsula. Indeed, unless the voyage is arranged for the traveller to land at Bombay and leave from Calcutta (or *vice versa*), or he intends having a flying glimpse of Rangoon and Mandalay, I should omit Calcutta altogether, and devote the few days saved to a longer visit to Delhi, Agra, and Fatipur-Sikri. Nor have I allowed for a visit to that city of architectural freaks, Jeypore, although it is in every itinerary, as it is a bastard kind of capital, and of far inferior interest to Gwalior, Jhansi, or Udaipur.

The guide-books recommend a trip up the Brahmaputra, which is rather absurdly named the Rhine of India; one might equally appropriately, or inappropriately, call the Nile the Rhine of Egypt. But if the tourist has at least a fortnight left, it would be worth while to devote this extra time to an excursion in Burma. He would be able to visit Rangoon and Mandalay; only he would have to forgo the Irrawaddy route, and go by rail. Rangoon is only four days from Calcutta by steamer. If the tourist has all along decided to include Burma in his itinerary, it would be better to book a single passage from London to Calcutta, and return direct to England from Rangoon by the Bibby Line. By this arrangement ten days extra would suffice for a flying trip to Burma.

It is, however, possible to manage a holiday trip to India and back of about two and a half months' duration at a cost of no more than one hundred pounds. But of course this means second class by steamer, no native servant, and a very limited itinerary, keeping strictly to the railway during the fortnight's stay on Indian soil. Such a tour should, of course, be regarded mainly as a holiday voyage, the fortnight between steamers being utilised for a hasty glimpse of a few of the great sights of India easily accessible from Calcutta. The tourist will, at all events, be able to see something of Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, and perhaps Amritsar and Lahore; and, after all, the Taj Mahal alone is almost worth the voyage from England.

The Indian Government, with a view of encouraging tourist traffic, grants specially reduced rates for certain specified circular tours. The one which would be most suitable for a hurried tourist is the following: Calcutta, Benares, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Delhi, Agra, Jhansi, Gwalior, and back to Calcutta *vid* Cawnpore and Allahabad. Fare, first class, ten pounds fourteen shillings.

The total cost of this flying visit to India would work out as follows: Second-class return by P. & O. intermediate steamer from London to Calcutta (allowing five pounds for incidentals on the voyage, tips, &c.), fifty-three pounds; railway fares, fourteen pounds; hotels and meals on train, eight pounds; sight-seeing, guides, carriages, and all incidentals, twenty-five pounds—say, one hundred pounds.

I will conclude these rambling remarks with a little negative advice: (1) Don't neglect to wear flannel or wool next the skin. (2) Don't omit to wear a flannel waistband (cholera-belt). (3) Don't take cold baths. (4) Don't take alcohol merely as a

beverage; soda-water, obtainable everywhere, is a good and safe thirst-quencher. (5) Don't drink unboiled water, especially at a railway station. (6) Don't buy fruit or sweets from natives, especially at railway stations. (7) Don't despise the *solac topi* (pith-helmet), although it may be the badge of the globe-trotter. Residents are more or less acclimatised; new-comers are not. (8) Don't implicitly believe the certificates (*chits*) of native servants ('boys'). They are often passed from hand to hand. (9) Don't treat constipation lightly; it is as dangerous as relaxation in a tropical climate. (10) Don't take long railway journeys by day. (11) Don't expect hotel accommodation at dak bungalows. (12) Finally, repress any inclination to 'hustle' natives; and, in railway travel especially, remember that the money of a native is as good as that of a sahib.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

By George Frederick Turner.

CHAPTER VIII.

DURING my half-hour's wait in the Castle library I was the prey to what novelists call mixed emotions. To begin with, I was elated at the success of my mission. I felt that I had acted up to the flattering estimate of my ability which the King must have formed in order to entrust this delicate service into my hands. On the other hand, I was not quite comfortable in my mind as to the rectitude of the means I had employed in achieving the desired conclusion. To begin with, I had pledged the King's word of honour that on his wife's immediate return he would forgive and forget her questionable behaviour—which I had not the slightest right to do. I had put into His Majesty's mouth the most horrible threats, of which he was quite incapable, and for which sooner or later his fiery spouse would inevitably demand an explanation. Thirdly—and this was the most serious of my delinquencies—I had, in order to ensure my success, adopted towards Her Majesty a tone of veiled sentimentality. She was a vain, foolish woman, and to her foolish vanity I had deemed myself justified in appealing. My success had been rapid and remarkable, and I only prayed that my doubtful methods might not recoil on my own head. She had accepted my rôle as the humble but ardent admirer. What an appalling thing if she started encouraging me! To be wooed by a Queen—a married Queen—was fascinating in theory, and in theory alone. Then I thought of poor old Karl—for I could not help regarding him as a personal friend rather than a monarch. If ever there was an *homme incompris* it was he. Because he was calm in the face of provocation the Queen thought him weak. Because he looked at life through humorous spectacles she thought him insincere and a buffoon. His love of sport and his taste for gaiety were in her eyes but symptoms of an inconstant, pleasure-loving disposition. It was true, of course, that in his way he was just as bad a husband as she a wife. But that was entirely the fault of his temperament. Most women would have cared for him. He was humorous, good-natured, and, better still, good-hearted. He was a devoted, romping father, an indefatigable worker as he was an untiring sportsman. Unfortunately he had married one of those women who justified the bracketing of the sex with the dog and the walnut-tree in the popular adage. Had he bullied his wife she would have respected him; she would quite conceivably have loved him. Anyway, I reflected, they were an ill-assorted couple, and my sympathies—three-fourths of them at any rate—were with the husband.

When the Queen returned she was attired in a neat check travelling dress, and she brought the Fräulein von Helder in her wake. The latter favoured me with a stiff inclination of her unattractive head.

'Come, Mr Saunders,' said the Queen, 'we will start at once, please.'

On going to the door we found a pair-horse sleigh awaiting us. A smaller sleigh was attached behind, into which a couple of large boxes had been placed. Remembering Lame Peter's paraphernalia, I collected the various articles of my disguise and stowed them beside the boxes in the luggage-sleigh.

'Whatever are those things?' asked the Queen.

I explained briefly how they had come into my temporary possession, and, as the matter seemed to interest Her Majesty, gave a detailed account of my journey to Heldersburg.

'You behaved magnificently,' said the Queen, with suppressed enthusiasm. 'You displayed great resource and great courage. I am touched to think that it was for my sake you made those efforts.'

I felt exceedingly uncomfortable.

'I conceived it to be my duty to reach your Majesty somehow,' I replied, 'and the opposition offered to my mission piqued my pride. I only trust that my success may have good results both in its immediate and ultimate consequences.'

'I hope so, but I doubt it,' replied the Queen. 'That rests with my husband.'

The sun had gone down behind the mountains, and the fall in the temperature was very noticeable. It was very still and beautiful, and the sky was full of clear, cool greens and pinks and yellows. Sud-

denly I noticed the Queen bowing to right and left, and, looking out, I saw soldiers saluting at either side of the roadway. Then I saw Max, and I shall never forget his look of anger and astonishment as his gaze fell upon me. Smiling in spite of myself, I raised my cap, and in another moment we had passed through the Guardsmen who had barred my first attempt to get to Heldersburg. When we reached the main street of Weissheim the people were crowded in great numbers at the side of the road. Peasants in sheepskins, merchants and professional men in furs, soldiers in smart green cloaks, jostled one another at the edge of the white highway.

'The Queen! The Queen!' they cried. Hats were lifted and the sound of cheering began. The farther we advanced the denser grew the throng, the louder swelled the noise of their acclaim. It was like a triumphal procession, and though I felt the exhilarating power of the situation, I was somewhat at a loss to comprehend its meaning. As for the Queen, she was transfigured into a beautiful, gracious woman; she bowed incessantly; her eyes sparkled; her red lips parted in a beatific smile. Of her popularity there was little doubt; of her love of popularity none at all. As we passed through the town the crowd gradually thinned, and the last stage of our journey was performed in silence. As we neared the Brun-varad the Queen's face grew set and hard again.

On reaching the Palace we three entered the hall together. The King was there, dressed in high leggings and wearing a brown Norfolk jacket over a woollen sweater. He was talking to a man I had never seen before—a clean-shaven, broad-browed man, with dark, piercing eyes and a restless manner. They rose as we approached, the stranger bowing.

'I trust you have enjoyed your excursion to Heldersburg,' said the King formally.

'I am rather tired, thank you,' replied the Queen. 'I shall go and rest before dinner.'

'Quite right,' said the King. 'Remember, there is Mrs van Troeber's dance at the Pariserhof to-night.'

'I shall not go there,' said the Queen curtly; and she and the Fräulein mounted the stairs.

'How did you do it?' asked the King the moment the ladies were out of earshot. I glanced involuntarily at the stranger, hesitating to speak freely before him.

'Oh, permit me,' said the King, 'to introduce to you Herr Schneider, the celebrated Vienna detective. He enjoys my fullest confidence.'

'Delighted to meet you, Mr Saunders,' said Herr Schneider, shaking me warmly by the hand. 'His Majesty has invited me here for purposes of investigation. It seems there is a certain amount of discontent here in Weissheim and in other parts of Grimland. It is my part to sound the depths of that discontent, to sort out the sheep from the goats, and to differentiate the black goats from the merely piebald.' He spoke very glibly, and I felt an instinctive dislike for the man growing up within me. He was of medium height and rather stout, and his face was unmistakably a clever one. What I disliked about him was his restless manner. His large, dark eyes were never in repose; they were always searching, questioning, weighing. His hands, too—broad, fat hands—were never for a moment still. He gesticulated freely when he spoke, and when he listened fingered his face incessantly. He looked like a man who had seen much, and that mostly evil.

I narrated the circumstances of my journey to Heldersburg, and, knowing that the King had a keen eye for the humorous, dwelt as much as possible on the comic side of the affair, the quaint disguise I had been led to adopt, and the blank look of dismay on young Max's face when he saw me driving back in the Queen's sleigh. To my surprise, the King did not even smile.

'It was a fine piece of work, Saunders,' he said simply.

'Splendid, splendid!' murmured the detective, stroking his blue chin.

'Look here, Saunders,' pursued the King. 'I am immensely pleased with the result of your efforts. The Queen's return is a great relief to me. Rumours had been spread of a serious quarrel between us, and I am told an impromptu out-of-doors meeting was held in the town this afternoon to express sympathy with Her Majesty. To those rumours her return has given the lie. My wife understands the art of popularity, and as her husband I come in for some faint reflection of the popular favour. You perceive the high motives which made me dread even a temporary separation from the wife of my bosom.'

'They cheered us as we passed through Weissheim,' I said.

'They cheered the Queen,' corrected King Karl. 'They should have cheered you. You were the hero, the man who risked his life to do a service to his friend.'

'You are gracious, sire. In truth, I don't think I ran a very great risk.'

'I beg to disagree with you,' said the King, laying a kindly hand on my shoulder. 'Had the amiable Fritz suspected who it was that was inside Lame Peter's coat you would not be sitting here amusing us with the recital of your experiences. By the way, were they really firing at dummies across the ravine?'

'I did not hear any sound of firing.'

'I should suggest,' said Schneider, 'that your Majesty transfers his First Regiment of Guards to some other salubrious neighbourhood.'

'I used to be proud of my Guards once,' said the King bitterly. 'I was young and full of illusion, and I thought them a fine body of men. Now I know what they are—a fine pack of wolves. Still, I am fond of animals, and it would be painful to me to part with them.'

'Your Majesty will surely not hesitate on this point?' asked the detective.

'There are good men in the Guards,' said the

King pensively. 'There is young Drechsler and Major von Stromling, loyal men and true.'

'Your Majesty mentions two names,' sneered Schneider.

'I mention the first two that occur to me,' retorted the King sharply. 'No, if I cannot win the loyalty of the Guards it will be because I do not deserve it. The men were merely obeying their officers in stopping my messenger this afternoon. They were not to blame. The man who was responsible was my cousin Fritz.'

'Is it not possible to get rid of him?' I asked.

'You do not use the expression "get rid of" in an Eastern sense, I hope,' said the King.

'No,' I answered, laughing. 'I merely meant that his sphere of usefulness might be transferred elsewhere.'

King Karl shook his head with the air of one who had considered the matter and formed his opinion.

'No,' he said. 'The broad-shouldered little gentleman is a firebrand. If he is going to commit an act of incendiarism, I prefer to be within reach of the flames.'

'Your Majesty,' broke in Schneider impatiently, 'absolutely refuses to do anything! I must say that I call it a dangerous policy of *laissez-faire*.'

'And I,' retorted the King, 'call it a wise policy of masterly inactivity. Come, we will not quarrel over a phrase. I hope both of you gentlemen are going to Mrs van Troeber's dance to-night.'

'I shall be very pleased to go,' replied the detective, 'in the course of my professional duty.'

'And I in the course of my search for pleasure, if I am invited,' I said.

'You are invited right enough,' said the King. 'We do not attend the ordinary hotel weekly dances; but a party from the Brun-varad frequently graces private balls given by privileged individuals such as Mrs van Troeber. Thus, you see, my dear Saunders, snobbishness, like the *Pinus Alpestris*, flourishes at exceedingly great altitudes.'

So saying, the King rose, leaving me and Herr Schneider alone together.

'An extraordinary person,' said my companion, with a gesture in the direction of the departed monarch.

'In a sense, yes,' I replied. 'But of how few people could one say anything different!'

'True,' returned the detective glibly. 'Your reflection is commonplace, but proves that you have a discerning eye for character. We are all extraordinary in some particular, and doubtless in your eyes I myself seem far from ordinary.'

'I should say your ability was far from ordinary,' I replied, not from politeness, but because it seemed the natural thing to say.

'You are perfectly right,' he said easily. 'And I was perfectly right in saying that you have a discerning eye. We have evidently this much in common that we are frank in our speech and impervious to compliments.'

'I am afraid you have the advantage of me in the latter respect,' I said. 'I love compliments.'

'You are younger than I. When you are my age you will have seen deeper into things; you will know that a compliment—even a sincere one—merely means that a small portion of somebody's brain is momentarily occupied in favourably considering something you have said or done.'

'But I like to give occupation to even a small portion of other people's brains,' I objected.

'It may be useful in practice,' admitted Schneider, 'for one's career, for instance; but as a sentiment it is absurd. Fame, which is the amalgamated compliment of the multitude, is a surprisingly empty thing when you come to look into it. Put yourself into the position of an admirer. Who are your heroes: Napoleon, Washington, Bismarck? In what respect are you the better for their having lived, or they the better for your admiration? It is the pleasures and pains of life that really count, not the sentiment. A bilious headache or an aching tooth is a greater calamity than a lost battle of a century ago. A good dinner or an increase in one's income affords one greater happiness than a favourable notice in a time-serving newspaper.'

'I feel like that sometimes,' I said; 'when I do I knock off pastry and bitter beer.'

Schneider laughed.

'Ha!' he cried, 'you, too, are a materialist, though not quite such a good one as myself. Happiness, which is the one thing desirable, is a condition of the brain. The brain is part of the nervous system. Through the nerves one receives sensations, pleasant or the reverse. If one takes care that these sensations are uniformly pleasant, one achieves that condition of mind which spells happiness.'

'And you are happy?' I inquired.

Schneider's restless eyes concentrated themselves on me with a fierce stare, and he made a gesture of impatience.

'Happy!' he cried, with bitter inconsistence; 'there is no such thing as happiness. One cannot be happy without self-consciousness. Unless one analyses the condition of one's mind one merely leads the life of an animal, eating and drinking and pleasuring in a vague, unreasoning way, which is no more happiness than were the long-forgotten days of our undeveloped babyhood. And yet if we are constantly analysing our condition, if we are constantly asking ourselves, "Is this pleasure? Is my mind in a state of pleasurable activity or comfortable repose?" assuredly there is no joy there. Therefore I say there is no such thing as happiness.'

'It seems to me,' I replied, 'that it is desirable to hit the mean between unconscious animation and morbid introspection.'

'Perfection is always desirable,' he retorted. 'It is likewise invariably unattainable. A cup of hot coffee is pleasant, and so is a glass of iced champagne. The happy mean which you advocate would be a lukewarm drink—which is an abomination.'

'Pardon,' I replied. 'You are confusing the mean between two excellences, which is bad, with the mean between two evils, which is good.'

Schneider rose and walked rapidly about the room, apparently seeking for an answer.

'Mr Saunders,' he said abruptly.

'Yes.'

'You will, of course, mention my profession to no one. I am supposed to be one of His Majesty's ordinary guests.'

'I quite understand.'

'It is necessary for my success that my true vocation should remain unsuspected.'

'Naturally.'

'Unfortunately King Karl is so phenomenally indiscreet.'

'His indiscretion,' I interrupted, 'is mostly on the surface.'

My remark seemed to surprise the detective considerably.

'I wonder if you are right,' he muttered at length. 'You seem to have a fair share of perspicacity. Only, if you are right, my estimate of the King's character is absolutely wrong.'

'Most people,' I said gently, 'find it saves time and trouble to accept my statements without the trouble of verification.'

(To be continued.)

SOME TALKERS OF MY TIME.

By T. H. S. Escott.

'FOR the conversation pitched in that gentle key which gives sweetness to cynicism and softness to satire the well-bred Englishwoman of brains stands alone.' The Parisian writer who said this might have had in his mind a lady whose talk and writings possessed a surviving vitality and charm far beyond the comparatively narrow circle in which she lived.

The Mrs Singleton who first clothed with distinction her pen-name of 'Violet Fane,' and who ended her bright and gracious life as Lady Currie, received at her death only a few newspaper paragraphs. A less severely stinted tribute seems due to her place, during the best part of two generations, in society and letters. The influences which produced and moulded the authoress of *Denzil Hall* and *Through Love and War* showed themselves also in the later as well as in the earlier work of the writer, who passed from poetry to prose, from the metrical metaphysics of *Antony Babington* to the piquant prose of *Sophy; or, The Adventures of a Savage*, with the same graceful and gracious ease that she exchanged the Court circle for the literary or artistic drawing-room. Better health than fell to her lot on her final return to England would no doubt have had its fruits in some impressions of Eastern experience worthy of comparison with her friend Kinglake's *Eothen*, or in Letters likely to be read more widely by contemporaries and to convey a truer picture of the Near East of her own time to posterity than those of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, to whom in this connection it may be necessary presently to revert. The place, however, here given to Lady Currie is among those who made conversation a social art. Without the naïveté and the demure mockery of manner which added a charm to the words, Lady Currie's reported talk loses much of its point. I recall, however, a specimen of her lightness of touch in the word-pictures of everyday life: 'It was formerly quite a pattern of matrimonial happiness. But now, having killed, and in some cases, I think, devoured, their wives, if not their offspring, the surviving gentlemen of the tribe have resolved themselves into a sort of bachelors' club.' To divest the remark of any cannibal associations, let me say it was made in the garden of her Hampshire country-house; the then Mrs Singleton, showing the grounds to a visitor, paused for a few moments before a guinea-pig cage, gave a humorous little sigh at the moral depravity of her pets, and went to salute a new arrival in the person of Laurence Oliphant, just returned from his Palestinian home, Haifa, brimful of new views on the ethics of respiration and of breathing as an index of spiritual health.

Edward Wortley Montagu represented Great Britain at the Turkish capital for two years in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Before taking up that position he had married the Duke of Kingston's eldest daughter, trained as she had been for her socio-diplomatic duties by doing the honours of her father's house. Five-and-twenty years less than two centuries were to pass before another Englishwoman, with literary aptitudes at least equal to those of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and without Lady Mary's vindictiveness, accompanied as his wife the English ambassador to the Sublime Porte. The one thing in common between the eighteenth and nineteenth century ambassadresses now contrasted was that they each stimulated in their different ways the intellectual and social life of their time abroad and at home. The amazing Lady Mary imported to the West from the Near East inoculation for smallpox; Lady Currie achieved more than had been attempted by any of her predecessors in introducing Western fashions and even ideas into the home-life of Carlyle's 'unspeakable Turk.' The eighteenth century ambassadress at Therapia owes almost as much of her fame to her association with Alexander Pope as to her own beauty and wit, and, at the present day, far more than to her entertaining *Home Letters on Turkish Life*. The heroine of a story by Cherbuliez informs

a professor of chemistry that there are certain delicacies of sentiment not to be acquired by manipulating acids. To Lady Currie those qualities formed a natural endowment; they were never aspired to or attained by the gifted Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Her name is known to-day from her portraits in Horace Walpole's *Letters* and her curiously chequered relations with the poet whose successor in his Twickenham villa was to be Mr Henry Labouchere. On the other hand, Lady Currie will be remembered for gifts and for exploits, social or literary, that owed nothing to the reflected greatness of the many clever men in all departments who had sought and did not, through any fault or caprice of the lady, forfeit her friendship.

On Lady Currie's first arrival at Constantinople there lingered among the better sections of Turkish society a tradition of the personal grace and intellectual charm which, as nearly as possible sixty years earlier, had served the author of *Eothen* better than any letters of commendation brought by him from London. That, too, was according to the fitness of things. Kinglake's entire and perfect literary chrysolite not only gave him, as he himself humorously put it, a reputation which caused drawing-rooms to look at him as if disappointed that he did not propose elopement; it set the fashion of a literary style, reproduced more felicitously by 'Violet Fane' than by any other of the master's disciples, not excepting Laurence Oliphant.

With other great minds than those of Kinglake, Froude, and Disraeli had the future Lady Currie, as a girl, been brought into contact. At her father's house she had drunk in with the eager ears of childhood the best talk of George Borrow, the author of *The Bible in Spain*, and of Edward FitzGerald, who translated if he did not create Omar Khayyám's *Rubáiyát*. There was a magnetism in the conversation of these men sure abidingly to convey itself to the receptive brain of Charles Montgomerie Lamb's rarely endowed daughter. The intellectual connoisseurs under whose eyes the childish intelligence began to develop lived long enough to witness the rich fulfilment of their fond anticipations, and to recognise in the brilliant, beautiful, witty, and meditative woman one of the first among the literary artists of her time, whether as actual writer or talker.

They who, like Gladstone and Disraeli, first knew this lady in her maturity appreciated her gifts not less than those who had watched her from childhood. The nineteenth century Mrs Singleton was the one person who could have succeeded in drawing from Disraeli an advertisement of a clever *jeu d'esprit*, among whose personages some detected in the fashionable poetess a modern Sappho, a portrait of Mrs Singleton herself. It happened in this way. The lady, as kindly disposed towards rising talent as she was quick in discerning it, wished to bring Mr W. H. Mallock, the writer of *The New Republic*, under the great man's notice. She therefore arranged a little dinner in Grosvenor Place, where she was then living. 'I cannot,' was Disraeli's reply, 'dine with you on Sunday next, because I have to go to Hughenden. Would that I could take thither with me the bright creation of Mr Mallock's fancy.' *À propos* of the best talkers in the society of that day, Abraham Hayward remarked to the present writer, 'Lord Houghton's is really fine conversational intellect, a little spoilt by paradox. George Eliot talks as Vico's pupil or G. H. Lewes's "Egeria." Mrs Singleton is without a rival since, and then only at her exceptional best, Lady Strangford, before the latter had taken to politics.'

The last-named, indeed, richly deserved praise even higher than that of Hayward's rather grudging compliment. 'When a man has several firmans from the Sultan and unlimited pickaxes it would be hard if he did not dig up something;' in such bitter-sweet words, uttered in the gentlest and most shrinking tone, did the eighth and last Viscountess Strangford sum up Sir H. A. Layard's Nineveh discoveries. Lady Currie and the sometime Miss Beaufort, who made her mark with *Egyptian Sepulchres*, belonged to the same school; in their earlier days they had undergone a like training.

'The English country-house,' said the author of *Democracy in America*, Alexis de Tocqueville, during one of his visits here, 'supplies the best soil for the growth of conversation, as the charming art whose object is to touch and set in motion a thousand thoughts without dwelling tiresomely on any.' In the country-house the rudiments of conversation had been learned both by Lady Currie and Lady Strangford. The latter's father, Admiral Beaufort, a man of great taste and judgment, with a passion for self-culture, beneath his rural roof as well as in his London house brought together the best brains, literary, scientific, and political, of his day. The head of Lady Currie's family, by his hospitalities, gave his children even greater advantages. The Lamb country-house, Beauport, as regards its social gatherings, rivalled in intellectual fame the neighbouring Battle Abbey at its palmiest period. At Beauport Benjamin Disraeli, first meeting Cobden—then frequently at his birthplace, Midhurst—began to gather the personal materials for the Free Trader's portrait, displayed many years later in *Endymion*. Another guest was Adrian Hope, the destined father of a daughter famous as hostess and conversationalist, Lady Hayter. These were the days when an earlier chatelaine than the Duchess of Cleveland of our own time reigned like a queen at the neighbouring Battle Abbey. She died, indeed, so recently as 1867. This was that great Lady Webster, who, with four other dowagers, the good Lady Webster and Grace Lady Webster being two of them, all together drew their jointures from the Battle Abbey revenues. They thus so contributed to the impoverishment of the estate that ten years before the great Lady Webster's

death its sale to Lord Harry Vane, afterwards Duke of Cleveland, had become inevitable.

The Lambs and their friends were constantly at Battle in those days. Not infrequently a lady clad in a coachman's cloak of many capes was seen driving a very high dogcart with a mettlesome horse between the shafts up to the Abbey gates. This was the most pungently despotic of nineteenth century lady-talkers, the Miss Harriet Lewin of an earlier day, who in 1820 had become the wife of the Greek historian George Grote. 'For Heaven's sake,' whispered this charioteeress in the ear of a timid gentleman to whom she had given a lift, 'don't speak so loud, or you'll frighten the horse, and if he once runs away, Omniscience only can say when he will stop.' Whether the conversational venue might be Battle under the Websters, the Lambs' Sussex home, or anywhere else, the attitude found by Mrs Grote most conversationally inspiring seldom varied: one leg was always crossed over the other; both were held high in the air. 'Surely,' was the infantine remark of the future Lady Currie, 'this must be some connection of Queen Christina of Sweden, sitting just as my history-book describes her.' In that posture Mrs Grote was equal, as afterwards she often did, to lecturing Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster, on ecclesiastical history, Max Müller on Sanscrit epics, Count Saffi on Italian literature, Albert Pell or Clare Sewell Read on manuring turnips or forcing Southdown mutton.

Here, too, among the less unconventional lady-talkers, would be Mrs Duncan Stewart, who lived through the Victorian age at her little house in Sloane Street. That vivacious nonagenarian, herself or vicariously by her daughter, a lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Hanover, had been everywhere, talked to everybody, picked up a knowledge of everything. It was she who, in one's own day, having expressed a hope that he was quite well, drew from Lord Beaconsfield the oracular, 'No one is *quite* well. I am tolerably well.' At an earlier date she had remonstrated with George Sand the French novelist on the low ethical view of some of her *dramatis personæ*, only to receive the reply, '*Je ne suis pas moraliste, je suis romancière.*' The venerable Mrs Duncan Stewart, as she can be recalled by many still living, added to a wide, first-hand experience a rare accuracy of authentic reminiscence. She repeated herself far less than is common with ladies who have entered on their anecdotage. To exchange the acrimonious antitheses of Mrs Grote for the even, if occasionally rather tame, narrative of Mrs Stewart was, as Disraeli remarked to Lord Houghton, an alterative of which we all sometimes feel the need—the substitution of alkali for acid. A literary personage, formerly well known, supplied the link which united Lady Currie with one at least of the talkers who had preceded her. Mrs Grote was never more keenly entertaining than when she exercised her wit at the expense of Henry Reeve, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. 'Another Grotius!' sarcastically exclaimed Reeve when put right by the lady on some point of international law. Quick as thought came the rejoinder, 'Bravo, Puffendorf!' in apt allusion to the great editor's portly presence and shirt-front like a pouter-pigeon. The editor of the Greville *Memoirs* lived long enough after this to exchange repartee with Mrs Singleton, and almost purr with pleasure at the happy mixture of badinage and compliment dealt out to him by a better-bred, a gentler, but not less vivacious critic than Mrs Grote had been.

Two Marchionesses of Waterford and at least one Lady Stanley of Alderley were equally remarkable for the skill with which, in the nineteenth century, they blended into an original whole the opposite qualities of Mrs Stewart and of Mrs Grote. Disraeli in *Vivian Grey* gives a recipe for 'tomahawk punch'—the great point being to catch the aroma of a pound of green tea. 'I never,' said Lord Granville, 'sit at the same table as Mrs Singleton without these words coming back to me, and thinking how she has caught so much of what was best in talkers of the old régime to combine it with the neat conciseness which was Hayward's first condition of conversational excellence to-day.' One of Disraeli's Lancashire supporters, having entertained him for some days, asked his visitor, on leaving, to give his boys some advice which they would remember. 'Do not,' said Disraeli to the elder boy, 'ever ask who wrote the Letters of Junius or they will think you a bore. Nor you,' addressing the other lad, 'who was the Man in the Iron Mask, or they will think you a bigger bore than your brother.' 'Avoid,' was Hayward's maxim, 'question and anecdote of every kind, unless you wish to close all doors against you.'

During the first week of 1906 there came the announcement that a requiem mass would be sung at the Brompton Oratory for Miss Mary Higgins. This daughter of 'Jacob Omnium,' Thackeray's particular friend, inherited the conversational gifts of her father, adding to them a clearness and delicacy of sympathetic insight all her own, which gave her words a charm, vitality, and inspiration, unconsciously it may be, but still appreciably operating in many drawing-rooms to-day. In the same company as Miss Higgins was habitually to be found Mrs Procter, the widow of 'Barry Cornwall' and the mother of the graceful and pathetic poetess Adelaide Procter, whose best poems might never have been written had not Charles Dickens discovered her for *Household Words*. To that epoch, and in some degree to that social circle, belonged also the Anglicised French lady born Pauline de la Ferronays, better known on her native as well as on her adopted side of the English Channel as Mrs Augustus Craven. A well-contrived selection from her still widely remembered table-talk would be the most interesting and originally instructive commentary on English society, politics, men, women, and manners, sketched from behind the scenes

during the most eventful years of the nineteenth century. The union of French wit and English wisdom and humour marked all the personal estimates of well-known men, which caused the drawing-rooms of Europe to hang on Mrs Craven's conversation. Mrs Craven's chief English friend and host was Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff. Beneath his roof she first learned to appreciate Mr John Morley as the personification of a good sense, firmness, and honesty almost proof against the Gladstonian seductions.

When the present writer began intimately to know the places at which nineteenth century English writers mostly congregated, those haunts were conspicuously affected by a powerfully made, middle-aged man, whose appearance suggested something between the smuggler of Surrey melodrama and a Yankee showman from the Far West. This was the author who fascinated the rising generation forty years ago, Captain Mayne Reid. He talked his own stories in the form of personal reminiscence, but he talked them so dramatically that, from the little Air Street tavern which was his chief house of call, his words seemed to bear fruit in a crop of newspaper correspondents who straightway scoured the world. Chief among these in personal bulk and enterprise was Frank Vizetelly, who, having lived through the American Civil War, and described it in many journals, went to the Soudan to become one of the Mahdi's first victims.

The one writer, in whose day I have lived, who seemed to put as much of his heart and soul into his talk as into his novels was Charles Reade. Systematically silent while the room had been crowded with guests eagerly waiting till he should open his lips, the company no sooner began to thin than his shrewd miscellaneous comments began, slowly at first, to trickle forth. Should it so happen that he found himself alone with a tolerably congenial host, impetuously rising from his chair, rapidly pacing up and down the room, refreshing himself at every turn from a large tea-cup, taken up full and put down empty, he pronounced judgment on all things and all persons in heaven or earth, especially upon his own contemporaries, of both sexes, of the pen. One only of these verdicts do I now recall. Among the lady-writers of fiction who helped to bring into fashion the green-eyed and sharp-tongued heroine was one whose theology he disliked. 'She is,' said Reade, 'a little minx who is impertinent to her Creator.' Of other ladies whose influences as here described still live in the conversational currency of the time, there is certainly none to whom the novelist's censure could be applied.

Place aux dames!

Among the men-talkers, I have heard, however, one or two whose names have not yet become commonplaces. As a conversationalist, Abraham Hayward belonged to the early nineteenth century school, and seldom exerted himself outside that portion of the Athenæum Club coffee-room once especially dedicated to the memory of Theodore Hook and his convives, more recently set apart for Laurence Oliphant, A. W. Kinglake, Thomas Chenery of the *Times*, and of course Hayward himself. One used in one's boyhood to hear that the leading articles in the *Times* did little more than reflect the best talk of the day in select drawing-rooms and Pall Mall caravanserais on passing events. Such conversation must have belonged to a past which, like that of the Greek myths, was never a present. Whatever may be the case with the new journalism, the best of leading-article writers used not to rehearse the products of their pens across the walnuts and wine,

> **When the circle of diners is laughing with Fane,**
> **And Harcourt is capping the jokes of Delane.**

Sir George Trevelyan's couplet must perhaps bear some responsibility for the idea just mentioned; but the man-of-the-world tone once uniformly characteristic of the Printing-House Square utterances resulted from processes more laborious than dinner-table discussion. The great newspaper had, indeed, formerly on its staff two of the freshest and most varied talkers of their day; these were respectively the musical and theatrical critics, Davison, who married the famous pianist Arabella Goddard, and John Oxenford, whose practical wisdom on all that concerned dramatic composition and effect was pronounced by Bulwer Lytton a condensation, amalgam, and epitome of the wisdom of ages since criticism began. The pair were well matched in point of knowledge, readiness, and a measured cadence of emphatic rhetoric that might seem old-fashioned now, but that was very effective then. 'Fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute,' rather than any variety of 'shop,' were the chosen themes of their dinner-table arguments. These took place not in mixed companies, but always at private gatherings, in club or tavern, of intimate friends. 'And now, Oxenford, I have brought your cosmic power to his last ethical fence.' Such was the first sentence ever heard by the present writer from John Davison's lips at the close of a discussion on the profoundest problem that can occupy the human mind. The duel of wise or witty words had been going on for some time before I entered the room to hear this characteristic summing-up of the argument by the shrewdest and most polished of Delane's miscellaneous writers. Both Davison and Oxenford lived in the pre-artistic age, and would have been accounted Philistines by the Maudles and Posthlewaites of the twentieth century. For all that, they knew something of their subjects. The craft in those days possessed other workers whose neatness of expression, in talk as well as on paper, appreciably raised the standard of drawing-room criticism and of tea-table talk. The barrier of social separation between writers and their public had now disappeared. Edmund Yates, not in his capacity of a society journalist, but as a novelist and man of letters, when he was in the vein and in congenial company, could talk with humour, freshness, and

point. Here are some specimens: 'To throw, as a sop, to a tradesman to whom a long bill is owing, a five-pound note is like giving a wet brush to a very old hat; it creates a temporary gleam of comfort, but no more.' The starting of the *World* nearly coincided with the rise to fame of the first among the professional philanthropists from the United States. Importuned with advice about the conduct of his paper from volunteers at a dinner-table, Yates, with equal quickness of tongue and suavity of manner, replied, 'My dear ——, you are, I think, engaged in commercial pursuits. May I recommend to you the example of Mr Peabody, who, we heard say in the City the other night, made an enormous fortune by strictly attending to his own business.' This was the same quickness exhibited on receiving a lawyer's letter with the signature 'Pike & Merriman.' 'This, written by your employers,' he said to the clerk who brought the epistle, 'savours more of the Pike than of the Merriman.' Another *littérateur* trained by Dickens had the same command of repartee. 'Sir,' said his landlady to G. A. Sala, 'you are no gentleman.' 'Madam,' came the retort, 'you are no judge.' When, towards the close of the sixties, the present writer began his acquaintance with the leading varieties of London life and its chief personages, from Temple Bar to the Marble Arch, the conversational smartness cultivated by those who passed for Douglas Jerrold's disciples had nearly gone out. This was the verbal word-play which occasionally might have been effective, but soon began to be tiresome. The writers and talkers of the Victorian age just mentioned were really links in the conversational chain, at one end of which were the conversational punsters like Jerrold, and at the opposite extremity the conversational epigrammatists, such as Shirley Brooks, Abraham Hayward, and William Vernon Harcourt. Davison of the *Times* has been mentioned above. Since most of this paper was written there has died the last of Davison's assistants in the musical criticism of Printing-House Square. H. Sutherland Edwards, the first editor of the *Graphic*, wrote a novel—sharp, clear, antithetical in its literary style—entitled *The Three Louisas*, and naturally winning for its author the sobriquet of 'Unlimited Lou.' His great work, however, was to have educated the musical taste of the English public before George Grove had planned his dictionary, to have promoted the earliest of St Cecilia's triumphs in the establishment of the 'Monday Pops.' As a conversationalist, Sutherland Edwards, both in epigram and variety, surpassed not only Davison, but nearly all the talkers in literary London of the Victorian age. These had generally modelled themselves after Albert Smith, of Mont Blanc and Egyptian Hall fame. It was Smith who, encountering Sutherland Edwards for the first time, said, after a few minutes' listening, 'Who is that young man making thin remarks through a ragged moustache?'

PROTECTION AGAINST MOSQUITOES.

By Gordon Wilson, M.A.I.M.E.

HAVING contributed a paragraph on how the mosquito pest is dealt with in Mexico (*Journal*, 1903, page 140), and having just read 'A Simple Protection against Mosquitoes' (1905), I make bold to offer the following further hints which I think will prove less disagreeable, requiring no preparation, and in my experience no less efficient than those described by Mr Walter J. Hammond. Certainly no remedy could be less injurious to the skin than the one I am about to recommend. It is simply common vaseline, rubbed lightly over all parts of the body which are likely to be exposed to the mosquito: face and neck, hands, arms, and feet.

The experiment has been tested and proved by myself and many friends with universally satisfactory results, no bites resulting after the application of the vaseline.

An amusing fact, and a most useful one, was discovered by one of my friends. In desperation, he anointed himself from head to toe, and thereby escaped all molestation from many other pests, especially of the 'bed-walking' type.

When the danger to health, the discomforts and annoyances, from these pests are considered, one must admit that a little trouble in preventing their entrance into the dwelling, especially the sleeping-rooms, is worth considering. About and just after sundown the mosquitoes commence to make their appearance, increasing in force as darkness falls. Rooms with open windows, especially if these overlook any vegetation or trees, are immediately invaded. If just before sundown sleeping-room windows be closed, few, if any, of the pests will be found inside.

Lights prove a great attraction to them, as any person learns to his cost who may be seated within a lighted room with windows open. It is certainly advisable, therefore, not only to close sleeping-room windows, but also to exclude any artificial light in the room before retiring-time, and even then, if possible, retire without lights. Should any mosquitoes be in the room, a light left burning in an adjoining room or at a distant part of the balcony will invariably attract them from the room.

In Mexico, especially in the 'hot countries' (low lying), I have seen innumerable cases, and suffered not a little personally, from the aggressive little fly. Apparently, the 'hotter' and lower the country the more potent is the pest, as in the more temperate zones fewer cases of fever occur from

the bite. It is by no means uncommon for a person to retire at night sound and well, and next morning be burning and often raving with malaria.

On the Isthmus of Panamá, where at present the United States are engaged on the canal, a mosquito bite will result in death by yellow fever within four days during the fever season. Naturally, we must consider the fact that the climatic conditions in the torrid zones tend in a great measure to aggravate the effect of the bite; whereas in the cooler regions the blood is in better condition, physically one is more 'fit,' and fever has less opportunity to play havoc.

In the torrid zones sleep, owing to the heat, is at best difficult of acquisition. This difficulty, combined with the tormenting, distracting *hum*, affects the nervous system; a person already more or less exhausted by the heat during the day tosses about in bed, rising repeatedly to look for 'that little ——' inside the net, until at last, towards morning, sleep comes through utter exhaustion.

Persons who have been bitten and have suffered from malaria seldom seem to rid themselves entirely of the germs; from time to time spells of chills and fever return, usually coming on daily or every second day, lightly at first, increasing in strength with each succeeding attack, until after a few days the sufferer is in bed in a strong fever, rising sometimes in a few hours, sometimes in one or two days, rather weak, but otherwise apparently little the worse of it.

A change of climate seldom fails to bring a bad spell of fever on such persons. After no little experience in doctoring many, and closely observing the results, I have found no medicine so efficient, both as a preventive and as a cure, as Warburg's tincture. If taken in weekly doses, or twice a week in specially bad districts, it acts not only as a preventive, but also keeps one fresh and fit in the trying hot climates.

At one place, in an extremely hot and therefore unhealthy part of Mexico, extra white workmen had to be kept in the employ of the company (a mining one) to fill vacancies continually caused by sickness. The manager finally tried Warburg's tincture. It was placed on the mess-table, and twice weekly every man took his dose. The effect was wonderful: no more swollen faces in the morning; no more complaints of disagreeable taste in the mouth in the morning; dysentery began to disappear. New arrivals taking the medicine kept wonderfully free of fever, and those who had been longer there were able to cure themselves on the first symptoms of an attack.

The tincture ought to be obtainable at any good druggist's. It is sold in liquid and capsule form, but is much quicker in action and more efficient in the former state. Capsules are handier to carry, and a solution of them may be made by breaking and dissolving in whisky, brandy, &c.

I have had an opportunity of proving the efficiency of permanganate of potash as a certain means for destroying the larvæ of the mosquito. At a small and isolated mining camp in 'hot country,' malaria during the hot months just preceding the rainy season (April, May, and June) was exceedingly rife amongst the workmen and their families; so much so that considerable difficulty was always experienced in obtaining the necessary hands to attend to and carry on the work at its normal production. Having everything to myself, so to speak, and no fear of any interference, I decided to square my account with the mosquitoes, and turned my attention to the *arroyo* bed which wound through the camp, and in which existed various pools of semi-stagnant water in which the presence of larvæ was distinctly visible, as also in various old tubs of stagnant water around the well itself.

Dissolving about a quarter of a pound of potash permanganate in a bucket of water, I, accompanied by a 'boy,' treated the pools for about five hundred yards above and below the camp with said solution until a slight lasting colouration was produced.

Three days later the tint had entirely disappeared (an indication of the foul condition of the water), and I repeated the operation, the colouration this time lasting for fully a week.

My profession, meanwhile, carried me elsewhere, leaving me no opportunity to personally study the effects. However, the manager has since written me, stating that personally he treated the pools for a third time, that mosquitoes were conspicuous by their absence, that not a single case of 'off duty' was reported through fever, and that he had not even erected his 'mosquito-bar' that season as usual; rather a forcible argument in favour of said preventive, of which, I may add, the amount used was less than one pound, costing in all some sevenpence.

Irritation from most pest-bites is immediately relieved by a drop of strong ammonia water placed on the bite.

TO APHRODITE.

O DAUGHTER of green wave and sun-kissed air!
Glad Aphrodite, laughter-loving, born
Of tossing foam-flakes in a glorious morn,
Old Ocean's gift to men, surpassing fair!
What honeyed depths of dim, mysterious sea
Fed thee with life and laughter, and what loves
Incarnate compass thee with happy doves,
Thou fairest spirit of joy and melody?

What though thine altars have grown gray and cold,
And men are turned to worship heavier things—
Sad toil of earth, and gold, the dross that clings;
Some know thee yet, whose love burns as of old,
A fire, fierce, leaping, dedicate to thee,
O Daughter of the insuperable sea!

FRANCIS ANNESLEY.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE CHARMING ORIENT.

By F. COWLEY WHITEHOUSE.

Qui n'a jamais mangé le pillaf au suif,
Qui n'a jamais frissonné au mangal,
Qui n'a jamais ouvert la parapluie au lit,
Ne te connaît pas—Orient charmant.

SO sang one who knew his East better than many of us. I do not pretend to a great knowledge of the charming Orient in spite of a nine years' residence in Constantinople; but although I have never been forced to open an umbrella over my bed, I can claim the partial knowledge which is said to be derived from eating *pillaf* and shivering over a *mangal* (brazier). Until I read the above lines I had never speculated as to what constitutes an intimate acquaintance with the Near East; now, having considered the question, I am inclined to add certain desiderata to the above qualifications, and amongst them I would include the following: fires, robbers and brigands, earthquakes and massacres.

Fires are of frequent occurrence in Constantinople, and are due sometimes to incendiarism and sometimes to the fact that the houses in many quarters are built of wood. The first great conflagration I witnessed destroyed about sixty houses, and the second in the course of a few hours devoured nearly two hundred. Every one who has resided in Constantinople, if only for a few weeks, must have heard the *bectchi* (watchman) of the quarter running through the streets at night, and listened to his stentorian, startling cry, '*Yangun var!*' ('There is a fire!'). A motley crowd of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and a sprinkling of Europeans quickly gather. The *touloumdjis* (firemen) race past, carrying their hand-pumps in their midst. They are a sturdy set of ruffians, and as they run bare-legged through the streets it is as well to keep out of their way; they will knock you down without the slightest compunction, and snatch from you any valuables that you may be wearing. Arriving at the scene of the fire, the *touloumdjis* demand a heavy *baksheesh* from the owner of a threatened house before they will make any attempt to save the building. If the bargain satisfies them, they will work hard to stem the flames. The burning houses they enter and ransack at their will. It is strange that insurance rates in Constantinople are not higher, but the competition between the different companies possibly tends to keep the premiums low. I once witnessed a charming little scene at a fire which was raging in Kadikeuy. A pair of storks had built their nest of dry branches on the top of a chimney-stack, and the mother-bird had two young ones to provide for. One May night a fire broke out at the far end of the street, and a strong wind drove the flames from house to house until the nest was threatened. In the brilliant glare of the burning street the mother-bird was seen standing over the nest with wide-outstretched, quivering wings. The cinders and sparks were flying all over her; but that mother-love which the beasts of the field and the birds of the air display in common with sentient human beings forbade her to desert her young ones in the hour of deadly peril. The crowd became quite excited, and there were calls for a rescue. This was a task that involved a certain amount of danger, for the house was already burning. Two Turkish soldiers, however, rushed into the building and made their way to the roof. We watched the plucky fellows approach the chimney-stack, and suddenly the stork disappeared with an awkward flounder and a prodigious flapping of the wings. One of the soldiers had seized it by its ungainly legs, while the other rescued the nestlings. The two men had just time to get out of the building without having their retreat cut off.

Robberies by men who do not hesitate to use revolvers and knives, if occasion arise, are frequent, and one always has an uneasy suspicion that the Turkish night-watchmen may be in league with the thieves. Some little time ago a series of thefts took place in Moda Kadikeuy (ancient Chalcedon), a suburb of Constantinople on the Asiatic side of the Bosporus. At last the muni-

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cipal authorities sent for all the *bectchis* of the neighbourhood, and gave them warning that if another robbery took place the *bectchi* of the street would be thrashed, dismissed from his post, sent off to his village, and never be allowed to return to Constantinople. No further robberies took place, which may be accounted for by the fact that the watchmen took extra precautions, or that they found it too dangerous to help the thieves any longer.

There has been no notable case of brigandage near Constantinople for the past nine years. In the early summer of 1896 Madame Branzeau, the manageress of the baths at Coury, and a young Armenian girl were carried off by brigands. The capture took place at a somewhat desolate spot on the road to Coury, the famous old baths of Helenopolis. Madame Branzeau was driving from Yalova to Coury, and was accompanied by an Armenian lady and her daughter, who were intending to go through the cure. Half-way to Coury the carriage was stopped by a band of brigands. The terrified ladies were roughly seized and carried off. The elder Armenian was crippled with rheumatism and quite unable to walk. After a hurried consultation the leader of the band ordered her to resume her place in the carriage, and bade the driver proceed to Coury and inform the authorities that Madame Branzeau and her companion would be put to death unless a ransom of twenty-five thousand liras was paid by the Sultan within a fortnight. Once the capture was effected the ladies were treated with great courtesy. Ponies were stolen from a village, but they were found to be useless in the wild country through which they had to pass, and the animals were returned to their owners by two or three of the brigands who stayed behind for that purpose. Considerable hardship had to be endured. The men did their best to obtain good food for their captives, but for the first few days they could only give them hard biscuits and water from the mountain streams. At night the brigands improvised a shelter of boughs, and gathered great armfuls of leaves to serve as beds, while several of them cheerfully gave up their sheepskin coats for a covering. Soldiers were out searching in all directions, and more than once Madame Branzeau had a revolver held to her temple to prevent her from calling out to the searchers who passed close by a cave in which the fugitives were hidden. In the meanwhile Monsieur Rouet, the dragoman of the French Embassy, had been entrusted with the task of carrying on the negotiations with the emissaries of the brigands. This he did most successfully, even succeeding in getting the amount of the ransom reduced to ten thousand liras. Madame Branzeau seems to have behaved throughout with considerable *sang-froid*, and experienced no ill effects from the hardships and exposure; but her companion was greatly injured in health, and suffered from a nervous disorder for a long time afterwards. The soldiers succeeded in getting on the track of the fugitive brigands, and after the ladies were released came to close quarters with them, shot the leader and another of the band, and in the course of a week took ten other prisoners. Madame Branzeau told me that she pitied the men, and refused to swear to their identity; but that did not save them from torture and lifelong imprisonment. A sum of seven thousand liras was also recovered, so the brigands were not so fortunate as in the case of Miss Stone. The fate of this party has probably acted as a deterrent to others. Since this time the captures that have been made by brigands have usually been in the Smyrna vilayet, but in most cases the brigands have not got off scot-free.

Constantinople has also been visited by earthquakes. The shocks are not often severe, but there was a terrible visitation in July 1894. Those who experienced it still speak of it with bated breath. The evening before it occurred a visitor was expressing a wish to feel what an earthquake was like. His host bade him not wish for such a thing, but he persisted in saying that he desired to experience one. The next day his wish was gratified, and within twelve hours he had packed his bag and fled from the city. The great convulsion occurred a little after midday, and was heralded by a sinister subterranean rumbling. The crash that followed was appalling. The earth rocked, and a cloud of dust rose and hid the landscape from sight. The sea rolled back fifty yards or more from the shore, and men and women, believing that the end of the world was come, rushed from their tottering houses to fall on their knees in the middle of the street. One man told me that the sensation of feeling the stairs literally tumbling away from his feet as he rushed down from his bedroom was most horribly uncanny. Houses collapsed or had their front walls shaken bodily out of them, and some miraculous escapes were recorded. The members of a family residing on the island of Prinkipo were sitting on a balcony some five-and-twenty feet above the level of the ground. The gong sounded for lunch, and while they were on the way to the dining-room the earthquake commenced, and the balcony was precipitated into the garden—the balcony in which they had all been seated only a few seconds before. The chief damage was done in the quaint old bazaars which were so interesting a feature of Stamboul. They fell in like a pack of cards, burying hundreds, some say thousands, of people in the ruins. Shocks of less intensity were felt at intervals for a month, and the ground quivered so ominously that few people ventured to remain indoors. Fortunately the weather was so beautifully fine that the gipsy life in improvised tents was very pleasant.

I come to the last item: Armenian massacres. The events of the fourth week of August 1896 will assuredly never be forgotten by any Europeans resident in or near Constantinople at the time. No thought of danger or of trouble was in our minds, when, like a bolt from the blue, there came the news that the Armenians, hearing that a massacre of their

fellow-countrymen in Constantinople had been arranged, had taken the initiative by raiding the Ottoman Bank. The attack was as successful as it was daring. The desperate band approached the bank entrance, and when interrogated by the two guards, a Kurd and a Croat, promptly fired on them. The Kurd fell mortally wounded, and the other—a fine, handsome fellow—dropped also; but this was merely a ruse on his part, for as the band rushed past him into the bank he sprang to his feet and emptied chamber after chamber of his revolver after them. Three of the band fell, whereupon the Croat retired from the scene of conflict. The raiders took possession of the bank without further trouble. They closed all exits and prepared for a siege. The employés were warned not to interfere, and were told that they were safe so long as they kept quiet. At the same time, the leader showed them a number of bombs, and said that if he could not hold the bank, it was his firm intention to blow up the building. Turkish troops gathered outside and fired indiscriminately at the windows. They succeeded in killing a young clerk who imprudently exposed himself. Several of the soldiers were killed by the return fire, but the only other man who was killed was one of the band who came running rapidly down the wide flight of steps leading to the main entrance. He slipped and fell, and the bomb which he was carrying exploded. He was hoist with his own petard. The charge hit him full in the stomach and scattered him all over the walls and ceiling. The chief of the band—an Armenian who spoke Russian—must have resembled Byron's mild-mannered cut-throat, for he not only 'shouted' at the bank restaurant for all comers, but also, when he had agreed to surrender next day, courteously assisted the bank officials to re-store and lock up the bags of *medjidiehs* which had been used to blockade the big entrance-doors.

Why did the Armenians take possession of the bank? Because they believed that if they did so the Powers would be forced to intervene in their favour, and so put a stop to the unceasing massacres in the provinces. To the eternal shame of the Powers there was no intervention, and a slaughter of innocent Armenians commenced in the streets, and did not cease until thousands of the unfortunate creatures had been brutally done to death. The massacre was carefully organised. Military patrols directed and controlled the mob. The outbreak commenced at a fixed hour, and the slaughter ceased at a fixed hour. In the interim Armenians were ruthlessly murdered by gangs of men and boys armed with clubs supplied to them at the *caracoles* (military police-stations). All night Armenians were being sought out. In the morning orders were given for the attack to cease, and the mob docilely obeyed. A parley with the bank-raiders resulted in their surrender. They believed that their object was attained, and that the strong would help the weak. Their personal safety was guaranteed, and on their surrender they were conveyed, still armed with their bombs, on board the *Gulnare*, a large yacht belonging to Sir Edgar Vincent, at that time the head director of the Ottoman Bank. The next day the raiders were transhipped to a Messagerie steamer, which landed them at Marseilles. The massacres recommenced in the streets. On the third day some of us who live on the Asiatic side of the Bosporus made an attempt to land in Galata. We were confronted on the bridge by cordons of soldiers, and an officer intimated to us that we should do well to return whence we had come. Just at that moment a hunted Armenian rushed across the road with a gang of youths hot on his track. A moment or two later the shouts and yells which broke out told us that another poor victim had been added to the thousands already slain. Very few of the Armenians made any fight at all for their lives. One man was knocked down on the bridge, and endeavoured, poor wretch! to protect his head with his hands, in which he held two fully loaded revolvers. Not one single chamber did he discharge, but pleaded piteously for his life, which in a second or two was bashed out of him. In Galata a soldier followed five fugitives to a roof where they had taken refuge, and coolly flung them down one after another to the yelling crowd below. None of them thought of flinging his arms round his assailant and taking the latter down with him. On the other hand, here and there Armenians offered a desperate resistance. Two young men, when their khan was attacked, defended it with the most resolute valour. The elder brother was killed on the first floor, but not until he had accounted for six or seven Turks. The younger then retreated to the roof, where he killed four more before he fell. All the other Armenians in the khan had hidden themselves. Seven were routed out and butchered like sheep, while five were fortunate enough not to be discovered, and so escaped with their lives. Early in the morning dozens of wagons full of dead Armenians rumbled across the bridge, and the bodies were shot into the Bosporus, whose fast-flowing current quickly carried them into the open Marmora. Many a time in the days that followed were bodies encountered floating on the surface of the sea, and a gruesome sight it was. The day that the massacre ceased I walked about the streets, and more than once my feet slipped on a dark stain—the blood of murdered men.

Off and on for four days these horrible scenes were renewed, and yet Europe looked placidly on, and made no effort to save the unhappy Christians from the hands of the Moslem savages. Indignation meetings were held in London and elsewhere; foolish speeches were made about 'the turbaned tiger,' as the Sultan was alliteratively but incorrectly designated; protests were handed in at Yildiz; and then nothing more was done, and the Turk went his way, and treated the Armenian all the worse in consequence of what the world was saying of him. In writing this page of history it will need a clever apologist to explain away the inaction of Europe. If ever England, France, and Germany had a

summons they were bound to obey, it was at that moment. It was an awful time for the wretched Armenians, and it was an anxious time for us all. We knew not at what moment the mob might get out of hand and start an indiscriminate slaughter of Christians. Happily we were spared this; but if a few Europeans had lost their lives the war-vessels of the Powers would presumably have steamed through the Dardanelles and up the Marmora to the Bosporus, and the lives of thousands of Armenians who have been butchered since would not have been sacrificed.

My tale has been so sombre that I will finish in a lighter key. During the massacres a Laz, one of those piratical ruffians from the Black Sea littoral, cast his evil eye on the booth of a *sarraf* (money-changer). The *sarrafs* are mostly Armenians and Greeks, for the Turk is forbidden by the Koran to follow any usurious trade. The Laz evidently thought that the *sarraf* was fair prey. He swaggered across the street, kicked over the money-tray, took off his waistband, and coolly proceeded to fill the frowsy rag with big silver *medjidiehs*. He was making off with his booty, when a pasha who chanced to witness the incident called him back, boxed his ears heartily, and forced him to disgorge every coin he had taken. This was a good action on the part of the pasha. Quite so! But I regret to say that the virtuous pasha forgot to restore the coins to the *sarraf*. In an absent-minded way he gathered up the silver and walked off home. This is a true tale, and indeed, in a country where Ministers of State do not disdain to hold out their palms to receive bribes from ten pounds upwards, it is not surprising to find other men descending to petty thefts of the above description. Russia and Turkey are much on a par with regard to their official corruption. Both have their Augean stables, and it is sincerely to be hoped that these stables will soon have a cleansing stream sweeping through them, for both of them at present stink in the nostrils of the world. Hitherto the world has been content simply to hold her aristocratic nose, and to say, 'Pugh, what an evil smell!' But the time is coming when the effluvia will be no longer endurable, and something will have to be done. May that time come soon, and may the cleansing be thorough and effectual, for indeed it is badly needed!

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER IX.

THE King, Miss Anchester, Herr Schneider, and myself furnished the Brun-varad contingent for Mrs van Troeber's ball at the Pariserhof that evening.

The Queen, who had refrained from putting in an appearance at dinner, pleaded fatigue and a slight headache as an excuse for her absence.

The King, whose digestion was as boyish as his spirits, insisted on an early start; and so informal were his tastes that he obtained our sanction to traverse the half-mile which separated the scene of the festivities from the royal dwelling on foot. Accordingly, we slipped on snow-boots over our pumps, donned warm cloaks and overcoats, and sallied forth into the starlit, silent night. It was extremely cold, but the air was dry and very still; and as the snow crunched and squeaked beneath our feet, I felt my spirits rising in a way they had never risen when journeying to a dance in London. Soon we were amongst the lighted streets of Weissheim, and an occasional passenger would recognise the King's burly form, and doff his hat with a low-growled '*Vivat! Majestat.*'

We entered the Pariserhof by a side door, and were conducted to the ballroom, where Mrs van Troeber, a handsome American lady, with a Parisian gown and a blazing wealth of diamonds, received us with the restrained cordiality due to the denizens of a royal palace.

The ballroom was a large and very handsome apartment, and its normally rich decoration was augmented by a lavish display of flowers and greenery.

I never was a dancing man. To be quite frank, I always regard this particular form of entertainment as a deplorable waste both of means and energy. All the same, I was constrained to admit that the Pariserhof ballroom presented a spectacle which was well worth tramping half a mile of frozen snow to see.

The guests were mainly English and Americans, and a singularly healthy and pleasant-looking crowd. The women were as well dressed as at any function I have ever attended in London, and the jewellery displayed would have sufficed materially to reduce the National Debt of Grimland. Add to this an excellent band, a brilliant but soft scheme of lighting, an exceptionally high standard of dancing, and you will pardon the mildly voluptuous thrill with which I regarded the refined animation of the scene. I noticed the Grand Duke Fritz leaning his broad back against a gilded pilaster, his eyes following the dancers as if seeking for some one he could not find. I saw Max attired in faultless evening-dress, with an immaculate white waistcoat, conducting a splendid young woman with the shoulders of a goddess and an epoch-making ball-dress to a thickly flowered alcove, and—profanity of profanities—yawning with the shameless ennui of his gilded, blasé youth. I caught a glimpse of his sister, as she waltzed past me with the light earth-scorning energy of the perfect dancer, fresh, frankly raptur-

ous, the epitome of fearless, lovable girlhood; a figure to restore one's shaken faith in human happiness and turn to folly the unhealthy moralisings of Herr Schneider's morbid brain. I turned to Miss Anchester, who stood beside me, a tall, stately figure in white, a gray-eyed, self-possessed spectator, with a look of quiet enjoyment on her clear-cut features.

'Are you engaged this dance?' I asked.

'My programme speaks for itself,' she replied, handing me an unmarked card.

'May I have the pleasure?'

'Certainly.'

We had hardly started dancing when the music came to a stop.

'How typical of life!' I remarked.

My partner knitted her brows as if in annoyance. 'I do not follow your train of thought,' she said, after a moment's pause.

'Naturally,' I retorted; 'my thoughts have no train.'

'In other words, you speak without thinking.'

'Almost invariably. One thereby avoids grammatical accuracy and all suspicion of intellectuality.'

'The latter, of course, must be very difficult.'

'That reminds me,' I said.

'That reminds you of what?'

'Your caustic remark reminds me of a letter.'

'You are pleased to be cryptic.'

'If you will condescend to accompany me to a secluded spot, I shall be pleased to be explanatory.'

We walked in silence to an unoccupied settee in a palm-decorated recess.

'When we had that little tumble this morning,' I began as we seated ourselves, 'a letter fell out of your pocket.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Miss Anchester, 'I could not imagine where it had got to.'

'Have you read it?' I inquired.

'Yes.'

'So have I.'

At my admission her cheeks flamed red, her eyes glowered unspeakable contempt, her lips trembled to pronounce—I could swear—the word 'cad.'

'Was that in accordance with your usual habits, or merely a solitary instance of ungentlemanliness?' she asked icily.

'Will you condescend to hear my explanation?' I countered, smiling in spite of myself at her bitter but perfectly natural resentment.

'I will hear what you have to say on the subject,' she said stiffly.

'When that letter fell from your pocket this morning you were in a state of unconsciousness. For safety, I put the letter into my own pocket, meaning to restore it to you at the first opportunity. Naturally, being a man, I forgot all about it. After lunch a letter from my mother arrived for me. I was interrupted in its perusal, and put it back half-read into my pocket. Later on I took out your letter under the impression that it was my own. The handwriting was the same, and I had read a good portion of it before discovering that it was not intended for my eyes. I don't know whether that sounds very plausible,' I went on, looking straight into her gray eyes; 'but whether it does or does not, it is the truth, and as such I must ask you to believe it.'

The high colour had gradually subsided from her cheek, and the look of wrath melted into one of disdain.

'Of course I believe you—implicitly,' she said. 'Still, it was not very—very intellectual, was it?'

'I suppose it seems very foolish,' I said; 'but it was the handwriting that caused the error—that and my own absent-mindedness. Still, I don't see that any harm has been done. My reading the letter has at any rate cleared up much that was difficult to understand.'

'I don't follow you.'

'I appear to be very unintelligible to-day. I mean that your conduct towards me has been explained.'

'My conduct towards you!'

'Yes; you cannot deny that, acting on my mother's extraordinary suggestion, you have adopted towards me a tone of brusque comment and critical acerbity which was hardly the normal behaviour of a young lady towards a man she had never met before, and who was some years her senior.'

'Indeed!'

'Take the case of that incident on the Kastel run. I was fortunate enough to render you a service—trivial enough, no doubt, but one which would have merited some slight expression of gratitude had you not so far fallen in with my mother's ridiculous request as to take up an unnatural and, I have no doubt, unpalatable rôle.'

'I humbly crave your forgiveness,' she said mockingly. 'At great personal risk you save me the certainty of a terrible accident. Had you not stood your ground like a hero, and exerted on my behalf the skill and energy of a finished athlete, I should have dashed over David to the certainty of a maiming, perhaps fatal, fall. And yet so callous is my heart, so devoid of the ordinary instincts of gratitude, that I maintain unmoved my slighting, snubbing rôle, and reward my noble preserver with no more thanks than a grudging admission that another might conceivably not have acted as he had done.'

The tone in which these remarks were delivered only just saved them from being a deadly insult. And yet, making allowance for rhetorical exaggeration, they were little more than the actual truth, and the manner in which she had turned to scorn my modest plaint for an unthanked service was almost brutal in its effective disdain. I know it made me very angry.

'Very well,' I said, rising, 'we will leave the matter there. It appears you rather misunderstood me. The fault no doubt was mine.'

The music had started again, and I offered my

arm to my companion with the intention of re-seeking the ballroom.

'One moment,' she said. 'I have heard your explanation. Hear mine. I met your mother some years ago in London—to be precise, in Bermondsey, where we worked together in a common charity. Since then I have visited your mother's house and dined with her more than once, but on each occasion you were away from home. When you decided to come out here, your mother, knowing that I was filling an engagement as governess to the royal children, and foreseeing that we should be, to a certain extent, thrown together, wrote to me giving her view of your character, and asking me to try and reduce what she considered your somewhat inflated opinion of your own abilities. I have a great respect for your mother, and I did, and shall do, my best to carry out her instructions.'

At the conclusion of her explanation Miss Anchester indulged in a merry and perfectly natural laugh. I concluded she was climbing down.

'My mother is a very good woman,' I said, 'and not in most respects an unwise one. Nevertheless, she has, to use a vulgarism, a bee in her bonnet, a large, fussy, disquieting bee. She is under the delusion that I am a mass of conceit, and to eradicate this hypothetical defect in my character she is prepared to go any length, even to the extent of imposing this extremely distasteful mission on you.'

'Who said it was distasteful?' queried Miss Anchester, with another laugh.

'I cannot imagine it to be otherwise,' I said. 'And now we have had this little explanation, I trust you will take an unbiassed and more favourable view of my character.'

'You value my opinion?'

'I value everybody's opinion. I do not care to appear before the world in the guise of a puffed-up braggart.'

'You are not conscious of being in any way conceited?' she inquired, still smiling.

I shrugged my shoulders.

'We are none of us perfect,' I replied. 'A good opinion of one's self is a prevalent fault, and not a bad one either. It is surely better than going through life with a trembling distrust of one's own capacities.'

'Delightfully put,' said the governess, looking me merrily in the face. 'Why, I can read you like a book.'

'You are the second person who has made that remark to me to-day,' I replied. 'I must be very legible.'

'Who else said so?' asked Miss Anchester, with visible surprise.

'The Queen,' I answered.

'The Queen!'

'Yes,' I said. 'I went to Heldersburg this afternoon with a message to her from His Majesty.'

'Oh, you were the King's messenger!' she ejaculated. 'King Karl told me the whole story without mentioning names. I congratulate you on your success.'

'Now you are ministering to my conceit,' I remarked, laughing in turn.

'Come,' she said, looking away, 'we must return to the dancing.'

'May I take up the broken thread of Terpsichore?'

'You may dance with me again, if that is what you mean; but you must not talk like that.'

At the conclusion of the dance the King approached us. He had been dancing with Mrs van Troeber, and was very warm and short of breath.

'This rarefied air,' he said, 'is frightfully unsatisfying to a short-winded person like myself.—Miss Anchester, may I have the pleasure of a dance?'

I felt some one gently touching my arm, and looked round. It was General Meyer.

'You are an Englishman,' he said; 'you will not refuse to have a drink with me?'

'If you make it a question of upholding my national prestige, I cannot,' I replied.

'I want you to tell me all about your experience this afternoon,' he said as we sauntered off towards the refreshment-room.

I recounted my adventures, and he listened with palpable, albeit silent, amusement.

'That threat about the *Zauber-tisch* was a stroke of genius,' he said. 'The joke is, that the Queen, for the first time in her life, is thoroughly afraid of her husband.'

'It is to be hoped that the condition will be permanent,' I commented.

The commander-in-chief made an expressive gesture.

'It is not likely,' he said. 'King Karl is an excellent man—he is a brave man. Towards men, in spite of his easy manner, he can be stern—ruthless. Towards his wife he is weakness itself. The phenomenon is not an uncommon one.'

'Ah!' I said; 'if he would but bully her, frighten her, ill-treat her even, it would be the best possible thing for his own peace and that of the country.'

'True—perfectly true,' assented my companion. 'Unfortunately, human nature being what it is, we cannot expect the desired domestic revolution to be permanent. By the way, do you want a drink?'

'I would far rather not,' I replied.

'So would I. The habit of drinking between meals has no attraction for me, but it is sometimes necessary to conform to popular prejudices. What do you think of Schneider?'

'I think him clever,' I answered.

'He has a brilliant record. Do you think he is trustworthy?'

'I should say so. I frankly admit I do not feel disposed to like him; but he does not seem the sort of man to play a double game. I fancy his heart is in his work.'

'I am inclined to agree with you,' said my companion after a pause; 'but the King unfortunately has taken a strong dislike to him.'

'And you?' I asked.

'Oh, I—I like him well enough. The fellow has a fund of interesting reminiscences, and is no fool. The average Grimlander is.'

'You are a Grimlander yourself,' I said.

'I am a Jew,' he retorted. 'A Jew of Grimland if you will, but first and foremost a Jew.'

'It is to your credit to be proud of it,' I said.

'I am not proud of it at all,' he retorted. 'I admit the obvious; that is all. I would sooner be an adventurous swashbuckler like the Grand Duke, or even a reckless young detrimental like Max, than what I am—a cautious, scheming, uncourageous Jew.'

'Nonsense,' I said good-humouredly. 'A man who has won his way to the position of commander-in-chief must not call himself uncourageous.'

'I have never been in action in my life,' he said, 'and I pray to Heaven that I never may be. I do not fear death more than other people, but I am incapable of the fighting lust which alone carries men through the terrors of the battlefield. I won my way to my present position not by nerve, but by brains. I invented a gun-carriage which was capable of being transported rapidly over snow, and the King, who has a good eye for ability, singled me out early in my career, and ever since has lost no opportunity of advancing me. Therefore I serve him with a whole heart, and my intelligence, such as it is, is at his service. More than that I cannot offer him, for I have not the instincts of a soldier.'

(*To be continued.*)

THIRTEEN.

By E. J. Jones.

THIRTEEN enjoys among Numerals a dual position peculiarly its own. It is somewhat singular that a number regarded by some so sacredly as to be reverently venerated should have acquired in the eyes of others an unpopularity stigmatised by all that is evil, unlucky, and undesirable.

Passing swiftly from the remoter ages of superstition to more modern times of seemingly sounder reasoning, one finds it typical alike of good and evil according to the particular circumstances of the case. Superstition dies hard; and while the twentieth century, with its ripening intelligence, is wonderfully able to accept with alacrity what the revolution of ages has brought about in so many desirable directions, one sees it clinging here and there, like limpets to the rock, some persons even still going so far as to refuse to dine in a company of thirteen lest death should thereby claim too soon an unwilling victim. This notion is popularly supposed to have arisen through that memorable meal from which Judas rose to meet his doom.

Nothing is more surprising than the inconsistency and contrariness, at times, of the human race. Dr G. Russell Forbes has recently drawn passing attention to what is recorded in verse on the marble table in the chapel of the Triclinium Pauperum in Rome, adjoining the Church of St Gregory on the Cœlian Hill—namely, that Pope Gregory the Great was in the habit of entertaining every morning twelve poor men. On one occasion Christ appeared as the thirteenth, and henceforth thirteen became 'lucky' for the time being. Here, as elsewhere in the numeral world, may be observed a strong tendency to let fancy take so powerful a possession of the mind that it appears to that abnormal imagination no longer as fancy but as fact. Thirteen, however, was the symbol of Death considerably earlier even than the beginning of the Christian era. If the Tarot or Gipsies' Gospel be referred to, it will be found that the thirteenth card is represented by a skeleton with his scythe. This symbolism may be traced through ancient oral tradition to the thirteenth letter of that sacred word of the Hebrew Kabbalah, *Yod-he-vau-he*, a word never, it is supposed, uttered by the Israelites themselves, and only by the High Priest once a year. A number being attributed to each letter of the alphabet, every word in due course gained a numerical value; and so from this ancient conception of an occult meaning in numbers certain results were attained. As the principal doctrines of the Kabbalah endeavoured to portray not only the nature of the Deity, the divine emanations, the cosmogony, the creation, the nature of the angels and of men, but also their destiny, it can be understood how 'death' became associated with its 'own' number.

Sitting down as the thirteenth at dinner was, we are told in the old Norse mythology, deemed 'unlucky' by the Scandinavians, because, at a banquet in the Valhalla, Loki, the Scandinavian God of Strife and Evil, intruded himself on one occasion, making the 'thirteenth' guest, and succeeded in his desire to kill, with an arrow of mistletoe, Balder, the God of Peace. It is noticeable that in this instance the thirteenth guest was the emblematic embodiment of Evil. In the case of Pope Gregory the thirteenth guest was the symbolic omen of Good.

'Thirteen,' says Wynn Westcott in his treatise on Numbers, 'was the sacred number of the Mexicans and the people of Yucatan. The method of computation among the Mexican priests,' he

continues, 'was by weeks of thirteen days—their year being twenty-eight weeks of thirteen days and one over. Thirteen years formed an indiction—a week of years—the thirteen days over forming another week. Four times thirteen, or fifty-two, was their "cycle." In Yucatan there were thirteen *snake gods*.' He draws attention, too, to the fact that old authors speak of 'thirteen' as a number used to procure agreement among married people. Thirteen, it should be pointed out, is the number of the Hebrew word *achad*—unity.

We find from the old Julian Calendar that the feast known as *epulum Jovis* took place on the 13th November; and according to the Breviary of Salisbury, festivals were, before the Reformation, held on January 13th, August 13th, October 13th, and September 13th.

In opposition to this, the Turks, Russians, Italians, French, and English have all shown themselves more or less prejudiced, from time to time, against 'thirteen.' Moore in his Diary refers to a dinner of thirteen at Madame Catalini's, when a French Countess was hastily summoned to remedy the grievance. French prejudice, if report be true, has even gone so far as to delete the dreaded figure from their door-numbers; while individuals styled *quartoziennes* have held themselves in readiness to avert by their presence a supposed foreshadowing calamity. Yet prior to 1825 the Irish, superstitious in many ways though they be, could calmly carry about with them a coin worth just thirteenpence.

Thirteen—the 'baker's dozen'—is, of course, everywhere regarded as including a vantage loaf. 'Would you not,' pertinently asks Dr Forbes, in contending for the luck lurking in thirteen, 'rather have thirteen guineas than twelve?'

A Thirteenth Club at one time made itself conspicuous in a ludicrous endeavour to upset this widely spread prejudice and other ill-foreboding omens by boldly breaking mirrors and otherwise identifying themselves with skulls and skeletons, black cats, cross-eyed waiters, and coffin-shaped saltcellars, so that the *Spectator* in 1894 found itself unable to refrain from facetiously exclaiming, 'Who could have believed that there were one hundred and sixty-nine men in London so singularly lacking in humour?'

Mention might also be made of the celebrated 'Thirteenth Regiment,' of whom it was spoken: 'Gallant deeds in all parts of the globe for upwards of one hundred and eight years, combined with excellent conduct in quarters, have obtained for the regiment the respect of the country, and the Queen [Victoria] has graciously named it after her Royal Consort, in testimony of its many and varied services.'

Attention may now be turned to several lately revived instances in the annals of American history of 'thirteen' being felicitous rather than the reverse. The country of this ever-increasingly prosperous people was, it is contended, discovered on the 13th; comprised originally thirteen States; and the national motto, intentionally or not, '*E pluribus unum*,' consists of just thirteen letters. The American eagle claims to have exactly thirteen feathers on each wing. General Washington, when raising the Republican standard, was saluted with thirteen guns. It might almost be styled the 'Land of Thirteen.'

A remarkable example in evidence of the influence which personal feeling may have over one's opinion is worth recalling. Bismarck is credited with holding in supreme veneration the number 3, but he had a particular antipathy to it when preceded by the figure 1, and would never, it is said, sit down to dine if he happened to be the thirteenth person at table. Pythagoras declared three to be the 'perfect' number, typical of 'beginning, middle, and end.' Bismarck's reasons for his predilection were briefly stated at the time of his death. He served three masters; he was responsible for and fought in three great wars; he signed three treaties of peace; he arranged the meeting of three Emperors; he established the Triple Alliance; in the Franco-German War he had three horses killed under him; he had three names (Bismarck, Schoenhausen, and Lauenburg); he acquired three titles (Count, Prince, Duke); the ancient arms of his family are a leaf of clover and three oak-leaves. His family motto, '*In Trinitate robur*'—Strength in Trinity—was surely in itself sufficient to give a leaning in this particular direction. So closely were his feelings associated with the triple number that the caricaturist represented him with three hairs on his head. He had three children. Under his administration the Conservatives, National Liberals, and Ultramontanes were formed. These circumstances considered, then, it is hardly to be wondered at that Bismarck should have had a penchant for 'three' rather than for 'thirteen.'

Richard Wagner the musician, on the other hand, preferred 'thirteen.' Born in 1813, Fate endowed him with a name of thirteen letters, and in course of time allowed him to compose thirteen works. His *Tannhäuser* was finished on April 13th, and was first performed in Paris on March 13th. He left Bayreuth on September 13th, and died February 13th.

Even in the present year of grace folks may be found firmly believing that there is 'luck in odd numbers'—not alone in three and thirteen, but in seven also. As shown in a former paper, like 'three' and 'thirteen,' 'seven' has played no inconspicuous part in the story of the past. Had Cobden been a man of constitution a little less matter-of-fact he might have dwelt with a sense of satisfaction on the number seven; for was it not owing to the power of seven men and the patience of seven years that those crushing Corn Laws were in the end so completely conquered and overthrown? 'Luck will come, *if it can*,' was, in substance, what Carlyle once tersely and soundly predicted; to which one ventures to add, Yes,

and in the train of three and seven and thirteen irrespectively, and in spite of rather than because of any particular number. The reflection carries with it an amazing amount of comforting consolation. But it should not be forgotten that while awaiting its appearance one may be actually speeding its advent in a calm pursuance of the Chelsea philosopher's sensible counsel: 'Work—work hard; work well.'

An instance in which this may be seen, and in association with the so-called 'unlucky' number, is in the time-honoured and still popular game of whist. Thirteen cards are dealt out to, and rigorously demanded by, each player. It depends largely, of course, upon the player himself whether those thirteen cards are turned to his advantage or disadvantage.

One more remark anent thirteen. At roulette, quite recently, 'thirteen' was reported as having come up 'three times in succession,' losing the Casino, it was stated, no less than five thousand pounds—enough, one would think, to upset the prejudiced attitude of many a superstitious mind. The case strikingly bears out the contention advanced above. The winners found thirteen lucky; the Casino found thirteen unlucky. How, under these particular conditions, could it possibly be any otherwise?

A LABOUR MEMBER.

CHAPTER III.

A WHIMSICAL idea took possession of Lanyon. He would look closer into this dark nether world, the seething foundry full of dreary noise and stir whence issued these curiously minted coins. He did not want to view it any longer from the outside, as an unimpassioned scientific observer, but to go down into it and for a time be of it. His plans were quickly made. The next day, through his confidential man-servant, he bought—ostensibly for acting—a seedy second-hand suit and a pair of broken boots. He disguised himself with a property-beard, found an old cap, and slunk out by the area steps that night with a furtive glance after a policeman, half-afraid of being arrested as a suspicious character and having to prove his innocence at the cost of his dignity. Falconer had enlightened him as to the haunts of the homeless, and by midnight he had joined a dismal band on a bench whereon to rest and keep as warm as might be on the early April night till the vigilant 'copper' dispersed them to wander once more. He tried to get into friendly relations with the gruff-voiced young tramp on one side of him, but failed dismally. The lad seemed to suspect a trap, and Lanyon's imitation of the low Cockney dialect was not a grand success.

Presently he found himself for the moment alone on the bench, except for a huddled-up female figure closely wrapped in a dingy shawl. He watched her furtively. She seemed to sleep; but her hopeless attitude—relaxed, limp, deplorable—might mark that stage of despair which preludes the sudden dash for the river-wall. If she roused at all he might speak to her—might be lucky enough to make her trust him. While he waited his chance he saw out of the dimness another woman approaching; but this one was of an altogether different type, though as plainly, more tidily garbed. As she came closer he noticed, first, that she wore the Salvation Army bonnet; secondly, with a start, that the face under that headgear was familiar, was one that had printed itself oddly on his consciousness. He recognised the wonderfully mournful eyes, the thick, coarse, reddish hair, the hollow cheeks and sharp chin of Falconer's daughter. He was surprised. Surely she was not a Salvationist? He sat huddled in his corner, intently observant of her while she stooped over the back of the bench and spoke to the woman at the other end. He could not hear the low, muttered talk. It did not give him any impression of preaching, of exhortation; rather it seemed the quiet question and answer, the intimacy of common experience. The woman on the bench seemed first to shrug away, to resent the address of the other; then he saw that she roused a little, turned towards the other, and her manner changed, became human, interested. While he pretended to sleep his sharp ears caught a word here and there in a deep-toned, not unmusical voice, with a note of ineffable sadness in it.

'I know—I know, poor soul! I've been through the mill—I've suffered. Don't you think I'm not understanding. No, I don't want to preach. Life is so hard, one tries to drown the pain of it. You'll let me help you? I think I might.' Then, after a while, a little louder: 'Just wait for me a minute. I'll go there with you myself; only, I want just to say a word to that man there.'

Lanyon didn't know whether he felt more embarrassed or more interested when Margaret Falconer moved to his end of the bench and spoke to him. He kept his head down; he was perfectly sure that as soon as he looked up and spoke he must betray himself to this deep-eyed woman.

'Can I help you to a night's shelter?' the low voice said just above him, and she stooped.

How fearless hard life had made this woman, still but a girl in years! What should he do? Keep up the semblance of sleep, take no notice of her, or throw himself on her friendship and make her a comrade? After a moment's hesitation he decided on this plan. He threw back his head and

looked at her. In the dim light, though something in his glance surprised and confused her, she did not see in him anything different from what his clothes and position seemed to declare; but when he spoke she started back, and her face was flooded with painful red.

'Miss Falconer,' he said, 'don't be startled. I wanted to see something of this life. I'm Ivor Lanyon.'

CHAPTER IV.

'OH,' she said, gasping, 'you've startled me, Mr Lanyon!'

'Yes? Why should you be startled? I've just lived outside all of this, and I wanted to look in—that's all. Hence these clothes,' he added, with a smiling glance at his boots. 'As myself I shouldn't get hold of anything real. Please tell me what you were going to do about *her*.' He dropped his voice as he glanced towards the forlorn statue of misery near them.

'There's a place I know. I was going to take her there.'

'And me? What place could you have found for me?'

'There's the Salvation Army Shelter,' she began in a broken, hesitating voice. It was evident she was afraid of him, and he wanted to get on friendly terms.

'You're not really a Salvationist, are you?'

'No. I wear the dress at night; the Army lets me, because it's a sort of protection, and makes people listen to me sometimes. But all their ways are not mine.'

'I feel sure of that.'

'Why?' she asked quickly, a little fiercely. 'You think I'm not religious?'

'Hardly the Salvation type, are you?' he said coolly. 'Your father's daughter'——

'Well, my father's daughter'——

'Ought to have a little wider sphere. Oh, they're excellent folk; very likely they do more because they have a narrow outlook—don't miss details.'

'You don't know much of my father, do you?'

'No; but I hope I shall. I am greatly interested in him.'

'As a curious specimen—to examine and dissect scientifically?'

'Miss Falconer, what have I done to displease you?'

The calm question made her pause, drawing a deep breath. A moment ago she had felt all antagonism against the aristocrat masquerading who had caught her at a disadvantage; but this question touched the magnanimity of the woman.

'I—I don't know,' she said, and her voice dropped from its note of offence.

'I want you to be a friend.'

'A friend!' She looked at him, flushing again with surprise. 'Is it possible? Why—you and me!'

'Why shouldn't it be possible? I am not a man without a heart or a brain, I hope. I am wanting, as I said, to know—to understand your life—your point of view. To do that people should be friends. You don't, surely, believe that because your father beat me in an honest fight I should treat him as an enemy?'

'No, no,' she said, hesitating, confused. Then she looked at the woman, and her manner changed. She was once more the strong, self-reliant person he had conceived her to be. 'First, before I talk to you, I must see to this poor thing. She'll come with me, I think; she is so miserable, and I understand it. Another night—or if you will wait here?'

'I will wait—unless the bobby moves me on.'

'You can come back—that is to say, if you care.'

'I do care. You shall find me here.'

She nodded, and then, turning away, spoke again to the bundle of forlorn humanity that called itself a woman. She seemed quietly to coax the tired, sullen, reluctant limbs to action; she led her away with an arm under hers. They vanished into the dimness beyond the orbit of the lamp, and he sat down to think about her.

It did not seem very long before she returned, and after a moment's hesitation sat down beside him and began hurriedly to speak.

'Mr Lanyon, I really don't know what you think you'll gain by this masquerading, nor what you want. Maybe it's just a crank. Gentlemen have a fancy at times to know "what it feels like;" it makes going back again all the pleasanter.' She spoke bitterly, with a short, broken laugh.

'Don't be unfair,' he said very quietly. 'Yes, I've got to go back, I know. If there ever *was* a time when people "sold all they had and gave to the poor," that has gone by, and I don't purpose to try it (not that I'm abnormally rich, by-the-by); still, as far as I go, I'm genuine. I always was interested in finding out things about people not so well off as I am; but it didn't occur to me before really to try from the inside, and that's what I want you to help me to do.'

'What made you want?'

'Honestly, I think your father's personality.'

For the first time there was cordiality, friendliness in Margaret Falconer's manner.

'You like father?'

'Yes, and I admire him; he's a force. He has given me a new idea. There's such splendid vitality and grip in him.'

'You'd say so if you knew all about him—what he's been down to'——

'From the look of him I should say he'd visited the nether world.'

'That's it! That's what he has. Everybody despaired about him. He despaired about himself. I suppose God didn't. Anyway, he came up—he rose from the dead.'

'And you—did you despair of him?'

'I!' she said. There was a curious, wild vibra-

tion in her voice. 'Oh, *I* was too sunk in despair myself to believe in any one—anything.'

'And you rose too?'

'Yes, I rose.'

'Are there many like you and your father?'

'Many—lots better; only, you see, we had brains to help us. I suppose people who sink and are stupid too are lost indeed. But about yourself, Mr Lanyon. What's the sense of dressing up only? How are you going to act the part?'

'I think I can. I have acted many a part. Will you show me where to go to find out how people live who have neither home nor hope. If I know more I'll try to see if I can put the knowledge to any good in or out of the House—if I ever get in again. But you must help me. Will you?'

She waited a moment, breathing deeply. Then she uttered a brief 'Yes.'

'With your whole heart?'

'Yes.'

'As friends—comrades?'

'You're in earnest? You *want* me to be your friend?'

'Upon my soul.'

She held out her hand. 'All right. It's a bargain. I'll help you all I can. What do you want to see? Where do you want to go?'

'Where men of my standing never do go—you know the places—to a doss-house, a casual ward, into the poorest place people call home. Then I want to come and see you and your father, and talk things over.'

'I'm seldom in. It's a bit rough on father. He and me seldom have a quiet hour together. Either he's got work he must do, or something whips me out to be looking after some one. I'm but restless.'

'Still, you have to go in and rest sometimes.'

'Yes, when I'm dead-beat—so tired I can't drag any more, or so sick at heart I just have to get a bit of comfort, and for that I've none to go to but my old dad. Mother died ten years ago; that was what broke him up and began all our worst days. Nothing'd ever been so bad if she'd lived. Mother was'—her voice trailed away and broke in a sob—'just a saint of God.'

Lanyon made a sympathetic sound; he was almost afraid of speaking. There was something wild and shy about this curious daughter of the people which he feared to scare, yet withal she had that odd touch of sudden confidence which he had noticed in her father, so strangely alien to the set amongst whom his groove of life had run.

After a pause, during which he could tell without knowing how that she was struggling to be perfectly calm again, she began rapidly to talk to him about the wretched people of the night. In graphic phrases, the rude eloquence that came naturally and was no growth of culture, she told him how she tried to help them, not from the far-off point of the missioner, not with any idea of religious salvation, but just to get at them, to be friendly, never to be shocked.

'They are dreadful!—yes, many of them. You and the ladies you know would think them outside all the possibilities; but it's different with me. I made up my mind never to be shocked. They haven't had their chances; nothing has been fair to them. I have to try and be so'——

'What makes you care?' he asked curiously. 'What gives you this passion of pity?'

She turned her head and looked him straight in the eyes, and he read in the depths of hers so strange a story—as of some prisoner just released from torture of which the memory is so fresh that even liberty cannot breed forgetfulness—that he was fairly startled. Never in all his life, it seemed to him, not even in his young and ardent days, had he looked straight at a naked soul before.

'Why?' she said in a deep, stern, tender voice. 'Because I've been under myself. Deep calls to deep.'

Then, as if afraid of saying more, she got up quickly. 'If you want me to show you those places come now,' she said, trying to speak in an ordinary tone. 'It's getting late.'

He rose too, but instinctively held out his hand. 'Is it a bargain? Are you going to let me be your friend?'

'Yes,' she said.

(To be continued.)

THE TAVERN OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

A CAPE CENTENARY.

By L. E. Neame.



HUNDRED years ago—to be precise, at 4 P.M. on 10th January 1806—the articles of capitulation were signed by which the Cape of Good Hope passed finally into the possession of Great Britain. Even at the time the event never aroused the interest its importance merited, and its centenary passed almost unnoticed. Stirring events in the great upheaval of Europe a century ago overshadowed the brief struggle in the far-off extremity of the sub-continent. The French host gathered together for the invasion of England still camped on the Boulogne coast when Commodore Home Popham's armada crept stealthily down the Channel under sealed orders. Trafalgar was fought while it was yet not far south of Madeira. The expedition was an unqualified success, and the influence it had upon

British Empire in the East can hardly be underestimated. But the Tavern of the Indian Ocean was a spot too far off to rouse public enthusiasm at a time when there was a glut of sensations; and the neglect of a century ago has lived, and to-day no battle in English history is less known to the English schoolboy than the fight at Blueberg a hundred years ago. Perhaps some day, when history is taught in a different way, some of these almost forgotten milestones in the Empire's progress will be deemed of more importance than Continental engagements whose real influence on the fortunes of England was of the slightest.

The story of the old days at the Cape will never appeal to the imagination like the records of early English adventure in the East. The material is not to hand to draw such fascinating pictures as those which sketch the early days in Fort St George and the doings of the bold spirits who served some of the native princes in the days when British supremacy still hung in the balance. One misses the armed hosts and the glittering palaces, the gorgeousness of Asiatic civilisation, and the grandeur of the struggle. The colouring of the Cape was but a rustic drab contrasted with the brilliance of the East. A century and a half of Dutch rule had produced only slow and painful settlement. The Garden in Table Valley had, it is true, expanded into the districts of the Cape, Stellenbosch, Swellendam, Graaf Reinet, and Uitenhage; but the town only contained some six thousand Europeans, and life beyond its limits was rough. The homesteads were but huts, and already there was apparent that love of isolation and rude freedom which thirty or forty years later was responsible for the Great Trek. The eyes of the chief officials still turned to the East for promotion and reward. At the time, however, the southern part of Africa was placid, and contained greater possibilities for trading than it did a few years later. The military movement among the Zulus which culminated in the horrors of Chaka's slaughterings had only just begun to make itself felt. It was only a few years before that Godongwana—afterwards known as Dingiswayo (One in Distress)—had returned from his mysterious exile in the Cape accompanied by a *malungu* or white man, of whom strange things were whispered in the kraals: 'On his feet there were no toes, his heel was so long as to penetrate the ground, he was mounted on an animal of great speed, and carried a pole in his hand which spit fire and thunder, and killed all the wild animals he looked at.' In these days the country between the Cape and what is now called Durban was thickly peopled. The tribal fights were mainly things of show, like mine-boys' fights to-day. The stabbing spear and the regiments of the Scourge of South Africa had not devastated the land.

On the whole, then, it was a land of peace and rude plenty which Lieutenant-General Jan Willem Janssens took over from General Dundas on 20th February 1803. The English had held the Cape for nearly eight years. The interval to the second capture was brief, but it seems to have sufficed to convince the English Government of the importance of the station; and it is now clear that when Commodore Home Popham's fleet sailed the Government had resolved to hold the Cape for good. The size of the expedition assured success from the first, unless the Dutch received assistance from some unexpected quarter. Major-General Baird, who was in command of the troops, had served at the Cape for a year, and was well acquainted with the fortifications. His force comprised six thousand six hundred and fifty-four rank and file. The transports and the warships sailed in two parties and united at Madeira, the first section sailing from Falmouth, and the second and stronger from Cork.

It must have been a stirring, if unpleasant, sight which met the gaze of the watchers from the lower part of Table Mountain on the morning of 4th January 1806, when the English fleet of sixty-three ships cast anchor between Robben Island and the Blueberg shore. A rough sea was running, and it was not till the morning of the 6th that disembarkation began under the shelter of Melkbosh Point, a low spit of rocks running some considerable distance into the sea. The landing was not resisted with energy. A few Batavian marksmen sniped the boats from the shelter of the scrubby sandhills; but the guns of the warships *Diadem*, *Leda*, *Encounter*, and *Protector* covered the beach. The Highland brigade landed first, and the entire force got ashore with the loss of only one boat of thirty-five men. Standing to-day on the sand-dunes which fringe the iron shore, and watching the long roll of the surf on even the calmest day, one wonders that the casualty list was so small.

In the meantime General Janssens had gallantly set about the task which he felt to be hopeless. He could only scrape up about two thousand men, and the composition of his force throws a curious light on the mixed population of the colony. His army included two hundred mounted burghers, four hundred German mercenaries, the crews of two French men-of-war, fifty-four Javanese artillerymen, a regiment of Hottentots and another of slaves, and some *Jägers* recruited from every nation in Europe.

The battle of Blueberg was soon over. The British had a march of sixteen miles from their landing-place to Capetown, and early on the morning of 8th January Janssens set out to oppose them. At five o'clock the British were seen descending the shoulder of the Blueberg towards Capetown. The Dutch commander spread his force out across the line of the advance of the invaders. The Highlanders fired at long range, and then, despite the tiring march through the sand under a sun which was every minute growing more fierce, they fixed bayonets and prepared to charge in the good old British way. The sight was enough for the German mercenaries, who promptly fled. Some of the defenders fought well, but the defending army soon crumbled away, and the British marched

into Capetown with a loss of fifteen killed and two hundred wounded. Janssens retired to the mountains, and Colonel Von Prophalow, who had been left in command at Capetown, surrendered Fort Knokke on the evening of 9th January, and signed the articles of capitulation on 10th January. Within a week Janssens also had to surrender before the overwhelming superiority of the British.

Thus ended the fight for the Cape one hundred years ago; and on 6th March 1806, to quote the historian of the colony, 'the squadron bearing the last representatives of the dominion of the Netherlands over the Cape Colony set sail for Holland.'

AN INVOLUNTARY PLUNGE.

By Captain B. M. CHAMBERS, R.N.

'IT'S not so much the immorality of gambling I would urge as the fact that the man who gambles with another's money is a rogue.'

The speaker was an elderly gentleman, silver-haired and clean-shaven, whose appearance, not less than the solid appurtenances of his comfortably furnished office, proclaimed a successful business man.

The boy to whom the words were addressed—a good-looking undergrad.—winced, but met his father's gaze with an honest, straightforward look.

'No, I won't allow that! I own I've been a fool; but when I backed Cataract I thought it was a dead cert. I had the money, and I thought if it came off I should be able to settle my debts at Cambridge without troubling you for a penny. I own to extravagance; but I needn't have said a word about the bet except that I knew you hated gambling, and I felt I ought to make a clean breast of it whilst I was about it. I couldn't have paid up everything even if I hadn't made the bet; and, after all, what's the difference between betting and mercantile speculation? I can't see why a man who at this minute is risking thousands of pounds speculating in a cargo of hides from the Argentine should look on it as a crime to risk fifty pounds on a race.'

The speaker paused as if in nervous apprehension as to the effect of the shot, and silence reigned in the office for a minute.

'Sit down, my boy,' said the elder man at length; 'I'll take back that about the rogue. I dare say you're not so very different from what your father was at your age. But you're wrong about speculation and gambling being the same. In that hide deal I am certainly backing my knowledge of the markets; but I know that at the worst I can only lose a mere trifle, whilst I may make a very good haul. I never go in for speculative ventures, and some day you will have reason to be glad that it is so. I hate any form of gambling, because it's a fool's game—indeed, fools often do best at it; but what really turned me against it was a fright I had some thirty years ago. I came mighty near losing the chance of a lifetime through the roulette-table, and that not from any love of the game, but simply from a moment's carelessness.

'I dare say you'd like to hear the story. I never told it you before, from some idea, I suppose, that it might act as a bad influence to know that your father had ever gambled. You know that I was the only son of a naval man, and that my mother, widowed early, had all she could do to make both ends meet on her pension and a small annuity. My uncle James generously paid for my education, and ultimately got me a post in the office of Jenkins and Company, the wine exporters at Madeira, and promised me that when a chance came of setting up on my own account there would be five hundred pounds at my service, but that I need not expect anything further.

'I had been six years in Jenkins's office. I liked the work. Jenkins, besides their wine business, had a general shipping and import agency. My imagination was able to gild even the dry details of a merchant's office, and make them not only endurable but positively interesting. I longed for the day when I should be able to set up on my own. I built castles in the air, which I have in part realised, of a business whose branches should reach to the very ends of the inhabited earth. At last my chance had come: Jenkins & Company were going to start a branch house at Teneriffe, and I was offered a junior partnership. Jenkins himself explained to me how he had himself carefully watched my career, and though he knew I could not put much beyond my energy and ability into the service of the firm, he was prepared to give me the appointment if I could raise five hundred pounds. I knew this was practically a gift, since Jenkins knew all about the five hundred pounds my uncle had promised to give me. The five hundred pounds were now lying to my credit in the bank, and the articles of partnership would be signed on the morrow.

'I felt that, since I was leaving the office, I must needs celebrate the occasion in some way, and I accordingly asked Jones and Coddrington, my two fellow-clerks, to come and dine with me at Reed's Hotel. It was quite an informal affair, and when, walking up to the hotel, we overtook "the Count," I asked him to join us and make up the *partie carré*.

'As the Count is such an important person in my story, I must here give you some idea of that gentleman. At this length of time I have quite forgotten what his other names were—we always

called him the Count, and Count I believe he was, to say nothing of sundry minor titles and orders which, when written down, filled half a page of close print. A regular cosmopolitan was the Count, and above all else a gambler to his very finger-tips. Money to him was merely a counter to be used at the green table for the purpose of procuring most delicious excitement, and time spent away from the board of green cloth was time wasted. Let it be clearly understood that the Count was no adventurer. He *had* estates *somewhere*, which he was not able to dispose of, and from which he drew a large income. One day he would be rolling in wealth, and the next penniless. When he had money no one was more generous than he, and when he had none no one could bear the stings of fortune with greater equanimity. Add to this the fact that he was a clever *raconteur*, telling his stories with an inimitable accent which in itself was a treat, and that he knew all the *chroniques scandaleuses* of Europe, and was withal—according to his lights—the soul of honour.

'Such, then, was our party, and a merry dinner we had. Jones and Coddrington were just average young business men—they are, I believe, cashier and senior clerk in the house of Jenkins to this day—both good enough young fellows in their way.

'After dinner the Count suggested an adjournment to the Casino, then just inaugurated. The Casino stands, or stood, in the midst of charming gardens overlooking the sea. Neither of us clerks had yet been at the tables, and I was particularly anxious to see the game of roulette, of which I had heard so much in stories and novels. I won't attempt to describe the rooms: the monotonous call of the croupiers, the gleam of the gold and silver, the excited faces of the players; it was all just as one reads of at Monte Carlo, but on a smaller scale. We had not been watching long when the fever and lust for gold began to take hold of us, and when Coddrington suggested that we should each subscribe a sovereign and get the Count to punt for our little syndicate there was no dissentient voice. We changed our four gold pieces into *crusados* at the cashier's table, and then the Count took a vacant place with the little silver piles in front of him. We asked him to play a cautious game, and he therefore only staked our money on the even chances and the dozens. At first luck went our way, and our little silver piles grew and grew. Then we urged the Count to increase the stakes; and he, nothing loath, began putting the big silver pieces on the numbers; then, as always happens, came a run of luck against us, and soon there was nothing left. "Shall I go on?" said the Count, putting his hand into his pocket and bringing out a handful of gold; and we—fools that we were!—picturing a change of luck, cried out, "Oh yes!"

'Luck now was more evenly divided, the Count sometimes winning a little and sometimes losing. He was working a system—a deadly dull thing to watch. Soon we got tired of watching, and strolled out into the grounds, leaving the Count at the table, where he was delighted to remain.

'How well I remember that evening! There had been a slight fall of rain, but now all was bright, and the silver moon strewed the sea with flecks of brightness and illuminated the dark mass of the Loo Rock, with its winking red light, and showed us the angular sails of the tunny-boats reaching seaward from Camara de Lobos. How peaceful it all was! The band far enough away to soften its somewhat brazen notes, the scent of the fresh earth and the flowers, with the prospect of beginning a new and interesting life on the morrow, all made me feel that the world was a good place to live in, though at the back of my mind was the half-formed thought that things were going almost *too* well with me.

'We had been in the gardens perhaps half-an-hour when a perspiring messenger arrived from the office. A ship belonging to a company for which the firm were agents had put into the port unexpectedly, having sprung a leak, which would necessitate removal of the cargo without delay, and we were all wanted at once at the office. So urgent was the message that we left immediately, forgetting all about the Count and his commission. Not that it would have troubled us much had it crossed our minds; the loss of a pound or two would not have done much harm to any of us.

'We worked hard all night, and then turned in after an early breakfast for a well-earned sleep. I was down at the office again all the afternoon, and it was not until the evening that I was free to go for a stroll. Coddrington was with me. In the Almeida we ran against the Count, who was in a great hurry. "How went the syndicate?" Coddrington called to him. "Ver bad, ver bad," he shouted. "We did lose twelve hundred pounds." "You old sinner!" shouted Coddrington, "keep it up. You'll probably win it back." "All ri," shouted the Count, and he was gone.

'There was something in the Count's tone which gave me a cold shiver. I did not feel, somehow, that he spoke as if in joke, though Coddrington, to whom I imparted my fears, laughed them to scorn. The Count would know that clerks such as we were could not put up three hundred pounds apiece; but I was not so certain. I was not sure but that the Count fancied that we were partners in the firm instead of humble shipping-clerks, and we had certainly encouraged the belief that we held important positions. All foreigners have the idea that Englishmen are made of gold; and, as I have said before, the Count seemed to consider money merely in the light of a counter for use at the tables.

'My discomfort grew and grew. Supposing the Count really had lost twelve hundred pounds, were we liable? I had been party to the suggestion that he should go on playing. What a fool I had been! My very words came back: "Yes, go on playing. I expect the luck will turn." As an honourable man I must put the money up, since I had it. And

what of my partnership? What would my uncle say—what of my mother—when they heard that I had thrown away the chance of a lifetime at the gambling-tables?

'Presently we met Jones, who, with a pallid face, informed us that a friend of his had seen the Count, bitten with the true gambling mania, dropping *rouleaux* of gold to untold quantity at the tables last night. There was nothing for it but to face the music, and, moreover, to stop the Count incurring further liabilities on our behalf. We hunted for him high and low, but no sign could we find of him, and then we had to return to the office. I am afraid it was but little work either of us did that evening.

'"Ruin! Ruin! Ruin! You fool! you fool! you fool!" The words seemed to be bumping in my head with every beat of the pulse, and my companions in misfortune, if looks count for anything, were equally miserable. What would Jenkins say when he knew? Every moment I dreaded that he would come into the office and suggest that the agreement should be signed, and that I should hand over the cheque. What would Jenkins say to a gambling partner? Was I the kind of man to whom the interests of a great firm could be safely entrusted?

'At last I was free. It was close on ten o'clock at night; but the Casino would be open, and thither I wended my way in haste. I had little doubt but that I should find the Count at the tables, and I could at least prevent his making me bankrupt—at least I hoped so.

'There was the room, bright and garish, to all outward seeming just as it had been last night, and yet how different! Then I had been a dallier with sensationalism, scornful of the weakness of those around. Now, hollow-eyed and trembling, I stood there a ruined gambler. There sat the Count at the table, debonair and imperturbable as usual, a giant regalia in his teeth, in front of him a great pile of notes and gold. As I entered the room he was facing the door. Looking up, he caught sight of me. Leaning across the table, he held out his hand with a smile. "Congratulations, my boy! I have won back that twelve hundred pounds, and fifty pounds also. Ver good—eh, no."

'The room seemed to swim round me. I was saved, and only then did I realise what I had gone through, and all its attendant misery. Can you wonder I mentally vowed never to risk another shilling again in a gamble? And I have kept that resolve. The Count paid me something over twelve pounds, which I sent as a thank-offering to the local hospital, and within a week I saw the last of Funchal for many a long year.'

TEA-DRINKING.

IT only confirms previous knowledge to learn from official statistics that, of all the kingdoms of the earth, Great Britain is by far the largest consumer of tea per head of the population. We were, of course, comparatively late in taking to the habit of tea-drinking. Exactly how long it is since the first experimentalist lapped in a 'dish of tea' in this country nobody seems to know. Pepys's well-known entry in his *Diary* for the 28th of September 1660 clearly indicates that, although he was pretty much at the centre of things, and liked to be in the fashion, he was some distance behind the times in this matter. 'I did send for a cup of tee (a China drink), of which I never did drink before,' he writes. It is quite evident from his expression, 'a cup of tee,' that he was not among the first to try the new beverage, for when tea was first drunk in England there were no cups. The infusion was no doubt made in the little silver porringers in use at the time, by pouring boiling water over the leaves, and the liquid was drunk out of these receptacles. There were at first no cups or saucers, and of course no teaspoons. When the practice of drinking tea had begun to establish itself in this country the crockery was imported from Holland.

Though there is no precise record, it seems probable that we have attained our lead of about six pounds per head per annum in about two hundred and fifty years—in about eight generations, that is. How far other nations have had the start of us, how long ago it is since the peculiar qualities of the tea-plant were first discovered, nobody knows. The old story of the origin of the tea-plant is probably not to be implicitly relied upon. The ditty runs that in India, once upon a time, when there was no such plant, a good man, a famous saint, somewhat rashly vowed to spend the short remainder of his days in sleepless meditation. After a time, of course, he nodded off, poor fellow! and dreamed of a pretty woman he had known in his unregenerate days. When he awoke, so angry and humiliated was he over his weakness that he cut off his offending eyelids, and indignantly flung them from him. Next morning, to his amazement, the eyelids had disappeared, and where they had fallen there had sprung up two plants, the leaves of which, he found, had the blessed power of keeping the minds of mortals bright and vigilant. Thus was a whole world benefited by one man's pious devotion and resolute self-sacrifice. It is a pity the story is not more satisfactorily authenticated; for there are few things upon which the whole world has been more generally agreed than upon the merits of tea, and if this account of its origin could be accepted as a matter of fact, and the plant proved to have been the special gift of the gods for a special purpose,

this world-wide popularity would in a sense be intelligible. But there are other legends which seem to render it doubtful whether we owe the tea-plant to India originally. As usual in all questions of origin, our old friend John Chinaman claims the lead.

Anyhow, we ourselves seem to have got it from Holland about the middle of the seventeenth century. Everybody has heard of the fabulous prices realised by the first few parcels sold here. They are said to have fetched from six pounds to ten pounds per pound—a price which would be equivalent to somewhere about forty pounds to seventy pounds in these days. The meaning of this probably is, not that the epicures and fashionables of the day bought pounds of tea at such prices, but that the fame of the strange beverage with such marvellous qualities had reached this country long before the arrival of the thing itself, and that when merchants opened their first parcels, little pinches of the precious stuff, just enough to taste, were sold at prices which would have figured out at so much per pound. We had, of course, popular refreshers in this country before the arrival of tea, but the new importation was received with avidity, no doubt for more reasons than one. Those were days in which people were only beginning to know anything of the world outside, and in which anything from foreign parts was received with eager credulity and unbounded curiosity. Then from the first it was patronised by the Queen of Charles II., Catharine of Braganza, which made the drinking of the strange beverage fashionable. The first tea-cups introduced were probably much smaller than ours are nowadays, and the infusion was much weaker than we are accustomed to drink it. This perhaps should be borne in mind when we read of the extraordinary feats of some of the old-fashioned tea-bibbers, such, for instance, as the achievements of Bishop Gilbert Burnet, who, it is said, would drink his five-and-twenty cups in the course of a morning. In the early part of the eighteenth century, a little later than Burnet's time, we read of the very prevalent habit of taking tea three and four times a day, and drinking ten and twelve cups at a sitting. Johnson, we all know, was a most immoderate tea-drinker. 'A hardened and shameless tea-drinker,' he has written himself down, 'who for years has diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating herb; whose kettle has had hardly time to cool; who with tea amused the evening, with tea solaced midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning.' That was in the later half of the eighteenth century, and we may be quite sure that if the worthy Doctor's cups were not large as well as numerous, it was because large ones were not to be had even then. The crockery of the tea-table has undergone many changes of form and size at different periods, and so have the spoons. At first spoons had perforated bowls and long, pointed stems, and at one period they were numbered. This fact is suggestive of some of the curious phases of the etiquette of the tea-table, which has varied almost as much as the utensils. Many people now living can remember very well that it used to be the proper thing for the cups and saucers of a party of tea-drinkers to be all returned together to the presiding goddess at the head of the table to be replenished, and it was on account of this fashion that teaspoons were numbered so that each might be sure of getting back the right cup. The member of the party who did not wish for more used to signify the fact by putting his spoon into his cup; and wags have told many stories of unhappy mortals who had no knowledge of the usages of polite society, and who drank themselves into a serious condition of personal tension because they did not understand how to indicate that they had had enough, and the entertainer was too polite not to keep on refilling the cup that came back without the spoon in it. Such incidents may no doubt conceivably have occurred in times when it was the custom to sit round a table and drink ten or a dozen cups. Whether the fashion of intimating repletion by turning the cup upside-down ever had any vogue in good society we do not remember to have met with any evidence; but in country parts both the spoon-signal and the inversion of the cup may even now occasionally be observed among cottagers, and such things in rural nooks and corners are often mere survivals from fashionable society. Says one in Anderson's *Cumberland Ballads*, 'Nay, dunnot turn tea-cup doun!' 'No more, no more!' says the other. 'I've drank twee cups.' 'That's nowt,' replies the first. 'What! I've tean fower!'

ROSES.

Gloire de Dijon and Maréchal Niel,
Crimson Damask and Maiden's Blush:
All queens of beauty whose petals feel
Like silk or velvet or softest plush;
And yet I would give them all, heart knows,
For that hive of fragrance—a red moss-rose.

My hands are filled with these regal blooms,
And their scent is sweet; but my thoughts go far:
To a little garden of rich perfumes,
To a summer tryst 'neath the evening star.
For there in the dusk, from a certain tree,
Love offered a red moss-rose to me.

The spirit of gladness had touched that hour,
And a thrush still sang by his quiet nest;
The month was June and the earth in flower;
Pale fire gleamed under the opaline west;
But a moonbeam silvered the waning light
As we kissed in the shadow and said good-night.

Crimson Damask and Maréchal Niel,
Gloire de Dijon and Maiden's Blush:
All odorous blooms; but the scents that steal
From a little garden—— Hush! memory, hush!
Only my heart and the honey-bee knows
What sweets may lie in a red moss-rose.

E. Matheson.

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THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

A NEWSPAPER of much influence in Argentina has said, in relation to a new interpretation of the Monroe doctrine, that South American diplomats should study the words of President Roosevelt, and decide now whether they agree with his new construing; that nothing new has occurred to justify his insistence on a broader view of that doctrine; that President Monroe said merely that the United States could not tolerate European conquest of any American territory; that South America has never recognised that doctrine, or conferred on the United States rights of any kind; and that Mr Roosevelt assumes that it is the duty of the United States to compel the South American nations to comply with their obligations, and that therefore the interpretation by him is a humiliation for Latin America.

So far as the public of the United States has been told, there may be cause for asking whether the feelings of the Latin American republics, in regard to that new rendering, have been considered with the courtesy due to them; but it may be no more than fair to assume that President Roosevelt knew the opinions of the statesmen of South America before he expressed the wider meaning read into the great American doctrine to meet the new needs of the day.

Comparatively recent events in Venezuela and in San Domingo, and in Brazil more recently, have led some to assert the belief that South and Central America are to-day safe from European force solely because the world knows that the Greater Republic has the intention and the power to prevent any seizure of American territory by any Old World nation.

But there is no apparent reason for doubting that the American people have come to see that if, for any reason and by any means, the United States should induce a creditor of a sister republic to forgo the use of peremptory means for obtaining settlement of demands, it should be done only on condition that the republic so favoured should not take advantage of such action to avoid proper settlement of any claim. It seems not quite easy to see that there can be an honest objection to such condition. Should any Power so avert the use of the only ultimate means for compelling adjustment of proper demands, without requiring fulfilment of fair obligations, would not the effect be to prevent some Governments from borrowing so much as a dollar on terms they could afford? Would they not be treated as the lender usually treats borrowers who will give no good security, and who cannot be compelled to pay? If, on the other hand, all the Latin American republics should agree that the United States may guarantee payment of all just demands, would these countries not be able to get on easy terms capital with which to turn into available form their natural resources? Would they not be, to a very large extent, protected from such acts by their own agents, in collusion with men of other lands, as have put upon some republics burdens vastly heavier than were warranted?

One may perhaps justly question the correctness of the assertion that Latin America has not recognised the Monroe doctrine, or given the United States any rights in the case; for more than once it has welcomed the benefits that have come from that principle. It did this in Mexico nearly forty years ago; in Colombia, in Venezuela, and in San Domingo within very recent years. Can Latin America be in any way humiliated by frankly and formally admitting and endorsing the principle and the unwritten agreement by which they have profited willingly, as all the world knows?

It has been suspected that Europeans feel that the Monroe doctrine is a dog-in-the-manger policy; that while Americans themselves will not undertake the development of the natural wealth of Latin America, they are ready to prevent others from doing that work under conditions which would make it safe. It is not clear that one can honestly deny that cause exists for such belief. The people of the United States have been so busy with the task of opening up their own sources of wealth that they have only very recently given attention to the

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opportunities offered by Latin America as a field for the investment of their energies and money. A short time ago capitalists of the United States knew little or nothing of these opportunities, and when asked to invest in neighbouring republics, objected that 'they are too far away.' On that ground they declined, for example, to put money into Central America, about two thousand miles from New York City and from Chicago, America's two great money centres, even while they were sending their capital to Oregon and Washington Territory, three thousand miles away, and even to Alaska, five thousand miles distant. Yet these men would object to any attempt by a European Power to set up control of any republic in the Western World in order to make it safer to do business with or in such republic.

Because better understanding leads to better feeling, good might come from consideration of certain beliefs, opinions, and facts that may be the main support of the Monroe doctrine in Latin America and in the United States—causes which might under possible conditions unite several, if not all, American republics for some purposes, if not for such political union as binds the States of the Greater Republic.

Among the causes which seem to make the term 'American doctrine' a name more suitable than 'Monroe doctrine' for that unwritten and not exactly defined law, seems to be an inherent distrust and dislike of European methods of governing conquered peoples. Such feelings were born of and are nursed by traditions of sufferings inflicted on the forebears of millions who now people Spanish America. Many a family there has its tale of long years of toil as slaves on plantation and in mine or as beasts of burden; of imprisonment that was not less dreadful to a people who had always been free; of centuries through which all were ground into the earth by merciless demands of the tax-gatherer; of dogs trained to hunt down and mangle unarmed men, defenceless women, and helpless babes; of torture by rack and fire. Even people in whose veins runs the blood of old and noble Spanish families inspire their children to-day by stories of false accusations, betrayal by spies of the Inquisition and of the Crown of Spain, of secret trials and of condemnations and confiscations without pretence of trial, of violations of the most solemn pledges of amnesty and immunity, of the robbing of generations that favourites of a corrupt Court might riot in licentiousness, of loyal petitions scorned, and of the imprisoning of the best of America's patriots because they dared offer the pleas of their suffering people; and many an evening hour is passed in reciting to eager children the story of self-sacrifice, of endurance of all these wrongs, and of death met bravely that their country might be freed from the shadow of Spain's banner of blood and gold.

Many in these lands probably believe that any European Power to-day would rule them even as Spain ruled their forefathers. The fact that, of her fifty-three possessions, Great Britain credits herself with having bought only one is cited often as proof that if she could have her way now England would seize all desirable territory in America. The president of a republic of Central America said to me, 'We are well aware that this country would have been stolen by England long ago had not the United States prevented;' and millions believe that others of the Latin American republics would have been absorbed but for that restraint.

Not a few of even the better informed to-day refuse to admit that reform has come in the centuries in European management of colonies or of primitive peoples. As evidence, they talk of coolie labour in the South African mines, of slavery in Australian sugar-fields, and of famines in India; of brutality of Germans towards natives of German Africa, and of wrongs inflicted on the natives of the Congo; and they ask, 'What better fate would befall our own people were they to come under European control?

Only a few seem to reflect that wherever England governs there all may live in security, labour in peace, and enjoy in quiet the fruits of lawful toil. Few remember that under her rule law and freedom reign where slavery and barbarism were; that she has stopped armed raids for booty and for slaves, professional robbery and assassination, the slaughter of babes and the burning alive of women—evils that were everyday occurrences; that prosperity and comfort are now the rule where a few naked savages lived on the animals, reptiles, or insects luck and skill put into their power. To many these changes are as ancient history, forgotten in the rush of events of the generation which has passed since England ended these evils.

Multitudes of the people of the United States are children of those who gave up home and friends in Europe because they had become impatient of the conditions of life and of thought there; other millions are later comers, eager to get a share of the abundance and the freedom of the rich new field. Naturally, few of these have much reverence for anything belonging to the old order or for the ideals of the lands they left. Some at least deride many of those ideals. Practically, all are intent on making the best of their opportunities, and the few seeing are apparently determined to keep this land free for coming generations. There may be little cause for wonder if these men are jealous of every thing which might help to bring upon America conditions like those they detest. Is it strange such feelings have strongly moved journalists, politicians, statesmen, to incite earnest and vocal fast support for the American doctrine?

These are some of the more widespread and commonly understood of the causes that give strength to that principle. Among less generally considered causes is the fact that Americans are coming to think that the United States will have the good will of Europe and will enjoy immunity from attack by European rivals so long as she shall continue to give to Europe her daily bread, and no longer.

Goodwill, peace, and prosperity are greatly to be prized; therefore it would seem not unnatural if all Americans should object to any measure, to any and all movements, that might endanger such desirable conditions. It is well known by some at least that in the vast and prolific South America a colony fostered by a nation unfriendly to republican ideals might be quickly built up to a weight and power that would menace its neighbours, and, by absorbing such neighbours one by one, overshadow all other Powers on the continent, or at least become a most dangerous rival of the greatest, and as a sharp thorn to the sides of all. Would it be unnatural if all Americans, Latin, Saxon, or other, should think that self-protection demands that they should stand together in support of a principle which is designed to avert such dangers?

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER X.

HOW much truth there was in my companion's frank self-depreciation it was impossible to say. His manner, as always, was sarcastic and insincere, and a half-smile flitted perpetually around his mobile lips. But a physically brave man does not call himself a coward, and I felt that the General's admission was probably true enough up to a point.

'Let us go back,' he said. 'Our absence will be noticed. Tell me, have you ever seen a finer widow than Mrs van Troeber?'

'A widow?'

'Yes; for the moment. Is she not magnificent?'

I hastened to give my assent. General Meyer's eyes were half-shut in contemplative rhapsody, and the effect was distinctly ridiculous. He had evidently been a very handsome man in his youth, and would certainly be a very ugly one in his old age. At the present moment he was on the border-line, a man such as middle-aged women admire and young ones laugh at, his own opinion undoubtedly coinciding with that of the former.

We strolled back to the ballroom, where a big square-dance was in progress.

'The cotillion!' whispered my companion. 'Is not Mrs van Troeber divine?'

'A graceful dancer,' I admitted; 'and the dance itself is very pretty.'

Suddenly the figure came to an end, and the dancers broke up into small, isolated groups. Then, before I was aware of what was happening, a young lady rushed towards me and thrust something into my hand.

'I beg to offer you a present,' said the Prinzessinn Mathilde—for it was she.

Considerably mystified, I looked at the object she had forced upon me. It was a knife in an embossed leather sheath, its handle prettily enamelled in different colours after the fashion of the country's handiwork.

'I am much obliged,' I said, quite at a loss to account for the unexpected generosity.

'Now you must dance the next figure with me,' she said. 'It is hard on you, I know; but you must conform to the laws of the cotillion.'

'I begin to comprehend,' I said; 'the ladies have presents given to them, which they bestow on the men they want to dance with.'

'Exactly. Most of the girls are afraid to offer their presents to young men—see, there is Miss Anchester giving a meerschaum pipe to Mr Schneider—but personally I don't like dancing with old fogies.'

'I feel intensely flattered at not being included among the old fogies,' I said.

The Princess laughed gaily.

She was a beautiful little dancer, and, apart from the compliment of the thing, I was glad she had chosen me as a partner. At the end of the cotillion she made a frank demand for refreshment, and I led her to the region of lemonade and strawberry-ices.

'You know I am terribly offended with you?' she said, as I handed her some frozen abomination.

'I guessed so much from your manner,' I replied sarcastically.

'I refer, of course,' she went on, 'to your unmannerly refusal to bob-sleigh this afternoon.'

I wondered whether, after all, her request might not have been made without the *arrière pensée* of decoying me from the path of duty.

'I fancy your brother would not have been able to help us,' I said dryly. 'I came across him farther along the road. He was on duty.'

'I know,' she said, laughing; 'he was trying to stop you getting to Heldersburg. So was I. How you outwitted him we can't guess. Both Max and father are in a fearful temper to-night.'

'And you are the only amiable member of the family?'

'I and my little brother Stephen, who is in bed and asleep by now.'

'I have not the honour of his acquaintance.'

'I must introduce you. He is a splendid little fellow, just eight years old, and a great friend of the King's children.'

'It seems a pity,' I said, 'that the friendship does not extend to the elder members of the respective families.'

The Princess's expression became serious.

'Oh, I like the Queen well enough,' she said.

'But you do not like the King—well enough?'

'Yes I do,' she said, after a moment's thought. 'Considering all things, I like him far too much.'

'Your remark calls for an explanation.'

'I mean,' she said, 'that he is genial, amusing, fond of his children, and very kind in his manners.'

'Is that a reason for tempering your affection?' I inquired.

'You do not understand. The King is a bad man, and, like many bad men, has certain very attractive qualities. It is very hard to help liking him.'

'Personally,' I said, 'I do not try. But, then, I am unaware of his particular wickedness.'

'He is very irreligious, to begin with,' said the Princess, 'and has quarrelled bitterly with the Archbishop of Weidenbruck. Then he treats the poor Queen abominably—his behaviour towards her is notorious. Again, he neglects his duties as King most disgracefully. He takes little or no interest in the army, and it is said, though I can hardly believe it, that he is in the pay of Austria.'

'Who told you all this?' I said.

'My father,' she answered simply.

'Then it is no use my trying to combat your belief.'

'My father is a truthful man.'

'Whereas I am—doubtful?'

'No, I don't mean that,' she laughed; 'but you don't know the King. How can you, when you have seen practically nothing of him? I don't blame you for taking his part. You are here as his friend, his guest. I respected you immensely for refusing my invitation to bob-sleigh this afternoon, and still more for evading the Guards and getting your message through to Heldersburg. However did you do it?'

'If I tell you, it must be in confidence.'

'Naturally.'

I briefly related my method of passing through the guarded *Wald*-promenade, adding:

'I don't much mind if you do tell your people how I managed it, provided Lame Peter does not get into trouble. You see, the poor old fellow didn't realise he was playing an important part in a dynastic intrigue.'

The Princess laughed very heartily at my recital.

'How delicious!' she commented. 'Do let me tell Max. But won't you come bob-sleighing to-morrow afternoon with us? Come up to the Mariencastel at three o'clock, and I will introduce you to Stephen, who is devoted to the sport.'

'I will come with pleasure,' I replied, 'if you promise that it is not part of a scheme to lure the King's messenger to destruction.'

'I give you my word of honour,' she laughed. 'But, mind you, I don't guarantee a similar guilelessness to all my invitations. We are at war, you and I; and unless I specially stipulate a truce you must take it that hostilities are—on the tapis. Now, finish your lemonade and take me back to the ballroom.'

'You quite make me suspect the lemonade,' I said, gulping down my refreshment and offering her my arm.

EXPENSIVE ECONOMIES.

TIME is far more precious nowadays than it was in the leisurely days of our grandfathers. Labour, too, grows more costly year by year. Proofs of how keenly these facts are appreciated can be seen on every side, but more particularly in the enormous sums which the great corporate bodies who control locomotion and production are willing to lay out with the object of future economies of these two commodities. So immense are these sums that the ordinary observer positively gasps at their magnitude, and vaguely wonders 'how it can pay.' Yet the practical business men who are at the head of these great companies would certainly not incur such expenditure if the prospects did not justify them. Evidently they have a healthy faith in the future; and those pessimists who croak over evils to come, especially those who prophesy the speedy decay of the British Empire, should observe what is going on around them, and take courage from what is before their eyes.

With railway companies the all-important problem is to shorten their train mileage. A striking example of the enormous sacrifices which a company is willing to make for the purpose of reducing the length of a journey is afforded by the new route to Ireland upon which the Great Western has been engaged for more than eight years past. Hitherto travellers by the Great Western Railway to Ireland have travelled *vid* New Milford and Waterford. The sea-journey in this case is ninety-eight nautical miles, and takes six hours to cover. No less than sixty years ago the company, realising the fact that the distance between Fishguard Bay and Rosslare was considerably less than that between the Irish coast and New Milford, obtained parliamentary powers to construct a line to Fishguard; but upon examination the scheme was found to be beyond the resources of the engineers of the time. It was not until 1895 that the company, having acquired the undertakings of the Waterford and Wexford Railway Company and of the Rosslare Harbour Commissioners, obtained the further power to run steamers between Fishguard and Rosslare, and began work in earnest.

It is no light undertaking, even for a wealthy corporation like a railway company, to construct two new harbours; and the Fishguard or Goodwick Harbour presents difficulties beyond the ordinary.

Where the present harbour-works are situated mountainous cliffs of the hardest vitreous rock dropped sheer into deep water, not even a footpath running between cliff and sea. Blasting had to be resorted to on the largest scale, and every day an average of fifteen hundred tons of rock are torn from the cliff-side and either used for the great breakwater, which will be two thousand feet long, or are crushed for screenings and ballast. Nearly five hundred men are constantly at work, and by the time that the harbour and breakwater are completed more than two million tons of the mountain-side will have disappeared. The magnitude of the undertaking may perhaps be better comprehended when it is stated that up to date the company has expended some three hundred and eighty thousand pounds on Goodwick Harbour alone. This sum does not include the money spent on building the new railway from Leath to Llangennech, on Rosslare Harbour, upon shortening the Great Western main line between Wootton Bassett and Patchway, upon the great improvements in the Irish service, or upon the magnificent twenty-two-knot turbine steamers which are being built for the new service.

When all is complete, which will be within another few months, the Great Western will be able to start passengers from Paddington at eight in the morning and land them at Rosslare at half-past five in the afternoon. The sea-journey will be only three hours, for the distance from Fishguard to Rosslare is but fifty-four knots as against the ninety-eight-knot crossing between New Milford and Waterford. Not only that, but the new Great Western Railway route will be considerably the shortest and most direct in existence between London and Cork, for from Rosslare to Cork the railway journey will occupy only four hours.

Another railway company which considers no sacrifice too great in pursuit of future economy is the North-Eastern. The North-Eastern justly boasts of the heaviest goods traffic of any line of its mileage. Now, goods traffic is the most difficult form of business that a railway company has to deal with. This is easily understandable, for goods traffic is not a constant quantity, yet the company cannot, of course, wait until they can fill a train before starting it; they must keep up a regular service. The consequence is that trains of forty to sixty half-filled trucks are running between the principal centres three or four times a day, and the resultant waste in coal, labour, and wear and tear is very considerable.

The North-Eastern determined that this sort of thing must be put a stop to, and their plan for so doing is a most interesting, ingenious, and—incidentally—an immensely costly one. It is no less than the construction of an immense sorting-station for the whole of their goods traffic. The place selected for this station is Northallerton, which is almost in the centre of the company's system, and lies just half-way between London and Edinburgh. Here the company have purchased a vast area of land, a triangle three miles long and two and a half miles across its base, and have begun operations by building five hundred cottages for their workmen. To this collecting-ground will be brought trains from all the large centres, such as Newcastle, the two Hartlepools, Darlington, and Middlesbrough in the north, and Leeds, Hull, and Normanton in the south; and here the trucks will be sorted and marshalled into proper order, and the newly-made-up trains despatched to their proper destinations.

The principle upon which this sorting is to be managed is beautiful in its simplicity. It is what is known as the 'gravitation' method, and entirely dispenses with the use of shunting-engines. As each train arrives it will be hauled by a steel rope worked by an electrically driven capstan up to the top of a long incline, technically known as a 'turtle-back.' When it has reached the top there lies before it a great number of sidings spreading out in an immense fan from a common centre. The train is then broken up, and as the trucks run by force of gravity down the far side of the 'turtle-back,' the men in charge of the points switch them one by one into whichever siding corresponds with that truck's ultimate destination. Thus, trucks from half-a-dozen different trains, but all bound for the same destination, will be made up into one train. Then an army of men will tranship the goods from half-filled trucks into large, well-packed ones, and off goes the new train straight to its proper destination. The immense economy thus effected will be apparent to every one. Lord Ridley, the chairman of the company, states that it will reduce train-mileage by two-thirds, save the upkeep of some hundreds of engines, and materially lessen the wear and tear of the permanent way. The cost of the new scheme is estimated at no less than half a million; but the money will be well spent if the result is, as expected, an eventual saving to the company of eighty thousand pounds a year.

The railway coal-bill of this country is about five millions a year. The employment of electric power on all our railways would halve this gigantic sum. Our companies know this; but as most of them are already staggering under excessive capital charges, they cannot afford to 'scrap' their present plant and go in for even partial electrification. In this respect American railways are ahead of our own. One of the wealthiest railway companies in the world is the New York Central; and this company, fully appreciating the immense economy of electric power, has recently adopted the most gigantic and costly electrification scheme on record. It has already carried its electric zone fifty to sixty miles out on almost every side of New York. Trains approaching the city are now picked up at that radius by electric locomotives of three thousand horse-power, capable of a speed of eighty miles an hour. The company also works all its suburban traffic by electricity, on the system that each suburban car has its own motive-power. This obviates the necessity of using a full-sized locomotive and a full train crew

to handle a small train with perhaps only a few dozen passengers. The cost of this transformation has been appalling in its magnitude. It approaches twenty million pounds. Such an expenditure speaks volumes for the company's faith in electricity as the motive-power of the future.

Before abandoning the subject of railway economics some mention must be made of the tremendous feat recently achieved by the Southern Pacific Railway. When the old Central Pacific Railway, now absorbed by the Southern Pacific, was first built, the engineers found that the Great Salt Lake of Utah lay directly in the way of the new railway. It is hardly probable that the idea of bridging this inland sea ever occurred to them. They carried the line round the northern shore. This added forty-three miles to the distance, and necessitated some tremendously heavy gradients. When the Southern Pacific bought the line they saw at once that the expense of taking trains over all these extra miles and of keeping the permanent way in repair was excessive, and they resolved to bridge the lake from Ogden to Lucin. The lake at this point is divided into two arms, one of which is nearly twenty-five miles broad. We have here no space to give even the barest details of this colossal undertaking. The Great Salt Lake is practically an inland ocean, subject to terrific storms. During the progress of the work, over which three thousand men toiled for more than three years, more than twenty thousand pounds' worth of material and machinery was lost by storm alone.

A pit was found in the bottom of the lake which swallowed two thousand five hundred tons of material a day for thirty days, and it took in all six months before the pit could be filled sufficiently to bear the foundations. The total length of bridge is thirty-four miles, and there are nearly ten miles of embankment besides. The cost was over two millions. The achievement is completely successful, and the resultant saving pays interest on the capital sunk at the rate of about 6 per cent.

The rapid increase in size of ocean steamers both for freight and passenger traffic is directly due to motives of economy; and monsters like the *Amerika*, the *Oceanic*, and *Celtic*, though each cost a huge fortune to build, rapidly repay the money laid out upon them. A twenty-thousand-ton ship pays better than two separate ten thousand tonners, because she needs less than two-thirds the crew and staff necessary to man the two smaller boats. She also shows an economy in coal consumption; while the saving in dock, pilot, and other similar dues is very considerable.

Among the most interesting object-lessons in marine economy are the new gigantic five, six, and even seven mast schooners which are once more bringing sails—not long ago considered practically extinct—back to the ocean. When the project of building these gigantic schooners—of which the American *Lawson* is perhaps the finest example—was first mooted there was a general sneer. Such a ship, it was said, would be hugely costly to construct, would be unmanageable from sheer size, and could not possibly compete with steam. But Captain John Crowley, builder and owner of the *Lawson*, has shown how completely false were all these predictions. This seven-ton steel-built seven-master is provided with small steam-engines for hoisting and lowering sail, and with steam steering-gear. Although she can carry eight thousand tons deadweight, she needs a crew of only sixteen men, including her master, engineers, and cook. With a good breeze she can do fifteen knots as against the average tramp steamer's eight. She has no coal-bill, and her builder's faith in her as an economical money-earning investment has been absolutely justified.

Mining companies are often called upon to lay out immense sums with a view to future economies. Perhaps the most astonishing instance of this kind is the gigantic engineering operation now being carried out at Cripple Creek, Colorado. Partly with a view to draining the great mines without the expense of pumping, but chiefly in order to get the ore out cheaply, a tunnel no less than fourteen miles long is being bored through solid rock. When this is completed, the ore will be run in trucks down a gentle slope on to the plain below, and thus will be saved the present excessive expense of transporting it over a lofty range of mountains. The cost of this undertaking will exceed a million and a half, which argues great faith on the part of the directors of the company in the resources of their mines.

Here in England we have a similar example of a very heavy expenditure being incurred by a mining company with a view to future profit and economy. This is no less than an alteration of the Cumberland coastline with the object of extracting iron ore lying beneath the sea-bed. In 1899 the Hodbarrow Iron Mining Company discovered that they had worked out all the veins on the land side; but when they began to cut rich ore under the sea a bed of quicksand was tapped and the works were flooded. Nothing dismayed, the company erected a mighty concrete barrier in the form of a bow seven thousand feet long, which has turned one hundred and seventy acres of sea into dry land. The difficulties incurred in building the wall, which is some two hundred feet thick at the base and eighty feet at the top, were enormous. In one place an acre of soft clay was found, into which steel piles had to be driven a distance of forty feet in order to secure a foundation. The work cost fifty thousand pounds, but the result is that the bold miners will be able to drive their workings six hundred feet seaward without danger, and to tap a mass of ore estimated at five million tons.

Scores of similar instances might be cited. In South Staffordshire it is proposed to spend no less than eighty thousand pounds in pumping dry the water-logged collieries in which experts declare lie forty million tons of coal. At the Dawdon Colliery, near Seaham Harbour, an immense sum will be expended to clear the mines of water. Here a

German firm is at work using a secret freezing process which makes the wet soil as hard as rock and keeps it so while the shaft can be tubbed.

The American Standard Oil Company is spending sixty million dollars (twelve million pounds) in pipe-lines for the purpose of bringing their oil cheaply down from the oilfields to the coast, and so dispensing with railway transportation; while in South Russia an oil pipe-line four hundred and eighteen miles long, with a capacity of forty-eight thousand gallons an hour, has been constructed running from the Caspian oilfields down to a Black Sea port. The eight-inch steel pipe used cost eight shillings a yard.

To give one last instance, the Edinburgh Corporation not long since spent nearly six hundred thousand pounds on the finest and largest gasworks in the world, which can carbonise a thousand tons of coal a day. The sum seems prodigious; but when one hears that the yearly saving over the old works amounts to fifty thousand pounds, and that therefore the new gasworks will pay for themselves within twelve years, no one can assert that the city fathers were not justified in their undertaking.

A LABOUR MEMBER.

CHAPTER V.

THE weeks that followed were amongst the most vivid and interesting of Lanyon's life. He had never been the man to find the whole satisfaction of his being in the well-ordered existence of a luxurious class. He had always had curiosities and discontents, phases and moods of mind which chafed at the bit in the smooth round of the days which surround well-bred, well-to-do men. He had wanted always to *know*, to get outside himself and into the lives of the alien crowd. Now, Falconer and his daughter had suddenly thrown open that locked door whose blank outside had both mocked and fascinated him. For the first time he felt as if he knew what real men and women were—not the mere polished shell, which is all most people show, covering it may be pearls, it may be mere corruption.

John and Margaret Falconer were passionately real: the man frank to a fault; the woman with more reserve, but at moments transparent—moments when the depths were touched. Their very deficiencies, limitations, were fascinating to the man who craved for a new interest in his life. His ordinary friends and associates lost sight of him; the club, the country-house, missed him. 'What on earth is Lanyon up to?' men asked each other. 'Has he gone out of his mind?' And the only answer was the shrugged shoulder, the indifferent, 'The Lord knows. He's taken some crank into his head.' The man who had industriously gleaned a little more information was eager to give it at last. 'D' you know, they say Lanyon's turned Rad.' 'Impossible! Why, he stood for —— only the other day.' 'Well, he's going in for slumming, and has taken up with that fellow Falconer the demagogue, retired blacksmith or something.' 'Nonsense.' 'Quite true. He's turned philanthropist.' 'How absurd! Is there a woman in it?' 'Don't know. I believe there is a daughter —Salvation lassie or something.' The light, empty laugh followed, and the subject was dismissed.

Lanyon at that time would have laughed himself at such a suggestion. These people interested him; the study of the fierce, throbbing, tragic, sordid life beneath the surface of society's sunlit sea was engrossing and stimulating to a somewhat jaded intellect. He grew to have a real, strong friendship for the rough-hewn, large-hearted, sincere nature of John Falconer, so piquantly unlike any one he had ever known. But Margaret—well, they were friends; but they often quarrelled, more often disagreed than not. The qualities he found endearing in the father he was inclined to blame in the daughter. That over-sincerity, that harsh statement of fact, was not womanly; she had no feminine allurement or charm. Besides, unlike her father, her frankness soon stopped. Behind it, wherever her past life, her own real inner self, were concerned, was a dead wall of partition he might not pass. He wanted to make her think more of her appearance; her neglect of what might have proved beauty irritated him. Beyond scrupulous neatness and cleanliness, she cared nothing for her looks. She would bundle up her splendid hair, the colour of a young horse-chestnut, into a tight knot under that vile headgear the Salvation bonnet; would wear an ill-fitting, dowdily coloured garment it was flattery to call a dress. He could not persuade her to admit that it mattered how she looked. One day, as they passed down the Strand on one of their expeditions in search of experience, they stopped by the theatre portico on a fashionable night. Broughams and hansoms were discharging their gay crowd. Lanyon looked on with a smile at this sudden glimpse back into his own familiar world—the world he had voluntarily deserted for a time. He knew one or two of the white-fronted men, the cloaked women with fair, shining heads, curled and coiffed with dainty care; the light, fine voices and gay laughs were familiar to his ear. Margaret looked on too, not uninterested but unsmiling, the depths of her brown eyes sombre and sad.

When they went on Lanyon said, 'Margaret, I should like to see you for once in grand evening-dress.'

She turned her face to him suddenly, and a bright, shamed colour flashed all over it.

'Me! Like them! Never! Why should you like it? What have I to do with *those*?'

'Why not?' he said coolly. 'I should like you, for once, to look as beautiful as you could look.'

She drew her breath quickly. 'Me beautiful! You're joking. I—I don't call it kind.'

And even as she spoke, with that flush on her face, that wild light, half-fierce, half-longing, in her eyes, he suddenly, for the first time, realised that she *was* beautiful, and that the cool friendship that existed between them was suddenly warmed into another feeling!

Her hand hung at her side. He took it firmly.

'Not kind? And why should it be not kind of me to call you beautiful?'

'Because—because'—she was struggling not to sob—'because you can't mean it; and if you did—if you did'——

'If I did? What then? For I *do* mean it, Margaret.'

'What has beauty to do with me?' she said in a strangled, passionate whisper. 'It is only a curse to women of the people. Those others—the women of your world—it's their privilege, their pleasure—pleasure's not for *me*.'

'But it might be. Better than pleasure—happiness might be for you.'

She shook her head vehemently. 'Never! never! never!' she murmured.

'Don't say it! don't say it! Let me show you you're wrong. Let me try and make you happy, dear; you—you've changed my whole view of life—made it bigger, broader, full of interest. Together we might do a great deal. We might be happy—make other people happy. It's not too late for either of us. We have both lived. Let's make a new life together.'

The words seemed hurried out of him. A week ago, if any one had told Ivor Lanyon that he should be proposing to spend the rest of his life with this strange woman he would have laughed, but he was in dead earnest now.

She did not say a word. Her breath seemed suspended as her eyes devoured him; her hand, no longer passive, gripped his. The tears were frozen in her eyes, and the vivid colour faded, leaving her dead-white. In a moment both of them were lifted above their surroundings into a mystic world of passion and regret.

'My God!' she said, 'and this has come to *me*.'

They went on a few paces, utterly unconscious of the moving crowd of the street. Then it was the woman spoke again.

'I must go home now. I can't master myself; I can't think. Don't stay with me; don't say another word. I'm dazed—blinded. See here; to-morrow evening, when father's at the House, you'll come to our place. We can talk there; not now—not now.'

'As you wish. You'll think of what I've said—you'll think whether it can be? I'll come, dear, to-morrow. Till then, good-night, dear—dearest—good-night.'

She took his hand between both hers, and as she pressed it hard he looked at her dazzled, bewildered eyes and trembling mouth, and realised that whatever happened she loved him. Yes, loved him so fiercely that it frightened him, for with shame he told himself that he had no capacity for so strong a passion. The thousand frivolities of his life, its luxuries, its pleasures, had destroyed the power of feeling anything intensely. This curious phase of his life, which his associates called slumming, this new interest in the tragedies of the poor, would pass—was not burnt into the very substance of his being; the scar it left would be slight. And what would happen if Margaret would marry him? Was it not certain that she would? She loved him. She was not the woman to take any man without love, even if he could give her all her life needed. Did he at the bottom of his heart *wish* to marry Margaret Falconer? He had always meant to marry again some day, and his wife, he had resolved, should be no empty-hearted society girl, no bridge-playing, cigarette-smoking, pretty, slight thing, with a tongue that reverenced nothing, and a greed for pleasure that stopped for no duty; but a clever, unspoilt girl who should care for him and for his children, and make life sweet about him. But to have a wife like this Margaret—the woman who could absorb and fascinate but not charm, uncompromising, deeply tender to suffering but harsh to light sins, demanding so much from others, giving so much of herself—life with her would be a strenuous, a tragic thing. What had conjured the words out of his lips that he could not recall? What magic had been in the sudden, strong passion he had surprised in her face? He could not get rid of the thought of her, yet he tossed in doubt and uncertainty, and had no conviction of sure happiness whatever followed.

The next night he found Margaret alone in the shabby room, littered with books and papers, which was all she had to call *home*. She had used her waiting-time in forcing herself into a curious kind of self-possession. She was no longer flushed, trembling, and agitated, but quiet, pale, subdued; only there was a depth of tragic feeling in her eyes that lit them with an inner flame. He noticed that, with a pathetic touch of feminine weakness, she had taken pains to make herself look well in his eyes. Her plain black dress, it is true, boasted nothing of ornament but a bunch of violets; but her beautiful hair, well brushed and burnished, was carefully rolled into a coronet which gave her finely shaped head an extra distinction.

She let him take both her hands; but when he would have drawn her by them close to him she disengaged them and sat on the opposite side of the fireplace. Only a bare word of greeting had passed when she threw herself into rapid, nervous speech. It was evident she dared not trust delay.

'I have been awake all night thinking. It is very likely I was mistaken and you really did not mean what you seemed to say. It was my blunder,

or else I hardly knew what you meant. Every hour that passed I saw more and more plainly that if you *had* meant it'——

'I did,' he broke in with; 'I meant every word.'

'Oh, please stop!' she cried, lifting up her hand; 'don't repeat it. If you were in earnest it would only be worse. For, of course, it can never, never be.'

'What can never be?' he said doggedly. 'What is there to prevent it? Unless you can say you cannot care for me'——

'You know,' she said sadly, '*that* is what I cannot say. I care for you—yes. I'm not going to deny it. I care for you, Mr Lanyon, a hundred, a thousand times more than you care for me. *That* is just a passing idea, soon, soon to pass.'

He tried to put in an indignant denial. She shook her head, with a smile sadder than tears.

'I know—I know. I am quite sure. Nothing you could say would make me feel different. I am no wife for you, Mr Lanyon. The idea's preposterous. You've come down into my world—father's and my world—just for a freak. You don't belong to us; I could never belong to yours.'

'That's nonsense,' he cried. 'We must belong to the same world if we love each other.'

Again the same sad shake of the head.

'That's not enough. I love you, it's true. That wouldn't make you happy. I'm not the woman for love and happiness—all that's gone by for me. My life's mapped out for me now. I've got father, and I've got my work. There's nothing else for me.'

'Why—why, Margaret—why?'

'Listen,' she said, dropping her head on her breast. 'It'll shame me, but I've got to tell you just the naked truth. You've got to look into my past to see what I'm meaning when I say there can never, never be anything more between you and me. When my mother died I was a good girl—a child almost. She'd kept me strict. I didn't know the bad of life, like most of my age and class. She was a pure woman. My father was a good man too then; our home was poor, but it was clean and safe. With mother all the good seemed to die out of it. Father was broken-hearted; he didn't care for anything, and to deaden the pain he drank. You know all that—he makes no secret of it. A man can go down to the depths and come up—a woman can't. You don't know about me.' Her voice had got strained, hoarse, agonised; he saw the dull red rise to her forehead as she stooped lower and lower; he saw her hands grip each other.

'Margaret, don't!' he implored. 'My poor Margaret! it hurts you so.'

'Hush!' she said harshly; 'I *must*. I was left to myself. Nobody troubled about me. I worked at a factory, and went home to a lone house. I was only seventeen. I fell in love. I thought I should be married. You see—you know how it was'——

'I see,' he said, trying to spare her. 'It was the man's doing—it's always the man's doing. You were deceived.'

Her absolute honesty would not take the soothing balm he offered. She struggled on. 'No. I didn't care. I just gave myself up to it. I loved him, and I went down, down, down. He left me. I tried to kill myself, but my father saved me. Finding me like that—just broken—pulled him together. He was good to me—oh, he was good! He made a home for me again; he stopped drinking; he worked hard; he never said a word of reproach. Folks said it might all be as if it hadn't been. I might hold up my head. But nothing could ever be the same. I seemed to belong only to my father in all the world. We'd both been down together into Hell. We'd got to see what we could do for folks who were there still. We took our work—you know what it is. You've just crossed our path, and now you'll go your ways and we'll go ours.'

She suddenly raised her head. The shame was gone; a beautiful self-abnegation and purified love lighted it. 'We'll be friends still, please God,' she said. 'I don't feel as if I'd bear to let *that* go all at once; but you'll go back into your life, and you'll find some one there that can love you without shame, and make you happy as you ought to be happy, for you're a good man. I'm glad I've had the strength given me to tell you the truth. It was bitter as death; but somehow there's nought so healing as truth, and there sha'n't be any lies between your soul and mine. I'm bold enough to confess that I love you. Yes, I love you dearly, and I shall go on loving you; but it won't hurt—it'll help me. It isn't the sort of love that hurts. That's burnt away out of me. I will step out of your way because I know—I *know*—it wouldn't be right for you and me to join. I'll keep your friendship in my heart. I hope you'll go on liking my father—ay, and me too. Your friendship's meant a deal to us. No one'll be gladder of your happiness than we shall.'

She had stirred him to the depths. He poured out passionately earnest words, pleading to her that she little knew what pasts men had; that he had never had any excuse for his sins; that they might make a good thing of life together.

She put his pleading aside with her sad, tender smile. She was fixed as the northern star to her resolve. They must never dream of any nearer tie than friendship. It was impossible for their two alien lives to join.

At last he gave up and urged her no more. They clasped each other's hands, and she looked in his eyes again with a pure, fearless gaze. He knew that she loved him, perhaps better than any other woman would ever love him; but he knew that he would never call her wife, and his reason assented, while desire rebelled.

'You've made me find my soul, Margaret,' he said.

She smiled. 'Don't lose sight of it, then, again,

dear. Go back to your world, but come at times and have a look through our windows. Don't let father and me lose our friend Lanyon!'

'Never—never.'

'That's right. I believe you. So good-bye, and God bless you!'

Then Lanyon raised her work-hardened hand to his lips, and a radiance that was hardly of this earth lighted up the woman's face. The man she loved and sent away had done her reverence, and her heart rejoiced within her.

THE END.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WILKIE COLLINS.

By WYBERT REEVE.

MR WILKIE COLLINS attended the second rehearsal of the play of *The Woman in White* at the Olympic Theatre, produced on the 9th of October 1871. A short, moderately thick-set man, with a beard, moustache, and whiskers slightly tinged with white; a bent figure, caused a great deal by his suffering from gout and neuralgia; a full, massive, very clever head and forehead; and bright, intellectual eyes, looking out of strong glasses mounted in gold.

The rehearsals of the play were tiresome and very annoying—from ten o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon, sometimes from six or seven o'clock in the evening to one and two o'clock in the morning. Endless arguments arose about crossing the stage, the position of the several characters, of a chair, a sofa, or a table, chiefly attributed to the indecision of Mr George Vining, who was playing 'Fosco' and arranging the production of the play. Wilkie Collins attended often, and looked through it all 'perplexed in the extreme;' but he was gentlemanly, patient, and good-tempered, always ready with a smile if a chance offered itself, or a peaceful word kindly suggesting when a point was to be gained. I marvelled at him, for authors as a rule are naturally the reverse of patient when attending the rehearsals of a piece they have written. They form their own conception of characters they have created, and object to have their ideas differently interpreted by an actor or actress.

The drama was a decided success. On its production the newspapers pronounced it the best drama and the most interesting written of late years, and likely to be the forerunner of a new and better school. It continued to be played until the 24th of February 1872. I then started with a company to produce it in the provinces, and continued doing so for some years, under the most liberal and friendly terms with the author.

When in London we invariably arranged to dine together at his house in Gloucester Place, and during these pleasant evenings we chatted over many men and things.

Of Charles Dickens he spoke in terms of the strongest affection; they had been friends for years. He described to me the meetings when the idea of Dickens reading his own works was first proposed. Collins was greatly in favour of his doing so. Other friends thought it *infra dig.*, and strongly objected. As all the world knows, the good advice at length prevailed, and thousands of people rejoiced in listening to his marvellous power of individualising his own characters at the reading-desk. That the continued exertion shortened his life Wilkie Collins felt certain. Before any new reading he invited a few friends to dinner, and in the evening rehearsed it for their opinion and advice; and Collins told me he could never forget the Nancy and Bill Sikes scenes. The effect upon Dickens was remarkable and painful in the extreme, both at the first and ever afterwards; every nerve in his sensitive temperament was wound up to such a pitch of excited energy. At the first rehearsal he fainted, and always afterwards when he read these scenes in public he suffered from exhaustion. Friends strongly advised him not to continue; but, seeing the effect they had upon the public, he persevered. 'This reading,' said Collins, 'I am quite sure, did more to kill him than all his other work put together.'

To John Forster's *Life of Dickens* he took great exception. He and other friends of the dead author were most desirous of suppressing many things Forster had written in the book which might have been omitted with no loss to the public. As Collins said, we all have our weaknesses; and however great a man may be, he is not exempt from them. Why parade them? Why tell of family matters with which the public had really nothing to do? Forster was not to be advised or controlled. His own identity with all Dickens's works and actions is so persistently put before the reader that John Forster is as prominent as Charles Dickens throughout. More particularly did Collins condemn Mr Forster's references to the trouble between Dickens and his wife; entering into so much detail was unwise, unnecessary, and a mistake. As usual in such misunderstandings, there were faults on both sides. That Mrs Dickens unfortunately was a very unsuitable lady to be the wife of a man of his nature was known to all his friends; and every one who knew the circumstances deeply regretted them.

During my friendship with Wilkie Collins I only met Charles Dickens twice. From his strongly marked, expressive face, so full of character, his eyes beaming with good-nature and kindness, and his persuasive voice and manner of speaking, so graphic in description, so direct and to the point

in the exposition of his thoughts and arguments, I could very well understand all the appreciation and love existing between the two friends.

There was another friend of both authors I knew: kind-hearted, eccentric Charles Reade. I remember going with Collins and a lady friend to call upon him. It was my first visit. As we entered the room I saw a big, burly, carelessly dressed man, with a fine head, good features, rather long, straggling, and uncut hair. He was cutting the pictures out of various periodicals and sticking them in a large book open before him. The study was exactly as described in *A Terrible Temptation*. As we entered he looked up with a genial smile, shook hands, then thrust both hands deep down in his pockets, and, walking to the fire, turned his back to it. His language was strong, but his heart was as tender as a child's, with almost a child's vanity.

'You will see,' said the lady to me, 'how I will please him.—Oh, Mr Reade, pardon me, do forgive me,' she said, laughing and fixing her eyes upon him. 'I like looking at you; there is something in your face so good and so manly.'

'My dear Mrs ——,' replied Reade, 'you flatter me. Upon my life, I should be angry if I did not know you were a woman of judgment;' and the next minute he turned to the glass, brushing up his hair with his hands, evidently as pleased as possible.

His great ambition was to be a theatrical manager, and he was never happier than when rehearsing one of his pieces. He was a great stickler for reality. On producing a play at the Princess's, the first act of which was a farmyard scene, he insisted on having a real stone wall built, the stones all the same size. It was an immense amount of trouble, and did not look half so effective as a painted one. Amongst other things, he insisted on having a live pig on the stage. The property-master raised an objection, and Reade lost his temper, drove to the market, and bought one. He brought it back in triumph to the stage-door, when an officious super, seeing who it was, quickly opened the door of the cab, which Reade was unprepared for; out jumped the pig, and away it scampered down the street, Reade after it, calling out, 'Stop my pig!' to the amusement and surprise of all the young ruffianism of the neighbourhood. Collins delighted in telling this story and in imitating Reade and his pig-hunt.

To return to my recollections of Wilkie Collins, we were one day talking of the plots of celebrated novels, and the characteristics of some of the people as drawn by certain authors. He spoke of the singular faculty Dickens had of seizing hold at once of any peculiarity in persons he met—the way in which he made notes of it for after use; the same with scenery, places, and streets, names of people on shop-fronts or on tombstones—and how they often compared notes together when walking or travelling. Nothing escaped him. In speaking of his own works, he said nearly all his plots were founded on facts, on some incidents he had heard of or read, or on his desire to expose or correct in the shape of a novel some abuse, as in *Man and Wife*, in which he protests against the abuse of over-training, the evil of athletics when carried beyond the dictates of common-sense. When speaking of the charge brought against him, that in some of his books, as in *The Woman in White*, he was too sensational and exceeded the bounds of all probability, he said, 'It has angered me, and shows how much some of the critics know about it. I wish, before people make such assertions, they would think what they are talking or writing about. I know of very few instances in which fiction exceeds the probability of reality. I'll tell you where I got many of my plots from. I was in Paris, wandering about the streets with Charles Dickens, amusing ourselves by looking into the shops. We came to an old-book stall—half-shop and half-store—and I found some dilapidated volumes of records of French crime, a sort of French *Newgate Calendar*. I said to Dickens, "Here is a prize!" So it turned out to be. In them I found some of my best plots. *The Woman in White* was one. The plot of that has been called outrageous: the substitution and burial of the mad girl for Lady Glyde, and the incarceration of Lady Glyde as the mad girl. It was true, and it was from the trial of the villain of the plot—Count Fosco of the novel—I got my story.'

In August 1862 he wrote a letter to me about a new story he was at work on, in which he says:

'I am getting on with it. I am striking a blow in this new story at the wretches who are called vivisectors.'

On the production of *Man and Wife* as a play by the Bancrofts at the Prince of Wales Theatre, dramatised by himself, he wrote me the following interesting account:

'It was certainly an extraordinary success. The pit got on its legs and cheered with all its might the moment I showed myself in front of the curtain. The acting was really superb—the Bancrofts, Miss Foote, Hare, Coglan, surpassed themselves; not a mistake made by anybody. The play was over at a quarter past eleven sharp. It remains to be seen whether I can fill the theatre with a new audience. Thus far, the results have been extraordinary.'

He quotes the receipts as over one hundred pounds a night, and in a letter on another occasion he writes: 'They actually accommodated over one hundred and thirty-one pounds in that little place. Does not that surprise you?' I was up in London during the run, and he arranged for a box, that we might go together. On arriving at his house to dinner, I found him in extremely low spirits. His brother was very ill, probably dying, and he was unable to go to the theatre, but a friend staying in the house accompanied me. I promised to return to supper, and tell him what I thought of the play and the performance. When I got back

his brother was dead, and he had just returned, terribly broken down. The death seemed to have made a strong impression on him, and led him to speak of a future state of existence, in which he had little belief. He was a Materialist, and urged that death meant a sleep of eternity; it was the natural end of all living things.

I received a letter on the production of his dramatised version of *The New Magdalen*, in which he says:

'The reception of my *New Magdalen* was prodigious. I was forced to appear half-way through the piece, as well as at the end. The acting took every one by surprise, and the second night's enthusiasm quite equalled the first.' 'We have really hit the mark,' later on he writes. 'Ferrari translates it for Italy, Regnier has two theatres ready for me in Paris, and Lambe of Vienna has accepted it for his theatre. Here the enthusiasm continues.'

On 10th March 1873 he says in a letter:

'I have had a great offer to go to America this autumn and "read." It would be very pleasant, and I should like it if we could go together. I am really thinking of the trip.'

The trip was decided on, and it was arranged that we should go together as he desired; but later on circumstances prevented my leaving England. Before starting, an event occurred at Scarborough perhaps worth notice as showing how small a world it is with some people. A friend of mine, a doctor, was one evening visiting a patient, a large cotton-spinner from one of the Lancashire towns, and asked me to go with him. Two Manchester merchants who had just returned from the Exhibition at Vienna, friends of the patient, were there. It was the first time the Manchester men had been on the Continent, and they were comparing the places they had seen to Manchester, deciding with full conviction that there was not a place to compare with it. Tall chimneys, manufactories, and huge warehouses formed in their eyes the acme of all that was necessary to beautify the world.

'So, Mr Reeve,' said the patient, 'the doctor tells me you are off to America?'

'Yes, in a few weeks' time,' I replied.

'Going by yourself?'

'No, with a friend.'

'Mr Reeve is going with Mr Wilkie Collins,' said the doctor.

'Oh, indeed,' replied the patient, and the name was passed round the three merchants.

'Collins,' said one, thinking. 'Wilkie Collins,' said the other, evidently trying to recall the name.

'Never heard of him,' said the patient.

'Nor I,' 'Nor I,' the others replied.

'Mr Reeve,' asked one of the gentlemen, 'Wilkie Collins—what Manchester house does he represent?'

I afterwards joined Collins at the Westminster Hotel in New York, and found him comfortably settled in the same sitting-room and bedroom that his friend Charles Dickens had lived in. Every one knows the extent to which interviewing is carried on in America, and of course Collins was interviewed. It was the pest of his life for the first two or three weeks. One thing greatly amused us. Before leaving England he found himself in want of a rough travelling suit of clothes, and driving through the City, he turned into Moses' great emporium and bought a cheap shoddy suit. The *New York Herald*, in describing Collins, gave an elaborate account of his person. He was wearing at the time the slop suit, and the description wound up with the statement that Mr Collins was evidently a connoisseur in dress. He had on one of those stylish West End tailor's suits of a fashionable cut by which an Englishman of taste is known.

A circumstance occurred in New York which is a very good illustration of what American housekeepers had then to put up with. One Sunday we were invited out to dinner at a large house in Fifth Avenue. Arriving there, we were received by the host and hostess. They both seemed very uncomfortable, and I had noticed that a young lady opened the front door to us. At length the hostess asked us to excuse the want of servants and the dinner, which consisted of a piece of cold meat, some fruit, and cheese. She explained that the servants objected to guests in the house on Sunday, as they wished to have that day to themselves. They had been humbly asked by their mistress to permit it on this occasion, and they graciously acknowledged they might have done so if they had had a week's notice to make their arrangements; but as it was the thing was quite out of the question, and accordingly they had walked out of the house.

A dinner and reception was given at the Lotus Club, at which Mr Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador to London, presided; and in welcoming Wilkie Collins to America he spoke of him in the most gracious and flattering terms as a writer. It was a delightful evening, ending, indeed, when morning was breaking. As we walked back to the hotel, I remember discussing a singular story we had both been told. At a reception given by the club to Stanley on his return after the finding of Livingstone, he gave an account of his journey and the famous meeting; but hardly a member of the club believed him. The story was laughed at as Stanley's 'bunkum.'

An amusing circumstance occurred to Collins at an up-country town. He arrived in the afternoon to give a reading in the evening, and was washing himself, after a long railway journey, when a nigger servant in the hotel opened the door of his bedroom without knocking, and asked:

'Are you the Britisher as is come down 'ere to do a bit o' reading?'

'Yes, I suppose I am the man.'

'Well, 'ere's some o' the big bugs and bosses o' this 'ere town come jist to see you.'

Some of the chief men in the town had come to pay their respects and welcome him.

'That's awkward,' replied Collins; 'I am just dressing.'

'I guess they'll wait till you've scrubbed your skin and put on your pants. Jist say when you're ready.'

With that he coolly walked to the window, opened it—it was a very cold day—and, leaning out, commenced leisurely spitting into the yard below. He was chewing tobacco.

'My friend,' said Collins, 'when you have done spitting, would you mind closing that window?'

'Well, I don't see the harm it's a-doing you.'

'Perhaps not; but if you will shut it, and tell the gentlemen below I will be with them directly, it will do me more good.'

'You'd better tell 'em yerself, I guess. If you objects to my spitting out o' this winder, I objects to yer trying to boss this establishment. So jist you tell 'em yerself;' and, putting his hands in his pockets, he leisurely lounged out of the room.

One afternoon, during our sojourn in New York, to our surprise the famous reader and preacher the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew arrived to say good-bye on his return to England; it was at the end of his second tour. We were shocked to see the man so changed. He was in very low spirits, his second tour not having proved a success. He looked ill and broken. It will be remembered he had left Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, in 1868, and joined the Roman Catholic Church, devoting himself to reading and lecturing, in which he had few rivals. He seemed to think he was returning home to die; and it was so. He lingered only a short time, and Collins was home and able to attend his funeral, with Edmund Yates, Mr Frith the artist, and other old friends. They had raised the money to pay the expenses of his last days and funeral.

Wilkie Collins's readings were not so successful as he anticipated. I was not surprised at this. I never had an opportunity of hearing him; but I am quite sure he lacked the necessary dramatic power to make them acceptable to general audiences. Charles Dickens was an actor, and a very good one.

The following printer's error amused us very much. The *Boston Advertiser*, in speaking of his readings, said his 'London pronunciation was apparent in the flattening of his vowels.' This was copied into a Western paper—I forget the name of it; but it said: 'Our contemporary in Boston says Mr Collins is decidedly a Londoner, which is apparent in the flattening of his *bowels*.'

In America he willingly gave me permission to rewrite and alter some part of the drama of *The Woman in White*—alterations which certainly appeared to greatly increase its effect on the public and its strength as a drama.

He had dramatised *No Name*, and, wishing to provide me with another character than 'Fosco,' suggested 'Captain Wragge;' but he was most dissatisfied with his work, and asked me if I would write another play, and then we would compare the two. I did so. The only fault he found was that I had in the last act kept too closely to his novel, which I had done purposely, so as not to hurt his pride in his work. To my surprise, he gave me *carte blanche* to do as I liked with the characters in the last act. The result so pleased him that he did not allow his own version to be played. I know no other author who would have been so unselfish.

His health was continually bad; his letters always refer to it. 'I am only just recovering from a severe attack of gout in the eyes.' 'I am away in France, so as to get the completest possible change of air and scene. God knows, I want it!' Another time he is in Venice, trying to shake off this continuous suffering; or, 'I am cruising in the Channel, and getting back my strength after a long attack.'

From my first knowledge of him in 1871 he had been in the habit of taking opium in considerable doses, and had frequent injections of morphia to relieve the neuralgic pains he suffered from, besides gout. His diet was singular. At dinner he would sometimes take bread soaked in meat gravy only. In the night he was fond of cold soup and champagne. For exercise he often walked up and down stairs so many times by the aid of the balusters. Frequent suffering made his habits a little eccentric, perhaps; and I am quite certain the frequent use of opium had its effect upon his writing in later years.

At Christmas 1883 I received a card from him in Australia: a picture of English oaks, on which was written:

'A little bit of English landscape, my dear Reeve, to remind you of the old country and the old friend.'

In 1886 he writes me:

'My new novel, now shortly to be published in book form, has appeared previously in various newspapers, and the speculator purchasing all serial rights in England and the colonies has given me the largest sum I have ever received for any of my books before.'

I cannot better close these random memories of one whose friendship I valued than by quoting the last words of this letter:

'As for my health, considering that I was sixty-two years old last birthday, that I have worked hard as a writer (perhaps few literary men harder), and that gout has tried to blind me first and kill me afterwards on more than one occasion, I must not complain. Neuralgia and nervous exhaustion generally have sent me to the sea to be patched up, and the sea is justifying my confidence in it. I must try, old friend, and live long enough to welcome you back when you return to be with us once more.—Always truly yours,

'WILKIE COLLINS.'

He died not very long after this letter, and when I returned to England I missed his friendly hand and welcome.

VANESSA STRIATA.

By Howard Ashton.

I SUPPOSE, as one grows older and comes more into contact with the facts of life, it is as well that those sudden enthusiasms which have spurred one on in hot youth to sentimental foolishness should drop away as useless encumbrances, in the same way as the pupa-case is left by the emerging cicada. One even—I speak for myself—becomes a little bored, a little nervous, in the presence of any unguarded emotion exhibited by others. The sight of a lover's caress shakes my nerves all to pieces, and I am inclined to agree with Schopenhauer that youth is too crude, too raw, to be really beautiful. I myself am always more at home with men like Fulham and Trevethick and Courtney than with even my own sons, of whom, by the bye, I am both fond and proud. But men that sit over a pipe and liquor in well-weighed judgment upon a question of really vital importance—the auditory organs of a cricket or the slave-making ant—these be the friends for me. The young men, bless your heart! talk of women, of horses, of cricket-matches; they can tell you the name of each man who has made a century for his county, but they do not know the difference between the *Diptera* and the *Hymenoptera*. It is really strange what a lot of useless knowledge they pick up; and, stranger still, that of all those who studied profoundly, I have found none to like so well as those six-foot youngsters who can bang a loose ball out of the ground or work from the leg upon a perfect wicket (whatever that may be). But—Trevethick and Courtney never become sentimental; wherefore have they the advantage in my heart.

My wife—for I will admit at one period of my life to as great folly as most of them—tells me that I, I who speak to you now, am sentimental. But, then, women never do understand men. And Lily, who has never seen me vivisect insects, declares that her dad is the most tender-hearted man upon earth. Lily was named after a large family of estimable plants by no will of mine. Even now my wife cannot see the absurdity of such a name for a healthy female specimen of our species—is man a distinct genus?—who can drive a golf-ball with the best of them. People say that she is like her mother. Perhaps: she shows signs of an equal tyranny at times over her poor old dad; and as to the young men, she has a whole herd of them so tame that they will eat out of her hand.

Now, I dare say you have noticed that a man looks upon his daughter's suitors as so many robbers. When one has been finally chosen, and consent given, he turns out a very nice young fellow; but before the fall of the fortress he is classed with the rest, an impudent impostor who would beguile, in a nasty, underhand manner, a treasure which you suddenly discover in your house. It is surprising what a difference in one's valuation of any possession occurs when it dawns upon the owner that others covet what he holds carelessly as a matter of course.

So, on these general principles, I was fully prepared to snap out 'No' to any such offers. But—Lily is a sensible girl—these things never got so far as me, until the arrival of Mr Carter-Goring.

Apart from the attention he paid to my daughter, I disliked this young man intrinsically. It was a matter even beyond his hyphen, though that jarred upon me. He was clever, handsome, sincere. He did not talk cricket or other nonsense; neither did he drink or gamble. Yet he had a way of successfully dogmatising upon matters ethical; there was no compromise about him. He told old Trevethick that the Church was a dying institution, a relic of superstition; and Trevethick is the father of two ministers! And he tackled Sir Harry Percival upon the folly of killing one fox by such ponderous means as sixty dogs, illustrating with an image of one scout annihilated by a battery of artillery. He had no tact. Sir Harry has never forgiven him; for which, to do him justice, he cares not a jot.

One morning, as I was working upon the auditory organs of *Gryllus Campestris*, he came into my laboratory, his face big with things unuttered. He began by informing me that the vital things of human life were not to be found in dissections of 'miserable grasshoppers;' that was his exact phrase, a phrase one whole family away. I corrected his confusion of the *Achetidæ* with the *Acrididæ*, and explained to him that the dissection he had interrupted might shed some light upon the evolution of that ear which he happened to wear; and that, in fact, though man's greatest study is, no doubt, mankind, yet a deal might be learned about man himself by observing the other equally futile, and sometimes more beautiful, insects which crawl under high heaven. The argument then developed into a sort of mental scuffle as to Man's place in Nature. The boy got very indignant at my statement of the facts as they appealed to me. Man, he held, was more than a species of Primate; he had a soul, which the *quadrumana* in general had not; his feelings were nobler, more elevated, than the orang's. More in the same strain, ending with a fierce attack on the teachings of Charles Darwin. Now, if there be one thing calculated to make me lose my temper, it is the amount of ignorant prejudice which this, the greatest of our countrymen, has had to endure from his compatriots; and I was about to reply with some heat when he broke suddenly away from the

subject in hand. It was not to discuss matters biological that he had intruded upon me that morning. A subject more personal claimed his attention. And then he left me gasping at the novel proposition of his candidature for the position of my son-in-law. For it was, I think, sufficiently astounding, this attack upon his lady's father, capped by a point-blank demand for her hand. I temporised unskilfully—I am not versed in the art; he as foolishly pressed for a decisive answer.

'As man to man, sir, yes or no?' he said, in the tone of a Russian ultimatum.

Naturally, after this there was but one course, which I took, much to his dissatisfaction. He was dashed a moment, but at length informed me that, as their love was mutual, he would never give up hope.

I replied that hope is a fine thing to have, but unsubstantial in essence. I cautioned him, put him on his honour, against paying his addresses to Lily in future. Not that I wanted him absolutely to shun her presence, I went on, softening a blow which, though he had brought it upon himself, I could not help in some measure regretting. But, upon his honour, no more love-making.

He took it well, shook hands, and prepared to depart, turning again, however, at the door. 'I shall ask you again, sir,' he declared, 'and again. For, at all events, I know she loves me; and I will not accept this as final.'

'In a way,' I answered, 'you are right; there is no such thing as finality. But please wait until I have got these notes upon the "Evolution of the Ear" off my mind. And, even then, I fear that persistence is of that type of virtue which is its own reward. Good-morning, and shut the door after you, my lad.'

I expected to hear much of this little interview from my daughter. I prepared with growing dismay for tears and prayers. But Lily is not that kind. She made no sign; in fact, I began to think that young Goring had overestimated the case when he had said that she loved him.

About a month after these happenings came the invasion of the new *Vanessa*. An extraordinary affair it was. For a couple of weeks an absolutely unheard-of species of this fine butterfly hovered in great numbers about the highest tree-tops of three counties. Then came a wind from the east, and all save a few poor specimens were blown into the Irish Sea. It was a beautiful insect, *Vanessa Striata*, beautiful and mysterious, springing from nowhere, and extinct in an incredibly short space of time, leaving no descendants to decorate the following summers.

It was Trevethick who first showed it to me; and while we were gloating over it came Courtney with two more, one of which, a very imperfect male, he gave to me. Now, Trevethick soon obtained a huge number of specimens; but I would trust no boy like Harry Trevethick to catch them for me, since he mangled half of those he got for his father. In any case, even were this not so, I infinitely prefer doing my own *shikar;* and as I am not as active as I once was—as, moreover, these insects flew about the tops of the tallest trees—you may imagine my difficulty in securing specimens. I got two females, fine ones; but my male collection was limited to the tattered being aforesaid. I tried exposing the females in glass cages, but the males would not come down to them. And the swarms were thinning; the purple flicker of wings about the tree-tops became rarer and rarer. I was in despair. Of course Trevethick would have gladly given me some had I asked him; but what a humiliation! I had almost rather have gone without them.

But one afternoon I saw a number of the butterflies about an elm down towards the river, and resolved to have another try for them. A fine tree it was, thick in foliage, and with a seat beneath it, close to the trunk. By standing upon this seat I managed with some difficulty to swing myself upon the lowest limb. The rest was comparatively easy. In five minutes I peered out from the rustling green of the crown, and a *Vanessa* fluttered from a leaf six inches from my nose. I made a wild sweep of my net as he flew; but these insects, as I had good reason to understand, dodged incredibly. So I sat and waited. My range with the net was about twelve feet, and it seemed that these butterflies were accurate judges of the danger-zone. Now and again one would flutter lazily into range as if to put heart into me, but his painted wings carried him into safety as the net fell. It became rather monotonous; twenty feet away *Vanessa* flirted and coquetted while my body became one huge cramp. A whole hour I spent in this way, and at last my patience gave out. I would, I decided, hire some youngster to catch these irritating *Vanessæ*. I began to descend. And then, forty feet below, I heard the murmur of voices, low voices, a man's and a woman's, and in hers a hint of tears. I realised that a lovers' quarrel was working itself out beneath my perch, and climbed back to consider.

I would, I thought, let them settle it without any embarrassing irruption from above; such a thing would only make me nervous, and I could perhaps in the meanwhile catch some of my purple friends. Besides, I did not wish to appear ridiculous, and the spectacle of a portly man of fifty-six clambering down a tall tree in the manner of his anthropoid progenitors certainly held some element of absurdity.

But lovers' quarrels are slow of settlement, slow and very sweet. A suggestion of eternity crept into the murmur below. I thought of Tennyson's 'Brook,' of the beat of surf upon a seashore, of the brevity of life, and finally of the need I had of those *Vanessæ*. And the afternoon was wearing on. Perhaps to-morrow the butterflies would be gone!

Resolved, I coughed loudly to warn the lovers of my presence. And then it occurred to me that

these foolish young people, whoever they might be, would most certainly look upon me as a mean eavesdropper. This gave me pause. Below, the voices ceased a moment, and I heard some one moving. My cough had evidently been heard, but not located; I thanked Heaven for that. And it was just as the lovers began their talking again that *Vanessa* chose to settle in such a position that I could hardly fail to capture him.

Then began a battle between fear of ridiculous discovery and scientific desire. If I moved, those confounded lovers would almost certainly hear me. On the other hand, there was my prey flaunting his bars and ocelli within two feet of my head. Perhaps if I waited—and *Vanessa's* wings quivered towards flight. Over-eager, I bungled the stroke; the butterfly escaped by a bare inch, and my net slipped from my hand, falling upon the lower branches with a swish and a scurry of broken twigs and leaves, and coming at length to rest between the lowermost boughs.

Below, the voices stopped suddenly. I heard a scrambling rush and snapping of smaller branches, and the young man's head emerged from the leafy screens earthward. He climbed quickly, looking up as he came. Then he saw me and stopped. Dimly it must have been, for though I, at first sight of his face, had recognised him, he certainly failed to do the same with me.

'Come out of that, my man,' he said quietly.

I made no reply.

He climbed towards me again. 'You won't, eh? You want me to throw you out, you eavesdropping hound? Very well; you shall have it, eh? Good Lord! Mr Blair!'

'Yes, sir,' I said, 'Blair is my name; and that young lady, Mr Carter-Goring, is perhaps my daughter?'

He looked me full in the face. 'Your method of finding out such things, sir, puts any possibility of denial away from me.'

'I assure you'—— I began hotly.

'I accept your assurance,' he answered, in a manner which showed just how plainly he did not.

Fool that I was, I fell into the position assigned me. I, who should have sat in judgment, went voluntarily into the dock, stammering out explanations which sounded almost like excuses. He listened with the air of a Chief-Justice; his nerve in no way failed him. That young man will indeed go far in his profession.

But of course it could not last.

'If we go down,' I said, 'you will find my net.'

'After you, sir,' he replied, with a wave of the hand.

'Along there,' I pointed, after two-thirds of the descent had been made. 'You see? If you will have the goodness'——

He followed me with the net to the ground. And then came my turn. I reminded him of my conditions; he listened gravely with downcast head. I lectured him severely upon the enormity of his conduct. I pointed out that his accusation of eavesdropping only aggravated his offence. To accuse me of such dishonour was hardly the way to change my answer when he judged the time ripe to ask, as he had said he would, a reversal of my decision. And I finally suggested that perhaps he had known all the while that I was in the tree, and had climbed up to me for that very purpose of the second asking. Or, would he ask me now?

He lifted his head. When I see an honest man's eyes I can usually recognise them. 'I have broken no conditions,' he said simply. 'I have not spoken of love to her, though God knows how hard it was.'

I frowned.

'Why, if you were going to ask me again?'

'I will never ask you again,' he answered, turning his head towards a shimmer of white muslin down by the river-bank. 'I have been a fool—worse than a fool. The only thing that grieves me is that—she cares.'

'She does care,' I agreed. 'I can see that now. Why, I can't say.'

'Nor I,' he said humbly. He dropped his head again. 'Nor I,' he repeated.

'Look here, young man,' I said, 'I am not so young as I'd like to be, and those butterflies are very active. I was going to hire help when you forced me back into concealment. And you are a clever climber—I noticed that. Perhaps if you would try'——

He turned to me quickly.

'You mean'—— he said, and his eyes were bright with hope.

'That,' I replied, smiling, 'is for you to find out. Here is the net.'

Three minutes later five specimens of *Vanessa Striata* lay in my killing-bottle, and I straightened out my fingers as Mr Carter-Goring's back disappeared through the tangled coverts which led down to the river.

THE SHIP.

The salt sea-waves my bulwarks kiss;
Beneath me yawns the green abyss.
Behind my path, by night and morn,
The fierce wind blows his hunting-horn.
I am not daunted, for I feel
My Steersman's hand upon my wheel.
Where I shall sail and whither go
I know not: He doth surely know.
Through all the terrors of the night,
Through all the sparkling day's delight,
By looming rock, by isle of palm,
I fare afar, in storm and calm.
Though buffeted and tempest-tost
I shall not evermore be lost.
There is a haven of repose—
But when? But where? He knows. He knows.

AGNES S. FALCONER.

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SUMMER BY THE SAND-DUNES.

THERE are few tracts of coast scenery more unique and interesting than that of the west coast of Jutland. It possesses a wild, sad beauty which cannot fail to charm the lovers of bleak nature. The coast-line is much broken, and the northern part of the peninsula is invaded by arms of the Limfjord, an inlet of the Cattegat which in 1825 broke through the frail barrier separating it from the North Sea, thus making Vendsyssel, the northern extremity of Jutland, into an island. The coast is destitute of rocks, but it is skirted by steep sand-ridges, and beneath these crumbling cliffs stretches a beach of fine white sand so firm that it forms an excellent surface for cycling, driving, or walking, and it is used as a road in calm weather in preference to the soft, sandy inland thoroughfares. On the north-west coast, which is washed by the Skager-Rack, there is no tide, the sea only rising and falling with the wind. Consequently there is some risk in using the sea-road, as it is difficult to calculate the movements of the deep, which may rise unexpectedly and endanger the safety of the wayfarer.

This shore, which looks so smooth and fair, is in reality treacherous, as the sea flows over three submerged sandbanks on which many a good ship has been stranded in the wild storms of autumn and winter. Indeed, one bay bears the significant name of Wailing Bay. A terrible Christmas Eve is still remembered when fifty merchantmen were driven ashore. There are numerous lifeboat stations at short intervals down the coast, and tales of heroism are told of the gallant men, many of whom have perished in their work of rescue.

Behind the bare sand-cliffs are the sand-dunes or downs, a pigmy range of mountains cast in grotesque forms and covered with blue-gray grass. These are the dunes described by Hans Christian Andersen. In former ages they were shifted and blown about by the rough sea-winds, and not infrequently a tempest would raise the sand, and cottages and farms would be buried beneath the drifts. The children's poet tells the pathetic story of one of these sand-storms which engulfed a village and a church. The steeple of the latter may be seen raising its head above the surface of the soil close to Skagen, where the calamity took place in 1775. Modern science has, however, removed this terror by planting the dunes with a coarse lyme-grass or sea-reed, which binds the loose soil in its place by the interlacing of the long, sinuous roots. At the foot of the sand-ridges may be seen slabs of brown coal, giving the key to a condition of vegetation which existed before the age of the sand-dunes, when Denmark was covered with primeval forest. These woods were cut down by the then rulers of the country, and the coast was left unprotected from the rude winds, which raised the masses of sand washed up by the sea and whirled them inland, forming a band of sand-dunes extending in some parts to four miles in breadth. History repeats itself; at intervals along the coast there are large fir-plantations, many miles in extent, which are being laboriously raised at the expense of more enlightened generations.

Near the most northerly point of Jutland there is a stretch of two miles of naked sand-dunes, left in their bareness as a relic of a former state of things. In summer sunshine the sight is beautiful and unique—an undulating plateau of dazzling white sand sparkling like snow against the blue sky, the shadows showing purple in the sunlight. Over all broods an intense stillness. No bird or beast is to be seen, and there is no vegetation except stunted heather and crowberries on the tongue of low, marshy moorland which lies between the Cattegat and the Skager-Rack. In the distance is the promontory of Skagen, or the Skaw, with its great lighthouse-tower which marks the point where the two waters meet. There are two villages at Skagen, one a fashionable watering-place with hotels and modern cottages, and the other a fishing-hamlet, which is infinitely more picturesque, with its straggling row of rude huts thatched with seaweed, and surrounded by mud walls or palisades often six feet high to keep off the clouds of flying

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sand. Skagen, like Scheviningen in Holland, was formerly a Bohemian paradise for artists and literary men attracted thither by the bleak grandeur of the scenery and by the handsome types of rugged fisher-folk, many of whom have been immortalised on canvas or on printed page. It is alleged that the natives have learned no good from the artistic tribe, for the simplicity of the seafarers has been spoiled, and they now regard themselves as picturesque and interesting objects, valuable either as copy for the journalist or as a model for the artist.

Bröndum's, a homely inn, was formerly the headquarters of the Bohemians, and there Holger Drachman the poet, Mylius Erichsen the novelist, and painters such as Otto Bacche, Exner, and Michael Ancher spent happy days and convivial evenings of unrestrained liberty. But the Philistine has now discovered the charm of the spot, and Bröndum s has become a fashionable hotel, with improved cooking and domestic arrangements. Holger Drachman and several others of the artistic company have consequently deserted their old quarters, and have either built villas or have sought remoter resorts.

At intervals down the west coast are large *pensions* and hotels, which in the bright summer weather are filled with visitors from Copenhagen and other towns, overworked professional men and nervous women seeking new life in this so-called sanitorium of Denmark from the invigorating breezes and sea-bathing. Holiday visitors, whose minds are on pleasure bent, there are in plenty, young men and maidens full of the exhilaration of youth and stimulated by the bracing air. They amuse themselves all day long with picnics and excursions, and often carry on music and dancing, accompanied by cigarette-smoking, until late at night, sometimes to the disturbance of older guests. On the whole, however, every one enters heartily enough into the social recreations, for the Danes of to-day do not belie their historic character for conviviality. Each *pension* seems to contain a large and happy family, suddenly brought together for a few weeks in summer, and then as suddenly dispersed.

There is a subtle charm about these bleak seaside places, with strong salt air continually blowing and the brilliant blue of sea and sky, which draws those who have once come under its spell to return year after year. Very beautiful are the summer sunsets on the wide horizon, broken only by the gray sand-hills, with the waving grass standing out against a background of sky aflame and sea like a translucent turquoise; while the long, low beach is toned to a dull purple, with here and there a pool which has caught some of the glory of the heavens. A glamour of poetry hangs around the 'light nights,' when the sunset glow does not fade from the sky until the pale gold of morning breaks behind the cool, gray landscape; then it is sweet to wander, oblivious of time, in the soft twilight and listen to the rhythmic splash of the waves.

The summer visitors seldom see the west coast in its wilder mood, when the sea is lashed by gusts of wind from a dirty gray, flecked with angry white foam, to a seething mass of green water, with great waves which dash over the high sand-cliffs, and are driven inland in thick clouds of spray; when the wind whistles round the little fishing-cottages, making the church towers rock; and when old men and anxious women gather round the high beacons, and strain their eyes for a glimpse of a well-known sail.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER XI.

NEXT morning I awoke at nine o'clock with the pleasant consciousness of having enjoyed a deep and dreamless slumber. Leisurely I rose and made my toilet, meditating the while over the crowded incidents of the past twenty-four hours. Was life at the Brun-varad always like this, I asked myself, a confusing round of gaiety and intrigue, of sport and danger, a disquieting medley of feminine ungraciousness and feminine amenity? Did these things constitute a normal state of affairs at the Winter Palace, or had I by chance happened on a peculiarly eventful day in this delightful and salubrious locality? I came to the conclusion that though Weissheim was a more exciting neighbourhood than South Kensington, I had nevertheless arrived at a juncture which, if not particularly remarkable for this unstable kingdom, was at any rate raised slightly above the ordinary importance of the country's daily round.

Curiously enough, the person who commanded the largest share of my thoughts was neither Miss Anchester nor the Princess, the King nor the Queen, the uncourageous commander-in-chief nor the truculent Grand Duke, but the broad-faced, piercing-eyed detective. The personality of Herr Schneider fascinated me; though why, it was hard to say. I neither admired his personal appearance nor felt the slightest respect for his moral qualities. He was rather ugly than otherwise, and I felt perfectly certain that his character was the reverse of noble. His restless manner irritated me, and the mere fact that he possessed undoubted ability in his profession was quite insufficient to account for the way in which his individuality had taken hold of my imagination. I fancy the real reason lay in a certain resemblance which his trains of thought

seemed to bear to my own. It appeared to me that in his mental outlook, gloomy, pessimistic, analytic as it was, he was but an exaggerated likeness of myself. But he was a man of forty, whereas I was but eight-and-twenty. What if in another dozen years I should develop into a morbid, disillusioned being such as he was, without the record of a distinguished career behind me such as he had? I shuddered, for the possibility was unattractive in the extreme.

Having completed my toilet, I stepped into my sitting-room with the express determination of evicting my gloomy meditations with the assistance of hot coffee and rolls. As a matter of fact, the desired eviction was effected by a somewhat more refined agency. On my plate, and tied together with a bright-blue ribbon, were some carnations. An inspection of the ribbon disclosed some writing in ink capitals, which had spread so much as to be almost indistinguishable. A careful scrutiny at length revealed the word *Gedächtniss* (remembrance). I smiled involuntarily; my second day at Weissheim was opening well. My immediate desire was to find out the author of this delicate little attention, and the process of discovery seemed to offer little difficulty, for my acquaintances at Weissheim were not numerous, and it was obvious that the male portion might be at once set aside. Next, continuing my process of elimination, I struck out the Fräulein von Helder. She, I argued, would never dream of sending any one flowers. Had she fallen in love with me she would, as likely as not, have presented me with a dough-cake.

There remained—but a sudden illuminating thought caused me to alter my method. Miss Anchester had been wearing some carnations in her bosom the previous evening, and though, man-like, I had failed to be impressed by that charming addition to her simple but effective attire, the remembrance of them came back to me as I gazed at the pretty blooms which adorned my solitary breakfast-table. Of course it was the governess who had sent them! Who else could have had any object in doing so? Miss Anchester and I had had a slight misunderstanding, and this was her gracious method of admitting that she had been in the wrong. *Gedächtniss!* Remembrance of what? Of that incident of the Kastel run, of course, which I had alluded to somewhat tactlessly on the previous evening, and of which doubtless she retained a pleasant and romantic recollection. Remembrance of the acerbities, the explanations, the reconciliations, of the past day. She could read me like a book, could she? Certainly I could read her like one. Womanly, despite her pronounced athleticism; sentimental, despite her calm, unemotional, critical exterior. I liked the type, and determined, now that the foolish misconception due to my mother's quaint request had been brushed aside, that we should henceforth be the best of friends with each other.

Downstairs I met the King and Herr Schneider chatting quietly over an early pipe.

'I propose taking you on to the curling-rink this morning, Saunders,' said the former, who was evidently in excellent spirits. 'A strong fellow like you, with a good eye, ought to make a fine curler.'

'Does curling need strength?' I inquired. I had seen the game played at Wimbledon, a sort of glorified bowls on the ice, in which 'stones' of polished granite were propelled towards a wooden 'jack' standing in the centre of a series of concentric rings.

'Sometimes it requires strength,' replied the King. 'When there is a little snow falling or when the ice is sticky from the force of the sun, it takes a considerable amount of strength to knock an opponent's "stone" out of the "house." Every one begins by despising the game, and ends in succumbing to its fascination.'

'One comes to scoff, remains to play,' I remarked. —'Are you coming too, Herr Schneider?'

'No, thank you,' replied the detective. 'I have seen "curling" played before. I should certainly start by scoffing, but I do not possess the capacity for enthusiasm necessary for the potential convert. Miss Anchester has promised to give me a lesson in tobogganing, and I am looking forward to a most enjoyable morning with her.'

The curling-rink into which the King conducted me was a flooded piece of level ground which in summer did duty as a lawn-tennis court. A number of visitors from the Pariserhof—English, Scotch, and American—were standing in groups on the ice waiting for the church clock to strike eleven, at which hour lots were drawn to decide which pitch the various players should curl upon. All wore snow-boots on their feet, and most of them carried brooms in their hands. As the clock struck there were general movements towards the secretary, Colonel Stuart, who held in his hand a small bag containing counters for the prospective players to pick from.

'Numbers on the first pitch; blanks on the middle; reds on the third,' called out the Colonel in the tones of one addressing a battalion.

I drew a plain white counter, which put me into the same game as the King; while Colonel Stuart also was one of the eight who were destined by the draw to curl on the central pitch.

The King and the Colonel picked up, and I was selected by the former to play first for his four. This I took as a great compliment till I discovered that the worst player was always chosen to play first, the better performers being reserved for the more difficult situations which occurred later.

'Now then, Saunders,' said the King when I had selected a couple of big gray stones out of the lockers, 'tie these pieces of red ribbon on to the handles, and get ready to start.'

The No. 1 of the other side and myself took up a position at one end of the pitch, the two

'skippers' at the other. The No. 2's and 3's of the respective sides lined up on opposite sides of the track, broom in hand, ready at the word of command to polish the ice in front of the stone if it appeared to have been delivered with too little strength.

'Now then, No. 1,' sang out the King. 'You begin, please.'

I knelt down on the 'crampet,' grasped my stone firmly by the handle, swung it back forcibly, and 'delivered' it.

The direction was excellent; it went straight for the 'tee,' knocked it spinning over, and sailed gaily through the 'house,' as the series of concentric rings are called, finally finishing up abruptly against the banked-up snow at the edge of the rink.

'Too much breakfast,' was the King's brief but expressive comment.

It was now the turn of my opponent, the other No. 1, to send down his stone.

'Keep your eye on my broom,' shouted Colonel Stuart to him, 'and play with the "in handle."'

I watched with attention. The man swung back much as I had done, but he put his 'stone' down far more lightly, and as he did so turned his elbow in, imparting a left-to-right spin to his projectile.

'Soop!' yelled out the Colonel when the stone had traversed about half the requisite distance. 'Soop, lads, for all ye're worth. Soop, I tell ye! Bring the beast along, and he'll be a dandy shot yet.'

Gradually the stone, which had been aimed somewhat to the left of the tee, curled round, spinning the while on its own axis, till it was fairly in the centre of the pitch. Meanwhile the 'soopers' plied their brooms with demoniac energy till the stone died, as far as I could judge, about a couple of feet this side of the outermost circle.

'Not enough breakfast,' I remarked audibly and perhaps ungenerously. My verdict, however, was not that of the opposing 'skip.'

'Well played, Barker,' roared out the Colonel; 'that's a perfect No. 1 shot.'

'You want to play your stone just short of the "house,"' my opponent condescended to explain. 'If it is short, it may get promotion; if it is too far, every rub it gets makes it worse.'

I grasped the point with the readiness of one who has attained a fair measure of skill at a great variety of games, and set down my next stone with far less expenditure of force.

'Sweep!' yelled the King at once. 'Sweep it all the way. Up besoms! it's no good.—Man, you're a hog!'

This last expression, delivered in a tone of infinite sadness and reproach, sounded in my ears a rather unnecessarily violent piece of obloquy.

Mr Barker once more vouchsafed me a piece of instruction.

'They're shunting your stone out of the track,' he said, 'because it's a "hog." There's a line there scratched on the ice some yards in front of the "house," called the "hog-score." If you don't get your stone over that it isn't in play.'

I was humiliated by my conspicuous ill-success, though relieved in my opinion of the King's manners.

After the No. 1's had sent down their two stones the respective No. 2's took up their position at the 'crampet' end, while the instructive Barker and myself took our places opposite each other among the sweepers.

When the 'skip' bade me sweep I swept with the energy of a strong man desirous of doing his share of the side's work. Inwardly I scoffed at the puerility of the whole thing. The game seemed to me childish or senile according as one considered the trivial nature of its intention or the very moderate amount of strength and energy necessary to achieve success. Nevertheless, I was far from being bored. The conditions were so perfect that the uninspiring nature of the game was quite forgotten in them. The bright sun, the keen air, the majestic view, were things to oust boredom from the dullest mind, while the extraordinary keenness and enthusiasm of the other players were in themselves a source of constant, albeit somewhat contemptuous, amusement to me. I watched with mild interest the manner in which the No. 2's and 3's sent down their stones; how the opposing No. 2, following Colonel Stuart's stentorian directions, succeeded in establishing his stone in the very centre of the 'house'—'a pot-lid,' as they called it; how the King commanded his side to oust this stone from its proud position by straight, forcing shots, and how the Colonel bade his men lay short guards for his 'pot-lid' and protect it from these dastardly attempts.

When it came to the 'skippers'' turn to play, they walked down the pitch to the crampet end, while the respective No. 3's took up their position in the 'house,' the situation affording the keenest excitement to every one but myself. In spite of our efforts, the 'pot-lid' still remained in the centre of the 'house,' and the approach to this successful stone was guarded by two other stones about two feet apart, which protected it from assault either by the 'in-curl' or the 'out-curl.'

The King's first shot struck away one of the guards, but stopped in the place which the dislodged stone had itself been occupying, leaving matters precisely in the *status quo*.

Colonel Stuart then tried to block the post between the two guarding stones, but, being afraid of doing more harm than good, sent down a gentle shot which failed to get over the hog-score, and was accordingly swept ignominiously to one side.

Then the King played his second stone, the final shot for our side. By a combination of skill and good luck, it curled between the two guards, edged up to the winning shot, and quietly shoved it out of the way, stopping dead itself at the moment of contact in the proud position of 'winning stone.'

I was prepared for some expression of approval, but I certainly never anticipated the wild ejaculation and ecstatic gestures with which our No. 3 greeted the King's fortunate essay.

'Man, ye 've done it!' he yelled at the top of his voice. 'You for a curler! *Sehr gut gespielt!*' and with this, the Weissheim curler's concentrated essence of all praise, he hurled his besom high into the air and gave vent to a fearsome and inarticulate yell.

The King beamed all over his sunburnt countenance with obvious pleasure in his success, and patting me on the back, chaffed me humorously about my failure to get a stone in play, and offered me a little practical advice as to the method of delivery.

The last shot, however, had yet to be played. It was possible that Colonel Stuart might repeat the King's successful performance of 'drawing the port' and substituting his own stone for the winner. As a matter of fact, what he did was to strike one of our short stones, promoting it to second, and making us two stones 'in,' to the huge delight of our side and the pathetic disgust of our opponents.

At the conclusion of this 'end' we began again, playing the other way of the pitch. My second effort was much more successful than my first. Both my stones were 'in play,' and one of them was eventually promoted into the proud position of being the winner. Gradually a little of the prevailing enthusiasm began to affect me. I 'sooped' no longer with the perfunctory energy of the good-natured scoffer, but with a little of the true curler's zeal. I took considerable pains with my own shots, and was rewarded with a fair amount of success and my 'skipper's' commendation. On one occasion, indeed, when I succeeded in striking a good shot of the opposing No. 1's out of the 'house,' I was awarded a '*Sehr gut gespielt!*' Finally, at the last 'end' before lunch, I sent down a couple of stones which the King informed me were 'two perfect No. 1's.' My heart swelled within me, and I looked round to note the expression of admiration which I felt sure all faces would be wearing for such a rapidly improved novice. My glance fell on Miss Anchester and Herr Schneider, who were standing behind me watching the game. Their rakes and elbow-pads, as well as their flushed countenances, proclaimed that they had been tobogganing. They waited, watching till the conclusion of the 'end,' when the King and I, victors in the encounter, joined them, and together we trudged back in the direction of the Brun-varad. The King, taking the detective by the arm, walked on ahead, leaving me with Miss Anchester.

'How do you like curling?' asked my companion.

'It seems to me a game for old men—or ladies,' I remarked.

'That is gallant, but hardly an answer to my question.'

'The answer is implied. I prefer something a shade more strenuous.'

'You find it a trifle too subtle?'

'No,' I replied. 'I think I mastered the difficulties pretty quickly. My last two shots left little to be desired.'

'Of course,' said Miss Anchester calmly, 'any one can play a No. 1 shot. If you practise patiently you may work your way up to be a No. 2, or even conceivably a No. 3 should there be a scarcity of good players on the ice. You will be better able then to appreciate the niceties of the game.'

'You are encouraging,' I replied. 'When you suggest the possibility of my one day playing as No. 3 you fairly dazzle my imagination.'

'Please don't be sarcastic,' said Miss Anchester dispassionately. 'Sarcasm is a weapon which requires very delicate handling to be effective. Seriously, though, I give you credit for the necessary ambition and patience to make a strong bid for success on the curling-rink.'

'Are you aware,' I said, laughing, 'that you are lecturing me? Is it an unwitting continuance of your schoolroom methods, or are you still determined to carry out my mother's policy at all costs?'

'If I seem to lecture,' she replied, 'it is because you lay yourself open to rebuke. The truthfulness of your mother's opinion of you is borne in on me more and more every time I speak with you.'

'I thought we had done with all that nonsense,' I said.

'Why?'

'I am wearing a very charming flower in my button-hole.'

'So I perceive.'

'I took it as a token of reconciliation.'

Miss Anchester opened her gray eyes. 'What on earth do you mean?' she asked. It was impossible to doubt the genuineness of her mystification.

'You do not deny that you were wearing carnations in your dress last night?' I inquired.

'Why should I? You mean that you are wearing the same kind of flower to-day as a mute appeal to me to mitigate my severity. It is very touching of you.'

'Do you mean to say,' I asked, considerably nettled, 'that the bunch of carnations which I found on my plate at breakfast this morning was not'——

'Sent by me? Really, Mr Saunders, you might spare a little of your abundant self-respect for other people.'

'But the blue ribbon—*Gedächtniss*,' I blurted out.

Miss Anchester smiled involuntarily.

'Now you are becoming indiscreet—painfully indiscreet,' she remarked.

'On your word of honour,' I said, 'was it really not you who sent them?'

'I have denied it by implication,' she retorted coldly, 'and that is quite sufficient. I don't know

why you should consider me the most foolish woman in Weissheim.'

'But who'——

'I do not consider myself qualified to unravel the fascinating mystery. Perhaps it was all a mistake.'

'Fräulein von Helder,' I muttered. 'The Prinzessinn Mathilde, the—— Good heavens!—the Queen!'

Miss Anchester laughed audibly, and then turned her head away to hide her mirth.

Personally, I saw nothing to laugh at. A chill, a sinking fear of vague but dishonourable possibilities, struck at my heart. If matters took the turn I dreaded I should have to leave Weissheim in haste; and that, for several reasons, I was unwilling to do.

(To be continued.)

A TRAMP'S LESSON-BOOK.

By the Rev. ARTHUR NEVILE COOPER,
Author of *The Tramps of the Walking Parson, Quaint Talks about Long Walks*, &c.

ABOUT thirty years ago a musical friend of mine patented an invention he called 'Notes without Tears.' He hoped that it would be the means of young people learning the pianoforte without those troubles and difficulties which too often end in tears. The invention fell quite flat upon the market, a sure proof that it failed of its purpose, for the number of people who would be willing to learn music without taking trouble is enough to have ensured its success. The truth is, as Euclid remarked to his prince as they traversed the royal road to the palace at Alexandria, there is no royal road to learning.

That may be so, but still no one will deny there is a pleasant and an unpleasant way of eating of the tree of knowledge. Sometimes the pleasant way is the more profitable. Brought up as I was at Christ's Hospital, in the sixties, on the old-fashioned diet of 'book and stick,' I left at fifteen years of age to make my way in the world with scarce a single accomplishment I could put to any practical use. I could not speak French, I did not know a note of music, I could not write a good hand, and did not know enough Latin, history, grammar, &c. to enable me to teach others. At the end of his life Bishop Creighton acknowledged how little there is to be learnt from books. The true teachers are one's fellow-men. Wordsworth spoke of the untold value of what he had learnt from a boy; and though I feel a hesitation in referring to myself in the same sentence with the men I have named, yet I may say whatever I have acquired has been from contact with men and things. The object of this paper is to point out that others whose education was neglected may improve themselves—not by a royal road, but if there is a primrose-path, why should not one choose that in preference to the steep and thorny way, if both lead to the same end?

I have educated myself by walking over the greater part of Europe. Without going out of the way to find them, my walks have taken me over such historic ground as the battlefields of Waterloo and Bannockburn, of Sedan and Badajoz. I have stood on the spot where John Huss was burnt, where Columbus was buried, where Napoleon signed his abdication. I have seen the spot where the Roman Emperors sat as they watched the Christian martyrs fight with the wild beasts, and I have knelt where St Paul once knelt to receive his death-stroke from the executioner. I think it impossible for a man with the average mind to view such scenes unmoved, or to fail to acquaint himself with the historical facts connected therewith. At all events, I am thankful to think I am not made that way. Then I have crossed the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Apennines; I have been by the side of rivers like the Danube, the Tiber, the Rhine, and the Guadalquivir, all of which may be said to have acquired historical fame. I have eaten oranges in Seville and potatoes in Ireland, and have drunk the Moselle wine where it was nearly as cheap as, and more easily procured than, water, and the Rhine wine on the very ground which Charlemagne looked on as it reddened in the morning sun, and called it Rüdesheim (the red place). I have seen sights so varied as the Corpus Christi procession in Munich and the gaming-tables at Monte Carlo. I have seen such interesting persons as the Emperor Napoleon and the ill-fated Prince Imperial. I have walked on the promenade with the Crown Prince Rudolph, and breakfasted at the adjoining table to his father, the aged Emperor Francis Joseph. In the streets of Rome I ran to the assistance of the King of Italy in a carriage accident, and—tell it not in Exeter Hall!—I have received the blessing of the Pope.

Just now great efforts are being made to induce our young men and women to continue their education. Technical schools, evening classes, and the old and new universities are lending themselves to this most laudable purpose, but with only indifferent success. In Denmark I came across a high school where for the five months in the winter, when work is slack, young artisans go at their own expense to improve themselves. When March comes and work is more plentiful the school is occupied by servant-girls who leave their situations and go there to

study for three months. Why such things should be impossible in England, at all events at present, I will not enter upon; but, suffice it to say, they are. The habits and genius of the people are altogether against adopting such a course. They can understand working up for an examination which will advance them in their profession or raise their wages; but to give up their holidays or even their evenings, to forgo the chance of earning ready money for the doubtful advantage of cultivating their general intelligence, is a thing they are not yet prepared for. Any one with the slightest acquaintance with such movements for the improvement of the people as University Extension Lectures, choral and instrumental societies, and the like will know how hard it is to keep their heads above water, and how little success they achieve among the classes they were specially designed to benefit.

That being so, what is to be done?

In days gone by it used to be the general custom for young men of fashion and fortune to make the grand tour of Europe. As Pope wrote of such an one:

> Led by my hand, he sauntered Europe round,
> And gathered every vice on Christian ground.

It is true that the grand tour is associated in our minds with a round of Courts, gambling, gallantry, and the like; yet, still, when we remember the remarkable statesmen who were produced by little other education than what they picked up on the grand tour, we must judge of the tree by its fruits, and confess that the effect of opening a man's mind more than atoned for the incidental mischiefs in the process. Who can estimate the value of the lesson of how to take care of one's self? And how can a man fail to learn it when thrown upon his own resources on the Continent?

Rich people can learn their wisdom, if they care to learn it at all, by any means they please; but I write for those with slender purses; and if they cannot run through Europe, they might take a country. I have walked through a large part of Belgium in a week's holiday, and have walked round Holland in a fortnight. I have tramped across Denmark in three weeks, and walked the entire length of France from Dieppe to Monte Carlo in a month. The only time I was able to take a six weeks' holiday I walked to Rome. Nine out of ten of my readers will be limited as to the time at their disposal, and I am of opinion that even the shortest term may be made a means of education, and serve the purpose of a grand tour in miniature.

1. 'Behind the mountains there are people.' The German proverb is intended to teach that, go where you will, there are human beings of the same flesh and blood and feelings as at home. It also teaches that, as it requires all sorts to make a world, behind the mountains there will be people of differing speech, habits, religion, and views of life. One of the objects of the grand tour was to qualify our future statesmen to deal with all sorts and conditions of men; for a political party embraces every shade of opinion, and those who were yesterday your opponents, to-day may be your friends. Not many of my readers will be destined to be statesmen; but all have to live in the world, and possibly do not know what they lose by living only with one set of people. One great advantage of a tour in a strange land is that it brings out the best side of you. At home, if you are sufficiently rich or bad-tempered, your every whim may be studied; among strangers you will be treated for just what you are. Perhaps it is just because a foreigner is more accustomed to strangers that his manners are so much better, and he knows how to behave himself in whatever society he may be. How often we may notice Englishmen who seem 'out of it' at a party or gathering because they do not know what to do! I once came across a French play in which a milliner acted the part of a queen for a day, and her imposture was not detected, for she was sensitive, simple, and generous, and a queen can be no more. I never yet knew a travelled man whose manners were not improved by his wanderings. If this is so in ordinary cases, how much more so in a walking-tour, where several times a day you will be dependent on strangers for information, and you have to frame your words and manners so that you may get an answer! Wordsworth's schoolgirl paid a penny a week, and twopence to learn manners, and certainly for getting on in the world they are a vital part of education.

2. The people behind the mountains will be human enough to take advantage of you if you will let them. He who speaks the language carries a double purse; and though I have heard of people who have been abroad without knowing a word of the language, I could not advise any one to follow their example, though I am not denying that it might be done. There are those who say that money speaks all languages, and a member of Parliament once told me he had been all over the Continent on the strength of a single sentence: 'Are the beds well aired?' These lines, however, are not written with the object of showing what it is possible to do in the matter of ignorance, but how it is possible to carry on one's education and increase one's knowledge. I know of no pleasanter way of learning a language than by means of a walking-tour.

A successful lawyer laid it down that the best way to begin at the Bar is to be without a friend. He meant that then a young man would be obliged to work. So on a walking-tour you are obliged to talk. Directly you pass outside the gates of the town from which you start you must either talk or starve. If I am any judge, people make a great mistake as to the prevalence of English on the Continent. In my walk to Rome, a journey of some nine hundred miles, I only once met a man on the road who could speak English, and he was the only man who begged of me. I was near Modena, in Italy, and had not heard a word of my native

language for a week, when I heard that well-known formula of introduction, 'I beg your pardon, sir.' I looked round. 'Who are you?' I naturally asked. The man told me he was a clown, and had been in Italy with a circus, but had fallen ill, and been left behind by his company, and had to make his way home as best he could. Besides this man, I did not meet another who could speak English, and so could have told me whether I was on the right way, how far I was from a town, if there was a restaurant near, or given me any other information I might want. Even in towns, unless visitors resort there—say, like Dieppe, Rouen, and so forth—it is not likely you will find even a waiter who speaks English. Why should they? People do not generally possess what they do not want and is of no use to them. Dismiss from your mind, therefore, the hope that you are sure to meet some one on the road who can understand you and will put you right if you go wrong.

The walker must have a vocabulary. Before he starts he will do well to learn the names of all common things he is likely to want, such as a bedroom, luncheon, as well as such sentences as 'How far is it?' 'How much does it cost?' and 'Please speak more slowly.' Having once started, the walker will be constantly adding to his vocabulary on the road if he keeps his eyes open. The same sort of people advertise everywhere, and you ought soon to know the name for soap, clothing, and boots. I remember once coming to the rescue of a lady who told me she had lived two years in France, and who was in a grocer's and wanted some soda for softening water. 'What is the word?' she soliloquised. 'Crystaux, madame,' I said, giving her the benefit of an advertisement I had been reading.

Then there are the notices to cyclists, which, though expressed in somewhat military style, can be mastered easily, such as: 'Cyclists, attention! Descente Rapide. Tournant Brusque.' Besides these, there will be notices by the Government or commune, which are worth reading for the nouns they teach; and, of course, there will be the quack-doctors' advertisements, but as a walker is never ill, there is no need to load your memory with the fact that pills are *pilules* in French, and *malades* are the people out of health.

Always pass the time of day with every one you meet, and ask as many questions as possible. The answers will show whether you have been understood, and will be a lesson to you in pronunciation. If you have mispronounced a word, very probably the foreigners will correct you. As a rule foreigners never read, and therefore are all the more ready to talk, and their politeness will make them ready to assist you in your acquisition of their language. No one is so welcome abroad as the Englishman and his money; and as they cannot have the money without the man, they do their best to make him welcome.

Open churches are the rule in all Roman Catholic countries, and delightfully cool they are kept; so the pedestrian may be glad to enter them for the purpose of rest and shade, if for no better reason. There is always so much to be learnt in them about the life of the people, so many objects to excite interest, and every evening there is a sermon to be heard which will afford excellent practice in listening. The history of every people centres largely round their church. Last year I was in Denmark, and one Friday the church bells began to ring for service, a most unusual event on a week-day. I was told it was the *Store Bedag* (the Great Fast-day). As I could not think of any place in the Christian Calendar where it would fit in, I learned that a former Prime Minister, Count Struensee, had thought the people had too many holy days when they were off work, and so had abolished several and lumped all their penitence on to one day, the fourth Friday after Easter. I also learned how this Struensee had brought an English princess, sister of our George III., who was married to an imbecile king, into disrepute, and ended his days on the scaffold. Churches, to a man who takes an interest in things, may be a vast storehouse of information.

3. Besides its language, the walker may so easily learn something of the history of the country he is in and the characteristics of the people, who are to some extent the product of their history. What a difference there is between the chivalrous behaviour of the Spaniard, with his *mañana* (to-morrow) way of doing things, and the blunt, downright Dutchman! Yes; and what a difference, too, between the history of the two countries: the one with its past conquests, heroes, and saints; and the other with its persecutions, and its struggles with the sea, which ever threatened to overwhelm it! I have seen the Spaniard pouring down the mountain-side the superfluous wine with which Providence has blessed him. I have seen the Dutchman labouring at his dikes and dunes that he might be able to exist at all. If we were Dutchmen, probably we should be as stern, phlegmatic, and distrustful as they.

The statues in a town will not only tell you the names of its most illustrious citizens, but also may tell you something of its story. You learn how Erasmus lived at Rotterdam, and Haarlem claims a citizen of that town, who lived some years before Caxton, to have been the inventor of printing. What a lesson is inscribed on the walls of the University of Leyden! After its long siege in the wars of the Spanish persecution, its prince offered Leyden the choice of twenty years' remission of taxes or a university. The citizens reflected that money is round and rolls away, but knowledge is a power for ever, and so they chose the seat of learning. What a lesson there is in that for some father in doubt whether it is worth while to spend money over the education of his son! For the reputation of Leyden is world-wide. How much French history may be learnt from the story of the statue of Joan of Arc, of the Bastille Monument,

and the Vendôme Column; still more by the view of the vast, extravagant palace of Versailles! There is a little republic of Andorra between France and Spain which has maintained its independence since the days of Charlemagne. Though it has a population of ten thousand, it has not had a criminal in its jail for sixteen years; and when I was there the prison stood open, the windows broken, and the place full of cobwebs. Has the millennium arrived for Andorra, or does it profess some religion which makes every one good? No; but the soil of the country is so sterile, and such labour is necessary to extract a living, that every one is obliged to be industrious, and there are no idle hands, and consequently no mischief. The pauper comes with the millionaire, and alongside the palace stands the workhouse.

'This hotel would be worth a visit if only for the waiter.' I remember seeing such an entry in a visitors' book at a hotel in Roquefort, and I can truly say what a blessing an intelligent waiter is to travellers. I remember a waiter at Pisa telling me much about Lord Byron's doings when he lived there, and another at Fontainebleau who dilated on the difference a monarchy or a republic made in the production of great men. But among curious historical facts I never should have known of but for an intelligent waiter I would mention the bucket at Modena which caused a war. The waiter told me of the tower where it was kept, and the custodian related to me its history: how some soldiers took it from the camp of the Duke of Parma; how it was recovered and lost again, the Duke's only son being taken prisoner in the mêlée; how the Duke offered a gold chain which would encircle the cathedral for his ransom; and how victory and the bucket finally remained with the Modenese. Nearly every town in Italy has its own story, and most of the picturesque history of the world lies hidden in the heads of custodians, vergers, and such small fry.

So the man on a walking-tour plucks the fruit of the tree of knowledge as he goes along, and I have called his road a primrose-path. It has been so to me; for, my profession compelling me to spend a considerable part of my time indoors, I take to the open air as a bird takes to the woods. One great advantage a walking-tour has is that it gives time to think and reflect upon what has been seen. One reason why a long railway journey tires is because one sees too much, more than eye and brain can take in. When one walks, one travels at the speed intended by nature.

Our King Edward VII. was once taken a walking-tour through the south of England by his tutor, Mr Tarver. He has been heard to say how much he enjoyed it, and how much he learned as to the flow of rivers, the size of towns, the frontiers of counties, and so forth. I do not know if His Majesty would have described a walking-tour as a royal road, but he evidently considered it a primrose-path to the acquisition of knowledge.

A BRIDGE OF FANCIES.

By C. J. Lloyd-Carson.

CHAPTER I.

How pleasant it was, lying back in a deck-chair and dreaming day-dreams as I gazed across the wide expanse of ocean, while Her Majesty's transport *Dolphin* ploughed her way through the rolling waves of the broad Atlantic! We had left the equator far behind us; but still, occasionally, diminutive shoals of flying-fish would rise from their watery home, and, as though frightened by the strange leviathan rushing through their seas with bold intrusion, would speed away across the foam and disappear into the crest of a friendly wave. The surging of the waters, the regular thud of the engines, the rattle of deck-quoits, the laughter of the players, and other familiar sounds fell drowsily on my ears as I lay, with half-closed eyes, verging on the borderland of slumber. I felt happy, and yet sad.

We were going home to England! Most of us were invalids—sick or wounded—who had played our part in the early stages of the Boer campaign; but the fortnight of luxury and ease, of good food and ocean air, had put new life into our shattered frames. We had marched and fought and starved with feelings akin to hopelessness. Oh, those long, weary trudges across endless stretches of desert veldt—with the blazing sun scorching one's very soul away, only varied by ghastly sand-storms with their attendant hailstones the size of walnuts—or long night-watches on the lonesome kopjes! We had longed for fighting as a welcome reprieve from the everlasting monotony.

Then came that awful night at Blankfontein, when a Mauser bullet put an end for the time to my stage of misery. Still, I was sorry to leave the regiment at such a time, and tried hard to be allowed to rejoin; but the surgeons were obdurate, and willed it otherwise, no notice being taken of my numerous appeals. The regiment was my home; I had no other, and I possessed no near relative in all the world, being, as I was, the last of my name. Hence my conglomerate sensations of joy and sorrow.

I was awakened from my reverie by the sound of a cheery voice: 'Only another week, and we shall be home! Just think of it!'

The speaker was a good-looking young fellow in

ragged khaki who hobbled along with some difficulty on crutches. He balanced himself against the railing, and gave me a dig with a crutch. 'Thank God, say I! Thank God!' he continued fervently.

'Yes, it's something to have got away from that awful hole,' I admitted.

'Something! I should rather think so. What a good time we shall have! In a month, or less perhaps, Allan says I may be able to walk; and then—— By the way, where are you going when we get to England? Where is your home?'

'My home is the wide universe in general; or, to particularise, wherever the authorities at Pall Mall decide to send Her Majesty's ——th Regiment of Foot.'

'What a chap you are for chaffing! I mean, where do your people hang out?' he explained.

'Haven't any people. Sole survivor of the house of Morne! Haven't a relative that I can remember.'

'Poor old chap, I am sorry! But what do you propose doing?' he persisted.

'Diggings in town, with meals at the club as a treat, if I am fit enough by the time we land.'

'What a prospect! What a home-coming!' He hobbled away on his crutches, whistling softly to himself.

Morton was a subaltern in the cavalry, and was serving under French when he got laid by the heels. Fate had thrown us together in adjacent cots at an up-country field-hospital, where, after weeks of mutual misery, we had become fast friends. I had done what little I could to help him when he had been obliged to undergo a serious operation, and his gratitude was boundless.

A few days later we reached Madeira, and after coaling, continued on the last stage of our voyage.

One morning Morton came and sat on the arm of my chair.

'I say, old chap,' he began, 'would you care to run down with me to our place in Warwickshire? It would be such fun to be together at home, and they would be so glad to have you. The governor and the mater are such real good sorts, and I don't think you would be bored much. Do come!'

'Very kind of you to think of it, dear boy,' I answered; 'but I couldn't inflict myself on your people in this state.'

'They would be delighted to have you. I have often mentioned you in my letters, and they know what a lot you have done for me. We have a huge barrack of a house; a few people more or less would make no difference.'

'It's awfully nice and thoughtful of you; but I really couldn't do it. Later on, when I am able to get about again, I should like to pay you a visit; but not in my present condition. It would never do.'

He appeared somewhat hurt at my persistent refusal, and presently he moved off.

At last we reached Southampton. The whole morning had been spent in scanning the distant white cliffs and endeavouring to distinguish the old familiar landmarks as we steamed at half-speed up the Solent. Then the pilot came on board, and we realised to the full that this was England indeed. As the great vessel closed up to the docks all was excitement and bustle. Handkerchiefs were waved frantically by the people on shore, whilst those on board waved back again and shouted as they recognised friends and relatives who had come to meet them.

Morton and I were side by side, leaning over the rails of the promenade-deck.

'There they are! There they are!' He pointed with his crutch to a group of three: an elderly gentleman and two ladies. The former was scanning the vessel with field-glasses, while his companions were eagerly attending to his words as he endeavoured to locate his son.

'That's the governor with the field-glasses, and mother, and Phillis.'

'Here I am,' he shouted to attract them. 'Hi! Hurrah!' He was full of boyish delight at home-coming.

The gangway was slipped across, and a stampede of people boarded the steamer.

What meetings there were! What laughter and joy, with here and there a tear—eyes dimmed from excess of happiness, or maybe from memory of some absent one, missing, never to return! Mothers and sisters, sweethearts and wives, welcoming the dear ones who were safe with them once more! Wounded and stricken they might be—ay, almost beyond recognition in some cases; but what of that? They were home again. Thank God! Thank God!

As there was no one to meet me, I collected my goods and chattels, and, lighting a cigarette, sat down to await the departure of our 'special' to town.

As I sat, idly watching the busy crowd, Morton came hobbling along.

'Where on earth have you been hiding?' he inquired. 'I have hunted for you everywhere to present my people.—Father, this is Captain Morne; my mother, my sister.'

I rose and shook hands.

'So glad to meet you, Captain Morne,' said Mrs Morton. 'We have heard so much of you from Reggie's letters.'

'Yes, we have to thank you most sincerely for all your kindness to him,' chimed in her husband.

'Really, I have done nothing to merit such thanks,' I endeavoured to explain; but my protestations were unheeded.

'It's no good your denying it,' insisted Reggie.—'Why, he carried me about all over the place, and coaxed me back to life almost, when he himself was a mere wreck, and now the old humbug pretends he did nothing at all!'

'How good of you!' remarked Miss Morton, who, I noticed, was a very pretty girl with a strong likeness to her brother.

Again I disclaimed credit, and tried to explain that my friend's gratitude had magnified the case; but they would take no denial.

'Reggie tells me he has asked you to stay with us while you are in England,' Mr Morton began. 'We should be delighted if you will honour us,' he added in his courtly fashion.

The ladies, with persuasive kindness, added their invitation to his; but, thanking them heartily for their cordiality, I refused to inflict them with my presence until I was more convalescent, when, I stated, I would gladly avail myself of their hospitality.

We lunched together on board—such a merry party—and it was with feelings of considerable regret that I parted from them; they travelling into the Midlands, whilst I journeyed on to London with our special train.

This happy reunion of young Morton and his family caused my thoughts to drift into a comparison of my lonely lot with that of others; and as I lay back in the railway carriage, gazing over the green fields, the familiar homesteads, and pretty English hamlets past which we sped, the longing for a home and dear ones of my own was strong within my heart. My parents had died when I was quite a child, and their memory was vague and indistinct.

'Now, if only I had a sister like Phillis Morton, what a difference it would make! What a pretty girl she was, what hair, and what glorious eyes!'

With such sentiments passing through my mind I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was back in Africa, lying in my blanket on the sun-baked veldt, with naught above me save the blue dome of heaven with its brilliant starlit canopy. Presently a cloud appeared. It formed itself into the face of a woman with masses of waving hair tinged with gold as by the setting sun, and through her tresses the bright stars gleamed and glittered like moonlight shimmering on a troubled sea. The face was that of Phillis Morton!

There came a distant roar as of thunder, and I awoke with a start to find the train rumbling over a viaduct, and in the place of the stars of Africa I beheld, through the quickening twilight, the myriad lights of the Metropolis of the World. We were in London.

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A fortnight in London worked wonders in me; and, beyond the natural weakness consequent to a protracted ailment, I felt but little inconvenience from my wound, and was soon able to get about again much as usual.

I corresponded regularly with Reggie Morton, and in each letter he urged me to pay them a visit—a request I was willing enough to comply with, for, with me, a keen longing for fresh air and life in the open invariably follows upon even so short a period as a fortnight of town life. I decided to go down the following week, and a couple of hours' run on a Great Western express brought me to Avonton, where a hearty welcome awaited me, and I was speedily ensconced as an honoured and pampered guest.

Brook Morton, the home of the Mortons, is a charming specimen of the old English manor-house, standing in its extensive park and surrounded by magnificent old oaks and stately forest-trees, under whose sheltering branches the deer roamed hither and thither, reminiscent of woodland England of medieval days.

The time passed pleasantly away among the pheasants and partridges, with occasional drives to the meets of fox-hounds. I was still unable to risk the severe exertion of following on horseback; but any regrets I might have experienced were more than counterbalanced by the pleasure I derived from being driven about by Phillis Morton, who sacrificed herself on my behalf. My visit was extended to a somewhat lengthy period, as every suggestion of departure was waved aside by my kind host and hostess.

The happiness of those winter days will never be forgotten. The country lanes, winding over hill and dale; the broad, undulating pastures; the thickly wooded coverts—where the great trees stretched across our pathways, forming natural archways of boughs and branches—through which we passed, while the timid rabbits and startled pheasants scampered away at our approach. How well I see it all, and the deep-gray eyes of Phillis look out from the vista of my memory as I dream of those happy, happy days! How I longed for the impossible—the things which might have been, yet could not be! I think it must have been a case of love at first sight; if not, I know not when or how it came about, for it seems to have always been, and I feel that it always will be. I used to ask myself a thousand times if she returned my love, and at times I dared to hope that she was not indifferent. I could not ask her—I, a poor man, a mere soldier of fortune, with little beyond my meagre pay. What could I offer her? To share the hardships and privations of a soldier's life abroad—an Indian bungalow—an African hut! What else except my heart's love, that counts for little?

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It was my last evening at Brook Morton, and I had gone to my room to write a few letters. The light was fading fast, and I was deeply engrossed, endeavouring to finish before it became too dark. Suddenly I became aware of some other presence in the room, which was an exceptionally large apartment, with a dressing-room opening out from it at the farther end from where I was sitting. I had not heard the door open, or the sound of any movement; but an inexplicable feeling that I was not alone came over me. I looked round, and was astonished to see Phillis Morton standing by the fireplace. The flickering shadows played upon her features, which bore an intensely sorrowful expression as she gazed in-

tently into the firelight's glow. I was about to rise and make my presence known, when a man in evening-dress appeared from the dressing-room. He was a remarkably handsome man, very dark, and without doubt a foreigner. He went up to Phillis, and before I had time to realise what was happening he raised a dagger and stabbed her. I sprang to my feet with a cry, and rushed towards them; but ere I could reach the spot they both had vanished from my sight.

I rubbed my eyes. I was bathed in a cold perspiration and trembled violently. It was some time before I recovered from the shock, and then I carefully examined every corner of the room and the dressing-room beyond, but could find no vestige of explanation for my extraordinary experience. My nerves were exceptionally good; I was not subject to hallucinations. Spiritualism and ghosts and all such 'twaddle' I considered beneath my serious consideration, being exceptionally sceptical on such subjects. If a man told me he believed in ghosts, I either disbelieved his statement or categorised him as imbecile. Yet what was this strange thing that had happened to me?

I left the room and joined the others in the drawing-room, and must own to a feeling of profound relief at discovering Phillis there, as well and as lovely as ever. She was seated at the piano, her fingers wandering carelessly over the keys as she extemporised some dreamy melody. She smiled a welcome as I crossed the room.

'Sing something, please,' I entreated, drawing a chair to her side.

A song chanced to be open in front of her, and she began it:

I built a bridge of fancies: it reached from earth to heaven,
Yet scarcely ere completed its slender chains were riven.
So many shadows crossed it, in colours decked so bright,
No wonder that they broke it, although their weight was light.
When next I gazed with longing—in one short summer's day—
All I had loved had vanished, my bridge was swept away.

It was an old song, though new to me. Some airs teem with association and become linked with incidents of bygone days. How this one has vibrated through the chords of my memory since that night, hummed—an accompaniment to thoughts of Phillis—on many a weary night-watch on outpost kopjes or cheerless ride across the trackless veldt! I hear it now, and as I close my eyes in reverie visions of that fair face, with its sweet gray eyes, gladden my day-dreams.

That night, when the others had retired, Mr Morton and I sat smoking in the library, and I took the opportunity of relating to him the story of my curious adventure of that afternoon. He was greatly impressed, and I had to repeat every detail two or three times, especially as regards the description of the man I had seen. I was able to do this accurately and minutely, as it had left a vivid impression: above the medium height, very dark, a foreigner of *distingué* appearance, and a man I would recognise again anywhere. Of this I felt quite convinced. Mr Morton was sure that they knew no such person, and added that he was extremely glad of it. He begged me not to mention the matter to the rest of the family. 'Should you by any strange chance ever come across any one answering to this description, I wish you would let me know,' he continued; and, from his earnest manner, I knew that he was somewhat disturbed over the incident.

Next day I bade adieu to Brook Morton and returned to town. A week or two later I was passed fit for service by a Medical Board, and returned to my regiment, which formed portion of a column operating in the Transvaal in vain endeavours to outwit the Boer commandos.

(To be continued.)

SOME EXQUISITES OF THE REGENCY.

By Lewis Melville.

PART I.

WHEN Almack's Club, composed of all the travelled young men who wore long curls and spying-glasses, was in 1778 absorbed by Brooks's, the day of the Macaronis was past. Then, as Wraxall records, Charles James Fox and his friends, who might be said to lead the Town, affecting a style of neglect about their persons and manifesting a contempt of all the usages hitherto established, first threw a sort of discredit on dress. 'Fox lodged in St James's Street, and as soon as he rose, which was very late, had a *levée* of his followers and of the members of the gambling club at Brooks's—all his disciples,' Walpole wrote. 'His bristly black person, and shagged breast quite open and rarely purified by any ablutions, was wrapped in a foul linen night-gown, and his bushy hair dishevelled. In these cynic weeds, and with epicurean good humour, did he dictate his politics, and in this school did the heir of the Crown attend his lessons and imbibe them.'

The young Prince of Wales might study statecraft under Fox; but in the matter of dress he fell in line with the new race of *beaux*, bucks, or, to use a word that came into general use at this time,

dandies. The most famous of the latter were Lord Petersham, Lord Foley, Lord Hertford (immortalised by Thackeray in *Vanity Fair* as the Marquis of Steyne, and by Disraeli in *Coningsby* as Lord Monmouth), the Duke of Argyll, Lord Worcester, Henry Pierrepoint, Henry de Ros, Colonel Dawson Damer, Dan Mackinnon, Lord Dudley and Ward, Hervey Ashton, Gronow the memoirist, Sir Lumley Skeffington, and Brummell.

These exquisites were disinclined to yield the palm even to an Heir-Apparent with limitless resources. The Prince of Wales, however, contrived to hold his own. At his first appearance in society he created a sensation. He wore a new shoe-buckle! This was his own invention, and differed from all previous articles of the same kind, insomuch as it was an inch long and five inches broad, reaching almost to the ground on either side of the foot! This was good for an introduction to the polite world, but it was not until he attended his first Court ball that he did himself full justice. Then his magnificence was such that the arbiters of fashion were compelled reluctantly to admit that a powerful rival had come upon the scene. A contemporary was so powerfully impressed by the splendour of the Prince's costume that he placed on record a description: 'His coat was pink silk, with white cuffs; his waistcoat white silk, embroidered with various coloured foil, and adorned with a profusion of French paste; and his hat was ornamented with two rows of steel beads, five thousand in number, with a button and loop of the same metal, and cocked in a new military style.'

The laurels won in early youth he retained all the days of his life. Expense was no object to him, and, indeed, it must be confessed he spent money in many worse ways than on his clothes. Batchelor, his valet, who entered his service after the death of the Duke of York, said that a plain coat, from its repeated alterations and the consequent journeys from London to Windsor to Davison the tailor, would often cost three hundred pounds before it met with his approbation! He had a mania for hoarding, and at his death all the coats, vests, breeches, boots, and other articles of attire which had graced his person during half a century were found in his wardrobe. It is said he carried the catalogue in his head, and could call for any costume he had ever worn. His executors, Lord Gifford and Sir William Knighton, discovered in the pockets of his coats, besides innumerable women's love-letters, locks of hair, and other trifles of his usually discreditable amours, no less than five hundred pocket-books, each containing small forgotten sums of money, amounting in all to ten thousand pounds! His clothes sold for fifteen thousand pounds; they cost probably ten times that amount.

Lord Petersham was a Mæcenas among the tailors, and the inventor of an overcoat called after him. He was famous for his brown carriages, horses, and liveries, all of the same shade; and his devotion to this colour was popularly supposed to be due to the love he had borne a widow of the name. He never went out before six o'clock in the evening, and had many other eccentricities. Gronow has described a visit to his apartments: 'The room into which we were ushered was more like a shop than a gentleman's sitting-room. All around the wall were shelves, upon which were placed the canisters containing congou, pekoe, souchong, bohea, gunpowder, Russian, and many other teas, all the best of their kind; on the other side of the room were beautiful jars, with names in gilt letters of innumerable kinds of snuff, and all the necessary apparatus for moistening and mixing. Lord Petersham's mixture is still well known to all tobacconists. Other shelves and many of the tables were covered with a great number of magnificent snuff-boxes; for Lord Petersham had perhaps the finest collection in England, and was supposed to have a fresh box for every day in the year. I heard him, on the occasion of a delightful old light-blue Sèvres box he was using being admired, say in his lisping way, "Yes, it is a nice summer box, but it would not do for winter wear."' Queen Charlotte had made snuff-taking fashionable in England, but the habit began to die out with the Regency. George IV. carried a box, but he had no liking for it; and, conveying it with a grand air between his right thumb and forefinger, he was careful to drop it before it reached his nose. He gave up the custom of offering a pinch to his neighbours, and it was recognised as a breach of good manners to dip uninvited into a man's box. When at the Pavilion the Bishop of Winchester committed such an infringement of etiquette, Brummell told a servant to throw the rest of the snuff into the fire. When Lord Petersham died, his snuff was sold by auction. It took three men three days to weigh it, and realised three thousand pounds.

Another eccentric was Lord Dudley and Ward, sometime Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who eventually lost his reason. His absence of mind was notorious, and he had a habit of talking aloud that frequently landed him in trouble. Dining at the house of a *gourmet*, under the impression he was at home, he apologised for the badness of the *entrées*, and begged the company to excuse them on account of the illness of his cook! Similarly, when he was paying a visit he imagined himself to be the entertainer, and when his hostess had exhausted her hints concerning the duration of his call, he murmured, 'A very pretty woman. But she stays a devilish long time. I wish she'd go.' Still more amusing were his remarks in the carriage of a brother-peer who had volunteered to drive him from the House of Lords to Dudley House: 'A deuce of a bore! This tiresome man has taken me home, and will expect me to ask him to dinner. I suppose I must do so, but it is a horrid nuisance.' This was too much for his good-natured companion, who, as if to himself, droned in the same monotonous tones, 'What a bore! This good-natured fellow

Dudley will think himself obliged to invite me to dinner, and I shall be forced to go. I hope he won't ask me, for he gives d—d bad dinners.' These stories recall another related of an absent-minded Royal Duke, who, when during the service the parson proposed the prayer for rain, said in a voice audible throughout the church, 'Yes, by all means let us pray, but it won't be any good. We sha'n't get rain till the moon changes.'

Sir Lumley Skeffington distinguished himself by dressing *à la* Robespierre, and by painting his face, so that he looked like a French toy. He hankered after literary fame, and produced a drama entitled *The Sleeping Beauty*, which attracted the attention of Byron, who immortalised him in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers:*

> In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,
> Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize:
> And sure great Skeffington must claim our praise,
> For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays,
> Renown'd alike; whose genius ne'er confines
> Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs;
> Nor sleeps with 'sleeping beauties,' but anon
> In five facetious acts comes thundering on,
> While poor John Bull, bewilder'd with the scene,
> Stares, wond'ring what the devil it can mean;
> But as some hands applaud—a venal few—
> Rather than sleep John Bull applauds it too.

Like that of many of his comrades, Sir Lumley's expenditure was not regulated by his income, with the result that he was imprisoned for debt, and disappeared for some years. When he was released his old friends avoided or ignored him; and Alvanley, asked who was that solitary, splendidly dressed person, replied, 'It is a second edition of *The Sleeping Beauty*, bound in calf, richly gilt, and illustrated by many cuts.'

After Brummell left England, it was to William Lord Alvanley that all the witty sayings of the day were attributed. The son of the famous lawyer Sir Pepper Arden,* he began life in the Coldstream Guards, of which the colonel was the Duke of York. He achieved his earliest success as a wit at the expense of a brother-officer, Gunter, a scion of the famous catering-house. Gunter's horse was almost beyond the control of the rider, who explained that his horse was too hot to hold. 'Ice him, Gunter; ice him,' cried Alvanley. Thrown into such company, it was not perhaps unnatural that Alvanley should be extravagant; but his carelessness in money matters was notorious. Though very wealthy, he soon became embarrassed in his circumstances. He persuaded Charles Greville, the author of the *Journals*, to put his affairs in order. The two men spent a day over accounts, and Greville found that the task he had undertaken would not be so difficult as he had been given to understand. His relief was not long-lived, however, for on the following morning he received a note from Alvanley saying he had quite forgotten a debt of fifty thousand pounds!

Alvanley was famous for his dinners, and indulged in the expensive taste of having an apricot tart on his table every day throughout the year. As he was beloved by his friends and vastly popular, society was enraged when O'Connell in the House of Commons spoke of him as 'a bloated buffoon.' A challenge was sent at once, but the Liberator refused to go out. He had been on the ground once, had killed his man, and had vowed never to fight another duel. Alvanley could not forgive the insult, however, and threatened to thrash the aggressor; whereupon Morgan O'Connell met him in place of his father, when several shots were exchanged without result. 'What a clumsy fellow O'Connell must be, to miss such a fat fellow as I!' said Alvanley calmly. 'He ought to practise at a haystack to get his hand in.' Driven back to London, he gave the hackney-coachman a sovereign. 'It's a great deal,' said the man gratefully, 'for having taken your lordship to Wimbledon.' 'No, my good fellow,' the peer laughed; 'I give it you, not for taking me, but for bringing me back.'

Beyond all question the greatest dandy of his day was George Bryan Brummell, generally called Beau Brummell. This famous personage dominated all his rivals, and even the Prince of Wales accepted him at least as an equal. It is not known with any certainty how his acquaintance began with the Heir-Apparent. Brummell's aunt, Mrs Searle, who had a little cottage with stables for cows at the entrance, opposite Clarges Street, of the Green Park, in which she had been installed by George III., related that it was one day when the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the beautiful Marchioness of Salisbury, stopped to see the cows milked that he first met her nephew, was attracted by him, and, hearing he was intended for the army, offered him a commission in his own regiment. Gronow gives another story, which on the face of it is more probable. Brummell made many friends among the scions of good family while he was at Eton, where he seems to have been regarded as an Admirable Crichton: 'the best scholar, the best boatman, the best cricketer.' He was invited to a ball at Devonshire House, became a great favourite, and was asked everywhere. The Prince sent for him, and, pleased by his manner and appearance, give him a commission. In his seventeenth year he was gazetted to a cornetcy in the Tenth Light Dragoons. He resigned soon after because the regiment was ordered to Manchester!*

He threw himself heart and soul into the social life of the Metropolis, and soon his reputation extended far and wide, until no party was complete

* Sir Pepper Arden was a man of very violent temperament. One day, when he was haranguing a jury, a Frenchman who was paying a visit to the Law Courts asked who was the irascible advocate. His companion translated the name literally, '*Le Chevalier Poivre Ardent.*' '*Parbleu!*' replied the other, '*Il est très bien nommé.*'

* At a grand review at Brighton he was thrown from his horse and broke his classical Roman nose.

without him, and his presence was regarded as the hall-mark of fashion. He was the very man for the part he had set himself. Tall, well made, with a good figure, he affected an old-world air of courtesy, picked up probably from the French refugees, as he had never been out of England until he left it for good. His affectation of *veille cour* showed itself in the use of powder, which distinguished him in the days when the custom was dying out among civilians. His grandfather was a tradesman, and let lodgings in Bury Street, St James's. His father, by the influence of a lodger, was presented to a clerkship in the Treasury, became private secretary to Lord North, made money by speculation, was High Sheriff of Berkshire, and settled down at Donnington, where he was visited by Fox and Sheridan. Though of no rank, Brummell lived with the highest in the land on terms of equality. His acquaintance was sought, his intimacy desired; and, so far from requiring a patron, it was he who patronised. His influence was unbounded, his fascination undeniable, his indifference to public opinion reckless. He was good-natured and rarely out of humour; neither a drunkard nor a profligate. He had bright and amusing conversation, some wit, and a considerable power of *persiflage*, which, while it enabled him to laugh some people out of bad habits, only too frequently was exerted to laugh others out of good principles.

He revived the taste for dress. 'Clean linen, and plenty of it,' was an important item of his creed. His great triumph was in connection with the cravat. Before he came into his own they were worn without stiffening of any kind; as soon as he ascended his throne he had them starched!* A revolution would not have attracted more attention. Thereafter his sway was undisputed, and his word law in all matters of fashion. The Prince of Wales used to call on him in the morning at his house in Chesterfield Street, and, deeply engrossed in the discussion of costume, would frequently remain to dinner. 'Brummell was always studiously and remarkably well dressed, never *outré;* and, though considerable time and attention were devoted to his toilet, it never, when once accomplished, seemed to occupy his attention,' said one who knew him well. 'His manners were easy, polished, and gentleman-like, and regulated by that same good taste which he displayed in most things. No one was a more keen observer of vulgarity in others, or more *piquant* in his criticisms, or more despotic as an *arbiter elegantarium;* he could decide the fate of a young man just launched into the world with a single word.' †

The tastes of the Prince of Wales verged on the florid, but Brummell's efforts tended to simplicity of costume. Under Brummell the dandy's dress consisted of a blue coat with brass buttons, leather breeches, and top-boots; with, of course, the deep, stiff white cravat which prevented you from seeing your boots while standing. Gronow relates that while he was in Paris after Waterloo trousers and shoes were worn by young men, only old fogies favouring knee-breeches. On his return to England in 1816, receiving from Lady Hertford an invitation to Manchester House 'to have the honour of meeting the Prince Regent,' he went dressed *à la Française*—white neckcloth, waistcoat, black trousers, shoes, and silk stockings. He made his bow, and almost immediately afterwards Horace Seymour came to him: 'The great man is very much surprised that you should have ventured to appear in his presence without knee-breeches. He considers it as a want of proper respect for him.' Gronow went away in high dudgeon. A month later the Prince adopted the dress he had censured!

All the world watched Brummell to imitate him. He made the fortune of his tailor, Weston, of Old Bond Street, and of his other tradesmen. The most noteworthy of these was Hoby, the St James's Street bootmaker, an impertinent and independent man who employed his leisure as a Methodist preacher. Many good stories are told of him. It was he who said to the Duke of Kent, when the latter informed him of the issue of the great battle at Vittoria, 'If Lord Wellington had had any other bootmaker than myself he would never have had his great and constant successes, for my boots and my prayers bring him out of all his difficulties.' When Horace Churchill entered his shop and complained in no moderate words of a pair of boots, vowing he would never employ him again, Hoby quickly turned the tables. 'John, close the shutters,' he cried to an assistant, affecting a woebegone look. 'It is all over with us. I must shut up shop. Ensign Churchill withdraws his custom from me.' Sir John Shelley once showed him a pair of top-boots that had split in several places. 'How did that happen, Sir John?' 'Why, in walking to my stable,' the customer explained. 'Walking to your stable!' Hoby exclaimed, not troubling to suppress a sneer. 'I made the boots for riding, not walking.' ‡

* A visitor to Brummell met the great man's valet on the stair, having on his arm a number of crumpled ties. In answer to an inquiring look, the latter explained, 'They are our failures.'

† The Duke of Bedford asked his opinion of a new coat; Brummell looked at it carefully in front and, telling him to turn round, at the back. Then he asked earnestly, 'Bedford, do you call this thing a coat?'

‡ Hoby died worth one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. He was the first man in London to drive a Tilbury.

A NIGHT INVASION BY THE TRAVELLING ANTS OF NORTHERN NIGERIA.

THE following occurrence is, no doubt, the experience of every one who has ever spent any length of time on the West Coast or in the interior of tropical Africa; but still it may prove of interest to those people who have been fortunate enough not to have had to earn their living in that part of the world. It happened to be my lot some time ago to be living in Northern Nigeria, in which Protectorate, as elsewhere, numerous species of ants exist—black, red, and white; large, small, and medium. It is usually in the wet season, which lasts approximately from May to November, that the 'travelling' ants, black and of a medium size, travel about the country, disturbed and driven, doubtless, from their habitations by the immense amount of rain that falls and floods them out.

It is quite common to see thousands upon thousands in one long stream all travelling in the same direction, looking for food and dry quarters; and any insects or reptiles that may be in their path, and not able to make a quick escape, soon fall a prey to these wandering hordes.

I was living at the time in a grass house—that is to say, the roof was of the latter substance, the walls composed of mud, and the rooms open to the roof without any ceiling. One night I had been sitting up rather late writing, and on retiring to my bedroom my attention was attracted by a curious pattering noise, as of rain falling on the tarpaulin I had erected over my bed, which covering was very necessary in the wet season, as the natives in this part of the world are incapable of making roofs impervious to the rain. On looking to see the cause of this noise, I perceived hundreds and hundreds of black ants dropping from the roof, climbing down the walls, and coming through the aperture called by courtesy a window.

Presently a scurrying noise arose from the grass mats on the floor and walls, and there appeared all manner of innumerable and loathsome insects running and creeping down the walls out of every crevice, their starting-point evidently having been the roof, their usual home and resort—spiders of many species (large and small, hairy and otherwise), lizards, crickets, cockroaches—all fleeing before a mutual foe, to say nothing of a scorpion with its deadly sting, which is said to bring on tetanus. The latter I speedily exterminated, and in a few seconds the ants were responsible for its remains.

By way of digression, I may say that the natives of those parts use the tail and body of the scorpion as an ingredient in a mixture they make for poisoning arrows, pounding the body up with poisonous leaves and smearing their arrow-points with it. Of course this is only one of the many ways they have of doing that.

The cause of all this commotion lay in the fact that the ants had climbed up into the roof, and once there, had instituted a drive through it, searching for food, and all its occupants had fled downwards towards the light in my room, as if there they could secure safety. The next object I saw was a small snake, the colour of whipcord, said to be very poisonous, executing a tight-rope performance upon the rope of my tarpaulin. It I quickly knocked down and killed, and by the morning nothing remained except the backbone. By this time the room was pretty full; and not having anywhere else to go, I climbed on to my bed inside the mosquito curtains, which, being well tucked in at the bottom, sufficed to keep the ants out. From my post of vantage I was able to see and hear all that passed. At intervals an unfortunate lizard would rush across the floor covered with ants, who were gradually devouring it, and make frantic efforts to climb the farther wall, but, being too weak, would fall down exhausted, never to rise again, and speedily was demolished. It was slightly gruesome, to say the least of it, in the middle of the night to see these thousands of ants noiselessly descending and crawling about everywhere, the stillness only broken by the insects and reptiles trying without avail to escape their relentless pursuers, many of them covered and half-eaten by the ants. These invaders remained for over three hours in my room, and then, to my great relief, began to leave.

The next morning I found them massed on the posts supporting the roof, waiting for the sun to warm them before departing, which they presently did in a most curious formation. A number of them appeared to join hands, so to speak, the whole length of the post, while the main body passed downwards underneath, and in some cases over the heads of those stationary. It was not till 7 P.M. of that day that the last detachment departed, watched anxiously by myself, as I was not much inclined to pass another night in their company. These pests will clear out a kitchen or larder in no time, and eat up everything in the way of meat. It is said that it was the favourite punishment of the Emir of Kano to place his captives taken in war (those he did not want as slaves), and all malefactors, upon ant-heaps, bound and helpless, and to leave them there until they were devoured. The ants that made these mounds of earth full of holes are a larger kind, black in colour, and have a power when touched of emitting a most unpleasant smell.

But the subject of ants out in that country is well-nigh an inexhaustible one.

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THE RUIN OF THE SARDINE TRADE IN BRITTANY.

By F. G. AFLALO.

PERIODIC crisis is a condition of the fishing industry of all lands and ages. These commercial upheavals, which for the time paralyse whole villages and throw the fishing population on the charity of their sympathetic countrymen, are in part due to the incalculable operations of Nature and in part to the artificial processes of man. In our own seas, where we are not without our troubles—the decay of line-fishing on the Scotch coast, the plague of dogfish in Cornwall, the stagnation of Irish fisheries—a crisis of this nature is rarely acute; but in Brittany the sardine industry was a couple of years ago brought to the verge of ruin and to such a pass that recovery looked impossible. I shall show in the course of the present article how both man and Nature were to blame for their respective shares in the commercial cataclysm that overwhelmed a hundred thousand toiling Bretons; and a brief review of the circumstances which led up to the paralysis of the industry should be of interest to English readers, not merely in memory of the temporary suspension of the *sardine à l'huile* from the breakfast-table or *hors d'œuvre*, but also out of sympathy for a brave class of men who have much in common with our own fisherfolk on the opposite coast. Indeed, between Cornouailles and Cornwall, both important fishery centres, there is more ethnological and geographical affinity than the mere analogy of name.

The French sardine-fishery, which has its chief centres at Camaret, Douarnenez, Concarneau, Lorient, Roscoff, Port-Louis, and Le Croizic, supports, or supported in its palmy days, a population which, including those who actually fished in the boats, those who prepared the sardines for market, and their dependants, could not be reckoned at less than a hundred thousand. The ruin, threatened or accomplished, of such a community could not fail to constitute a grave industrial problem for our neighbours; and many thoughtful scientific and commercial men gave much time to its study, among them M. Gustave Toudouze, to whose articles, as also to official French publications, I am chiefly indebted for the material used in this article.

The trouble arose from two causes. The first, and perhaps the most important, lay in the capricious and irregular movements of the sardine itself. This puzzling aspect of the subject was referred to by Duhamel de Monceau as far back as 1772; and it cannot be said that we are much nearer a knowledge of the truth to-day, for the utmost uncertainty prevails as to the causes and extent of these wanderings. The herring, and even the mature sardine which in Cornwall we call the pilchard, are, compared with the erratic little fish that once spelt wealth for Brittany and Manche, as regular as clockwork in their comings and goings. Year after year you may find the herrings littering the quays at Yarmouth in November, or the larger scales of the pilchard covering everything at Mevagissey in August; but the Breton sardine has been known to desert those shallow waters off Douarnenez as absolutely as if it had gone for a cruise in the China Seas. As marine biology probes deeper into the secrets of the ocean, it may be—we can but vaguely speculate on such results—that changes in the temperature and condition of the water, acting not so much directly on the sardines themselves, but rather on the minute organisms on which they feed, will be accounted the determining factors in all this unrest. It is difficult to believe that the agency of man, to which some of the blame has been attached, can be responsible for a more than merely local and temporary disturbance of the equilibrium. Gunfire and torpedo practice at Bertheaume and elsewhere are regarded as prejudicial to the peace of this susceptible fish, and the vibrating progress of the motor-boat has also not escaped criticism; but I cannot believe, from analogies in our own bays, that such disturbing influences can be enduring in their effect.

The sardine, like all its tribe, has a host of natural enemies, for it has not been left for man to discover what excellent food it makes. The 'sea-pig,' and more particularly the white whale, or beluga, among mammals, the gannet and the cormorant among

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birds, the tope and spur-dog among fishes, are among the unrelenting rivals of the fishermen. The French authorities do not, like ourselves, encourage the destruction of the cormorant, nor do they see any serious menace in the dogfish. Even the porpoise, they say, is a great aid in locating the whereabouts of the shoals; and if one is by chance entangled in the nets, it is quickly drowned and does comparatively little damage. The beluga, on the other hand, is their *bête noire*, for it frequently falls foul of the nets, which are then rent beyond repair by its frantic struggles to make good its escape from the toils. Owing to their representations, the naval authorities at Brest have during the past two summers undertaken a serious, though not very successful, campaign against these cetaceans, sending torpedo-boats to patrol the fishing-grounds with gunners to fire at the intruders with 37 mm. guns and also with the Lebel rifle; but, even to naval gunners, plunging whales are no easy target for bullets, and in the absence of properly equipped harpoon-boats the majority of the marauders got off scathless. I have named the beluga out of deference to the official reports of the French Government, for it is thus that they call the cetacean responsible for the damage. Nevertheless, I doubt whether what we call the beluga, or white whale, a creature of cold northern waters, is ever a regular visitor to the warm seas off Brittany.

So far, we have seen how the fantastic wanderings of the sardine—in respect of which the jury of marine biologists has hitherto returned an open verdict—and also to some extent the depredations of the 'beluga,' are responsible for damage to this great industry. There is another important factor in the ups and downs of the trade, one which takes us for the moment from the congenial study of natural causes to the more sordid and artificial operations of the market. The Breton mode of catching sardines—which is, for all that has been said, or that can be said, in criticism of it, probably better suited to the local conditions than any other—consists in attracting the shoal within reach of the net by the use of cod-roe, or *rogue*, which is flung on the waters like seed in the furrows, yielding immediate harvest, and coming back to the sower with its value many times increased. It has sometimes been asked why our Cornishmen do not also use *rogue* when pilchards are scarce. This is the sort of question invariably propounded by those who see good only in the methods adopted in other countries, and to it I would reply that Cornishmen very well know their own business. As a matter of fact, the pilchard of the Cornish coast is a mature fish, bent on spawning, and the Bretons know it also as *sardine de dérivé*, absolutely indifferent to the attractions of *rogue*, wherefore they distinguish the smaller and more hungry race as *sardines de rogue*.

Now, the cod-roe used in this fishing has to be obtained from Bergen and elsewhere in Norway. In less sophisticated times, as much as was wanted for the season could be had at Bergen for about two pounds a barrel. Then came the inevitable speculation and cornering of the market, the curse of the fishing industry wherever its influence is felt. That which was bought at Bergen for forty francs was sold for not much less than one hundred and forty francs at Bordeaux. But such vast profits as 250 per cent. could not long be left to the enterprising middleman; and in 1902—be it observed, just a year before the great crisis—Norwegian salesmen got wind of the commercial robbery, and at once took steps to divert some of the gain to their own pockets. The cost of a barrel at Bergen rose at once, by common agreement, from forty to one hundred francs, and market prices in the Breton ports increased in proportion until the unfortunate fishermen could no longer afford to buy it in anything like the necessary bulk. They were compelled to make a quantity that had formerly lasted them only three days do duty for a fortnight, and the result was that the sardines, educated to expect greater generosity, resented such short commons and refused to come within reach of the nets. There are even some people who hold that the insufficiency of *rogue* used in this famine-time sent the shoals permanently elsewhere; but in this extreme view I cannot concur, as so concerted a movement could be determined by nothing less than an interruption in their natural food-supply, and would not result from a mere shortage in bait. So stubbornly, indeed, were all the ordinary operations of supply and demand stifled by those who held *rogue* for a rise that even when stock accumulated, owing to the fishermen being too poor to purchase supplies at the already immense figure of one hundred and twenty-five francs a barrel, the price continued to rise until it touched the ridiculous margin of one hundred and fifty francs. But these market-riggers overreached themselves, and in the ensuing panic prices fell so rapidly that by the early days of 1903 the cost of a barrel of *rogue* was down to seventy francs. It was too late. The fishery, such as it had been, was over for the year, and the fishermen and their families were starving.

This necessarily brief outline of the baneful speculations that operated so fatally against the fishermen is perhaps sufficient. As a remedy for future trade conspiracies of the kind it has been suggested that *rogue* might be altogether dispensed with, some other mode of fishing less subject to the wiles of the speculator being substituted. These departures from established custom are often proposed in all good faith, but they are exceedingly difficult of consummation. It is not, for instance, probable that the same pattern of net would continue to catch the sardines without the accompanying use of bait, and this introduces the need of some totally different apparatus to which the fishermen of that coast are strangers. The trawl would not serve the purpose, and indeed steam-trawlers are already looked askance at and forced to keep outside these bays. The seine, as used at St Ives, would

also in all probability fail to work satisfactorily. There remains the ancient madrague, a net used by Mediterranean nations for all manner of fish, from the sardine to the tunny. But this complicated and costly apparatus, which consists of a number of compartments leading into a death-chamber, the whole constructed of coco-nut fibre, and costing not far short of two thousand pounds, is not suited to all coasts. For instance, it answers perfectly with the tunny of the Mediterranean bays, but I found that in Madeira a Portuguese syndicate had in vain considered plans for its employment in the tunny-fishery of that island.

In such cases, before rashly attempting the introduction of foreign nets or other engines of fishing, a thorough survey of the fishing-grounds, a proper appreciation of what I may call submarine orography—an understanding, in short, of the ups and downs of the bed of the sea—is of first importance. Here and there, as on the bed of the Pacific Ocean between California and the Sandwich Islands, it is possible to find three or four hundred miles of unbroken flatness; but such equality is the exception, and mountains alternating with gullies may be regarded as the rule. A net that does its work admirably on level ground may fail utterly amid great contrast of heights and depths; and before lightly advocating the suppression of methods in local vogue for a century or more, well-meaning amateurs should make themselves acquainted with those hidden portions of the earth's crust on which these nets have to catch their fish.

Nor are the Bretons in ignorance of such foreign modes as have been recommended as the solution of the difficulty. Camarat, for instance, a port which has for years fitted out one crabbing-fleet for the Seven Stones and Scilly, sends another to the Spanish fishing-ports, where the crews have ample opportunities of seeing for themselves the *cedaso* and other native nets.

One more aspect of the commercial crisis which overtook Brittany three years ago remains for consideration. The sardine is of little value in the fresh state. Like the pilchard of Cornwall, it keeps so badly and loses its freshness so quickly that it can only be eaten fresh in the immediate locality of its capture. This means that the catchers cannot afford to chaffer with the buyers, but must sell the catch each day at their price. This was never higher fifteen or twenty years ago than fifty-two shillings per thousand, and has, with a glut in the market, touched as low a figure as one shilling and threepence; but average prices at the present day lie between a maximum of thirty-two shillings and a minimum of ten shillings. Now, each boat's crew consists of from five to eight hands, including a boy; and the value of the boat, nets, and all would be not far short of eighty pounds, representing a big interest in the profits. Taking one consideration with another, it is doubtful whether the average earnings of a Breton sardine-fisherman can be put much higher than a shilling a day. That this dole leaves no margin for thrift, even in a Frenchman, goes without saying. That it means untold misery the moment any influence, biological or economic, disturbs the industry is equally clear. Hence the pitiful straits to which the entire coastal population of Brittany and the neighbouring districts was reduced by the great industrial crisis, of which an attempt has here been made to indicate the chief causes determined, and the remedies suggested, by those who, under the Comité Consultatif des Pêches Maritimes, made a special study of the subject. Fortunately, the best customers for these sardines were always ourselves, and they therefore found their way from the sea to the breakfast-table free of duty. Would that the same fiscal immunity were assured to our unfortunate Cornishmen, on whom the iniquitous reimposition of the pilchard-tax by the Italian Government, in prompt recognition of the return of a party pledged against measures of retaliation, cannot fail to press very heavily.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL

CHAPTER XII.

'HAVE you any plans for this afternoon, Mr Saunders?'

It was with these words that the Queen broke the pathetic silence she had hitherto maintained during our midday meal. Her expression was that of a martyr, and the cadence of her voice suggested deep sorrow.

'I have promised to go bob-sleighing with the Prinzessinn Mathilde, your Majesty,' I replied.

'Perhaps,' she went on sadly, 'you will permit me to drive you to the Marienecastel. I am paying a visit to the Groszherzog this afternoon.'

'It would give me very great pleasure,' I replied, with unhesitating mendacity. I had purposely removed the carnations from my button-hole before sitting down to lunch, and the last thing I desired was anything in the nature of a *tête-à-tête* with their donor.

'We will start at three,' said Her Majesty, rising at the conclusion of the meal. Miss Anchester darted a humorously scornful glance at me, and followed her royal mistress from the room.

'How did you get on at tobogganing, Herr Schneider?' asked the King.

The detective's bright eyes shone brighter than ever at the question.

'It was magnificent, sire,' he replied, with a florid gesture. 'I told Herr Saunders yesterday that I doubted the existence of human happiness.

I was wrong, for I have found it on the toboggan run.'

'Did you have many spills?' I inquired.

'Several,' he answered; 'but a fall into soft snow is one of the most delicious experiences I have ever tasted. It is as pleasurable as the swift rush down the smooth track with the wind whistling in your ears, the white banks flashing past you, and your heart singing with the ecstasy of tremendous speed. I have only tried the children's run so far; but I long to go on the Kastel run, to race down the straight, to spin round the corners, to take Jonathan and David perilously high, with the certainty that an error of judgment would send one spinning through a thousand feet of space to a glorious death on the Nonnensee.'

For a second the King's eyes and mine met. Herr Schneider's countenance bespoke extraordinary excitement. His big mobile face was twitching painfully, and his eyes gleamed with an exhilaration that was hardly sane.

'And how are your professional inquiries progressing?' asked the King coolly.

Herr Schneider shrugged his shoulders and gesticulated with both hands. 'One must have time, sire,' he replied. 'In a delicate business such as this it is necessary to become familiar with one's surroundings by degrees. At present I suspect every one but your Majesty—even your good friends here, General Meyer and Herr Saunders. I must look into people's souls, and that cannot be done in a day, though my eyes are keen and practised. Your Majesty need not fear my devotion to my task.'

'If you propose looking into my soul,' said General Meyer slowly, 'you will find the process considerably duller than tobogganing. I occasionally direct a glance that way myself, and the view is very dreary.'

'To the psychologist all souls are interesting,' retorted Schneider; 'there is so much evil even in the most virtuous of men.'

'"There is some soul of evil in things good,"' I remarked, '"would men observingly distil it out," as our greatest poet might have said if he had been an international detective. Still, I am glad you like tobogganing, Herr Schneider; a love of sport is a necessary characteristic in Weissheim.'

Herr Schneider rose. 'Sport!' he said, snapping his fingers contemptuously. 'The word has no meaning for me. Excitement! danger! speed!—those are things to live for and to die for. But with your Majesty's permission I will withdraw. I have your Majesty's business to attend to.'

'I don't remember ever disliking a man so thoroughly in my life,' said the King as the detective closed the door behind him. 'I infinitely prefer my unprincipled cousin Fritz.'

'I find it difficult to dislike a man who takes so little trouble to conceal his unpleasant disposition,' said General Meyer. 'I fancy your Majesty has in him an excellent servant if not a particularly agreeable companion.'

At three o'clock I started out for the Mariencastel in the company of Her Majesty the Queen. The coachman, a broad-shouldered man with a big red beard, I took at first sight for the man who had driven me on the previous afternoon. At a second glance my observant eye discerned a difference in the shape and angle of the nose, and I presumed, naturally enough, that he was a relation of my former driver.

'I am keenly looking forward to being taken on a bob-sleigh, your Majesty,' I began by way of starting conversation. As a general rule I addressed the King in English, a language he understood and spoke with perfect ease. The Queen, however, who did not share the Anglophile tendencies of her husband, preferred to be addressed in German, and it was in that tongue that I had made my commonplace remark.

'Let us speak English,' said Her Majesty, suiting the action to the word. 'It is more agreeable to feel one is not being listened to by a menial.'

My objections on that score were non-existent, but it was necessary to comply with the royal desire.

'Is it always fine like this at Weissheim?' I inquired.

'Good gracious, no!' replied my companion; 'but the weather looks pretty settled just at present. You see that long wisp of fog hanging over the far end of the Nonnensee? We call it "the fish." When "the fish" creeps up the valley towards Riefinsdorf it means that the weather is going to change. Our bad weather comes from Austria, and we watch for it through the gap between the Klauigberg and the Trau-altar. An Austrian wind means snow—one day's, two days', a week's snow—silent, dark, depressing. Ugh! I hate Weissheim!'

'But you do not hate it now that the sky is clear?' I asked.

'The sky clear!' she repeated sadly. 'Yes; but how can clear skies cheer a woman whose husband is a tyrant—a weak, vacillating, irreligious tyrant? Were his tyranny the oppression of a strong man it might be tolerable; but to be bullied and threatened by a man one despises, could anything be more humiliating to a woman of spirit?'

'Has the King bullied you since your return?' I asked, mindful of my unauthorised promise that bygones should be bygones.

'I questioned him as to his threat about the *Zauber-tisch*,' replied the Queen, 'and he did not deny having uttered it. The man is a monster—and a weak monster.'

'Is it not a case of the iron hand in the velvet glove?'

'No,' she replied curtly; 'it is a case of a palsied hand in a glove of mail. Some one has been stiffening his feeble spirit. I suspect that man Schneider. Who is he? The King says he is an Austrian physician. Personally, I believe he is a detective. What do you think, Mr Saunders?'

'My knowledge of Herr Schneider is of the slightest,' I answered evasively. 'He seems very enthusiastic on the subject of tobogganing.'

'Ugh!' said the Queen, 'I hate him. He has the eyes of a serpent—they fascinate one by their utter absence of pity. But tell me,' she went on, laying her gloved hand lightly on my arm, 'what on earth is a woman in my position to do? Grimland is the country of my adoption, and as a conscientious woman I put its welfare before everything. I see the State tottering for want of firm government, the Church neglected, the army slighted and openly resentful. The nation cries out for a strong, God-fearing man, and in the Mariencastel such an one is to be found. Because I have taken counsel with the Grand Duke I have been called disloyal. Disloyal, forsooth! I who risk position, fame, everything in my loyalty to the people of Grimland! I know the Grand Duke well: how loath he is to raise a hand against his cousin, how reluctant to take a step which may lead to bloodshed and temporary disorder. But he is a man whose watchword is Duty, and he will not shrink from a distasteful task if the hour calls him.'

And this woman had said she could read me like a book! Assuredly, if ever a human being had laid bare her heart and mind, the Queen had done so before me. She loved the Grand Duke Fritz—unconsciously no doubt—and she accepted the lofty estimate of his character which he himself had offered her. The man was ambitious, unprincipled, and a hypocrite, quite unworthy to be mentioned in the same breath as her lawful husband. Obviously, it was no good my saying so. When a wife of many years' standing is thoroughly dissatisfied with her spouse, it is of little use for a comparative stranger to say that she ought to know him better. The right course was to disillusion her on the subject of the Grand Duke; but though I was quite sure my estimate of his character was the correct one, I had remarkably little with which to back my opinion. His bluff, uncultured manner she took for straightforwardness; his calculated friendliness to the Church and his lofty religious utterance appealed to her narrow, unintelligent spirituality. To destroy her idol was a difficult, and at the best a thankless, task. To strive to usurp his place was to juggle with honour and to supplant one unsatisfactory situation with another. And yet my instinct bade me resume the tone of vague sentimentality I had adopted the previous afternoon at Heldersburg.

'I found some carnations on my plate at breakfast this morning,' I said.

'I know,' said the Queen simply. 'I sent them.'

'I prized them much,' I went on; 'but I prize the ribbon which bound them more, because it spoke of remembrance.'

'It was remembrance of your noble conduct in forcing your way to Heldersburg,' she said.

'That,' I retorted, 'is your remembrance. Mine is of a noble woman, misunderstood, slighted, contemned, but faithful in the face of great provocation; true to her country and her honour, true to herself.'

I was rewarded for this hypocritical utterance by a tender pressure of the arm.

'It is good to be understood,' she sighed.

'You have deigned to ask my advice,' I continued. 'Such as it is, I offer it. There is discontent in the country. The Church is offended, the army restless, the people expectant. There is a fever on the land. Around are Russia, Germany, Austria, alert, greedy, prepared. The body politic is sick, and the eagles are gathered together. To bring the fever to a head is simple; to keep off the birds of prey from the enfeebled frame is by no means so easy. Our duty, your duty especially, is to exercise a soothing influence, to allay irritation, to seek peace at the sacrifice of all personal considerations, to ensure it at the price of everything but self-respect. I know your difficulties; I know your proud, sensitive heart; and I know, too, the high honour that is your guiding star. That you will put up with domestic misery, that you will sacrifice your private happiness to the general weal, is my belief, because it is also my belief that I know your royal nature.'

To my surprise and not a little to my dismay, my companion burst into tears.

'Oh, Mr Saunders!' she cried, 'I used always to dislike Englishmen. It seemed to me that they had no temperament, that they were mere animals, delighting in sport and the gross pleasure of the table. Either I have been much mistaken, or else you are a great exception to the generality.'

'It is the fate of my countrymen to be misunderstood the world over,' I replied sententiously.

The Queen applied her handkerchief to her streaming eyes with the effective daintiness of the practised weeper.

'Please stop the coachman,' she said, still sobbing. 'I cannot visit the Schattenbergs with red eyes.'

'Is it necessary to visit them at all?' I asked.

'What do you mean?'

'Simply this,' I answered. 'Because your popularity throughout the country is great—deservedly great—your attitude is watched, your movements noted. The ambitions of the Grand Duke'——

'Ambitions?'

'Legitimate aspirations,' I substituted hastily, 'are well known. If it is generally believed that you so far despair of King Karl's capacities as a ruler as to favour these "legitimate aspirations," it will do much to precipitate that fever which we have agreed would be so dangerous an affliction for Grimland at the present juncture.'

'Then you advise me to see less of the Schattenbergs in the future?' she asked.

Her confidence was almost touching in its readiness.

'In the immediate future,' I replied. 'Remember, we are giving the King a chance. If any one can bring home to him the seriousness of his

position, the sacred nature of his charge, it is you. Your task is a difficult as well as a distasteful one; but I, for one, do not despair of its success.'

'It is strange how your advice agrees with that of Father Bernhard, and how it differs from that received in a letter yesterday from the Archbishop of Weidenbruck. Assuredly, Providence has set me in a position of overwhelming difficulty.'

In spite of my contempt, I pitied her. Hypocrite that she was, she had quite deceived herself into the belief that she was a noble martyr. How could I, who had fostered that delusion, blame her for it? The coachman, in obedience to my command, had pulled up his horses. Before us rose the rectangular mass of the Mariencastel, and on its right the wooden crow's nest which overlooked the Kastel run. The sun shone brightly in the heavens, and the royal conveyance cast a crisp blue shadow on the snow-carpeted roadway. All was silent, till, with a jingling of bells, a peasant-sleigh swung past us, with its bronzed occupants and a close-packed burden of wine-casks. There was a low-murmured salutation to my exalted companion, and the vehicle disappeared round a bend in the road, leaving us to ourselves and our agitating dilemma.

'When doctors disagree in a matter of physical health,' I said, 'one must rely on one's own common-sense. When friends give divergent advice on a moral question, the only thing is to rely on one's conscience.'

The Queen, who had been gazing straight in front of her with a far-away look in her eyes, turned her glance upon me.

'Is that the only guide?' she said. 'May not the heart speak also?'

Her eyes were wet with tears, and there was pleading in her voice. It seemed, then, that her affection for the Grand Duke was genuine, if misplaced, and her appeal to me as a sort of moral counsellor was flattering in the extreme.

'The heart is an unruly organ,' I replied. 'No one, not even the Archbishop of Weidenbruck, would advise you to let your affections for the Grand Duke'——.

Again a hand was laid on my arm. 'I was not thinking of the Grand Duke,' she said.

In a second I had leaped from the royal sleigh and was standing in the snow of the roadway. I was in a dream, and my brain swam as the incredible but unmistakable purport of her words forced themselves on my staggering senses. If I needed confirmation of my unpleasant conclusion, I could read it in the Queen's shamefaced but appealing glance. A great wave of disgust swept over me. This woman, whose knowledge of me was of the slightest, whose acquaintance with me was of the briefest, had laid her sickly, shallow soul at my feet to pick up or trample on as my fancy dictated. True, I had been to blame; but the moral obliquity of a gallant bachelor compared to that of a disloyal wife is as the summer dew to the torrential thundershower. Not, I fear, that it was her sinfulness that disgusted me so much as the miserably fickle nature it suggested. I looked at the red-bearded coachman on the box. He sat bolt upright, looking straight in front of him; but to my excited fancy his ears seemed strained to catch my answer to those monstrous words.

'You are not thinking of the Grand Duke,' I said sternly; 'then of whom are you thinking?'

'Of you,' she murmured almost inaudibly.

For the moment I had it in my heart to strike her.

'I thought,' I said contemptuously, 'that you were a religious woman.'

'You misunderstand me,' she said quickly. 'Before Heaven, I am a virtuous woman; but my heart cries out for sympathy. You, who know my wretched fate, who understand me so well, why should you deny me your sympathy? The soul purifies all things.'

'Even the infidelities of the heart?' I sneered.

'Ah! you are hard.'

'As hard as steel,' I assented, 'and as true.'

For a moment she looked me full in the face, and I met her glance without a shadow of weakening. Her eyes pleaded, questioned, and received their silent answer. If I anticipated a culminating burst of tears I was wrong. There was a hardening of her expression, and her eyes glinted with anger.

'Coachman,' she cried harshly and in German, 'drive on to the Mariencastel.'

For a moment I stood there watching the departing sleigh. Then I remembered myself, and took off my hat.

(To be continued.)

SOME EXQUISITES OF THE REGENCY.

PART II.

IT is but a step from boots to blacking, an article to which the dandies devoted much attention. Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly, of the First Foot-Guards, was famous for his well-varnished boots. After his death, which occurred in a fire owing to his efforts to save his favourite boots, all the men about town were anxious to secure the services of his valet, who alone knew the secret of the blacking. Brummell found the man and asked his wages. The colonel had given him a hundred and fifty pounds a year, but now he required two hundred. 'Well, if you will make it guineas,' said the Beau, 'I shall be happy to attend upon *you!*' Lord Petersham spent a great deal of time in making a particular kind

of blacking which he believed would eventually supersede all others, and Brummell declared, 'My blacking ruins me; it is made with the finest champagne.' But Brummell must not be taken too seriously. He was a master *poseur*, and many of his critics have fallen into the error of taking him literally. Thus it has apparently never occurred to his biographers to think he was joking when, in reply to a lady who inquired what allowance she should make her son who was about to enter the world, he assured her that, *with economy*, her son could dress on eight hundred a year. They merely comment upon his terribly extravagant ideas. Again, when the Beau, speaking of a boy, said with apparent earnestness, 'Really, I did my best for the young man; I once gave him my arm all the way from White's to Watier's'—about a hundred yards—they discuss his enormous conceit!

There are several accounts of the cause of the rupture of the intimacy between Brummell and the Prince. It is certain, however, that the story of 'Wales, ring the bell,' has no foundation. 'I was on such intimate terms with the Prince that if we had been alone I could have asked him without offence to ring the bell,' Brummell said; 'but with a third person in the room I should never have done so. I knew the Regent too well.' The story was true in so far as the order, 'Wales, ring the bell,' was given at the royal supper-table by a lad who had taken too much to drink. The Prince did ring the bell, and when the servants came, told them, good-humouredly enough, to 'put that drunken boy to bed.' One authority says the quarrel arose because Brummell spoke sarcastically of Mrs Fitzherbert, another because he spoke in her favour when the Prince was bestowing his smiles in another quarter. The Beau believed it was because of remarks concerning both Mrs Fitzherbert and the Prince. There is no doubt Brummell did allow himself considerable license of speech, and having a ready wit, was not inclined to forgo its use.

A curious tale was told by General Sir Arthur Upton to Gronow. It seems that the first estrangement did not last long. Brummell played whist at White's Club one night, and won from George Harley Drummond * the sum of twenty thousand pounds. The Duke of York told the Prince of the incident, and the Beau was again invited to Carlton House. 'At the commencement of the dinner matters went off smoothly; but Brummell, in his joy at finding himself with his old friend, became excited, and drank too much wine. His Royal Highness—who wanted to avenge himself for an insult he had received at Lady Cholmondeley's ball, when the Beau, looking towards the Prince, said to Lady Worcester, "Who is your fat friend?"—had invited him to dinner merely out of a desire for revenge. The Prince, therefore, pretended to be affronted with Brummell's hilarity, and said to his brother, the Duke of York, who was present, "I think we had better order Mr Brummell's carriage before he gets drunk;" whereupon he rang the bell, and Brummell left the royal presence.' As Sir Arthur was present at the dinner, there can be no doubt as to the facts; and, knowing the character of the royal host as we do, there is no reason to doubt that he invited a guest to insult him. That is quite of a piece with his conduct on other occasions; but it seems certain that the motive that spurred the Prince on to revenge was not that attributed to him. Of all the versions of the 'Who's your fat friend?' episode, that given by the General is the least likely. Inaccurate, too, is Raikes when he tells of Brummell asking the famous question of Jack Lee in St James's Street, after the latter had been seen speaking to the Prince.

The true story is the following: A dandies' ball was to be given by Lord Alvanley, Sir Henry Mildmay, Henry Pierrepoint, and Brummell to celebrate a great run of luck at hazard. The question of inviting the Prince was mooted, but it was negatived because all felt sure it would be declined, since he was not on friendly terms with Brummell. The Prince, however, sent an intimation that he desired to be present, and of course a formal invitation was despatched. The four hosts assembled at the door to do honour to their royal guest, who shook hands with three of them, but looked Brummell full in the face and passed on without any sign of recognition. Then it was, before the Prince was out of hearing, that Brummell turned to his neighbour and asked with apparent nonchalance, 'Alvanley, who's your fat friend?' †

After this there was war to the death, and Brummell, who was a good fighter, did not lose an opportunity to wound his powerful antagonist. He was passing down Pall Mall when the Regent's carriage drew up at a picture gallery. The sentries saluted, and, keeping his back to the carriage, Brummell took the salute as if to himself. The Prince could not hide his anger from the bystanders, for he looked upon any slight to his dignity as rather worse than high-treason. The foes met again later on in the waiting-room at the opera. An eye-witness has described the *rencontre:* 'The Prince of Wales, who always came out rather before the performance concluded, was waiting for his carriage. Presently Brummell came out, talking eagerly to some friends, and, not seeing the Prince or his party, he took up a position near the check-taker's bar. As the crowd flowed out, Brummell was gradually pressed backwards, until he was all but driven against the Regent, who distinctly saw him, but of course would not move. In order to

* Drummond was a partner in the great banking-house of that name, and the episode caused his retirement from the firm. This was the only occasion on which he had played whist at White's Club!

† The late Lord Houghton stated that this occurred at the fête given by the three most fashionable clubs to the Allied Sovereigns in 1815, when the Prince shook hands with all the members of the reception committee with the exception of Brummell.

stop him, therefore, and prevent actual collision, one of the Prince's suite tapped him on the back, when Brummell immediately turned sharply round, and saw there was not much more than a foot between his nose and the Prince of Wales's. I watched him with intense curiosity, and observed that his countenance did not change in the slightest degree, nor did his head move; they looked straight into each other's eyes, the Prince evidently amazed and annoyed. Brummell, however, did not quail, or show the least embarrassment. He receded quite quietly, and backed slowly step by step till the crowd closed between them, never once taking his eyes off those of the Prince.' *

Brummell contrived to hold his own until he took to card-playing. His patrimony of thirty thousand pounds was insufficient to justify him in entering the lists with his companions. It was the case of the earthenware pot and the iron pots. At first he was unsuccessful, and as he was not then addicted to games of chance, his depression was very great. Walking home from a club with Tom Raikes, he was lamenting his bad fortune, when he saw something bright in the roadway. He stooped and picked up a crooked sixpence. 'This,' he said to his companion with great cheerfulness, 'is the harbinger of good luck.' He drilled a hole in it and fastened it to his watch-chain. The talisman worked, and he won thirty thousand pounds in the next two years.

Fortune deserted him; but he did not lose even a third of his winnings, and Raikes, in his *Memoirs*, remarks that he was never more surprised than when in 1816, one morning, Brummell confided to him that his situation had become so desperate that he must fly the country that night, and by stealth. He had lived above his income, had got into debt, and then had fallen into the hands of the notorious usurers, Howard and Gibbs. Other money-lenders may have had claims upon him; for when it was said to Alvanley that if Brummell had remained in London something might have been done for him by his friends, the witty peer made a *bon mot:* 'He has done quite right to be off; it was Solomon's judgment.' †

He went no farther than Calais. 'Here I am *restant* for the present, and God knows solitary enough is my existence; of that, however, I should not complain, for I can always employ resources within myself, was there not a worm that will not sleep, called *conscience*, which all my endeavours to distract, all the strength of coffee, with which I constantly fumigate my unhappy brains, and all the native gaiety of the fellow who brings it to me, cannot lull to indifference beyond the moment; but I will not trouble you upon that subject.' He wrote to Tom Raikes on May 22, 1816, soon after his arrival: 'You would be surprised to find the sudden change and transfiguration which one week has accomplished in my life and *propriâ persona*. I am punctually off the pillow at half-past seven in the morning. My first object—melancholy, indeed, it may be in its nature—is to walk to the pier-head, and take my distant look at England. This you may call weakness; but I am not yet sufficiently master of those feelings which may be called indigenous to resist the impulse. The rest of my day is filled up with strolling an hour or two round the ramparts of this dismal town, in reading, and the study of that language which must hereafter be my own, for never more shall I set foot in my own country. I dine at five, and my evening has as yet been occupied in writing letters. The English I have seen here—and many of them known to me—I have cautiously avoided; and with the exception of Sir W. Bellingham and Lord Blessington, who have departed, I have not exchanged a word. Prince Esterhazy was here yesterday, and came into my room unexpectedly without my knowing he was here. He had the good nature to convey several letters for me upon his return to London. So much for my life hitherto on this side of the water.'

At first he put up at the famous Dessein's, but soon he went into apartments at the house of M. Leleux. His friends came to the rescue—Alvanley, Worcester, Sefton, no doubt Raikes too, and others—and sent him a good round sum of money. But his habits had grown upon him, and he could not live economically. If he saw buhl or marqueterie or Sèvres china that he liked he bought it; and he could not accustom himself to the penny-wise economies of life. He would not give way to despair, and, naturally high-spirited, he fought bravely against depression. He wished to be appointed consul at Calais, and his friends' influence would have secured him the position, but no vacancy occurred.

He had a gleam of hope on hearing of the accession to the throne of his old companion. 'He is at length King,' he wrote; 'will his past resentments still attach themselves to his Crown? An indulgent amnesty of former peccadilloes should be the primary grace influencing newly throned sovereignty; at least towards those who were once distinguished by his more intimate protection. From my experience, however, of the personage in question, I must doubt any favourable relaxation of those stubborn prejudices which have, during so many years, operated to the total exclusion of one of his *élèves* from the royal notice: that unfortunate—I need not particularise. You ask me how I am going on at Calais. Miserably! I am exposed every hour to all the turmoil and jeopardy that attended my latter days in England. I bear up as well as I can; and when the mercy and patience of my claimants are exhausted I shall submit without

* Moore, in the *Twopenny Postbag*, commemorated the quarrel in his parody of the letter from the Prince of Wales to the Duke of York, in which he says:

I indulge in no hatred, and wish there may come ill
To no mortal, except, now I think on 't, Beau Brummell,
Who declared t'other day, in a superfine passion,
He 'd cut me and bring the old King into fashion.

† Solomon was a well-known money-lender.

resistance to bread and water and straw. I cannot decamp a second time.'*

The new King made no sign. But soon came the news that he was going abroad, and would stay a night at Calais. The pulse of the exiled dandy must have beat quickly. It was the time for forgiveness; and, after all, his offence had not been very rank. If there were generosity in the heart of the monarch, surely, surely he would hold out the right hand of fellowship to the vanquished foe. The meeting came about unexpectedly. Brummell went for a walk out of the town in the opposite direction to that on which the King would enter it. On his return he tried to get across the street, but the crowd was so great that he remained perforce on the opposite side. The King's carriage passed close to him. 'Good God, Brummell!' George cried in a loud voice. Then Brummell, who was hat in hand at the time, crossed the road, pale as death, and entered his room.

George dined in the evening at Dessein's, and Brummell sent his valet to make the punch, giving him to take over a bottle of rare old maraschino, the King's favourite liqueur. The next morning all the suite called except Bloomfield, and each tried to persuade him to ask for an audience. Brummell signed his name in the visitors' book. His pride would let him do no more. He had taken the first steps; would the King send for him? George left without a word. Afterwards he actually boasted he had been to Calais without seeing Brummell! So the men went their ways, never to meet again. The King had won. He had seen his old friend, his old foe—which you will—his old comrade, beaten, bankrupt, humbled, and he had passed him by. The King had won, yet perhaps for once it was better to be the vanquished than to win at such a price. Perhaps in the last years of his life George thought once more of Brummell, as himself, half-blind, half-mad, utterly friendless, he went down to the grave unwept and unhonoured.

Others were more generous than the King. The Duke of Wellington invited two successive Ministers for Foreign Affairs to do something for the exile. Both hesitated on the ground that His Majesty might disapprove, whereupon Wellington went to Windsor and spoke to the King, 'who had made objections, abusing Brummell—said he was a damned fellow and had behaved very ill to him (the old story—*moi, moi, moi*); but after having let him run his tether, he had at last extracted his consent.' Still, nothing was done until after Charles Greville was at Calais in 1830: 'There I had a long conversation with Brummell about his consulship, and was moved by his account of his own distresses to write to the Duke of Wellington and ask him to do what he could for him. I found him in his old lodging, dressing—some pretty pieces of old furniture in the room, an entire toilet of silver, and a large green macaw perched on the back of a tattered silk chair with faded gilding—full of gaiety, impudence, and misery.'

The consulate at Caen, to which a salary of four hundred a year was attached, was secured for him. Brummell arranged that part of his income should be set aside to pay his debts (which amounted to about a thousand pounds), and his creditors allowed him to leave Calais. He had not long been installed when he wrote a formal letter to Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, stating that the place was a sinecure and the duties so trifling that he should recommend its abolition. It has never been made clear why he took this remarkable step. Was it in the hope of being appointed to a better position? Was it in the desire to evade the payment of his debts? Was it honesty? Whatever the cause, his action recoiled on himself. Lord Palmerston was regretfully compelled to take the consul at his word, and the place was reduced.

Brummell continued to live at Caen; but, being without resources, he sank deeper into debt, and in 1835 his creditors put him into prison. For the last time his friends came to his assistance. William IV. subscribed a hundred pounds. Palmerston gave twice that amount from the public purse. Enough was obtained to secure his liberation and to settle upon him an annuity of one hundred and twenty pounds. Soon he sank into a state of imbecility, and he ended his days in the asylum Bon Sauveur. He died on March 30, 1840.

A moral can easily be drawn from the story of this unfortunate man, and many writers have dwelt upon the lesson it furnishes. Yet there were many worse than he in the circle of which he was the arbiter. He lived his life: he paid the price. Let him rest in peace.

* Brummell still interested himself in fashion. He wrote in 1818 from Calais to Raikes: 'I heard of you the other day in a waistcoat that does you indisputable credit, spick and span from Paris, a broad stripe, salmon colour and cramoisi. Keep it up, my dear fellow, and don't let them laugh you into a relapse so Gothic as that of your former English simplicity.'

A BRIDGE OF FANCIES.

CHAPTER II.

TWO years later, hostilities having terminated, the regiment was ordered home, and I found myself in London once again.

In the meantime fortune had been kind to me. I was mentioned in despatches, received a brevet-majority, and cleared over five thousand pounds by a somewhat hazardous speculation. This latter windfall was due to my friendship with a colonial gentleman who was interested in a diamond-mine, and who urged me to invest in it. I bought a thousand shares at twenty-five shillings, and before the end of the war was enabled to sell at six pounds ten shillings. It was fortunate that I did so, as they afterwards fell, in sympathy with other South African investments.

I had heard nothing of the Mortons for some months. Reginald had not returned to Africa, as his wound proved much more serious than had been anticipated, and complications set in, which resulted in his never very strong constitution breaking down and reducing him to a state of confirmed invalidity. We had corresponded frequently at first; but, like most correspondence, it gradually dwindled away.

I was standing on the steps of my club one day, idly watching the passers-by, when a hansom drove up, and, to my astonishment and delight, Mr Morton alighted. He advanced towards me with outstretched hand, undisguised pleasure lighting up his handsome features.

'My dear Morne, I am glad to meet you once again,' he began, shaking me warmly by the hand.

I thanked him for his kindly greeting, which I assured him was reciprocated heartily.

'I heard by chance this morning that you were in town,' he went on, 'and decided to hunt you up. It is most opportune my just catching you at the door like this, as I return home to-morrow, and might have missed seeing you.'

He had one or two commissions to transact, and suggested my accompanying him, so we walked off together, chatting affably.

In the course of conversation he informed me that Reggie's health had been a source of grave anxiety. The cleverest physicians had been consulted without avail. They all agreed that, although he might live for many years to come, he would never be other than an invalid.

'He bears up bravely, and is always cheerful,' Mr Morton explained; 'but I would willingly give up the remaining years of my life if by so doing I could restore to him his health and strength.'

There were tears in the old gentleman's eyes, and he blew his nose violently to distract attention.

I endeavoured to console him as best I could, though well aware that no words could adequately convey sympathy to such heart-felt sorrow.

Presently I discovered that his chief reason for calling on me was in order to persuade me to return with him to Brook Morton.

'It would be such a pleasant surprise for Reggie,' he pleaded. 'He is devoted to you, and is always talking of you.'

Very little persuasion was necessary, and my heart—which I thought trained to submission—leaped with joy at the mere prospect of seeing Phillis once again.

Moths will flutter round a candle, oblivious of the disastrous consequences! My joy was short-lived, for I received a shock at Brook Morton which neither the hearty welcome which greeted my arrival, nor even the longed-for presence of her I loved, was able to dispel.

We arrived in time for tea, and the ladies were in the drawing-room. With them was a stranger whose appearance struck me as being familiar, although I could not recollect having met him before. He was a tall, dark, handsome man, and his bow, when introduced, would have proclaimed his foreign nationality even had Mrs Morton not mentioned his name.

'Count Heinrich von Henzel, my future son-in-law,' she explained, in introducing us.

It was some few seconds before I was able to grasp the ominous intelligence which her words conveyed.

Future son-in-law! Phillis's future husband, that was what it meant! I drew in a deep breath and recovered sufficient self-possession to say something polite. Well, why should I be affected by this news? It was nothing to me. And yet, somehow, the salt of my life had lost its savour. An undefined something, far above me, quite unattainable, but nevertheless looked for with longing, had been in a moment swept ruthlessly out of my life, leaving no interest in the present and nothing to hope from the days to come.

Had I followed the course of my inclination I would have returned to London next day; as it was, however, I was forced by circumstances to remain, and the pleasure which my presence appeared to afford Reggie and his father compensated me in some small measure for the heart-burning to which I was daily exposed.

Long illness and suffering had left their mark upon poor Reggie, and it was hard to recognise in the delicate invalid the handsome, merry boy I had known in South Africa. He never left his room, which was the one I had occupied on my previous visit to Brook Morton; and of late he had seldom even left his bed, owing to an unaccountable relapse.

I devoted myself almost entirely to his amusement, and spent hours each day reading aloud or spinning long yarns about my adventures in Africa and India—a subject of which he was never tired. Sometimes Phillis would come and sit with us, and listen to my stories with as much attention as her brother; and then, for the time, a feeling of comfort and solace would steal into my aching heart, only to leave it sorer when I was alone again.

One afternoon I had been reading to Reggie, when he fell asleep. I closed the book and lay back in the cosy arm-chair by the fireside, and from gazing into the burning embers in the grate must have dozed off also. I must have slept for some time, for when I awoke it was dark, except for the flickering firelight. Phillis was sitting by the bedside, talking to her brother. I did not realise that they were unaware of my presence, and in my half-awake condition unintentionally overheard their conversation.

'I wish you were not going to marry the Count,' Reggie was saying; 'he is not half good enough for you, Phillis.'

'Reggie dear, you have too high an opinion of me. I don't think you would consider any one good enough,' replied his sister gently.

'I know one man who would satisfy me; but he is so wrapped up in his soldiering that I don't believe he ever thought about a woman in his life.'

'Oh! And who is your wonderful Prince Charming?' inquired Phillis, laughing.

'Why, Major Morne, of course. Who else? If I were a girl, that's the kind of man I should like. Do you know,' he went on, 'I used to think you rather liked him once, when he was here before. But girls are so fickle.'

'Fickle! Why, he never cared for me. He never spoke.'

'But supposing he had cared, supposing he had spoken, would you then have preferred your foreign Count?'

'Oh, Reggie! Reggie! what is the use of supposing? Nothing in this world ever does go right;' and the girl burst out sobbing.

I could remain silent no longer, so I moved my chair to attract attention to my presence.

'Oh, how you startled me!' exclaimed Phillis. 'We had no idea you were in the room.'

'I was reading to Reggie, when he fell asleep—rude, wasn't it?—and then I suppose I must have followed suit,' I explained, rising and crossing over to the other side of the room.

Phillis moved over to the fireplace and stood leaning on the mantelshelf, looking into the fire.

I was thinking what a pretty picture she made, with her graceful figure and her bonny hair haloed by the firelight's glow, when the Count entered the room through the anteroom and walked towards her.

There was something strangely familiar about the scene which arrested my attention. I felt as though I had seen it all before. Then, like a flash across my memory, came the remembrance of my ghostly experience two years before in that same room. The Count was an exact counterpart of the man I had then seen. That explained my familiarity with his appearance, which I had often thought over without solution. The situation was uncanny, and I suggested that we had better have lights, and soon afterwards left the room.

When I was alone I pondered deeply over my extraordinary discovery. I was unable to decide whether I ought to inform Mr Morton of it or not. Eventually I decided to await the result of my more mature consideration, and say nothing for the present. Why worry the old gentleman with imaginary evils when he had trouble enough in reality with his anxieties over Reggie? For that evening a further relapse took place, and the doctor was sent for. He prescribed some medicine which was to be administered every few hours, and said he would call again next day.

Before retiring for the night I looked in to see Reggie, and found him in a restless, nervous condition.

'Do you know, major,' he said, 'I am almost ashamed to own it, but I don't half-like being left alone to-night. My nerves are all wrong; and somehow, lately, I have had the most ghastly dreams and fancies. I haven't said anything to the others, as it would worry them, and'——

'My dear boy, don't say another word,' I interrupted. 'I'll stop with you. I can easily rig up a shakedown on that sofa, and you can wake me up, if necessary, any time.'

He gave a sigh of relief at my decision, and poured forth a torrent of gratitude and apology.

I procured a couple of rugs and a pillow from my room, and, wrapping myself up in a dressing-gown, was soon comfortably established on the couch in my new quarters, while the steady breathing which shortly afterwards proceeded from the bed gave satisfactory evidence of the soothing effect of my presence—and the doctor's draught—upon poor Reggie.

The sofa upon which I was lying was in one corner of the room, and was partially concealed by a large screen. It had evidently been intended for the use of a nurse at some time or other.

As a rule I can sleep anywhere and under almost any conditions. I have slept soundly with my company in quarter-column awaiting the order to advance, or in the trenches and sangars with the distant thunder of the guns booming in my ears; but that night, in spite of comfortable quarters and a cheery fire, it was some time before I settled off. Vague hauntings and unpleasant fancies ran riot in my brain, but nature eventually asserted itself and I fell asleep.

I could not have been asleep long when I was disturbed by the sound of muffled voices in the room. I sat up in a half-dazed condition and listened, hardly recollecting where I was or how I came to be there. On peering round the edge of the screen

I observed Phillis and the Count engaged in violent discussion.

'I demand your silence,' commanded the Count in a hoarse whisper.

'And I refuse to obey you,' came the muffled reply.

'You must! It is a matter of life and death. Besides, it was for your sake—for our happiness'——

'For my sake! For our happiness!' she echoed. 'How can you say such a thing?'

'It is true. Listen to me for one moment. I have lost—almost—my fortune. Racing, cards, speculation, everything with me has gone wrong. Unless something happened I could never marry you. The thought was madness. He,' continued the Count, pointing towards the bed, 'is a cripple, his life almost a burden. A few years more are nothing to him, and yet that existence stands between you and the vast fortune which would secure our happiness'——

Phillis gave an exclamation of horror, and hid her face in her hands.

'I appeal to your love,' entreated the Count, drawing his arm about her.

She shrank from him.

'Don't touch me. Oh, how I despise you! My love was a delusion, a fascination—not love at all. I never really loved you, and now—now I hate you!'

'What do you intend to do?' he hissed.

'I shall tell my father what has occurred.'

'If you do such a thing I shall be arrested as a criminal.'

'It is what you deserve.'

'Then I must take other means to silence you,' he growled savagely, seizing her by the wrist. 'I give you a last chance. Swear you will never reveal my secret. Swear it! Swear it!'

'Never! Let go my wrist.'

For reply the Count raised his arm, and I beheld in the firelight the glint of steel.

With a cry of horror, I sprang across the room and closed with him, too late, however, to avert the blow, which penetrated Phillis's shoulder, and with a scream she sank to the ground.

Then a struggle ensued between the Count and myself which required all my attention and strength.

He was a powerful man, armed with a stiletto, which he endeavoured to use; but although I received a few scratches, I succeeded in retaining my grasp of his wrist, and we wrestled together, locked in a close embrace.

The noise had, of course, awakened Reggie, who pulled the bell-rope violently and shouted lustily for help.

The Count, finding it impossible to free his wrist, endeavoured to bite my hand, and in so doing turned the point of the dagger towards himself. His eyes glared at me with savage ferocity, and he raved with all the fury of madness. I felt that he would kill me if he could, and the knowledge spurred me to a final effort. Gathering all my strength, I forced him backwards, and he tripped over a footstool. We fell with a heavy thud, the Count beneath me. He gave a ghastly groan, the struggling ceased, and he lay quite still.

As we fell the door of the room was opened, and Mr Morton, with some of the servants, entered with lights.

Without waiting to give any explanation, I rushed to where Phillis was lying, and picking her up, laid her gently on the bed.

She was as white and still as death, and I feared the worst. The sight of her beautiful pale face, added to the shock which I had already experienced, caused me to break down utterly.

'My love! my love! The villain has killed her,' I moaned as I knelt beside her and pressed her lifeless little hand to my lips. The secret which I had meant to keep for ever locked in my breast escaped me now that I thought her dead.

Mr Morton came to me and laid his hand kindly on my shoulder.

'How has all this come about?' he inquired. 'Can you explain?'

In a few words I told him how I had come to sleep in Reggie's room, and how I had awakened in time to witness the Count's attack upon Phillis. Beyond that I was as mystified as himself.

In the meantime Mrs Morton and the housekeeper had applied restoratives to Phillis, and, to my infinite joy, she showed symptoms of returning vitality, and presently she opened her eyes.

'She must be taken to her room at once,' Mrs Morton decided.

I lifted her in my arms and followed Mrs Morton along the corridor.

On my return I was met by Mr Morton, whose face bore a most serious expression.

'The Count is dead,' he informed me.

'Impossible!' I ejaculated, crossing over to where the Count lay, surrounded by a group of frightened, inquisitive servants.

But it was true enough. The stiletto was buried in his breast, the hilt still grasped in his hand. I remembered how he had turned the point towards himself in his endeavour to bite my hand. As we fell the weight of my body must have forced the stiletto into his breast. I shuddered at the thought of it.

When the doctor arrived he stated that death must have been instantaneous.

Phillis's wound was, fortunately, not very serious, and in the morning she was able to give an explanation. She stated that she awoke during the night and went to see if her brother was all right. She entered the room very quietly through the dressing-room, and was surprised to notice that both the outer and inner doors were open. On entering, she discovered Count Henzel pouring some liquid from a small phial into the medicine-bottle at Reggie's bedside. He was so startled on seeing her that he dropped the phial, and she picked it up. It was

labelled 'Poison.' She accused him of attempting to poison Reggie, and when she refused to keep silent about the affair he attempted to stab her.

Of course the motive was clear enough. Phillis, who was to have been his wife, would be heiress of Brook Morton if Reggie were out of the way. Subsequently it transpired that there was a taint of hereditary insanity in the Count's family, and it is only charitable to infer that some such influence must have been responsible for the nefarious designs which I was so providentially enabled to frustrate.

Had I not been in Reggie's room that awful night, he would, in all probability, have succumbed from the effects of the drug, and his sweet sister would have been doomed to a cruel death.

As it is, she is now my wife.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

CELLULOID TOYS.

WHEN children play with fire—and all children do at some time or other—they are in very serious danger from the ordinary inflammable nature of their clothing and general surroundings. When, however, they are surrounded by toys made of celluloid these conditions are aggravated to an appalling extent, for celluloid is little short of an actual explosive. It burns with very great violence, and produces an immense amount of intense heat; the combustion, once started, is almost impossible of extinction, for it is independent of the oxygen in the air, and will go on burning merrily in an enclosed space. Owing probably to ease of manufacture, a large variety of celluloid toys have recently been placed upon the market, and in the form of a doll or some other childish delight, enough celluloid can be purchased for one penny to turn an insignificant little flame into a dangerous conflagration. To demonstrate the explosive nature of celluloid, the writer tried the experiment of enclosing about half an ounce of the substance in a tin box furnished only with one small hole in the lid by which the celluloid inside could be ignited. Even in these circumstances, deprived as it was of all outside air, the material burned with great violence, emitting immense clouds of suffocating and inflammable smoke. The box became nearly red-hot, and was driven several yards along the floor by the force of the escaping gas. The same amount of celluloid burned in an unconfined space produces, instead of this volume of gas, an intensely hot flame capable of inflicting fearful burns or of immediately setting fire to any woodwork in the close vicinity. Owing to numerous more or less serious accidents, a good deal has been heard of the danger which lurks in buttons and hair-combs made of celluloid; but it would appear that this latest introduction of small toys is of a still more serious nature.

MOTOR-SKATES.

The application of the gasolene motor to all sorts and conditions of hitherto undreamed-of uses goes on continually, and one is ceasing to be surprised that almost any new use may be found for the ubiquitous prime mover; but roller-skates which are nothing but miniature motor-cars are a novelty which must appeal to the most case-hardened of observers. According to the Paris correspondent of the *Scientific American*, who substantiates his report with excellent photographs of the new device in use, these motor-skates are an accomplished fact. They are the invention of M. Constantini, who is well known in Paris for his various carburetters and other automobile accessories. The invention has been applied in two ways. In the earlier patterns each skate of the pair is essentially a tiny motor-car weighing about thirteen pounds, complete with motor carburetters, battery, and sparking-coil; the whole being on four rubber-tired wheels. The gasolene tank is carried on a belt hung round the waist of the skater, but it is a very small affair, and is easily hidden beneath his coat; and a branched rubber tube conveys the vital fluid to the two motors. The wearer of these modern seven-league boots controls their behaviour by means of a pair of wires leading from the sparking device to a switch in his hand. When he wishes to start on his journey he gets up a certain amount of speed in a manner familiar to roller-skaters, and then clasps the little switch which he carries, with the instant result, probably, to a beginner of throwing him on his back. It is said, however, that the tendency of the skates to run away and leave the skater sprawling is easily overcome after a little practice, and then a speed of from three to twenty-five miles an hour can be obtained and maintained. In the second and more modern form of the invention, one skate contains the motor which forms the driving-power for both, while the other carries the impedimenta in the shape of sparking-coil, battery, &c. The motive-power is transmitted from the one skate to the wheels of the other by means of a shaft with universal joints, which performs also the incidental service of maintaining the correct distance between the skates, and preventing the feet from spreading in the horribly disconcerting manner which even the ordinary unsophisticated roller-skates will indulge in when mounted by beginners.

WASHABLE DISTEMPERS.

The artistic possibilities of a very flat paint such as distemper in the decoration of walls has come to

be recognised to an ever-increasing extent, and many are the forms of durable and washable water-paint with which the public has been made acquainted by advertisement and otherwise. Particulars are to hand of a new series of colours placed upon the market by Messrs Morse & Sons, whose calcarium washable water-colours are stated to have stood the test of time. Many of the new colours, actual samples of which are to hand, are of beautiful and delicate tints of sufficient variety to meet all likely demands, and the appearance of the surface and its waterproof character alike leave nothing to be desired.

ARTIFICIAL ALBUMEN.

Best known in its familiar form of white of egg, albumen is the principal nourishment for the maintenance of the human body; and as it is, indeed, believed to be the source of all muscular strength, the vast importance of its artificial production will at once be recognised. Chemists have for a long time interested themselves in the analysis of this complex substance, and it is now reported that Professor Emil Fischer has successfully accomplished the first analysis of natural albumen; and, having established the composition of the various ingredients, he has succeeded in producing many of them artificially. The substance which he has obtained as the result of his process he has called 'polypeptied,' and it is said to possess most of the characteristics of natural albumen. The discovery is of vast importance; for if it proves all that is expected of it, it will practically do away with the necessity for meat-foods, and will probably effect a complete change in the present system of human nourishment.

GOLD EXTRACTION.

An interesting review of the present state of the art of extracting gold is given in a synopsis of an address before the British Association in the *Bulletin of the American Institute of Bank Clerks*. In the early days of gold-mining the precious metal could be easily obtained by crushing the ore and flooding with mercury, as the quicksilver readily entered into combination with the gold and sucked it up from the baser material with which it was surrounded. The operation was comparatively easy, and required no great expenditure or elaborate organisation. Later, when the upper ore deposits had been worked out, more costly appliances were required to bring the ore to the surface, and the gold was in a more refractory or combined form, which gave much more trouble in its separation; elaborate stamping and grinding machines became necessary, and it was found that the amalgamation process only recovered a portion of the gold, while the remainder passed over with the 'tailings' into the adjacent creeks and rivers. Many and elaborate devices were tried for the more satisfactory recovery of the precious mineral, until the use of dilute cyanide of potassium was tentatively proposed in 1889. The proposal was received with anything but favour at first, for the reagent was expensive, was dangerous from its exceedingly poisonous nature, was slow in action, and presented other difficulties, which, however, have all been swept aside; until at the present time this method of gold-extraction has spread to all the gold-producing countries of the world. Fifteen years ago the world's consumption of cyanide of potassium was about fifty tons per annum; it is now not far short of ten thousand tons, of which the Transvaal goldfield alone consumes about three thousand. Large cyanide works have been started in various countries, and the price has dropped in the last ten years from two shillings to eightpence a pound.

HEAT BY INCANDESCENT MANTLE.

Several years ago a device was placed upon the market which was said to do for fires what the incandescent mantle does for gas-lighting; but in this connection the use of the word 'mantle' was quite a misnomer, for the device was nothing but a system of tiny clay tubes whose function it was to convey air to the heart of a coke-stove, and thus by facilitating ventilation produce a bright and glowing fire. According to *La Nature*, a genuine mantle for heating apparatus has been produced by a French inventor, and is said to give very satisfactory results. The mantle is composed of various earths, of which cerium is believed to be the principal. The mantle is heated by a gas-burner exactly as in the case of that for incandescent gas-lighting; but instead of a brilliant light it gives merely a dull-red glow, while it radiates an intense heat which is said to be nearly twice as much for a given consumption of gas as that yielded by the most efficient of the present devices. As a complete stove may consist of any number of burners and mantles, each with an independent tap, so that it can be lighted or extinguished separately, it follows that any required amount of heat may be obtained within the limits of the apparatus without impairing its efficiency by burning at an uneconomical rate.

THE TELHARMONIUM.

From America come very glowing descriptions of a new musical instrument of peculiar construction and quite novel effects. According to the *Outlook* of New York, it has a keyboard and stops like an organ, mechanism like a big electric lighting and power plant, while its visible portion consists of a horn like that of a huge phonograph. In the conflicting verbosity of untechnical description, dyed deep with such admiration as a child gives to a steam organ at a country fair, it is impossible to arrive at an understanding of the invention. It would appear, however, that each musical note is produced by the magnetic action of an intermittent electric current upon a metallic disc or diaphragm. As is well known, the *pitch* of a note depends upon the number of vibrations per second, and its *quality* upon the number and distribution of the harmonics or overtones which are produced by shorter vibrations grafted upon those which constitute the funda-

mental note. Thus a violin-string beating the air so many times a second produces sound-waves of a certain length, which we describe as a note of a given pitch. But the string, besides vibrating as a whole, divides itself up into segments which all throb on their own account, and, casting as it were ripples upon the waves, give to the resultant sound that quality or timbre which can only be described as that of a violin. Other instruments distribute the harmonics differently, and so each has its own peculiar quality. In the telharmonium the qualifying ripples are ingeniously added to the waves of the fundamental note by a separate contrivance of such a nature that their number and arrangement can be varied at the will of the player. Thus it is said that a skilful performer can imitate the quality of any musical instrument, and wonderful orchestral effects are obtainable at his command. The compound electrical impulses may be conveyed by wires to any distance—whence, presumably, the name, telharmonium—and made to operate any number of sound-horns in different places.

COAL IMPROVED BY SEA-WATER.

It has often been asserted that coal intended for the production of steam is greatly improved in calorific value by being submerged for some time in sea-water. With a view to testing the truth of this idea, an experiment was started two years ago at Portsmouth Dockyard. Six large square crates filled with steam-coal were sunk in one of the basins of the docks, and at the same time a similar quantity of the same coal was set aside for comparison. The experiment has now been concluded by burning samples of both coals in the presence of experts, who noted the heat-values yielded. The result demonstrates the complete truth of the assertion that the value of the coal is enhanced by soaking; but it is doubtful whether the gain is sufficient to compensate for the extra labour involved in sinking and subsequently raising the coal, and for the time and space necessary for drying the coal afterwards, before it can be stored in the ships' bunkers.

ELECTRICITY IN THE HOME.

The many and various uses to which electricity is being put in American homes are surveyed in a recent issue of the *Scientific American*. The servant question is a keener problem in the United States than it is even in Britain, and the new handmaiden electricity is more in evidence. But even there the labour-saving devices are mostly in use in the various hotels, from which, one may suppose, they will gradually be transplanted in slightly modified forms into the private houses. In one of the hotels a complete electrical cooking-plant is installed in the centre of one of the restaurants, which it keeps supplied with well-cooked viands without any of the usual accompaniments of smoke, heat, and smell. Here is one hint for the kitchen-dining-room of the future. But to take the things in a more appropriate order, we find that there is an efficient potato-paring machine, which, under the influence of a small electric motor, delivers potatoes cleanly pared and ready for cooking except that the eyes must be cut out by hand; while another little motor is engaged in chopping cabbages. Over the cooking apparatus already mentioned is an electrically driven suction-fan, which draws off all the odours created by the stewing foods. After dinner the plates and dishes are washed by an electric machine, which drives three changes of heated water all over their surfaces and afterwards dries them by a fan apparatus. The knives are cleaned by passing them between rapidly revolving buff-wheels, and the steel blades may be ground sharp at the same time if desired. To obviate the storing and hauling of ice, a small electric refrigerating plant is a perfectly practicable apparatus. In the smoke-room above is an electric cigar-lighter, while in my lady's room may be found electrically heated curling-irons and an ingenious hair-drying machine, which blows a continuous blast of hot dry air through my lady's tresses so as to dry the most luxuriant hair in a few minutes.

THE HEART OF RAMESES II.

Attention has been drawn to the identification of the heart of Rameses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks, after preservation for more than three thousand years in soda and resinoid antiseptics. The council of the National Museum of the Louvre had the four vases in blue enamel which contain the viscera and heart of Rameses II. examined. They bear large medallions representing the names and attributes of the king. M. Lortet and Professors Hugounenq Renaut and Rigau made a careful physiological examination. Three of the vases contained bandages of linen tightly compacted and hardened by the carbonate of soda and aromatic resinous substances of reddish colour which had been employed as antiseptics, and had probably contained the stomach, intestines, and liver of the great king. These viscera, however, were only found to be represented by a quantity of granular matter mixed with a large proportion of powdered carbonate of soda, and so could not be identified. The fourth vase, which was fitted with a lid or cover adorned with the head of a jackal, proved to contain the heart. This organ was found transformed into a kind of oval plate eight centimètres long and four centimètres wide. The substance of the heart was horn-like, and a saw had to be used in obtaining sections of it for examination, and finally a razor so as to reduce these sections to the attenuation necessary for microscopic examination. Under the microscope these sections gave unmistakable evidence of the muscular fibres peculiar to the heart, especially characterised by being arranged in bundles of such fibres crossing each other. Since this special muscular arrangement is not found in any other part of the body except the tongue, and as the mummy of Rameses II. which is preserved at Cairo contains the tongue

intact, the experts have no doubt whatever that the vase actually contained the heart of Rameses II., flattened and transformed into a horn-like substance by its long sojourn in the soda preservative. King Rameses II. died one thousand two hundred and fifty-eight years before the Christian era.

RELICS OF ROMAN BRITAIN.

The series of Rhind Lectures delivered in Edinburgh by Dr F. Haverfield on 'Roman Britain' has been of great interest and importance; and it is to be hoped these lectures may soon be published, as they gather in convenient form the best available information upon the subject. Dr Haverfield uttered a plea for the universities doing something in the way of furnishing students to be trained in practical archæology where excavations were in progress, and in giving the necessary funds for carrying them through. It had been left to a few societies and museums to keep alive the scientific and continuous study of the subject. Archæology with some had become a mere form of picnicking. In Scotland he thought they should go and dig up other stations, such as Comrie, Abernethy, Inveresk, and Cramond. Meanwhile the excavations of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland at Newstead, Melrose, have resulted lately in some important finds of ancient armour and all the usual characteristic relics of Roman occupation. In the barrack-quarters have been found the foundations of one hundred and thirty-two stone huts. The articles found, mostly in the rubbish-pits, include a bronze vessel with handle decorated with the head of a bacchanal; coins of Mark Antony and Marcus Aurelius; an urn-shaped bowl of Castor-ware (made at Castor, Peterborough), decorated with a frieze of animals; an iron hammer; a human skull cleft by the blow of a weapon; two chariot-wheels; an iron sword with blade two feet in length; a battered helmet with the owner's name (Lucani) scratched upon it; two chisels; a pick with one end broadened out like a spade; a quern from Andernach; an iron sickle-shaped knife; an iron helmet with visor in the form of a human face; nine pieces of thin bronze for soldier's breast-plate, with small nuts to be fastened to cloth and leather; four pieces for shoulders and arms; and a helmet of brass decorated with embossed figures. The constant appearance of building-stones in the fields at Newstead had no doubt led to the assumption that some ecclesiastical building had stood here. Old writers called it Redabbey Stead; research has proved it a Roman fort. The three Eildons, under the shadow of which Newstead lies, may have been the Trimontium of the Romans.

A CANADIAN ON BRITISH FRUIT-GROWING.

Mr W. T. Macoun, of the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, gives in the last *Report of the Fruit-Growers' Association* his impressions of fruit-growing in Britain. British methods are characterised as slow but thorough. He noticed much improvement in Ireland, which may yet be a formidable competitor of the Canadian apple-grower. In Armagh he found that young orchards are being set out in sections of ten, fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five acres. The practice is to grow apples on a dwarf stock, by which means an earlier crop is secured. The method adopted is to plant the trees very closely together, with small fruits between. The strawberries are grown under the hill-system, which permits of abundance of light and sunshine, and the price was from twopence to sixpence per box. There is the great advantage of cheap labour. At the Girls' Horticultural School in Swanley, Kent, there were sixty-four students, who were being thoroughly grounded in all branches of horticulture. They take positions as assistants in gardens, greenhouses, and nurseries. He saw a young lady directing the operations of two men in the Botanical Gardens in Dublin. The finest experimental farm Mr Macoun had seen was that of the Duke of Bedford, and he did not know any station in America that compared with it for thoroughness of methods and range of experiments.

THE SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD.

There is one of Nature's spiritual ditties which has not yet been set to music: the 'Call of the Open Road.'
—R. L. Stevenson.

Eerily the winds are calling, sweeping inward from the bay,
Where the long white line of breakers meets the sky-line far away;
And the great, gaunt, ghostly headlands rise so naked, bare, and brown,
With the mighty sweep of moorland and the splendid reach of down;

Golden gorse and purple heather, shining stretch of yellow sand;
Call of petrel far to seaward, cry of bittern from the land;
Wilderness of thorn and thistle, wind-swept dune and stunted tree;
Flash of white wing, cry of sea-fowl, breath of blossom, hum of bee.

These and thousand thousand voices call me forth, and I must rise,
Wander out upon the moorlands underneath God's naked skies;
So I lay aside my burden, daily work and daily load,
And I hearken to the voices calling to the open road!

Tom Quad.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE LEARNING OF A LESSON.

By Arthur H. Henderson.

PART I.

'HOW am I to teach her to love me?' Over and over again the problem recurred insistent to the man's resolute questioning brain. It had ached at his heart for days. Never was the need for solution keener than that night off the Aland Islands of the Baltic, as he paced the heaving bridge of his yacht, which was threshing her way through the darkness and the rising gale. And this is the story of the lesson learned.

The reception at the British Ministry was thronged. All the great world of Stockholm mounted the wide stairways, overflowed the brilliant salons, and crowded the long corridors of the stately Embassy building. The scene was a blaze of colour, in which the gorgeous uniforms of the men were mingled with the radiant dresses of the ladies. A Swedish band was playing a softly swinging waltz, while the murmur of talk and laughter drifted ceaselessly from the slow-moving groups under the crystal lights amid the gilded mirrors. The chatter of the rapidly filling supper-room at last gave Major Asheton the welcome hint that he could slip away.

He was a tall, fair Englishman, in the sombre tunic of the Rifles of the British army, bronzed and keen-eyed, with that look of tolerant experience which the free seas and open skies alone produce. At the moment he was frankly bored. He did not know many of the gay people present, and he did not particularly want to be introduced to them. He felt that he had done his duty in attending, and now that this was accomplished, he was above all things anxious to escape undetained. In this, however, he failed.

Just as he had succeeded in threading his way doorwards with the quiet ease of a man familiar with such functions, a sudden greeting arrested him.

'Major Asheton!' said a voice with unfeigned surprise of tone, 'I did not imagine to find you in Stockholm. I am charmed!'

The Englishman scarcely displayed reciprocal delight. But the two men shook hands with scrupulous politeness and even some show of warmth.

'Rather a different scene this from our last meeting!' remarked the Major lightly. He felt that he must stop to say something, though the check was annoying.

The Russian bowed and smiled. 'And but for your gallantry on that occasion I should not now enjoy the pleasure of your Minister's hospitality here,' he observed with emphasis. 'Accept again the assurance that Baron Vordomsky can never forget the debt that he owes to his preserver.'

'Ah, yes. Don't mention it, I beg you.' The said preserver drawled a little, and seemed by no means impressed by the importance of the announcement of gratitude. He fidgeted with his eyeglass, and cast around for a commonplace for conversation. 'The music of the band would not be so bad,' he opined, to change the subject, 'if it were not for the noise it makes. You can hardly hear yourself speak, Baron—can you?'

The Russian agreed readily to this undeserved condemnation of the painstaking musicians. The two acquaintances formed a curious contrast typical of their respective nationalities. Baron Vordomsky was a stout, thick-set man, closely buttoned up in a tight uniform, with a row of decorations adorning his broad chest. Both moustache and beard were heavy and carefully trimmed. The eyes above them were very still eyes, such as could be very hard and unsympathetic when the mask fell, as it often did, across those handsome features. That contempt for other less important people which is bred by centuries of authority over helpless moujiks stamps its never-absent expression in the faces of the Russian ruling class. Instinctive antagonism divided the

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two men in that brilliantly lighted salon. The mutual knowledge that neither of them quite understood the other did not lessen this consciousness of constraint.

Yet Asheton had saved Vordomsky's life only a few months before that chance meeting in the Stockholm Embassy. To both men the encounter brought swift remembrance of the past. The stream of smiling faces, the flashing of feminine jewels, the warm scent of hothouse flowers, faded. Instead, to both, there came the vision of a far-away, sullen river, which swept sluggishly around the sand-dunes in a desolate, war-torn land.

Under a hurricane storm of Japanese shells the Russian engineers were striving with desperate haste to construct a pontoon bridge. The air was rent with the whip and patter of the bullets; the water of the river was torn by the crash of scourging shrapnel. Amid the tornado of fire the soldiers laboured with a furious gallantry, while the covering batteries struggled in vain to beat back the onset of their exultant enemy. The fate of a division of the army of His Imperial Majesty the Czar hung on the efforts of the bridge-builders to complete their task in time. Splinters were flying from the pontoon planks; men were collapsing from the rocking timbers into the seething torrent; jagged slits were being rent in platforms and raft-lashings, only to be replaced with dogged perseverance by other workers and other work.

Imperturbable to the shrieking death around him, a grim chief-officer directed and controlled. Just as the bridge neared completion a great projectile thundered overhead. It burst with a mighty roar, and flung its iron missiles thudding viciously into wet wood and eager, straining human bodies. The smother of spurting water and pinging bullets appalled. The pontoon swayed sicklily.

Shot through the shoulder and stunned by the concussion, the Russian officer was hurled from the lurching framework into the whirl of water, and carried away in its eddying tide. He was borne helplessly past a sand-heap where one of the foreign attachés was crouching for shelter from the storm of fire. With prompt pluck the Englishman plunged to the rescue.

And it was the memory of that wild morning on the banks of the Manchurian river which made the Baron Vordomsky repeat, 'I am under a great obligation to you, Major, which I trust one day to repay.'

Yet, from some indefinable cause, each man distrusted the other with a completeness which he would have found it hard to explain.

'How is the beautiful Miss Nita?' asked Baron Vordomsky suddenly.

John Asheton's blue eyes flashed into quick alertness. 'Quite well, I believe,' he answered briefly.

'You are not engaged to be married to her yet?'

'No.'

The Russian waved an apologetic hand.

'I understood you were infatuated,' he explained confidentially.

'But what will you understand to-morrow?' queried the Englishman coolly. His little smile was not cordial.

'That I must beg of you a thousand pardons for my mistake,' laughed Vordomsky, with a deprecating shrug. 'I too shared that infatuation once in Boston. But you would do well to avoid her, my friend,' he said more gravely.

'Why?'

The monosyllable was curtness itself. The speaker was examining with deceptive indifference the extreme tip of his plumed busby. The Russian turned aside to bow in low respect to a passing ambassadress. The waltz music stopped.

'The pretty Nita attempts to be a politician.' Vordomsky reverted to the matter in hand with airy assurance. 'In America, where she was educated, and where we met her—you and I—this is permitted. They are curiously tolerant of their women, those Americans. But with us it is different. She was born in Finland; her father was a subject of my Master the Czar. Did you know this?'

Asheton blinked impassively.

'Amuse yourself with her if you will. Marry her if you are very unwise. But keep her away from Russian territory. In all camaraderie I say it. Will you remember?'

For a moment the Major met the full, still eyes searching his so significantly.

'I shall remember,' he said, unmoved. 'And you, my dear Baron?'

'I return to my post to-morrow across the sea there.' He nodded in the direction of the distant Baltic. I have the honour now to rule a district in Finland. Visit me there some day; I shall be much gratified. But—do not bring Miss Nita with you. Now, my salutations and adieus.'

John Asheton swung out into the open street with some relief, muttering unsparing denunciations on foreign diplomatists and their ways. The keen air of the autumn evening was sweeping from Lake Malären over the white granite bridges and down the emptying streets. There was a touch of the oncoming of the hard Northern winter in the air. He glanced at his watch. Then he quickened his steps as if to try to shake off the disagreeable impression left by Vordomsky's words and manner. If the former were full of warning, the latter was equally of menace. What did he, Asheton, care about Finnish politics? Nothing. But Nita—that might prove another matter!

Across the broad, silent quays glimmered the lights of vessels at anchor. Among them was Asheton's yacht. It was time the *Petrel* was sent home, he reflected, before the grip of the frost descended on the Baltic. His friends sometimes

told him chaffingly that he ought to have been a sailor, not a soldier. He was never happier than when on the sea.

The café at the end of the Moningatan was closing as the Major turned sharply at right angles into the little narrow side-street beside the Holmenkyrka. His spurred heels rang under the quaint gabled roofs. At the end of a devious old alley is an equally old-fashioned square. The houses are all alike and very silent. He skirted the quadrangle swiftly and knocked at the corner building beyond.

He had stopped with such abruptness that a man who was following him stealthily had no time even to shrink back into the shadow, but was forced to walk on with unconcealment. Asheton stared at him as he passed, and the man muffled his cloak about his chin. The stranger displayed none of that curiosity at the sight of the foreign uniform which might have been expected from an ordinary citizen. Sombre suspicion seized the Englishman, who had all the ready observance of trifles which marks the soldier. That face was becoming familiar to him; he had encountered it in the street unexpectedly more than once in Stockholm of late.

Next moment he forgot everything save that a girl was welcoming him with a bright smile, and was saying in a musical voice, 'So you really have arrived after all.'

'Rather!'

He divested himself of his coat and sword, and followed her indoors. He explained at length that he had been detained. He liked explaining things to Nita Lornsen, because he happened to be in love with her, and this is the manner of men in love.

The room was small and scrupulously neat. The heavy oak panelling was darkened by time, and the shaded lamp threw deep shadows over the fading furniture and dim engravings on the walls. An old-world glamour of bygone years pervaded the whole interior.

The fire was burning low, and as they drew their chairs before it the darkness seemed to close behind them, while only its ruddy gleam lit on their faces. The girl's was a very sweet one. It could never be anything but gentle and womanly, though the strong lines round the small curved lips betokened a capacity for undaunted dealing with the serious matters in life did the need arise. Her plain gray dress, with the white fur collar and cuffs at her delicate throat and wrists, fitted the slender figure with dainty exactitude and emphasised the beauty of the girlish form it clothed.

'You are more bewitching than ever to-night,' he said impulsively.

She laughed with frank amusement.

'To how many great ladies have you just paid that compliment?'

'To none,' he answered earnestly; and the girl did not controvert the assertion.

'This is very dreadful,' she remarked. 'I suppose I ought to be embarrassed, only—I'm not. Though in another ten minutes I should have locked up and gone to bed.'

'Would you really?'

'No,' she answered, with candid soberness. 'I wanted to see you again to say good-bye.'

'Nita!' he protested.

'I have got the passport business arranged at last; it will take me to Helsingfors. I sail early in the morning.'

'And then?'

'Then I am to be smuggled through somehow to my brother—the brother I scarcely know.'

There was a short silence. Then Asheton spoke again in a carefully guarded voice.

'Will you not tell me now what makes it necessary for you to go?'

'Perhaps I will directly. Though, why should I?'

There was no coquetry in the words with this maiden. Instead, there was something almost defiant in her tone.

'Because I want you to marry me,' said John Asheton simply. 'I have told you so before.'

The girl stirred restlessly. She moved her eyes to watch the dancing firelight, which glinted on the gold of her hair.

'Why shouldn't I hope to win you?' he questioned steadily. 'Is it so impossible to make you care for me? Is it that I am so old and uninteresting, or is there—another man?'

'There is no one else whom I like—as I like you,' said Nita Lornsen with quiet truthfulness. 'It is only that—somehow'——

'You do not love me.' He finished the halting little sentence with wistful appeal.

'No.' She shook her head slowly. 'Not in the way which I ought to do if ever I became your wife.'

She paused a moment. Then her soft voice added with gentle conviction, 'Not in the way which I think it is in me to love.'

'Dear,' he said—and he bent forward to take her strong little hand and twine her fingers into his—'men and women's feelings do not stand still. As they see more and more of each other in the manner in which we have done, they either come to love each other nearer or to—hate. Which is it with you?'

He watched her intently with that unmistakable look which women who are loved alone have seen. Her breathing quickened nervously.

'I cannot make myself love you or—any one. It will come or not just as it is ordained for us both. Till then'——

'I will go on waiting,' Asheton avowed bravely, with that rare patience which is bred of skilful tenacity of purpose. 'You are the only woman I have ever cared for, or ever shall. Some day I may teach you to love me; some day I may be able to prove this if any need ever comes into your life for me, as I have need of you. Then you, too, might respond. Meanwhile, we are friends, you

and I. This is better than wandering alone, Nita. Don't you agree?'

She smiled at him in fearless, swift acquiescence. He bent and kissed the fingers that he held. At heart the girl was aware of a sudden warmth of pride in him and in his resolution which nothing even she would say could cause to swerve.

'If ever I can serve you, will you let me try?' he queried matter-of-factly.

For a minute she sat so motionless that he wondered if she had heeded at all. Then she answered, with a strange little ring in her clear voice, 'Do you mean that?'

'Of course.'

'It might be sooner than you think.'

'The sooner the better,' laughed Asheton gaily. 'Shall I take you across to Finland in the yacht?'

'Oh, no!' Then she asked abruptly, 'Are you going to send her back to England yet?'

'Not if you want to use her,' said the *Petrel's* owner promptly.

The girl hesitated. Then she lifted her long, fair lashes and glanced at him doubtfully. The perplexity in her eyes died away as she met his self-reliant gaze. For when a man loves a woman she can, if she will, read him very straightly, and decide where to put her trust.

'I don't believe you know in the least who I am,' began Nita Lornsen in a tentative change of mood.

'I know you well enough to marry you,' interrupted her hearer with an alacrity which was, however, ignored.

'You met me first in Boston, and you—you liked me very much, or said that you did,' she continued, demure for a moment, and then sobering into earnestness again. 'I was living with people who were very kind to me; but they were not my people. I have only one real relation, a brother, who is much older than I. Our father was a noble in Finland; our mother was an American lady. My brother, whom I can only just remember as a child does, was a brilliant scholar, and obtained a professorship at the University of Helsingfors. My father was exiled from his native country for political reasons, and when he died, three years ago, he made me solemnly promise that if ever Osmo needed me I would go to him. Now that time has come.

'My brother has been driven from his Chair at the university under the letter of one of those cruel ukases which are depriving Finland of all its former freedom. Oh'—and the girl's bosom heaved in stormy indignation—'you English have no idea of the oppression of the Government there, and the tyranny of our rulers! Osmo had angered the authorities by the courage of his advocacy of our ancient liberties guaranteed to us again and again in constitutions which are being violated of set purpose. He has been forced to hide to save himself from arrest and from some horrible imprisonment in a fortress, or even deportation to Siberia. This fate is befalling the wisest and the best of the Finlanders every day. There is no trial, no pretence of justice often; all is done secretly in the name of the Czar. And now my brother is very, very ill.'

As Asheton watched the pure oval face of the speaker, with the angry colour flaming into the white cheeks at the recital of the wrong, he was thinking how commonplace all other women were as compared with her. He pulled at his short moustache savagely. It might almost be worth while being a persecuted professor to earn such sympathy, he cogitated with grimness.

'My last news of Osmo was very serious,' the girl resumed. 'Another of these bitter Arctic winters in the dreadful little village on the coast where he is concealed will probably kill him altogether. I am going to nurse him, and to see if I cannot arrange his escape; but this will be terribly difficult, even if he is sufficiently strong for the attempt. Now you have put an idea in my head'—— She stopped in sharp constraint.

'Go on.'

'I—I don't know how to say it. I am afraid.'

'Of what?' he pleaded, expectant.

'Of what you will think of me,' she answered openly, 'for daring to suggest so—mad a thing.' And again she wavered in indecision.

'If you tantalise me much longer I shall swear,' observed Major Asheton in parenthesis.

'Well, then,' she asked desperately, 'if I can make my brother consent to leave the country will you fetch us both away in your yacht?'

'Yes, most certainly.'

'You do not fear the consequences?'

'Of course not.'

'But do you understand?' cried the girl eagerly. 'There is no law on that coast except the will of the Russian. It will be just as dangerous for you as for any one else to assist in the flight of a political suspect who is wanted by the police. Are you willing to take the risk?'

She had sprung from her seat in her excitement, and now stood fronting him, her back to the fire, one tiny foot advanced, her large eyes dilated with challenge. He rose too. He put his arm through hers with tender insistence, and drew her closely to him. She was intensely conscious of the masterful thrill of the man who was offering her his whole impetuous service. Many women have had such offers; many women have rejected them. This girl accepted this man's with characteristic determination.

His clean, hard-cut face was very near to her soft one as he pressed her to his side. A stray lock of curly hair brushed his forehead and set his heart beating hungrily.

'What a forlorn big baby you are, sweetheart!' was all that Major Asheton said, with complete irrelevance.

The last doubt was struggling in her mind. Intuitively he read the trouble. Quiet men such as he are quickest to understand.

'And when we have succeeded, I shall not demand immediate marriage in grateful repayment. You can trust me as much as that,' said the Englishman, with the love-light in his eyes.

(To be continued.)

TIBBIE SHIELS AND THE VISITORS TO HER COTTAGE AT ST MARY'S LOCH.

By the Rev. J. SHARPE.

THERE are few places in our Scottish Borderland better known or more frequented than the unpretentious yet cosy inn which is situated among the hills at the head of Yarrow vale, on the narrow neck of land which separates St Mary's Loch from the Loch of the Lowes. It is known to the angler and the tourist as the cottage of Tibbie Shiels—that having been the maiden name of its landlady for upwards of fifty years—and it stands in the centre of historic and classic ground. Not far off is Henderland, famous in Border history as the stronghold of Piers Cockburn the freebooter, whose execution in 1529 forms the theme of that exquisite ballad, 'The Border Widow's Lament;' by the side of St Mary's Loch are the ruins of Dryhope Tower, the home of Mary Scott, traditionally known as the Flower of Yarrow, and the lonely burying-ground where stood in former days the ancient Kirk of the Forest or St Mary of the Lowes; and a little farther down the vale is Altrive Lake, the residence of James Hogg, who was known as the Ettrick Shepherd.

Tibbie Shiels, whose married name was Richardson, was a celebrity in her time, and many a story she had to tell, as she sat in later years by the ingleneuk in the kitchen-end of her cottage, of the literary men who sought and enjoyed the hospitality of her roof. Sir Walter Scott was one of them; James Hogg was another; Professor Wilson was a third; whilst among the lesser lights were Lord Cockburn, author of the *Life of Jeffrey* and *Memorials of his Time;* Thomas Aird, poet and journalist, the lifelong friend of Carlyle; Professor Aytoun, 'Christopher North's' son-in-law, also a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine;* Henry Scott Riddell, poet and preacher, whose last days were spent in the parish of Teviothead; and Thomas Tod Stoddart, an enthusiastic disciple of Izaak Walton, who has left us some excellent fishing-songs. Tibbie knew the Ettrick Shepherd long before she became acquainted with any of those who have been named. In her younger days she was a servant in the household of the Shepherd's mother, and in regard to Hogg, she was wont to say that 'he was a gey sensible man in some things, for a' the nonsense that he wrote.' Tibbie remembered well the occasion when Scott visited Ettrickhall, under the guidance of Willie Laidlaw, to make the acquaintance of the Shepherd, and the eagerness with which he listened to the talk of the Shepherd's mother in regard to old Border songs and ballads, of which she had a goodly store. As a neighbour, Tibbie watched by the sickbed of her friend; she was present in the room at Altrive Lake when the Shepherd breathed his last; and no one was more interested than she was in the proceedings of that day when his statue, overlooking her home, was inaugurated. Long ago, when Tibbie's name was known only to a few, Edward Irving, the celebrated preacher, then at the height of his fame, spent a night beneath her roof, and in the morning before he left, as Tibbie loved to tell her friends, he invoked the Divine blessing on the members of her household. Among others who visited St Mary's Cottage in the early days of Tibbie's reign were John Gibson Lockhart (the biographer and son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott), William Laidlaw (Scott's friend and amanuensis), Sir David Wilkie, Sir David Brewster, Dr Robert Chambers, and the Rev. Dr Thomas Chalmers. In after years, when the name of Tibbie Shiels had become more widely known, clergymen of all denominations received a kindly welcome to her home; and if they remained over night one or other was always asked to conduct the family worship, at which all the guests were expected to be present—a rule not always relished by those who had come simply for recreation.

The writer's first visit to St Mary's Cottage was upwards of thirty years ago. It was made on a lovely day in June, in the company of a friend. The previous night was spent at a farmhouse in the upper part of Ettrick vale, not far from the place where the Ettrick Shepherd was born. In the morning we set out to walk across the hills, taking the usual bridle-path which leads from the one valley to the other; and as we descended the hillside a little below Riskenhope, where Renwick the Covenanter preached one of his last sermons in 1688, we obtained our first glimpse of the Loch of the Lowes and the cottage of Tibbie Shiels. On informing Tibbie's son that we were a couple of students from St Andrews who had come to worship at St Mary's shrine, we were ushered into Tibbie's presence, who, after extending a kindly welcome to her home, inquired as to the health of the Principal of our College, whom she respected and honoured as much for his own sake as for his poetic love of her native hills and glens. John Campbell Shairp—for

it was he who was then the head of the United College of St Salvator and St Leonard—had, notwithstanding that he was a West Lothian man by birth, a dash of Border blood in his veins, his great-grandmother having been Anne Scott of Harden, a descendant of the Flower of Yarrow. Shairp was justly proud of his descent, and we are told that it was the dream of his youth to become a sheep-farmer in Selkirkshire. He was a frequent visitor to the cottage of Tibbie Shiels, and it was his boast in later years that he had wandered over almost every part of Yarrow and Ettrick vales, that he knew every stream and glen, and had sought out the sites of every one of their long-vanished peels. On Shairp's first visit to St Mary's Loch his wife was along with him. That was in the month of July 1856; and it was then, at the entrance to Tibbie's cottage, on his return from a ramble among the upper hills and the moss-hags where the Covenanters lay, that he met for the first time a spirit kindred to his own in the person of Professor Veitch. Shairp's second visit to St Mary's Cottage was in 1857, and on that occasion he was accompanied by his friends of Oxford days, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley (who became Dean of Westminster in 1863) and Godfrey Lushington (Permanent Under-Secretary in the Home Office from 1885 to 1895). A third visit was made by him in 1866, when he wrote after his signature in Tibbie's book: 'Weather stormy, with blinks of sunshine. Happy to find the hostess in better health. Long may she be spared to welcome us to her cottage!' Shairp's final visit to Yarrow vale, which he knew and loved so well, was in 1884, twelve months before his death, and with him were his wife and son and a daughter of his wife's brother, the late Bishop Douglas of Bombay. They spent the night under Tibbie's humble roof, and next morning they wandered down to visit the ruins of Dryhope Tower—where Harden wooed and won the Flower of Yarrow—on which Shairp could never look without something of a family feeling.

Through the kindness of Mr James Scott, the present landlord of St Mary's Cottage, we have been permitted to examine the visitors' books from 1848 down to the present time. It is not an easy task to wade through the heaps of names which are contained in these books; but our toil and patience were rewarded by finding, as we expected, the signatures of well-known poets and philosophers, of leading journalists and publishers, of senators in our College of Justice and professors in our universities. In the oldest book still existing, which covers a period of five years from 1848 to 1853, the second signature in the list is that of Arthur Gordon, uncle of the present Earl of Aberdeen, who was created Baron Stanmore in 1893, and who drove from Moffat House to Tibbie Shiels's with his cousins the Hope-Johnstones of Annandale on the 23rd of June 1848. His lordship, who is now the only survivor of the party, writes to say that he has a distinct remembrance of his visit. The next name of note which we meet with in the list is that of William Chambers, Lord Provost of the city of Edinburgh in 1865, to whom Scotland was indebted for the restoration of the Cathedral Church of St Giles, but better known perhaps to his countrymen as the founder, in conjunction with his brother, of the *Journal* which still bears the family name. The date of his visit is given as 5th July 1848, and along with him were Mrs Chambers and Robert Chambers, junior. Then follow the signatures of Robert Story, the able and popular minister of Roseneath, and the friend of Edward Irving and Macleod Campbell of Row; of Story's son Robert Herbert, who was appointed to the Principalship of Glasgow University in 1899, upon the death of Dr Caird; of the Right Hon. George Young, the well-known judge and senator in the College of Justice, who but recently retired from the Bench after a lengthened service of thirty years; of Captain Charles Hope, R.N., a son of Charles Hope, who was Lord President of the Court of Session from 1811 to 1841; and of Major-General Sir James Russell, cousin of Sir Walter Scott and proprietor of Ashiestiel, where Sir Walter, according to his own confession, spent the happiest days of his life.

In 1850 there appear the signatures of Dr Grant, Dr Guthrie, and Dr Andrew Thomson, well-known ministers in the city of Edinburgh; and these are followed by the name of Alexander Russel of the *Scotsman*, who came with rod and line to try his luck on St Mary's Loch and in the lower waters of the Meggat. Two years later, in the month of June 1852, Russel seems to have spent a week-end under Tibbie's humble roof. It would appear that on that occasion he enjoyed but indifferent sport, for after his signature in Tibbie's book, in the column set apart for angling and other remarks, he wrote: 'The less said the better.' Russel's name appears again in Tibbie's book on 1st August 1868, and following it are the names of the members of his family. For several years Russel rented the cottage of Thirladean, on the Philiphaugh estate, and afterwards the mansion-house of Ettrickbank, now the property of the laird of Sunderland Hall. Fishing was Russel's favourite pastime; it was his chief recreation; and we are told by one still alive who was in the habit of fishing along with him that he knew and had fished every pool from St Mary's Loch and Ettrickhead to the junction of the Ettrick and the Yarrow, a little above Selkirk Bridge.

Among the visitors to St Mary's Cottage during the years from 1866 to 1869 were Professors Veitch and Campbell Fraser; Dr John Cairns, of the United Presbyterian Church; Dr Bruce, of the Free Church College, Glasgow (then minister at Cardross); Robert Carruthers, of the *Inverness Courier;* Robert Wallace, who succeeded Alexander Russel in the editorship of the *Scotsman;* Andrew Lang, one of the best-known and most voluminous writers in our time; and Robert Louis Stevenson,

who was accompanied by his mother and a young English friend. Stevenson, who was then a young man studying for the Scottish Bar, seems to have spent a couple of nights under Tibbie's humble roof. The date of his visit is given as 20th September 1867. In later lists we find the names of the Dowager Lady Outram, Professor Flint of Edinburgh University, Professor Mitchell of St Andrews, Archdeacon Sinclair of St Paul's (London), Dr Matthews Duncan, John Skelton, Marcus Dods, Sir James Balfour Paul, Stevenson Macadam, and Sir John Murray of the *Challenger* Expedition, most of whom expressed themselves as delighted with everything—with the weather, with the scenery, and above all with Tibbie's scones. On the 2nd of September 1875—the year previous to his death—there appears the signature of Lord Amberley, eldest son of Earl Russell, a young man of good literary talent and of much political promise. Amberley was then staying at Yarrow Manse as the guest of Professor Campbell Fraser, and on the date mentioned he accompanied the Professor and the members of the Professor's family on a visit to Tibbie Shiels. That was not his first visit to the home of Tibbie Shiels. Some years previously he had visited St Mary's Cottage in the company of his wife, who was a daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley, but unfortunately the book in which their signatures were recorded has disappeared.

Professor Blackie's is another name that appears often in Tibbie's books. The Professor was so fond of St Mary's Loch and the hills and glens around that for several years, during a month or two in summer, he rented a farmhouse in the district. Jamie Tait, long a familiar figure in the upper part of Yarrow vale, was in the habit of describing the Professor as 'a man who knew a thing or two, notwithstanding his peculiarities.' Jamie's mother, who was a nonagenarian at the time of her death in 1882, was an early acquaintance of Tibbie Shiels's. The intimacy began in 1824, and continued without break or interruption till the time of Tibbie's death. Blackie's last visit to St Mary's Cottage was in 1889. At that time he was staying at the farmhouse of Kirkstead. That same summer a party of four were encamped for a fortnight on the Bowerhope side of St Mary's Loch, and they expressed themselves as delighted with the homeliness and geniality of the Professor, who sometimes rowed across the loch in order to have a chat with them. One afternoon, when Blackie arrived at the camp, he was in a playful mood, and full of the story of Sandy Cunningham, a former tenant of Bowerhope farm, who, after walking across the hills from Ettrick Church, where the minister had been descanting upon the glories of a better world, quietly remarked to a friend as he came in sight of his home by the margin of the lake: 'Ministers may talk o' the New Jerusalem as they like. Commend me to Boorhope. I cud tak' a tack o't to a' eternity.'

But there was one family in particular who were greatly attached to Tibbie Shiels. That was the Napier family, who had built for her the little cottage at the head of 'lone St Mary's silent lake,' and in whose employment her husband was up to the time of his death. Often during the summer months, when staying at Thirlestane, did the Napiers pay a visit to the home of Tibbie Shiels, and on these occasions they were accompanied by one or other of their friends, such as the Hopes of Hopetoun House, the Dalrymple Hays from Glenluce, and Mr and Mrs Egerton Hubbard, who became Lord and Lady Addington in 1887. Tibbie enjoyed the friendship of the Napier family throughout the whole of her life, and numerous were the friendly letters, as well as tokens of remembrance and regard, which she received from them when they were far away. They even sometimes spoke of Tibbie as one of themselves, for on their estate she was born, and on their estate she lived to the day of her death.

In the month of July 1878 Tibbie Shiels passed away, at the advanced age of ninety-five. Her funeral was attended by rich and poor, by the farmers and the shepherds for many miles around, a worthy tribute to the memory of a saintly and kind-hearted woman. In Ettrick Churchyard she was buried beside the dust of her kindred, not far from the spot where she first saw the light, near to the grave of the shepherd-bard who was her life-long friend, and near also to the grave of him whose memory she revered, the author of *The Fourfold State*. On the Sunday following Tibbie's death, the funeral service was conducted on the bleak and bare hillside overlooking St Mary's Loch by the minister of Yarrow parish, whose friend she had been for upwards of sixty years, and in his sermon Dr Russell, who published *Reminiscences of Yarrow*, spoke of her as a woman who had ruled her household well, as a devoted Christian, as a staunch Presbyterian, who would not permit on the part of those within her gates any infringement of the sacredness of the Sabbath. Tibbie's place in the little inn is now occupied by another; but her name is not forgotten, as the hostelry among the hills is still known as the Cottage of Tibbie Shiels.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

By George Frederick Turner.

CHAPTER XIII.

MOODILY I walked on up the hill in the track of the royal sleigh. I was annoyed, partly by the turn events had taken, and partly because I could hardly, in view of the Queen's presence at the Mariencastel, carry out my intention of calling there. And yet I was unwilling to be disappointed of my bob-sleighing, unwilling to miss an opportunity of developing my relations with the Princess, and exceedingly unwilling to fail in an appointment I had made. Fortune, however, delivered me out of my dilemma. Just as I halted before the castle gates, within which the royal sleigh was now waiting, the sound of voices and laughter met my ears. Looking round, I saw issuing from a side-door the Princess Mathilde, Max, and a small boy of about eight or nine years of age attired in a miniature replica of the ordinary tobogganer's costume. The Princess hailed me with unaffected enthusiasm.

'Hurrah! you *have* come,' she cried. 'Come and help us get the "bob" out.'

Max took a cigarette out of his mouth in order to yawn more freely, and favoured me with a nod and a drawled 'Good-afternoon.'

'Oh, this is Stephan,' went on the Princess.—'Stephan, shake hands with Mr Saunders.'

The little Prince offered me his hand with a bright smile. He was a handsome, aristocratic-looking little fellow, very natty in his woollen jersey and white leggings, and evidently as happy at the prospect of bob-sleighing as a healthy-minded boy of his years should have been.

Our united efforts were employed in lugging the bob-sleigh from its shed and bringing it on to the Riefinsdorf road.

The Princess settled herself in front, placing her feet firmly against the iron crossbar and grasping in her hands the ends of the steering-gear. Behind her sat Stephan, and behind him myself. At the end was Max, with the strong iron levers which worked the brake ready to either hand.

They have a regular bob-sleigh track now at Weissheim, but in those days we 'bobbed' down the ordinary road, a nuisance to horse-sleighs and a danger to pedestrians. Nevertheless, it was an extremely enjoyable experience. At first the 'bob' hardly moved over the hard, rutty snow, and we had to work our bodies backwards and forwards in unison like rowers in a boat to jerk our heavy craft onward down the slight incline. Then, little by little, the pace began to increase, and we travelled smoothly and fairly rapidly down the long, gradual hill. There was no question of 'braking' yet; but our speed increased steadily if slowly, and as the air beat against our faces and the white road slid away from beneath us, little Stephan gave vent to cries of satisfaction and delight.

'Isn't it lovely?' cried the Princess.

'We have nothing like it in London,' I replied, thinking of City Atlases and the Twopenny Tube.

'Lean to the right,' cried out Max suddenly, and at the command we swung our bodies as far over as we dared, and stretched out our right arms to their full extent. The result was that we got round a sharp bend of the road without the necessity of braking, and the speed we had developed was unchecked. We were progressing now at a considerable pace, and the farther we went the swifter grew our course. The fascination of speed is one that appeals, passively or actively, to almost every one, and that swift rush through perfect air is a thing I shall not hastily forget. There was incident, too, as well as the matchless spectacle of snowy pines and gleaming declivities. Every turn of the road was an occasion for leaning over to one side, with the possibility of a rough upset if the brakesman's judgment failed him or the hand of the steerer temporarily lost its cunning. But Max was a clever, if apparently reckless, brakesman; and though once or twice in rounding corners we went perilously near the edge of the roadway, he always saved us from disaster by judiciously checking our speed for a moment, and then letting us rip along again down the straight with a velocity that fairly took my breath away. Just as we were passing the Brun-varad we sighted a horse-sleigh heavily laden with sacks of corn toiling up the road in the opposite direction to ourselves.

'*Achtung!*' cried the Princess shrilly, as we flew along towards the slow, labouring conveyance; but the sleepy driver paid no attention to the cry.

'*Achtung!*' came little Stephan's high treble and Max's angry bass simultaneously, and the man pulled hurriedly at his horse's head.

'Brake, Max!' cried the Princess, and I felt the tail end of the bob raised up as the strong iron teeth were driven suddenly and fiercely into the firm snow. Our pace was checked considerably, but we were still travelling at an alarmingly high speed. My heart was in my mouth, for the sleigh had not had time to pull properly out of our way, and it seemed to me that we must either go into the horse on one side or charge the snow-bank which masked the precipice on the other. What would be our fate in the latter event I had happily no time to think. As a matter of fact, a bob-sleigh is a narrow craft, and we had a gap of a few feet between the equine Scylla and the niveous Charybdis, and through this the Princess steered us with the nerve of a veteran and the heart of a Valkyria.

'Brake off!' shouted the dauntless Mathilde.

'Well steered!' I breathed, peering ahead for fresh obstacles to our lightning descent.

As we neared the town of Weissheim the road broadened and the descent became perceptibly gentler. Slower and slower grew our course, till finally, as we came to a tall red post bearing the laconic inscription, '*Schritt—Busse, 2 Kronen,*' Max put on the brake and brought our trusty craft to a standstill.

'We mustn't "bob" through the town,' explained the Princess as we regained our feet and proceeded to tow the weighty sleigh through the almost level main street of the town.

'Under a penalty of two *Krone,*' I supplemented.

'Two *Krone* be hanged!' said Max. 'We don't want to offend the *Bürgerschaft.* That's the worst of these infernal politics.'

'And you like "bobbing," Stephan?' I asked.

'It's lovely,' he replied. 'I like passing the sleighs—don't you?'

'Immensely,' I replied. 'Like you, I have nerves of iron.'

After we had passed through the town and had got as far as the Pariserhof, we settled ourselves on the 'bob' again, and commenced the second half of our downward journey. The way was steeper now than it had been before, the corners sharper, and the precipices more alarmingly abrupt. Nevertheless, Max and his sister performed their respective duties with coolness and precision, and we glided swiftly but safely past Riefinsdorf and along the Heldersburg road till we came to the spot where I had met the Princess on the previous afternoon. Here the declivity ended and a slight ascent commenced; so, disembarking once more, we pulled the bob-sleigh to the edge of the road and surveyed the scene.

'That straight bit just after Riefinsdorf was good, wasn't it?' said the Princess, wiping her streaming eyes.

'It enables me to comprehend the expression I saw on a man's face to-day when he spoke of tobogganing,' I replied. 'He seemed intoxicated with a debauch of speed.'

'You should go down the Kastel run,' put in Max, 'if you want speed. You go twice as fast as bob-sleighing. Eighty miles an hour with your nose within twelve inches of the ice is a tolerably exciting sensation for the uninitiated.'

'*Festina lente,*' I said, 'which, being interpreted, means, don't try the Kastel run till you've practised on the Thal or the children's run.'

'Miss Anchester told me you proposed going down the Kastel run straight away,' said the Princess.

'Miss Anchester,' I retorted, 'has no right to repeat the foolish statements of a presumptuous novice.'

At this moment a sleigh appeared on the scene, travelling in the direction of Riefinsdorf and Weissheim.

Max stopped it and bargained with the driver to take our bob-sleigh in tow as far as the Mariencastel. A satisfactory arrangement having been come to, we tied the 'bob' to the tail of the sleigh, and, seating ourselves thereon, enjoyed the calm delights of a secure and unexcitingly placid ride. As we passed the Brun-varad on our upward journey the sound of firing met our ears. I should have paid the matter no consideration whatever but for the look of anxious inquiry which the Princess darted towards her brother.

'It's only the soldiers firing at the ice-target on the Nonnensee,' replied Max in answer to her look; and the elaborate yawn which followed his remarks would have convinced me that his prosaic explanation was the true one had not something occurred to re-arouse my latent apprehension. There was a sleigh drawn up by the roadside, and as we passed it the emblazoned panels of the door attracted my attention. Looking up, I saw that it was the identical vehicle in which I had journeyed towards the Mariencastel that afternoon, and, what was more, that the Queen herself was in it, standing up and gazing steadfastly in the direction from which the sound of firing proceeded. Her face was pale, her expression one of tense anxiety, and as a spluttering series of shots rang out in quick succession her lips moved with the involuntary utterance of extreme agitation. I looked at the red-bearded coachman. To my surprise, he seemed as agitated as the Queen herself. His body was twisted on the box, his dark eyes seemed starting from his head, while his right hand clutched the brake-lever as if in an agony of apprehension. The whole thing was absolutely incomprehensible to me.

'What is it?' I demanded.

'They are shooting at the ice-target on the Nonnensee,' drawled Max, and yawned again.

The Princess Mathilde shivered. Whatever it was, I was powerless to interfere, and I could only trust and pray that either Max's explanation was true, or that, if violence had been attempted against any innocent person, it had failed of its object.

Slowly we toiled up to the gates of the Mariencastel, and then, casting loose from the friendly sleigh, we essayed a second run in the direction of Riefinsdorf. This time I felt neither pleasure in speed nor apprehension for possible disaster. My thoughts were busy in another channel. The sound of firing had ceased now, the royal sleigh had passed on its way back to the Brun-varad, but the vision of the Queen's agitated form, the remembrance of the coachman's writhing apprehension, haunted my brain with a chilling, disquieting insistence.

That some player in the restless drama of Grimland politics had been the mark of those vicious rifle-shots I felt convinced. Humble or exalted, a friend to King Karl or a foe, I had no means of knowing. Had he escaped, I wondered, or was some poor fellow's life-blood staining the virgin snow, some wound mortifying in that terribly

frosty air? A sharp curve of the road brought the whole range of the Klauigberg before us, a dazzling trinity of mighty summits piercing the violet sky. What a pity it was, I reflected, that such a beautiful country should be spoiled by the reckless machinations of insignificant men! If the snow-clad peaks that faced us had any lesson for mankind, it was assuredly peace and stability they preached. I could understand the men of the desert being fierce, the northern seafarers cruel, the dwellers about the Mediterranean sensuous and slothful; but here, if nature can at all affect the minds of men, the people should have been calmly virile, steadfastly loyal, stainless of crime as the unblemished snows of their towering hillsides, pure in their affections as the clear, sweet colours of their chastely glowing sunsets. I thought of South Kensington, with its red-brick terraces, its stucco crescents, its formal abhorrence of nature and natural objects, and I reflected that there was greater virtue and more effective energy behind those pseudo-classical porches, within those imitation walnut doors, than in the whole range of this unmarred country-side. It was not till we came to the straight bit just beyond Riefinsdorf that I regained a normally cheerful outlook, the extra bit of speed driving the moody thoughts out of my head and forcing me to realise that there are worse things in the world than tearing down a snow-slope at forty miles an hour with a young and beautiful Princess steering you to a safe termination. As we came to a stop the Princess looked round at me and laughed.

'You look very red in the face,' she said.

'We all wear a good colour,' I replied—which, with the exception of Max, was true enough.

'I did not say you were a good colour,' she retorted. 'I said you were very red. I don't admire red men.'

'I should be glad to know your idea of manly beauty,' I said. 'Is it something white, with spots on it?'

'Don't be horrid!' she said, as we turned our steps again towards Riefinsdorf, where we counted on getting a horse to drag the bob-sleigh back to its home at the Mariencastel. 'I like men with aquiline noses and big black moustaches. There is a magnificent creature who teaches skating on the Pariserhof rinks whom I am desperately in love with.'

'All girls go through that stage,' I said quietly; 'you will get over it.'

'Oh, I hate you!'

'You will get over that too.'

'I suppose you think I shall fall in love with you.'

'That,' I said more calmly than ever, 'is one of the things you will not get over.'

The Princess raised her arm as if to strike me in mock anger, but, remembering that we were almost strangers, restrained herself.

'I wish it would thaw,' she said.

'Why?'

'Because then I could make snowballs to throw at you.'

I laughed at the whimsical connection of ideas; and the Princess, to whom laughter was as necessary as air and food, laughed too. She ceased abruptly, and of a sudden the twinkling black eyes grew fixed and apprehensive.

I followed her gaze, and what I saw swept out the merriment from my heart in an instant, and brought back the dark and gloomy meditations with a rush.

A small sleigh was being pulled along the road by a couple of peasants, and on it lay something covered, but not concealed, by a white sheet.

Beside it walked a group of high-booted, sombrely clad police officials, and I noticed that people who passed the sleigh cast a glance of curiosity and pity on its burden, and doffed their hats.

We stood aside to let it pass, and as Max and I removed our caps the Princess took Stephan's woollen covering from his head.

(To be continued.)

A NEGLECTED BRANCH OF WOMAN'S WORK.

By May Martin.

HOW utterly impossible it is, in these twentieth-century days, to fully realise what an important part embroidery played in the lives of our ancestors! To-day it is treated more as a graceful diversion or accomplishment, and there is little diligence in the pursuit of it as a great art; whereas in former days many women spent their whole time working, and the earliest historical events, instead of being painted with the brush, were 'painted with the needle,' for embroidery took precedence of painting as a means of decoration.

What a pity it is that so few of the very earliest specimens of embroidery remain! For though it is said that the Phrygians invented the art, it is chiefly from studying the sculpture of ancient vases and monuments, and observing the elaboration of the costumes depicted thereon, that we know that the Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, Babylonians, and Assyrians were as skilled in embroidery as in other arts. Indeed, it was from the Egyptians that the Israelites learned the art during their captivity, and put it to the best use afterwards by embroidering the hangings for the Tabernacle and the priests' garments, thereby starting that branch of embroidery which, from that time forth down to the present day, has had

more time, money, and thought spent on it than any other.

The majority of the earliest specimens left to us are ecclesiastical, not the least famous of them being the Syon Cope, as much on account of its remarkable history as for its excellent workmanship. It dates from about 1250, and is supposed to have been worked at a religious house in Coventry. It was presented to the Syon House Monastery, and remained there until the time of the Reformation, when, with the suppression of the monasteries, it was taken by a party of nuns to the Continent. These nuns settled in a convent at Lisbon, which was severely injured by earthquakes, and they were again forced to remove, taking the cope with them. It was moved from place to place, until, in 1825, we hear of it being presented to the Earl of Shrewsbury by some nuns of this same order, and it now hangs in a dark corner in South Kensington Museum, from which it was taken for a short time nearly four years ago to be worn at the Coronation of our King.

In Greece embroidery was held in the highest honour, and its invention ascribed to Minerva; and the Romans as well as the Greeks considered embroidery and spinning the most fitting employments for women; for not only was the loom a very conspicuous article of furniture in their houses, but very often there was a room or 'studio' set aside to their devotion. The Grecian dress alone afforded ample scope for the display of skill, the women's veils in particular being very elaborate.

The constant allusions to embroidery that we find in the classics alone serve to show us the great esteem in which it was held. Penelope threw over Ulysses on his departure to Troy an embroidered garment whereon she had depicted incidents of the chase. Shakespeare tells us that the sails of Cleopatra's barge were made of the richest material and very highly ornamented; and Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astalot, surely must have been initiated into all the mysteries of needlework, for she took Lancelot's shield and

> Fashioned for it
> A case of silk, and braided thereupon
> All the devices blazoned on the shield,
> In their own tinct.

The art of embroidery was introduced into Europe from the East, and for a long time England stood at the head of the countries which were renowned for their needlework, the excellence thereof being such that it gained for her the titles of 'A Garden of Delight,' 'A Well Inexhaustible,' these being bestowed, it is said, by Pope Innocent III. As a matter of fact, she had no formidable rivals until the fifteenth or sixteenth century, when we find, from specimens belonging to this period, that Italy, Spain, and Flanders far surpassed us in beauty of execution and detail; and in France, too, though the art developed there much later than with us, the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were renowned for the richness of their embroideries, the most eminent designers being employed to prepare cartoons for the Queen and her Court to work.

Nearly all our Anglo-Saxon queens have gained reputations for being good workers: among others, Queen Edgitha, wife of Edward the Confessor; Queen Emma, wife of Canute; and Athelstan's four sisters. In fact, from the seventh to the tenth century the work of English embroideresses was celebrated throughout the whole of the civilised world; and we find, too, from inventories of the possessions of noble families, that most of these embroideries were of sufficient value to be regarded as 'property.'

The introduction of Christianity gave workers new scope for their skill, and hangings for churches, and vestments for priests, were embroidered by those women whose chief work before had been battle-standards for their warrior-lords. The nuns especially devoted the greater part of their time to this pursuit, and it is little wonder that William the Conqueror was eager to acquire England, for the abbeys, churches, and palaces abounded in beautiful needlework, besides being rich in illuminations, plate, &c. Certainly, if we can take the Bayeux Tapestry as a type of the work executed in France at that time, any specimens of work we have left far surpass it in beauty and skill. It always has been called the Bayeux 'Tapestry,' and no doubt always will be, though it is really quite wrong to do so, as it is embroidery pure and simple. The material on which it is worked is a cross between linen and canvas, and the greater part of it is worked in wool. The reason that some authorities consider it English work is, perhaps, because it delineates the events of English history from the time of Edward the Confessor to the Norman Conquest. It is traditionally supposed to have been worked by Matilda, wife of the Conqueror; but considering the size of the work, which is two hundred and twenty feet long by twenty feet wide, it is impossible to believe she really worked it herself, the general opinion being that she merely ordered it to be executed. The amount of work it contains, and the insight it gives us into the dresses, architecture, and customs of the times, constitute its chief interest. The attitudes of the figures, too, express a great amount of life and energy; but the drawing of the houses, figures, and other details is primitive in the extreme.

During the Wars of the Roses England lost her high reputation for embroidery, though even then the churches and monasteries continued to add to their treasures. If it were not that so many beautiful pieces of work were destroyed by iconoclasts at the time of the Reformation, we should no doubt have a much greater knowledge of the kinds of work executed; but the few specimens that escaped destruction were taken to the Continent by nuns or monks, so that consequently our knowledge is limited.

Nearly all of Henry VIII.'s wives were expert needlewomen, several of them introducing varieties

of design and methods of working which they had learned abroad. Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots were also skilled workers; the latter, no doubt, finding comfort and solace in her needle during the weary hours of her confinement, and hoping perhaps that the presentation of some of her own work might soften her hard-hearted cousin.

The Court of Charles I. was luxurious and extravagant; but the Civil War hampered all peaceful pursuits, and during Cromwell's austere protectorship only plain needlework was the fashion. William and Mary introduced a taste for Dutch needlework; some of Queen Mary's own work was preserved until quite recently at Hampton Court.

Sets of hangings still in existence show the style of work executed in Queen Anne's reign; but it is a great pity that England was so little influenced by the beautiful Continental work of the same time. The palaces and convents of Spain, Portugal, and Italy were filled with most lovely embroidery; but not only was English workmanship inferior; the designs, too, were often overcrowded and lacking in beauty.

The first exhibition of needlework was Miss Linwood's in the time of George III., though her work was more an exhibition of patience than skill. The early part of the nineteenth century was so hampered by wars that the progress of all arts was arrested, and as far as embroidery is concerned, Berlin-wool work seems to have been the only kind executed. Alas, how are the mighty fallen! It was not until the latter half of the century that there was a demand for something better; and in spite of the great difficulties that had to be overcome, such as the manufacture of suitable materials, the dyeing of proper tints and shades, and the learning of old stitches, the embroidery of to-day has again reached a very high standard among the arts, though it by no means holds the position or has the influence of former times.

Still, we are once again on the right road; and though advocates for the higher education of women have openly stated that they hoped a day would come when a needle would be an unknown weapon to a woman, it seems hardly necessary that this branch of education should be neglected on account of others, when we consider that some of our most highly educated women have also been skilled embroideresses. Lady Jane Grey was the master of eight different languages, yet found time for quantities of artistic work; and Harriet Martineau supported herself by the work of her fingers and needle long before she sold her first book. 'She died at a good old age, having wrought the whole Bible in tapestry;' 'She excelled in needlework, she painted in water-colour; of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,' were considered ideal epitaphs in the eighteenth century; and though we have no desire to see these repeated, it surely does seem a pity that a little more time in a girl's education is not devoted to what is most essentially a woman's occupation.

A LOST VELAZQUEZ.

THE recent interest manifested over the exhibition of a famous work of Velazquez recalls an incident which took place nearly sixty years ago, and for a time had the effect of attracting special public attention to the great Spanish artist and his paintings. In the month of January 1849 there was exhibited in Tait's Hotel, Edinburgh, a picture purporting to be a portrait of Charles the First painted in Spain during his famous visit when Prince of Wales, and said to be the work of Velazquez. The owner and exhibitor was a certain Mr Snare, a bookseller in Reading, who had previously exhibited the picture in that town, where a special room had been built for its accommodation, and also in London. Attention had been further called to the picture through a controversy of art critics on its merits and claims to be genuine, which had got into the press and taken shape in pamphlet literature. Advertisements and large posters invited the special notice of the Edinburgh citizens to the presence in their midst of 'the long-lost Velazquez.' Tait's was visited by quite a number of them; but on the 31st of January this exhibition was in a very sudden and unexpected manner interrupted. More than sixty visitors had come that day, and while several of them were still in the room they were surprised by some men rushing in, accompanied by sheriff-officers, and armed with a Sheriff's warrant, who seized the picture, and, in spite of the protests of its owner, bore it away through the streets of Edinburgh to the County Buildings. This action was at the instance of a body known as the Earl of Fife's Trustees, representatives of an Earl who had died some forty years before, and who had created the trust still administered by them.

What connection, it may be asked, had these trustees with Mr Snare's picture? It arose in this way. Snare had, as his hobby, a taste for pictures, and in particular for portraits. He bought a number of them. At Radley Hall, in Berkshire, he purchased in 1845 the picture in question, said to be a portrait of Charles as Prince of Wales, and to be the work of Velazquez. If genuine, Snare certainly got a bargain, for the price paid was only eight pounds. Having become the owner, he set about to trace its antecedents. The result of his investigations he gave to the public in the form of a pamphlet. Briefly stated, the conclusion to which he came was this: that his picture was identical with one appearing in the catalogue of a deceased

Earl of Fife who died at the beginning of last century, and who resided at Fife House, London. This Earl was also a portrait-collector. A considerable part of his collection may still be seen on the walls of Duff House, the Banffshire seat of the family. In Lord Fife's catalogue of 1807 the picture was thus described: 'Charles I. when Prince of Wales—three-quarters, painted at Madrid, 1625, when his marriage with the Infanta was proposed.—*Velazquez.* This picture belonged to the Duke of Buckingham.' Buckingham, it will be remembered, was Prince Charles's companion upon the occasion. There was, therefore, a great historical interest attaching to the portrait, apart from its merits as a painting. Snare, as we have seen, did not conceal his discovery. He not only wrote about it, but he exhibited the picture in London and elsewhere over a considerable period of time, during which the Fife family and trustees took no action. It was only when the exhibition was transferred to Edinburgh that the latter—acting upon what turned out to be very bad advice—applied to the Sheriff-Substitute for a warrant to have the portrait delivered to them, basing their application upon the assertion that it must have been stolen or surreptitiously abstracted from their possession, although during forty years they had never discovered their loss. The picture was, as already stated, carried off and placed in official custody. But Snare also took advice. An appeal to the Sheriff was successful; an order for restoration was granted. Now its English owner was to learn something of the devices of Scottish law. The trustees went to the Court of Session by way of suspension and interdict against the restoration of the picture. Interdict was at first granted, but afterwards recalled by the Lord Ordinary when he knew more of the facts. The weak point in the trustees' case was obvious: there was no satisfactory statement as to how the picture had ever left Lord Fife's possession. Snare was next carried to the Inner House, in which the doctrine of the complainers was held to be a most hazardous one, and the Sheriff's action commended. As if anxious to instruct the Englishman in every form of Scottish procedure, an advocation from the Sheriff Court was attempted, and a multiplepoinding started in the name of the Sheriff-Clerk; but all in vain. Snare got back his picture, and the trustees had only heavy lawyers' bills to pay.

Now came his turn. On the 26th of July 1851 a jury was called before the Jury Court in Edinburgh to try an action at the instance of Snare against the trustees, in which he claimed damages arising out of their conduct in laying hold of his picture and interfering with his exhibition. Lord Cowan, a recently appointed judge, presided. The late Lord President Inglis and the present Lord Young were counsel for the pursuer, while the senior advocate employed for the Fife family was George Deas, who was shortly afterwards to close a distinguished career at the Bar and begin an equally famous one upon the Bench.

Although Lord Cowan, we think rightly, doubted the relevancy of such evidence, much was led on both sides bearing upon the value of the picture, and it is this fact which lends such interest to this very peculiar and now forgotten case. The irony of fate led the defenders to disparage a portrait which, it seems to have been admitted on both sides, had originally belonged to them. A glance at the evidence will satisfy most people that the trustees were right, and that, after all, Snare had not made a wonderful bargain. The subsequent history, or rather obscurity, of the picture confirms this view. Snare brought a picture-restorer, a dealer, and an engraver all from London to swear to its value. One of them pronounced it 'the long-lost Velazquez,' and all agreed that it was a splendid portrait, and in all probability the work of Velazquez. It is interesting, in view of the price recently paid for the Rokeby picture, to notice that the value of this Prince Charles was not, in 1851, placed higher than from five thousand pounds to ten thousand pounds.

When we turn to the other side of the case and read the evidence for the defence the contrast is very striking. Sir John Watson Gordon, at that time the most famous Scottish portrait-painter, was certain that the work could not be claimed for Velazquez, and pointed out its defects. This was also the opinion of Mr (afterwards Sir George) Harvey; while Mr Donaldson, a dealer, pronounced it 'a picture got up by some dauber for sale,' and worth about fifteen pounds. Another dealer thought it was a copy from a print of Vandyck's, and placed its value at five pounds. Thus do artists as well as doctors differ.

After a charge from the judge very favourable to the pursuer, the jury returned a verdict in his favour, and awarded him in name of damages the substantial sum of one thousand pounds.

We do not know for certainty what was the subsequent history of this particular portrait; but a picture of Prince Charles attributed to Velazquez, while looked upon as doubtful, used to hang at Duff House, and has been often seen by the writer there.

It has been stated that the Fife Trustees discovered that, after all, the picture in Lord Fife's catalogue was still in their possession, and had been merely overlooked by them. This at least seems to be certain, that neither the trustees nor Mr Snare ever possessed 'the long-lost Velazquez.'

OUR VILLAGE BY THE SEA.

By Emily Pearson Finnemore.

OUR village proper consists of seventeen houses, inhabited by less than sixty souls; for, with the parsimony of the ancient architect, where land is plentiful the dwellings are both small and clustered together, with tiny gardens a table-cloth might almost cover. But a quarter of a mile away is *the* village, with a main street and byways crowded with houses of various sorts, and inhabitants nearing a thousand in number. Here you can buy your dinner if you wish; there are meat to be had, and bread, and groceries, and vegetables and fruit occasionally.

But these are mundane matters, and mere human needs can be satisfied well enough either with or without the sum of these trifles of daily commerce. The thing that pervades the whole as spirit tenants flesh, as water in a sponge, as ether the atmosphere, is that restless half of natural phenomena, the sea. It is the one presence that is never absent, the thrilling force that touches the lesser life of man with its greatness and its mystery, leaves its mark on souls and lives and characters as well as on faces and hands.

The dwellers are mostly seafolk, and the dignity of a family is not complete without a 'captain' among its members. There is caste here, and grades of progress too. There are retired captains of steamers: these are of the 'marine' aristocracy, the larger portion being master-seamen in charge of small trading-vessels, coasters perhaps; while others take berths as mates on far-sailing craft, and can tell of San Francisco, the big colonial ports—Sydney, Melbourne—or, again, of the Far East and Bible lands.

The sea casts the glamour of its light on the white-faced village houses, but also its tragedy into the lives of the folk. One goes forth to return no more: 'he died of fever in a foreign port;' 'his ship sailed the tropic seas, and was never heard of again.' But they are gay fellows, these sea-going men, with the glow of the ocean in their eyes, the brown stain of sea-winds on their skins, rich, full-toned as ripened nutshells; and they are cheery and tender of heart, and nurse a neighbour's baby between voyages as they ramble the old nooks smoking pipes and 'swapping yarns.'

They are absent long spells, and many things happen. Sometimes they reach home to gather a harvest of sorrow or, it may be, of joy. One returns and a little daughter has gone to the churchyard; another, and a son has come to town while his father, all unknowing of the baby's advent, plied his labours in the China Sea.

The other day there was a wedding—a brown-visaged captain and a dark-eyed girl; and within a score of days of the marriage he sails on a year's voyage, and who shall say what may come to pass ere the dark-haired girl looks into his blue eyes again? Will her heart be overfull because her arms are not empty as he left them? One wonders if the slim little figure in its pretty white wedding-frock holds a stout heart? Can she compass the big virtues in her small round of duties in 'our village'? Will she lie sleepless when the winds blow, or bide her time in the strength of a great calm?

It is in the women's faces that we read of the stress of existence. The men's eyes are merry, but the women's retreat darkly into their sockets. It is so much easier to face danger and win through it than to dwell in silent dread and hope and despair.

The men fall easily into their classes: the retired ones still in the prime of middle age, those in active service, and then the elderly derelicts whom the sea seems to have cast forth as flotsam when they could no longer battle with its humours either in the summer fishing or the taking of voyages. These are humorous or pathetic. They tell of past dangers, of far lands, and deeds of courage, or their old brains wander amid scenes that to the home-stayer smack of romance and mystery. Old John tells of the excitement of getting one of the curs from the streets of Constantinople aboard their vessel: how the sailors chained it up 'and give him bones,' but despite this bewildering luxury the thankless creature broke his chain and offered incivilities to his captors. And John speaks haltingly, and says at intervals, 'I can't tell you; I can't make you understand;' then rambles on, 'Yes, I know the Mediterranean. There's the Bosphorus, and Mount Etna, and the Isle of Patmos—with the Greeks—I know it very well; and Etna goes high up—and the top is fire, and in the sea a big rock—my! you take the ship careful or you come to a wreck.' (Evidently his version of Scylla and Charybdis.) 'And there's the Sea of Azov, and the Black Sea, and the Sea of Marmora,' he wanders on; 'and you can find the names in the book. No, I can't make you understand. The cargo was linseed.'

And John is very old, and even dirtier than his years warrant. When he waves his hand to indicate far reaches of distance the palm shines with a dark enamel, and it is not pleasant when his person intervenes between the wind and your dignity. If you slip a sixpence 'for tobacco' into that dark palm his cries of gratitude rise to shrillness, for John now takes his meat through the medium of the relieving-officer. Yet he should not be penniless; he is a wronged man, and in brighter days invested sixty pounds in a loan which a scheming debtor now quietly ignores. In moments of pride he tells that he is 'of good

family,' and at some angle of relationship there is a college professor with whom he claims kinship.

John is indifferent to present appearances, and might hire himself profitably to neighbouring farmers as a living scarecrow; for long he has worn a weather-green shovel-hat, a sometime gift of the clergyman, and often his trousers are much too ample for his shrunken figure. But concerning his last resting-place he displays keen anxiety, and announces that he must have a good coffin and a fine funeral. In the dusk of a summer evening he may be seen roaming amid his neighbour's tombs, presumably with a searching eye for his own particular corner.

He is ever on the prowl. Sometimes one meets him with a clean new loaf, guiltless of wrapping, tucked under his arm, and the white-brown bread shines in sharp contrast to his grimy tweeds; or he strays in at the back-door with a jug whose spout does duty for handle, and suggests in the friendliest way that a little milk, or butter-milk, or *anything*, would be acceptable as ballast for the jug. He receives a rebuff with perfect amiability, and comes again to-morrow to see if the stores are more plentiful or the housewife's humour less querulous.

He lives alone in a dark cottage whose windows are not allowed to admit either light or air, and a small lookout seawards, a few hand-spans in area, is blocked with straw and cast-off raiment as a substitute for glass. But John takes his fill of air abroad, and between dawn and dark spends little time under a roof. His pottering steps are ever treading down the 'slangs' to the cliff's brink, and he settles himself in cosy positions in full sunlight, and blinks contentedly at the rolling waves.

Occasionally he and a neighbour are to be seen with their old heads together. But Captain —— is John's social superior; for John was never more than a deck-hand, whereas his crony has been captain of many ships, was once part-owner of a vessel, and since his retirement has lived in the largest house in *our* village, and his wife and daughter have fowls and pigs and a cow, and several acres of land on the 'slangs.'

While John is humorous, the captain is pathetic. He is seventy-seven, and limps about upon his stick, and the salt-water has washed all colour out of his eyes, and the wanness of decay has settled on his weathered face. He is to be seen against a wall with a twenty-five-year-old nautical almanac in his shaking hands, and he lifts his head, with a feeble gladness in his countenance, to tell you he is finding the declination of Venus, and—'I saw it once in a clear sky at noon. I was on deck, and there it was in full sunlight, as plain as possible.'

You are properly astonished for the sixth time at such phenomenal wonders, and say, 'Really, captain, at noon!'

And he is pleased at your amazement, and tells you again three days later, and you are astonished for the seventh time.

Sometimes the ancient nautical almanac is exchanged for a text-book on logarithms, and he explains with pride that he made certain vital calculations in navigation himself, and found the logarithm later. On brilliant days he takes temperatures with an antiquated ship's thermometer.

'What is it to-day, captain?'

'A hundred and two in the sun. I remember it a hundred and twenty once, and, I think, a hundred and thirty; and I recollect for six weeks it was never less than eighty-five in my cabin day or night.'

'Was that in the tropics, captain?'

'Yes, yes.'

Heavy weather turns his thoughts to storms, and —'I recollect once never having my sea-boots off for six weeks, and only a snap of sleep at intervals lying on the cargo. 'Twas a small vessel, and we were six weeks getting round the coast from King's Lynn to Newport.' Or—'I saved my ship once. We were in foul weather, and labouring along with difficulty, and I went down for a turn-in, and had just fallen asleep when a squall burst. The first-mate rushed down and shook me awake. "She's heeling over; we can't save her!" he shouts. I jumped out of my bunk, and was up on deck like a shot; and clutching a hatchet in my hand, with one blow I cut through the halyards. Nothing else would have saved us. The mainsail swung free, and she righted herself.'

'You were a strong man then, captain.'

'Yes, yes.'

He brought weapons from far lands—a boomerang among other things, and a native wooden sword which had to be cut in two in order that it might go into his cabin.

One day he came with a letter just received from an old mate of his. Presenting the envelope, he said, 'Look what's inside.' It hailed from the barque *Serena*, then loading a cargo in a port with an unpronounceable name in Norway.

'I haven't seen him for twenty-two years. No, no,' he explained, his colourless eyes shining with pleasure.

It was a sea-letter, and told of the ships the sailor had served on since he left the *Polly*, twenty-two years before; of the times when he had wished himself again on the good little *Polly*. He had been four and a half years on one barque, and two years on another, and so on; and then he got his certificate as master-mariner, and was a captain in his own right. He was well content with the *Serena*, though she was not to be compared with the stout-timbered *Polly*, being an iron vessel, and these 'are like porpoises—they go down to swim, and only come up to blow.' He had been married 'these many years,' and had a daughter seventeen years old, whom, like another skipper, he had taken with him 'to bear him company.'

Like every other centre of human life, our village

has its rising generation at the one pole as well as the passing one at the other. 'Tis very true here that

> We see the children playing on the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore;

for the small fry find endless occupation and amusement in the fringe of ocean rolling and receding on the shingle. On warm days their naked little bodies gleam in the sunlight as they 'wash themselves in the sea,' and their shrill cries mingle with the notes of the sailing or feeding gulls. The mothers have a worrying time of it, and fail utterly either by threats or punishment to keep these amphibious young creatures out of the most fascinating of all the elements. Even at sunset they may be seen stripped, wading out from shore, the red-gold light shedding glamour on the waters and halos of soft radiance about their pink bodies. There is little Tommy, round as a dumpling, merry as a cricket, eyes bright and brown, and mouth ever in smiles; and he strives sturdily to keep pace with the elder ones, whose greater slimness of limb and added years give them the power of more lissome movements. Tommy tumbles many times, but always comes up smiling. Then there is 'the little mason'—he lives with a grandfather whose trade is that of a mason—but he is of another mould, and differs diametrically from Tommy. For 'the little mason' is dour of countenance and rarely seen to smile, has big dark eyes with inscrutable depths, and displays a devotion towards his great companion the sea which must touch deeper strata of his nature than in the case of his fellows. Should they be lured to land enterprise, he alone remains faithful, and on chilliest days, with knickers pushed well up his thighs, wades out and to and fro, cuts little capers, ducks, runs, and talks to himself. As an interlude he strays ashore and seeks a patch of sand amid the pebbles, and draws wonderful craft with a finger-tip or a stone as stylus. There must be a mystic knot that ties 'the little mason' to his dearly beloved element, or his small compass of body—he has a height of three feet perhaps—could never hold such wondrous capacity. Every sail is bellying to the breeze in these outlines, and there is a small boat in tow, and the tiller is in place, and the anchor either looped alongside or flung into deep water at the end of a rope. One laments that the tide should wipe his slate clean so ruthlessly.

A picturesque portion of the community is the winklers. They are the poorest women, either without husbands or wedded to those ne'er-do-wells of the sea who find a need for all their pay to provide for personal comfort and pleasure in foreign ports. The winklers don oldest raiment, and wear clogs on their feet, for 'tis rough, wet work on the rocks, wading in the salt pools, slipping on the patches of seaweed, and perhaps bearing the brunt of hot sunshine or driving rain. Their bowed backs move slowly over the surface of a reef as some weird animal might do, and they are rarely or never seen to assume an upright pose as a relief to weary backs. Patiently, but with deft speed, one by one, they gather the winkles and fling them into old tins, from which they are transferred to sacks. The carrier bears the load away to town and the railway station, and dwellers in dingy and far-away London buy the tasty morsels as tea-time delicacies.

Sometimes these same women gather seaweed—presumably the dulse of the Scotsman's fancy. Its silky ribbons with the dainty crinkles are very beautiful to look at, especially when the tide sweeps the first ripples over the reefs and spreads each delicate frond in wavering loveliness. To the taste of one not a connoisseur the flavour is scarcely appetising, merely briny and leathery. It is collected and sent away to make a kind of bread which possesses invigorating qualities, it is said, for jaded digestions.

On dull days the figures of these toilers dot the gray-brown reefs as objects scarce distinguishable from their picturesque environment; only a fluttering remnant of clothing or a hardly discernible movement as they crawl forward reveals the living presence. At sunset they creep amid red-gold pools and tangles of russet weed, and their straying forms become the denizens of enchanted isles which the jealous sea claims as its own twice a day. As its first iridescent eddies swim to their feet they retire before it, and steer shorewards, and then along the rough shingle, with bent shoulders supporting their spoil. The last gleams irradiate the dun tones of their garments and shoot flame-tints into the windows of the farther village, lighting up with mellow glow the interiors of 'Ontario' and 'Ceylon,' 'The Dauntless' and 'The Marion,' of 'Convoy' and 'The Vigilant' and 'The Isle of Bryn;' for the retired captains build houses and name them after the vessels they have sailed.

The children are fond of singing, and often cluster together on the cliff's brink in the evening-time and blend their voices in school hymns. The sweetness of the clear tones floats away over the waters:

> Throw out the life-line, throw out the life-line,
> Some one is drifting away;
> Throw out the life-line, throw out the life-line,
> Some one is sinking to-day.

MAIRIE.

> The blackbirds are asleep among the bushes,
> The sea-fires light the whales across the bay;
> The seamen—who, 'midst perilous reefs and tempests,
> Defied the morning star when dawn was gray—
> Have heard her twilight song on the dim hill,
> As angel's voice that bade the seas be still.
>
> The stars give all their tribute to the night,
> The winds are sleeping under the moon's wine,
> The sea turns in its sleep to hear the song
> She sings where still she keeps the languorous kine;
> The weary seamen listen in their ships:
> Hush! 'tis pure incense rising from her lips.

J. M. Hay.

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SOME EXQUISITES OF THE REGENCY.

By LEWIS MELVILLE.

PART III.

WITH the departure from England of Brummell the cult of the dandy began to decline. Count D'Orsay the Magnificent, however, galvanised it into fashion for a while. 'He is a grand creature,' Gronow described him; 'beautiful as the Apollo Belvedere in his outward form; full of health, life, spirits, wit, and gaiety; radiant and joyous; the admired of all admirers.'

He had an amusing naïveté in speaking of his personal advantages. 'You know, my dear friend, I am not on a par with my antagonist,' he said to his second on the eve of a duel. 'He is a very ugly man, and if I wound him in the face he won't look much the worse for it; but on my side it ought to be agreed that he shall not aim higher than my chest, for if my face should be spoiled *ce serait vraiment dommage*.'

The dandies of a later day were but poor things—pinchbeck. Captain Gronow, in his youth a beau of no mean order, pours contempt upon their pretensions in no measured terms. 'How unspeakably odious—with a few brilliant exceptions, such as Alvanley and others—were the dandies of forty years ago [1822]! They were generally middle-aged, some even elderly, men, had large appetites and weak digestions, gambled freely, and had no luck. They hated everybody and abused everybody, and would sit together in White's bay window or the pit-boxes at the opera weaving tremendous crammers. They swore a good deal, never laughed, had their own particular slang, looked hazy after dinner, and had most of them been patronised at one time or other by Brummell and the Prince Regent. . . . They gloried in their shame, and believed in nothing good or noble or elevated. Thank Heaven, that miserable race of used-up dandies has long been extinct! May England never look upon their like again!'

The prayer may well be echoed. The bad influence of the dandies can scarcely be overestimated; and the effect upon their own class of society was terrible. Their morals were contemptible, and they were without principle. Prodigality was their creed, gambling their religion. The list of those who died beggared is not much longer than the list of those who died by their own hands. They indulged in no manly exercises, and devoted their days to their personal decoration and to the card-table. Extravagance of all kinds was fashionable. Clothes, canes, snuff-boxes, must be expensive to be worthy of such distinguished folk, whose sole aim it was to outvie each other. A guinea was the least that could be given to the butler when dining out; but this was an improvement upon the day when Pope, finding it cost him five guineas in tips whenever he dined with the Duke of Montagu, informed that nobleman he could not dine with him in future unless he sent him an order for the tribute-money.

There was Wellesley Pole, who, after the opera, gave magnificent dinners at his home at Wanstead, where rare dishes were served and the greatest luxury obtained. He married Miss Tylney Pole, who brought him fifty thousand a year; and he died a beggar. There was 'Golden Ball' Hughes, with forty thousand a year, who, when the excitements of the gaming-room were not to be had, would play battledore and shuttlecock through the whole night, backing himself for immense sums. He married a beautiful Spanish *danseuse*, Mercandotti, who appeared in London in 1822. Whereupon Ainsworth made an epigram:

> **The fair damsel is gone, and no wonder at all**
> **That, bred to the dance, she is gone to a Ball.**

The honeymoon was spent at Oatlands, purchased from the Duke of York. It was thought to be a foolish investment; but when Hughes fell upon evil days he was able to sell the estate for a large sum, as the new railway skirted it, and speculative builders

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were anxious to acquire the land, and so some of his old prosperity returned. There was Lord Fife, an intimate friend of the Regent's, who spent forty thousand pounds on Mademoiselle Noblet the dancer. A chapter would not suffice for an account of the vicious and foolish habits of these men.

The clubs were then a far more important feature in social life than they are to-day. They were accessible only to those who were in society, which in those days was exclusive, and consisted of a comparatively small body in which every one knew every one else, if not personally, at least by name. There were then no clubs for professional men save those of the first rank, or for merchants, or for the *hoi polloi*.

In more or less direct rivalry with the clubs were some of the hotels, and men such as Wellington, Nelson, Collingwood, and Sir John Moore used them as a meeting-place—at the beginning of the eighteenth century about fifteen in number, not including, of course, the large coaching inns, coffee, eating, and the *à la mode* beef houses, most of which had beds for customers. First and foremost of these, kept by a French *chef*, Jacquiers, who had served Louis XVIII. and Lord Darnley, was the Clarendon, built upon a portion of the gardens of Clarendon House, between Bond Street and Albemarle Street, in each of which the hotel had a frontage. This was the only place in England where a French dinner was served that was worthy of mention in the same breath with those obtainable in Paris at the Maison Doré or Rocher de Cancalle's. The prices were very high. Dinner cost three or four pounds a head, and a bottle of claret or champagne was not obtainable under a guinea. A suite of apartments was reserved for banquets, and it was in these that the famous dinner, ordered by Count D'Orsay, was given to Lord Chesterfield when he resigned the Mastership of the Buckhounds. Covers were laid for thirty, and the bill, exclusive of wine, came to one hundred and eighty guineas.

Limmer's was another well-known hotel, the resort of the sporting world and of rich country squires. It was gloomy and ill-kept, but renowned for its plain English cooking and world-famous for its gin-punch. The clergy went to Ibbetson's, naval men to Fladong's in Oxford Street, and army officers and men about town to Stephen's in Bond Street. Most of these hostelries had their regular frequenters, and strangers were not, as a rule, encouraged to use them as a house of call.

Clubs were few in number. There was 'The Club' of Johnson; the Cocoa-Tree, which arose out of the Tory Chocolate House of Anne's reign; the Royal Naval Club, a favourite haunt of the Duke of Clarence; and the Eccentrics, which numbered among its members such well-known men as Fox, Sheridan, Lord Petersham, Brougham, Lord Melbourne, and Theodore Hook. Graham's was second rate; nor was Arthur's in the first flight. When Arthur died, his son-in-law, Mackreth, became the proprietor. He prospered, became a member of Parliament in 1774, and was afterwards knighted. His name is preserved in a very good epigram:

> When Mackreth served in Arthur's crew,
> He said to Rumbold, 'Black my shoe;'
> To which he answered, 'Ay, Bob.'
> But when return'd from India's land,
> And grown too proud to brook command,
> He sternly answered, 'Nay, Bob.'*

An institution of a somewhat different class was the Beefsteak Society, which flourished so long ago as the early years of the eighteenth century. The Prince of Wales became a member in 1785, when the number of the Steaks was increased from twenty-four to twenty-five in order to admit him; and subsequently the Dukes of Clarence and Sussex were elected. The bill of fare was restricted to beefsteaks, and the beverages to port-wine and punch; but the cuisine on at least one occasion left something to be desired, for when, in 1830, the English Opera-House was burnt down, Greville remarked in his diary: 'I trust the paraphernalia of the Beefsteak Club perished with the rest, for the enmity I bear that society for the dinner they gave me last year.' Charles Morris was the bard of the Beefsteak Society, and he has come down to posterity on the strength of four lines:

> In town let me live then, in town let me die,
> For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.
> If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
> Oh, give me the sweet, shady side of Pall Mall!

In spite of his prayer, he spent the last years of his life in the rural retreat of Brockham, in Surrey, in a little place presented to him by his fellow-Steak, the Duke of Norfolk. He lived to the great age of ninety-two, and was so hale and hearty and cheerful that, not long before his death, Curran said to him, 'Die when you will, Charles, you will die in your youth.'

The greatest club of its day was Almack's, at 5 Pall Mall, founded in 1740 by Macall, a Scotsman. This institution was nicknamed the 'Macaroni Club,' owing to the fashion of its members; and Gibbon remarked that 'the style of living, though somewhat expensive, is exceedingly pleasant, and notwithstanding the rage of play, I have found more entertainment and rational society here than in any other club to which I belong.' The high play, which was the bane of half the English aristocracy, ruined many members. The club fell upon evil days, and was absorbed by Brooks's.

White's and Brooks's took the place of Almack's. The former, established in 1698 as 'White's Chocolate-House,' five doors from the bottom of the west side of St James's Street, became a club in 1755, when it moved to No. 38, on the opposite side of the street. It was owned successively by

* Sir Thomas Rumbold was originally a waiter at White's, obtained an appointment in India, and rose to be Governor of Madras. Arthur was at this time the proprietor also of White's, and Mackreth was his assistant.

Arthur Mackreth, John Martindale, and in 1812 by Raggett, whose son eventually inherited it. Brooks's was founded by a wine-merchant and money-lender of the name, who has been described by Tickell in verses addressed to Sheridan, when Charles James Fox was to give a supper at his rooms near the club:

Derby shall send, if not his plate, his cooks;
And know, I've bought the best champagne from Brooks,
From liberal Brooks, whose speculative skill
Is hasty credit and a distant bill;
Who, nursed in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid.

Both clubs, although more or less instituted for the purpose of gambling, were at first political. White's, however, soon took down the Tory flag and received members without reference to their political opinions. Brooks's, on the other hand, remained true to its Whig traditions; and it was to counterbalance the influence of this institution—the 'Reform' of that time—that the Carlton Club was organised by Lord Clanwilliam and others. These, with Boodles', were the great resorts of the dandies; and the bay window at White's, when Brummell was the lion, was one of the sights of the town. The Prince of Wales was a member of Brooks's; but when his boon companions Tarleton and Jack Payne were blackballed he withdrew, and on his own account founded a new club, of which the manager was Weltzie, his house-steward.

Watier's, the great macao gambling-house, was founded in 1807; but play was very high, and it lasted only for twelve years. According to Gronow it came into existence in a somewhat curious way. When some members of White's and Brooks's were dining at Carlton House, the Prince of Wales asked what sort of dinners were served at these institutions. One of the guests complained: 'The eternal joints and beefsteaks, the boiled fowl with oyster sauce, and an apple-tart. This is what we have, sir, at our clubs, and very monotonous fare it is.' The Prince sent for Watier, his *chef*, and asked if he would take a house and organise a club-dinner. Watier was willing. The scheme was carried out, and the club was famed for its exquisite cuisine.

Another and more circumstantial account of the founding of the club is given by Raikes. He says it was originally instituted as a harmonic meeting by the Maddochs, Calverts, and Lord Headfort, who took a house in Piccadilly, at the corner of Bolton Street, and engaged Watier as master of the revels. 'This destination of the club was soon changed. The dinners were so *recherché* and so much talked of in town that all the young men of fashion and fortune became members of it. The catches and glees were then superseded by cards and dice; the most luxurious dinners were furnished at any price, as the deep play at night rendered all charges a matter of indifference. Macao was the constant game, and thousands passed from one to another with as much facility as marbles.'

The Duke of York was a member of Watier's, and so too was Byron, who christened it 'The Dandy Club.'

Another member was Robert Bligh, whose eccentricities were already verging upon insanity. One night, at the macao-table, Brummell was losing heavily, and in an affected tone of tragedy he called to a waiter to bring him a pistol. Thereupon Bligh, who was his *vis à vis*, produced from his coat-pockets a pair of loaded pistols, and laying them on the table, said, 'Mr Brummell, if you are really desirous to put a period to your existence, I am extremely happy to offer you the means without troubling the waiter.' The feelings of the members may be imagined when the knowledge was forced upon them that in their midst was a madman who carried loaded firearms.

(To be concluded.)

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER XIV.

WE walked as far as the Palace in silence. The Princess was obviously dejected, and I myself the prey to a depression I could neither analyse nor understand. The mute, rigid thing on the sleigh had seemed a terrible rebuke to my ill-timed flippancy. In the midst of danger, and passionate hatred, scheming, and sudden death, I had indulged in those frivolous inanities which are in place, if anywhere, only in the environment of a trebly secure and overpolished civilisation. Here, face to face with nature and the primitive passions of violent men, I felt ashamed of myself for my levity, and, true to Miss Anchester's opinion of me as a man of unstable mind, fell into a train of unnecessarily pessimistic reflection.

At the gates of the Brun-varad we parted with a curtly spoken farewell; and ringing the great bell, I was admitted into the Palace. In a corner of the hall Miss Anchester was engaged in giving the young Prince of Weissheim and the Princess a lesson in English grammar. Leaving her charges at my entry, she crossed the hall to meet me.

'The King would like to see you, Mr Saunders,' she said quietly. 'He is in the *Schweigenkammer*.'

A distinct feeling of relief swept over me at her words. My host, at any rate, had not suffered from the lawless violence of the day, and my joy at his immunity caused me to realise that much of my depression had been a sub-conscious anxiety for the royal person.

'Thank you,' I said simply, preparing to

mount the stairs in the direction of the 'silent chamber.'

'I hope you enjoyed your drive with the Queen this afternoon,' pursued the governess in an undertone as I half-turned away to accomplish my errand. I looked inquiringly into her countenance, but searched in vain for a malicious twinkle in her eyes.

'Very much, thank you.'

'And I trust,' she went on severely, 'that you have disabused your mind of the foolish fancies which were troubling it.'

I laughed gently. 'Quite,' I answered. 'The mystery of the carnations is explained, and if the explanation wounds my vanity it is because my vanity was so puffed up that a prick was necessary.'

The governess was obviously puzzled.

'I thought,' I went on, 'that I was the recipient of a favour from a Queen, whereas I was merely receiving the attentions of a Princess. It was the Princess Mathilde who sent me those flowers, and the mystic inscription which I was dull enough to misconstrue was merely a playful reminder of my promise to bob-sleigh with the youthful Schattenbergs this afternoon.'

Miss Anchester looked more astonished than ever.

'Is that really true?' she asked.

I had no wish to deceive her; so, smiling and looking her straight in the face, I answered, 'What explanation could be more simple—or more improbable?'

For a moment her gray eyes rested on me questioningly; then they softened, and for the first time I read in them approval. She understood, and vaguely I felt that I had scored.

'The Princess is a sweet girl,' she said, with a laudable effort to obtain continuity of speech if not of thought.

'Don't say that,' I replied, mounting the stairs. 'I abominate "sweet" girls.'

I found the door of the *Schweigenkammer* open, and, inside, the King, General Meyer, and Herr Schneider seated at the fateful *Zauber-tisch*. The two former were enjoying big *Seidles* of lager-beer, while the detective was sipping tea from a small blue-and-gold cup. On my arrival the General rose and closed the door.

'I have to thank you, Saunders,' began His Majesty, 'for your behaviour this afternoon.'

I was genuinely puzzled by this speech, and doubtless showed it.

'I mean,' pursued the King, 'for your behaviour towards Her Majesty.'

'At lunch?'

'After lunch.'

'Her Majesty has told you of our conversation whilst driving to the Mariencastel?' I said, more bewildered than ever.

'Not a word,' said the King, 'but Herr Schneider has given me a faithful and detailed account of it.'

'Herr Schneider!'

'The red-bearded coachman,' put in the detective triumphantly. 'Doubtless you imagined him to be the same man that drove you yesterday to Heldersburg.'

'No,' I retorted, 'I did not. My driver of yesterday had a straight, flat nose and gray eyes. However, it did not occur to me that it was you.'

'You are observant,' said Schneider pleasantly. 'Few people have eyes in their heads, fewer still brains behind their eyes.'

'You certainly behaved well in a trying situation,' continued the King. 'I am sorry that any guest of mine should have been put to such annoyance. I only trust that you will not sicken of our curious habits in these parts and leave us desolate. Loyalty is at a premium just now at Weissheim.'

King Karl certainly had a very pleasant way of putting things, and assuredly I was far too interested in the situation to desire to put myself out of touch with it.

'I ask nothing better than to continue to enjoy your Majesty's hospitality,' I said.

'After all,' said the King, 'an eventful existence has its charm even for me, who enjoys few lucid intervals of placidity. To-day, for instance, I was fired upon.'

'The shots I heard whilst bob-sleighing?'

'No doubt. I don't much mind being fired at, but I don't take it kindly from my own Guards. We were skiing on the lower slopes of the Klauigberg—I, Meyer, and my guide Otto—and the Guards were practising at the ice-target on the Nonnensee some couple of hundred feet beneath us. They are good shots, those fellows, and the bullets whistled round us like hailstorms. Poor Otto was shot through the lungs. Mr Meyer and myself were untouched.'

'And yet,' sneered the General, 'King Karl does not believe in the divine right of kings.'

'No, nor yet in the divine right of commanders-in-chief,' snapped the King. 'Otto was a brave man. He strove to place his body between mine and the direction of the bullets.'

'He has his reward,' said the General. 'A noble death—one can ask nothing better of Fate. My only regret is that my indifferent skill as a skier left me so far behind your Majesty that I was unable to offer protection to your sacred person.'

'When we saw that Otto was beyond human assistance,' went on the King, 'we took cover as quick as we could in a pine-wood. We did not waste time, I assure you, and General Meyer developed an amazing turn of speed for an ordinarily poor skier.'

'I trust,' said the detective, 'that your Majesty's objections to removing the Guards to another portion of your dominions is now overcome.'

'You forget,' said the King dryly, 'that the incident has been satisfactorily explained. I have received a note from the colonel regretting that a chance-shot from one of his men should have gone wide of the target and fatally wounded one of my

retainers. The dear Duke's expressions of regret are most pathetic.'

The detective rose excitedly to his feet.

'I saw the whole thing from the box-seat on the royal sleigh,' he cried, with a dramatic wave of his right hand. 'I saw the officer in command pointing out the objects for his men to aim their murderous bullets at. The Queen saw it. Her agitation was supreme. She sobbed bitterly all the way home.'

'Doubtless,' said the King. 'I was missed.'

'Her Majesty was not in the plot,' retorted Herr Schneider.

'How do you know?'

'Because I have looked into her heart. There is no murder there yet.'

'I fancy you are right,' said the King wearily. 'Her Majesty is not a courageous woman.'

'All the same,' said General Meyer slowly, 'I am inclined to agree with Herr Schneider's advice on the subject of removing the Guards.'

'And what do you say, Saunders?' asked the King.

Flattered at having my advice demanded on such a matter, I gave it to the best of my ability.

'It is the only possible course, sire,' I said.

'So be it,' said the King gloomily. 'I will give the necessary order.—By the way, Meyer, with what regiment do you propose to replace them?'

'The Third Regiment of Guards,' answered the General after a moment's thought. 'They are recruited from the loyal and primitive district of Dunkelstein. They would do as well as any other.'

'Very good, then. We will have them here. Only, I must keep Fritz at the Mariencastel.'

'I am sure your Majesty is acting wisely,' said the detective, sitting down again and noisily finishing his tea. 'When your coat has a single hole in it, it ceases to be weatherproof. The loyalty of the Guards should be absolute or their title becomes a mockery.'

I saw the King's frown deepen at the detective's glib moralising. His spirit had been almost as badly wounded as poor Otto's body, and Schneider, like many exceedingly clever men, lacked tact.

'You need not stay, Saunders,' said the King, 'if you don't care to. We are going into the details of various schemes for the protection of my worthless carcass. You are quite welcome to our confidences, but I fear they would only bore you. I really wanted to thank you for having behaved like what you are—an English gentleman.'

I left the strange trio to their protective schemings. Schneider was pulling out a bundle of papers from his pocket, General Meyer was unrolling a large-scale map of Grimland, while between them, emptying the last drops of his lager beer, was the whimsical, pathetic figure of King Karl.

It wanted still an hour and a half before dinner-time, and after a moment's deliberation I turned my steps in the direction of my own sitting-room with the intention of writing a letter or two, and maybe playing a game of 'patience.' In the corridor leading to my chamber a tall figure in a long black cassock was walking rapidly towards me. His head was bent as if in thought; but as he drew near I had no difficulty in recognising in him the King's chaplain, the priest whom the Grand Duke Fritz had so truculently insulted a couple of evenings before. As I passed, his proud eyes flashed a glance at me, and he went by with an almost imperceptible gesture of salutation. Then, as if my image had conveyed a tardy recognition to his brain, he stopped and called after me, 'Herr Saunders!'

'Your reverence.'

'I beg your pardon, I am Father Bernhard.'

'The King's chaplain?'

'And the Queen's confessor. Can you spare me a few minutes?'

'I can spare you exactly an hour and a half.'

'Less will be necessary. Kindly accompany me to my apartments.'

I followed the dark, striding form down several corridors and up many stairs, for Father Bernhard's apartments, as he called them, proved to be a small room at the extreme top of the *Waffenthurm*. The four walls were bare save for a black crucifix over the narrow bedstead, and there was no heating apparatus whatever in the room. The double windows were wide open and it was bitterly cold, but the priest neither offered to shut them nor apologised for the inhospitable severity of his chamber.

'Mr Saunders,' he began, motioning me to a particularly uncomfortable chair, 'you are, I suppose, a Protestant?'

'I am.'

'Good! I am a broad-minded man, and I regard your chance of heaven as being as good as mine. Neither do I suppose that good morals are the exclusive possession of what we arrogantly term "good Catholics." I have had painful evidence to the contrary.'

'The creed has yet to be enunciated which can turn men into plaster saints,' I replied.

'Don't scoff at religion, Mr Saunders,' said the priest hastily. 'True faith works miracles far more wonderful than all the winking pictures and the healing relics which impose on the credulity of the ignorant multitude.'

'I was not scoffing,' I replied in easy self-defence. 'I merely stated the obvious fact that implicit faith and unimpeachable virtue do not invariably walk hand-in-hand. Why, when people believe in heaven as the reward for a virtuous life, sin should have any attraction for them, or death any terrors, is a mystery that I cannot even begin to grapple with.'

'Perhaps you don't believe in the devil?'

'I do not.'

'Then that accounts for your blindness. The devil is a roaring lion, a real, personal, living force; and until you accept that elementary fact your theology and your whole moral outlook will be misty and confused.'

'Very possibly,' I replied; 'but I take it that

you did not invite me here to talk theology or demonology.'

'No,' said the priest, fixing his gaze steadily upon me; 'but the question is a moral one. I want you to leave Weissheim—at once.'

'That is a question of convenience and *Bradshaw*—hardly of morals.'

'I do not think you misunderstand me,' he retorted, still looking fixedly at me.

I did not. This man was the keeper of the Queen's conscience, and his meaning was clear.

'There are reasons—moral reasons—why I should remain,' I replied after a pause.

'Remember,' he said, 'that with temptation the truest courage is to fly rather than to fight.'

'With temptation, yes,' I retorted calmly; 'but there is no temptation.'

His high forehead wrinkled with mystification. He was obviously incredulous, but my statement had been a definite one, and he was too polite to give me the lie direct.

'What am I to believe?' he asked.

'What are the alternatives?' I countered. 'My plain statement, my word of honour if you will, on one hand; on the other, the fanciful asseveration of a hysterical *femme incomprise?*'

'The Queen is a beautiful woman,' persisted Father Bernhard.

'And I, no doubt, a weak man. Nevertheless, I did not come to Weissheim in search of female beauty; and if I had, there is fresher, healthier beauty here than that of her most painted Majesty.'

He ignored my flippancy absolutely. 'You are a man of the world?' he asked at length.

'If you will,' I answered, with a shrug.

'And I a priest, sworn to chastity and fortified by an unshakable faith in my holy calling. And yet I tell you that I'—— He broke off suddenly as if in pain. 'Why was I nearly giving you my confidence?' he asked. 'You must have a very inviting disposition.'

Again I shrugged my shoulders.

'Your confession was as good as made,' I said. 'You are human, and feel some admiration for the Queen.'

'Some admiration!' he repeated scornfully. 'That is hardly the word. I contemn her utterly in my thoughts, I reprove her daily in my words, and yet I tell you that that woman's image is branded on my soul to the obliteration of all, or nearly all, that was ever good therein.'

'Nonsense,' I said good-naturedly. 'You are a very good man, and, like most good men, are exceedingly simple. You wrap your poor little heart in swaddling-clothes to protect it from the evil winds that blow; and when, poor delicate thing, it meets a faint, sickly breath of sentiment it suffers from acute inflammation. Treat your feelings as you do your body,' I went on, pointing to the open window; 'expose them to the four winds of heaven, and they will harden and grow healthy. Try and be normally human. Shut your eyes to temptation like a priest, and it becomes a roaring devil; open your eyes to it like a man, and you will see what rotten stuff it's really made of.'

Father Bernhard smiled sadly. 'Behold!' he said, 'the layman preaches to the priest; and, what is more, I believe he is the better preacher of the two.' He sighed heavily. 'I can take it, then, that your affection for the Queen is not serious?'

'Man alive!' I cried, laughing, 'it is non-existent. We have hundreds like her in London, only we do not call them queens.'

The priest rose to his feet with a look of reproof, and then paced his narrow chamber with long strides.

'My mind is warped,' he cried bitterly. 'Because that woman's image is planted in my morbid and unhealthy soul I cannot realise that you are free from a similar obsession.'

'Why don't you practise what you preach,' I asked, 'and flee temptation?'

'Because,' he retorted instantly—'because there is danger here, real physical danger, for myself and all who hold the King's cause dear.'

'I too am devoted to His Majesty,' I said quietly; 'therefore, you see that the policy of flight is impracticable in my case also.'

Father Bernhard abruptly ceased his perambulations and fixed his piercing glance upon me.

'The King was good enough to favour me with his views of your character,' he said. 'I am inclined to think they were correct. *Au revoir.* I am dining at the royal table to-night. We shall meet later.'

(To be continued.)

CATTLE-THIEVES IN INDIA.

By Captain C. H. Buck.

IN the sparsely cultivated and practically barren tracts along the rivers Ravi and Sutlej, in the plains of the Punjab, are to be found perhaps the most expert cattle-thieves in the world. There are several tribes in that neighbourhood whose principal means of livelihood is cattle-stealing. The male members are, in fact, brought up to it, and regard it as an honourable hereditary calling; while it is a rule among some of them not to allow a youngster to wear a *pugri* (turban) until he has shown himself to be a man by appropriating some one else's animal, be it camel, horse, bullock, cow, donkey, goat, or sheep.

Cattle-theft is more or less common throughout India, but it is brought to a fine art in the Punjab.

Domestic animals are exceedingly numerous, and are not so carefully looked after as in England, being frequently allowed to stray about by themselves grazing in the jungle or in the fields, which have no hedges or fences. In India there are many more cattle than in most countries, for it is an agricultural land, where the bullock is used not only for the plough, but also for draught purposes and for drawing water from the numerous irrigation-wells. Sheep and goats are kept in great numbers; and almost every little farmer is able to keep a small pony or two for riding; while in the sandy tracts there are thousands of camels in the possession of practically nomad tribes. With temptation of this kind constantly in his way, it cannot be wondered at if the thievishly inclined individual indulges in cattle-stealing to a large extent.

Unfortunately, the wealthy men, and those of what one might call the gentry class, do not always exert themselves to prevent the practice either by handing over the thieves, when caught, to justice or by assisting the police in running them to earth. The reason of this is that many of the big cattle-owners harbour expert thieves—generally keeping them as servants—both to act as guardians of their own herds and flocks and to steal other people's in return for animals they themselves have lost. The native gentlemen who do not keep thieves dare not give information against their neighbours for fear of reprisals. Besides the thieves who are kept as dependants in this way, there are petty farmers who add to their income by stealing cattle whenever they see an opportunity, and the regular professionals who as a rule have no fixed places of residence, but squat here and there in the jungle, carrying on quite an extensive trade in animals, very often with the assistance of the big men.

In the tract I have mentioned there are systems of depôts and lines to which and along which animals are taken when stolen. The actual thief delivers an animal at one of the depôts, and it is at once handed over to some one else, who passes it down the line, so that in a single night it can be taken away to a long distance. In exchange for one of these stolen animals the thief will later on receive another, which has been bagged perhaps a hundred and fifty miles away down the line.

The professional, among his other achievements, is able to track in quite a marvellous manner. He can read marks and signs on the ground as easily as an educated person can the words in a book, while he will recognise a person by his footprints just as an ordinary person would recognise another by his face or general appearance. For this reason he often finds it profitable to track animals stolen by others than his friends. A good tracker can sometimes follow the tracks of a thief and a stolen bullock or camel as far as fifty or sixty miles in a day, provided that they have passed across the open jungle and the thief has not been too cunning.

Animals are generally stolen in the daytime when they are grazing, and at night when they are in a hut or some kind of enclosure. In the former case the loss is generally not discovered until the evening, when the herd is collected and counted before being driven home; and on such occasions the thief gets a long start, for the herdsman has to drive his other beasts home before he can give the alarm, and then when a tracking-party has been formed it can only proceed slowly, for the tracks have to be followed by lamp or torch light. In the latter case the theft usually takes place in the small hours of the morning, and is discovered a short time afterwards, so that the owner is close behind the thief, and has the whole day before him to follow up the tracks. It is really remarkable how a bullock can be removed from a yard without any one being wakened up, though persons are sleeping all round it and there are plenty of dogs about. An old hand, however, can make a hole in a mud-wall large enough for a bullock to pass through without making any noise, and he knows exactly how to entice the animal out quietly, after muffling its bell and placing leather shoes on its feet.

When several animals have been taken, it is, of course, important to secure the services of more than one tracker; but most cattle-owners and herdsmen are themselves good at tracking, and they do not always call in professional aid. The tracker, on starting, proceeds to the spot where the footmarks of the lost animal are known to be; and after examination of these, and receiving a brief description of the beast, he sets off either on foot or on a camel or pony, and is able to go quite rapidly wherever the tracks have passed over sandy or soft ground. When a hard stretch is reached the party spreads out; and, finding traces here and there, it proceeds on a line parallel to the original direction until the footmarks become clear again. Difficulties arise when the direction has been changed on hard ground, and when the stolen animal has been taken along a railway line, into a river, or along a much-frequented road or path with several cross-roads. Of course, on thoroughfares the passers-by will be questioned, and the party may be assisted by some who have seen the thief; but this all means time, and verbal directions are not always to be trusted, while they are often misleading, particularly if the thief has posted friends on the route he has taken. The animal, however, has to be watered and fed; so, sooner or later, it will be taken to a well, and the persons there, if not in league with the thief, are probably able to give useful information. At night-time, too, the thief will require to rest both himself and the animal, and the trackers may then succeed in overtaking him. Whenever a stolen animal is passed down one of the regular lines tracking becomes exceedingly difficult.

A thief when operating by himself will sometimes take an animal he has stolen for about ten miles, and then leave it for several hours tied up to a tree in some solitary spot. If the tracking-party arrives during that time it is quite content to

recover the animal, and never bothers to go on tracking the thief; while if no one comes to the spot the thief concludes that the owner has been unable to follow the tracks, and he accordingly takes it away peacefully to some distant market. Most men who have to deal with cattle are clever in taking them across rivers, and can do so even when they are in flood. Cattle-thieves are always expert at this, and frequently float and swim down the large rivers for many miles with their stolen property.

The work of the police is much handicapped owing to owners failing to report thefts until long after their occurrence, when, of course, practically all chance of obtaining true evidence as to the tracks has been lost, and the recovery of the stolen animal is hopeless. It is almost an invariable practice for the owner and his friends to follow up the tracks without the assistance of the police, and then, if the thief is discovered, to try and come to terms with him. If they fail to find the thief or their property, or if they find the former but cannot recover the animal or get another and better one in its place, they fall back on the police, who are consequently given a great deal of useless trouble.

In certain districts a number of trackers are enlisted as constables, one of whom is posted to each police-station. Many of these men are probably recruited from professional cattle-stealers on the strength of 'set a thief to catch a thief.' Expert trackers make a fairly large income out of their business; but they as far as possible avoid cases in which the police are employed, for they naturally object to tramping long distances to court, and waiting there several days when called as witnesses. In ordinary cases they generally send a substitute to give evidence, and consequently a really true case frequently comes to nothing owing to the inability of the witness to answer questions. Even in police cases the substitute is sometimes sent up in lieu of the real tracker; but on such occasions the man sent has probably accompanied the expert, and is able to give a good deal of true evidence.

Cattle-thieves provide themselves with various paraphernalia to assist them in carrying on their trade, and among other articles I may mention the leather shoes which they place round the hoofs of animals and the grass shoes they themselves wear; these are employed both to deaden the sound and to hide the tracks. They often have in their possession a set of branding-irons and instruments for snipping animals' ears; while particular kinds of dye are kept for colouring the hair of animals which have distinctive markings. Thus an old buffalo with a white tuft on its forehead, a white tip to its tail, and four white coronets, will have none of these shortly after it has come into the hands of its new possessor. The *sarnai*, or hide-bag, which can be inflated, is used for sitting or resting on when crossing a river, while every thief of any standing possesses a large iron jemmy for forcing open doors of sheds and making holes through walls. One of the most curious things I have ever seen in the possession of one of these men was a rough but serviceable telephone. It consisted of a piece of twine some two hundred yards in length, and two bits of bamboo hollowed out to form cylinders about six inches long and three in diameter; over one end of each cylinder a piece of bladder was pasted, to the centre of which the twine was attached by being passed through and secured by means of a knot. The owner of this interesting instrument stated that it was used by thieves at cattle-fairs. Several men would go to a large fair with a few animals of their own, and get with them into the enclosure. At night-time the cord would be passed from one side of the enclosure to the other, and one man would watch the patrol and give preconcerted signals in the shape of coughs and groans to his friends at the other end. The latter would then walk off with cattle while the patrol was engaged in condoling with the accomplice, who would pretend to be very ill and in great agony.

When a man has been caught with a stolen animal in his possession he will frequently bring evidence in his defence to prove that he is the owner, and that the case has been concocted against him for some reason or other. It is often very difficult in such cases to decide which of the parties is telling the truth. On one occasion the magistrate trying the case went outside his court to see whether a fine buffalo, which both complainant and accused claimed, would come to either of them on being called, as each had declared it would. Directly the animal was let loose one began repeating, 'Come, Billoo!' and the other, 'Come, Kaloo!' in their most enticing manner; but 'Billoo' or 'Kaloo' would have neither of them, and walked off towards the nearest patch of green. Luckily for the ends of justice, the complainant suddenly remembered that his buffalo had had an operation performed under its tongue, and had a large scar there. He conveyed this information quietly to the magistrate, and the accused, on being questioned, knew of no mark in its mouth. With some difficulty the buffalo was thrown, and, the scar being found, the complainant got his animal and the accused his six months.

A man who had lost one of his sheep was at first rather puzzled on finding that its tracks disappeared altogether at a spot where the ground was quite soft and took good impressions. On carefully examining the ground he perceived the tracks of a camel, and noticed that it had sat down just where the sheep's tracks had ceased. Putting two and two together, he, with some friends, tracked up the camel and recovered his sheep, which had been lifted off its feet on to the camel by one of the men, placed across the saddle, and so carried off.

On one occasion a party of thieves actually managed to seize as many as twenty-nine camels, which they took through two districts to a place

over two hundred miles away. They were there exchanged for a number of stolen buffaloes and bullocks, which were brought back for disposal in the home district. The difficulty incurred by the police in the investigation of this case and in bringing the offenders to trial may be imagined.

A man will sometimes trace his stolen cattle to a distance, and find them in the possession of a family or tribe of influence, from whom he is afraid to seize or claim them. It occasionally happens, however, that a claim is made, and the tables turned on the complainant with a vengeance. No sooner has he left with his animals than he is captured and a report made against him at the nearest police-station to the effect that he was caught stealing the animals just outside the village. On the arrival of the police they find the tracks of the captured man and animals, while a heap of evidence against the poor owner is at once forthcoming.

From what I have said it will be apparent that it is of great importance to ensure that reports are made to the police directly thefts occur, and I am glad to say that steps have lately been taken to effect this. In future, therefore, it is probable that the cattle-thief will find his nefarious trade much more risky than it has been hitherto. The colonisation now proceeding of the large tracts of waste land which in the past have afforded such useful asylums for this particular class of criminal will have a most satisfactory effect in checking him.

ST ANDREWS LINKS IN THE DAYS OF YOUNG TOM MORRIS.

By W. T. LINSKILL.

IT was in the very early seventies that I first went to reside in the once far-famed ecclesiastical capital of bonny Scotland and the Mecca of all golfers. The journey from Edinburgh in those bygone days was a dreary and most tedious experience, and would have tried the patience of the proverbial Job himself. A long wait at the old Waverley Station, Edinburgh—not a delectable place; then a wearisome crawl down to Granton; next in order, a long walk down to Granton pier among trucks and rushing trollies laden with luggage—a risky business. Then followed the crossing to Burntisland in the ferry steamer, where one frequently got a sort of Bay of Biscay tossing, with all its attendant horrors; then came another stampede from Burntisland pier to the railway station, a rather worse repetition, if possible, of the rush down to Granton pier; and then again another two hours' cruel crawl to the old Leuchars Station, a fearsome and draughty shed. From there the classic towers and spires of St Andrews could be seen by the weary traveller, far away across the flat plateau. After another long wait, probably involving a severe chill, one was slowly bumped along in the local train to the old St Andrews Station, another delightful, draughty shed outside the city. Then a bone-shaking and ancient 'bus conveyed the passengers to their various destinations.

All this is changed now; but I doubt if St Andrews is quite the same cheery old city it used to be in those days long past. It was then a quaint, old-world place. It is now much larger, and more of the modern, up-to-date, fashionable watering-place. Only its east end, with the Castle, Cathedral, Priory, and old gateways and churches, remains the same. The Forth and Tay Bridges have altered the character of the city, and every golfer who knows one end of a club from the other must needs now visit St Andrews. The ancient city has become almost too popular. It has three courses; and even these, during the summer months, are inadequate to cope with the mighty rush of would-be starters. The old course is the best in the world, and, so far as I know, the only free course in Britain. A small tariff during the season would greatly improve matters, I am convinced. Good players and duffers alike would benefit by such an arrangement.

Almost the first thing I learned on my arrival was that young Tommy Morris was the idol of the place. His name and fame were on the lips of every one that I met. The popular Allan Robertson had then been long dead, and young Tommy was the hero who had risen in his place. I soon got to know him intimately, and many are the foursomes we played together at St Andrews, Leven, and Earlsferry. Hand-hammered gutta-percha balls were mostly in vogue, and I can never quite forget how liable they were to split, and the vast numbers we used to lose in the whins which bounded the then narrow course on either side. The foursome we oftenest played was Tommy and myself against Charles B. Macdonald (the well-known American golfer, and the pioneer of the game in the United States) and his friend E. R. Burgess, also an American.

Young Tommy had a truly magnificent circular sweeping swing, and he hit the ball with every bit of power he had at his command, and with the greatest possible precision and accuracy. So very hard did he strike that his Balmoral bonnet tumbled off at most of his long shots. He had extremely powerful wrists, and his approaching and pitching were 'fair deadly.' In all my experience I never saw such splendid putting; it was a case of in or stone-dead at every green. In those days the

greens were a bit smaller and the holes a trifle bigger, but they were very much rougher. To see him handle his putter was a perfect revelation. Away went the ball, firmly hit and as straight as an arrow; then came the familiar expression of those days, 'Dook,' and lo! the gutta was at the bottom of the hole.

In the year 1860 the Prestwick Golf Club presented a champion-belt to be played for annually over the Prestwick green, and any player winning it three times in three consecutive years could then claim the belt as his very own property. This wonderful feat young Tommy accomplished in 1868, 1869, and 1870, his three scores being 154, 157, and 149—truly marvellous golf! What might he not have done now, with our present perfected clubs and the new rubber-cored ball?

The three days' match, two rounds of St Andrews each day, between him and Davie Strath was the finest exposition of golf I ever saw played in my long experience of the game. In those days the rules were simple and easily understood; now they are rapidly approaching the magnitude of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*. Much of the old-time phraseology of the Links has vanished for good. I remember two instances. A good shot was generally greeted with the expression of 'There's a toucher!' and a bad or bunkered ball with a groan and sigh of 'What a waster!' One never hears of a 'toucher' or 'waster' now.

But what of the Links of old St Rule in those bygone seventies? They are terribly altered in every respect, and they are certainly easier, much more artificial, and remind one of a vast golfing-park. The destruction of the dense thickets of whins is very much to be deplored. It was practically due to wear and tear and the widening of the course, but at the same time quantities of these whins were, I think, unnecessarily sacrificed and destroyed when making the new course. Some good Samaritan has kindly planted whins on the sandhills of the Jubilee Course, and they are growing splendidly. This is an object-lesson.

In young Tommy's day all the holes were known by their names; never, as now, by their numbers. From the Home Hole one played to the Burn or Bridge Hole, then to the Corner o' the Dike, the Cartgate, the Gingerbeer, the Hole o' Cross green or Long Hole, the Heathery Hole, High, Short, and the End Hole, or Hole of Return. In still older days there were other names, such as the Bafield Hole, the Hole of Rye, and the Hole of Cunnin Links; but these three latter holes were long before my time. The names of the holes have almost entirely vanished, with the old red coats and the old school of caddies. It seems a pity, and to an old stager like the writer it gives an air of melancholy to the whole place.

As I have stated before, the Links were formerly very narrow. Between the Royal and Ancient Golf Club and the burn at the first hole, many acres of land have been reclaimed from the German Ocean. Where I can remember the seashore once existed there are now excellent lies for the players' balls. There are, I believe, three sea-walls buried under the golf-green, and the old bathing-place was once under the present window of the north room of the club. The historic Swilcan Burn formerly swept almost into the centre of the Links before it turned into the sea, and one often drove into this bend from the first tee. It was then a sandy natural hazard, but now it is a concrete-walled channel.

Long ago there were no sand-boxes at the various tees, and the caddies used to scoop out the necessary material from the bottom of the hole; and as these holes were very infrequently changed, they sometimes became so very deep that it was almost impossible to recover the ball after holing out. As the bunkers were honeycombed with rabbit-holes, and all the grassy hollows were overgrown with long, rank, benty grass or rushes, an iron niblick became a necessity to dislodge the ball. Now one can easily use a play-club in these well-mown hollows. While all the eighteen holes are considerably changed, I can notice the greatest difference at the long holes, out and in—the Heathery Hole and the High Hole. Formerly, at the long hole going out, one was obliged to cross the Hell Bunker, a fearful place, and approach the hole from what are still known as the Elysian Fields. The present valley course on the north side of the Links was at that time all rough ground, whins, and benty grass. I remember one of the old school of golfers—I think it was the late Mr Whyte-Melville—remarking to me that the above-mentioned valley was getting gradually quite easy and playable, and that it ought to be ploughed up thoroughly to keep the players on the old line. At the Heathery Hole, just over 'Walkinshaw's grave,' there is a large bunker filled up, and new bunkers have to take the place of the former dense thickets of whins or gorse. At one time the tee-shot to this hole had to be kept far away to the left, or the consequence was a fearful lie or a lost ball. The same may be said of the drive off the tee to the High or Eden Hole; to the right all was coarse grass and whins, long since vanished.

If the Links are altered and the rules multiplied, so are the clubs. In those early seventies when I invested in my first set of clubs (glorious possession!) they consisted of a driver or play-club; grassed driver; long, middle, short, and baffing spoon; wooden niblick; putter; sand-iron; and iron niblick with a heavy head of the frying-pan shape. Now all sorts of abnormal and monstrous clubs have gradually crept in. Hardly a day passes that some fearfully and wonderfully made new club is not put into my hands with a query, 'Now, what do you think of that?' Do these curious weapons improve any one's play permanently? I venture to think not; but then I am very conservative in this respect, and pin my faith to the clubs, balls, and

rules of langsyne. The players I call to recollection in the days of my boyhood were Colonels Bethune and Boothby, the brothers Lamb (Henry and David), Patrick Procter Alexander, Principal Tulloch, the Whyte-Melvilles (father and son), Sir Robert Anstruther (who often rode on a pony round the Links), Wolfe Murray (who did likewise, and was also a wonderful shot with the bow and arrow), Mr Blackwood, and many others.

None of the more modern developments of the game were then contemplated. There were no four-ball foursomes, nor the pestilential scoring-card and pencil save on medal-days, no 'bogy' competitions, and no counting by points instead of holes in matches, now so common everywhere.

In conclusion, I may add, I was engaged one afternoon planning out the first golf-course in Cambridge (in 1875 the Cambridge University Golf Club was formed) when I received the sad news of young Tommy's death. It was a great shock to me, as I had known him so well. I have heard many old golfers aver that St Andrews was never the same to them after Allan Robertson's death in 1859. I can truthfully say that St Andrews Links lost half their charm to me after Tommy's early death.

THE LEARNING OF A LESSON.

PART II.

TEN days later the call came. The wind was moaning drearily through the gray Stockholm streets, the gloom of a rising tempest was spreading over the autumn afternoon, when a grizzled sailor-man touched his rough cap warily to Major Asheton outside the vestibule of the Grand Hotel. From under his jersey he produced a carefully preserved note. After a furtive look round the entrance-hall to see if he was being watched, the new-comer delivered the little missive. Then he heaved a sigh of undisguised relief, and waited.

Asheton gathered the meaning of the few pencilled lines at a glance. 'Come,' they said; 'come quickly, if you will. The bearer of this is a pilot on whom you can perfectly rely.'

Englishmen are not as a rule sentimental, but this one folded that half-sheet of paper with almost reverent care. It had a faint 'Nita' at the bottom. He placed it deliberately in the safest recess of his pocket-book. His manner was unhurried, his words to the pilot of the fewest. Yet within an hour the *Petrel* was heading seawards into the smother of the storm.

In after-years Asheton never forgot the sudden exhilaration of heart as the salt sea-spray from the open Baltic smote him from the gathering gale, and the lights of the darkening Stockholm shore-line dropped behind in the welter of the night. What a hateful place it had been since Nita left it! How the long hours had dragged! How inane had been all occupation save that of storing and fitting the yacht to receive her passengers in every imaginable fashion which his idling fancy could suggest! His skipper wondered and his crew stared. But their curiosity received no enlightenment from their taciturn owner.

And now he did well not to linger. The last mooring-rope had scarcely been hauled over the *Petrel's* side before a telegram was speeding over the wires from the Russian Consulate—a telegram that was to be fateful to many lives. Doubtless the Englishman would have recked but little had he known its purport. For there was a goal before him which he was resolved to reach. A girl was looking out over the Finnish rocks and sand-dunes, and was repeating a wistful question to the melancholy boom of the wave-song: 'Does he really love me enough to come?'

Long hours followed—weary hours of untiring navigation, when the free seaway in turn gave place to the maze of reefs that fringe the shallow gulf. Through intricate island passages, among barren, spear-pointed rocks, and by treacherous, seething shoals barely awash in the breakers the yacht was driven with ceaseless vigilance and the boldest skill. Thrice the skipper protested; thrice he shrugged his tired shoulders at the curt command, 'Keep her at full speed.' Spiteful seas sloshed hissing along the sloping decks. Other men might want sleep and food; not so either owner or pilot. Ever the latter, impervious to thundering waves and stinging rain-squalls, grunted his crisp directions, and reckoned the speeding hours by his watch in the beam of side-light. The Finn is a slow-spoken man, intensely serious, of infinite endurance, and resourceful on the sea.

With the cold of a livid dawn came other cheerless islets. On some the stunted bush and pine grew; on another an isolated outlook-tower rose bleakly among stray patches of attempted cultivation. Rows of wooden stakes and painted sign-marks on the rocks indicated a channel. The pilot relaxed into satisfaction, and evinced a desire for strong drink. Very shortly afterwards the low coast-line of the Grand Duchy of Finland opened to Asheton's impatient, straining eyes.

The *Petrel's* smoke-stack was whitened with encrusting brine as she stood into the sullen waters of a narrow bay. It was a place of wintry mist and storm. It was deserted.

'Ten fathoms!' The skipper rang off his engines. 'Let go!' And the anchor had scarcely rattled overside before the yacht's gig swung from the davits into the water.

Asheton felt that his revolver was in a conveniently handy pocket as he landed. The pilot gave a gruff snort and led the way up the cliff. One of the crew accompanied them, a herculean northerner from the Tyne.

A mile inland over the hill was a scattered village surrounding a tumble-down church. The pilot proceeded nimbly. He skirted the side of a scanty fir-wood without ostentation, pushed back a gate shaky with age, and struck up a moss-grown lane. At the end of it was a poverty-stricken *torp*, the ordinary gaunt house of the Finland peasantry. It was a weather-beaten homestead; nothing could be more dismal. Yet to the Finlander his land is the finest of any land there is. And to the Englishman —Nita was there!

A withered old woman answered the cautious knock. The door-hinges creaked rustily. She spoke in a low dialect. The pilot turned to Asheton.

'The Professor Lornsen died four hours ago,' he said.

The room was small and bare. Under a ceiling browned by smoke a fire was smouldering dully. The benches, ranged beneath windows not made to open, were uninviting. From a rope across the rafters hung a row of clothes. A girl was sitting at the table with her face buried in her hands.

Nita met her lover without a word. She seemed stunned. Apparently she took it for granted that he should be there; it was equally clear that John Asheton preferred that she should.

He quietly took possession of both those cold little hands and held them warmingly in his sturdy grasp. The girl looked utterly exhausted. Her fair hair was badly rumpled; her cheeks were gray and colourless. Tears had marked the small white face, and the delicate lashes were heavy with grief. She was dressed in a rough serge skirt and a loose cotton bodice; over these was a striped native apron—the disguise of the peasant. Nevertheless, to the man who desired her above all things she was more queenly than ever.

'It is no use!' she said at last, with a little hopeless moan. She drew back and scanned him drearily. Asheton waited. Tenderest sympathy is often shown by silence just alone.

It is not in gala-days that love must needs be born. Sorrow bears it sometimes on her beating wings. Realisation follows later. This girl acted rather strangely, very simply. Deliberately she took his arm and placed it round her. Next moment her head was on his shoulder, and she was sobbing as if her heart would break. All that she knew just then was that some one very true and strong had come to comfort and protect.

A sharp exclamation from the watchful pilot startled Asheton. A *kärra*, or two-wheeled cart, was driving furiously up the road. Others followed, the ponies galloping fast. The men who filled them wore the uniforms of the Russian police.

The leading vehicle pulled up with abruptness as an imperious voice rang out its orders. Slouching men in heavy coats and long boots filed into the room. The first to enter was Baron Vordomsky. He gave a queer little shrug of his shoulders at the sight of Asheton and the girl.

'Ah, my dear Major, we heard that you had sailed from Stockholm,' he explained genially. 'You have come with speed. So also have we—to our business here. I regret that we intrude on your pleasure, my friend.'

'Professor Lornsen is dead,' Asheton informed him shortly.

'So!' The Russian's tone expressed intense surprise and annoyance. 'That we did not know.' He spoke roughly to one of his subordinates; the man pushed past into an inner room, and the intelligence was soon confirmed beyond all doubt.

Vordomsky's face hardened with baffled anger. He was a different being, this disconcerted, ruthless official, to the affable, smiling guest of the Stockholm Embassy. He was the exponent of the policy which is crushing a nation, heedless of the reprisals it may provoke. Ministers of Interior and Governor-Generals may find their graves as Plehve and Bobrihoff have done, by the hand of the assassin; others fill their places on the lurid rungs of the ladder of power with the fatuity of the doomed.

The Baron swung round in a rage.

'Return to your yacht, Major Asheton,' he said with stern gravity. 'You will be so good as to leave at once. All the others,' he scowled at the frightened inmates, 'will be dealt with as I direct.'

'No, they will not!' said the Englishman with calm bluntness. His arm was still linked in Nita's. Involuntarily her fingers had tightened their clasp on his.

For a tense, savage moment the two men faced each other in rigid defiance: the tall, spare Englishman; the thick-set, burly Muscovite. Then the former's flat contradiction acted curiously. Vordomsky smiled.

'Miss Nita is a Russian subject,' he remarked speculatively. He stroked his beard. 'The daughter and sister of rebels against the Czar,' he added, as if expecting Asheton to reject this fact.

Unfortunately its truth was undeniable.

'She is found in disguise'—the Baron pursued his indictment in contemplative fashion—'arranging the escape of one whom, if the hand of God had not removed him, it would have been my important duty to arrest.'

The speaker seemed to imply that the hand of God had chosen a most inconsiderate occasion to intervene.

'And she inveigles you into connivance and assistance of the process. Fie, my dear Major! Fie!'

At this the said Major lost his temper a little,

and told the dispenser of the justice of the Czar what he thought of him. The sailor from the Tyne accepted it as a hint to roll up his sleeves threateningly and display some brawny muscles to advantage. He took the measure of the nearest policeman with carefulness and the inherent hostility of the seaman to one of his profession. He was larger than the policeman, and his attitude appeared to court a controversy. That individual recoiled hastily on the support of his comrades.

Vordomsky was unmoved. He lit a cigar with elaborate indifference.

'You must let—Miss Nita—go,' he affirmed perfunctorily between the puffs.

'I will never let her go,' declared John Asheton grimly.

There was a short pause, while outside the wind howled with dreary cadence across the storm-set sky. The room was bitterly cold.

'There is only one alternative,' began the Russian with leisurely suavity.

'That is?'

'That you marry her at once! Now, listen to me, Major Asheton,' said Vordomsky, with a change into sharp animation. 'This is no jest; I am in complete earnest. Whether you are so great a fool as to want this girl I do not know, I do not care; but you saved my life, and I wish to discharge the obligation under which I stand to you. As matters are, I have no option but to arrest her. One thing alone can prevent this. There is a priest in the village. You can marry the girl by the rites of the peasants here if you will. Whether such a ceremony will be binding in your own country is nothing to me; I will choose to consider it so here. Then she will technically become a British subject, and I shall not report on her presence, nor shall I hinder you from removing your—wife. There is no need for emotion. It is for you—and her—to decide as you please.'

The speaker's forcible manner left nothing to be desired to confirm his words.

Nita Lornsen had given a quick little gasp of dismay when Vordomsky spoke. She had dropped Asheton's arm and drawn back from him in panic.

'Oh, no,' she cried, 'I won't!'

'Then I fear you will have to go to prison,' observed the Baron placidly. He seemed disappointed at the refusal of his generous solution of the dilemma. By chance a rifle-butt rang on the flooring. Its significance was ominous.

'If I were strong enough I would kill you!' she told him passionately.

'But you are not, my dear young lady,' said the other, amused.

Again she turned to Asheton. Her breast was rising and falling in her distress. She was very erect, with unfaltering eyes. But the despair in the young voice refused to be stifled.

'It is impossible,' she said breathlessly.

'Why, Nita?'

'I—I have nothing to give you. I have no money; I am very poor.'

At the sight of his quick movement of protest she waved him away, almost as if she were afraid of him or of herself.

'I am a foreigner by birth.'

He did not appear to be daunted even by this announcement.

'May I have you? I want you very much,' was all he answered simply.

'I do not—think—I love you,' she murmured very low.

'You can fetch your priest,' said Asheton curtly at that.

Vordomsky despatched a man for the village cleric. There was a constrained silence in the interval. Those were the most awkward moments that Asheton had ever known. He was deeply stirred. Keen misgiving as to whether he was doing right—for her—bewildered him. He cursed Vordomsky comprehensively under his breath.

The pastor presently arrived in unceremonious tow of a policeman. His numerous objections dissolved under the Russian's harsh admonitions. It was brusquely intimated to him that obedience was to be his portion in this world; in the next, the son of the Orthodox Church considered that the devil would doubtless obtain his due from all Lutherans. This course of events would be unnaturally anticipated if the pastor delayed his compliance with his Excellency's imperative commands. He would proceed to marry these two people—forthwith!

The pastor did without further preparation. Sometimes the only way to get ready to marry two persons is just to marry them. It was perhaps melodramatic, and in these days to be melodramatic is to be banal; nevertheless, melodrama remains. Vordomsky smoked unconcernedly throughout the ceremony.

A delicate flush had replaced the pallor on Nita Lornsen's face. She answered the pastor's words with a solemnity that was very sweet, interpreting them gently when necessary to the man who stood beside her much as if he were a child to whom she had to explain. Asheton's ring with his family crest and motto passed to her keeping in token of the lot she was accepting as her own. At the close she raised her lips to his, and he kissed her reverently before them all: before the sardonic Russian, who wondered what love meant; before the uncomprehending peasants and the stolid, staring police. To her the supreme moment of a woman's life had come in a desolate hovel on a forsaken shore; that moment when one woman takes one man into her life, and gives herself to him unreservedly for ever. At the end her husband added in English, 'God has given you to me, Nita. No one shall take you away.'

'Now I am free from all debt to you,' Vordomsky announced briskly. 'I give you one word of farewell. Hasten! A gunboat is on its way from Bjorneborg to shadow your strange English yacht, which has already been reported in these waters. Her commander may not be so complaisant as I am. They are independent, those naval officers; not as we of the army—"good fellows" you call it. My warning is well meant; also, it is urgent. The pilot may leave with you. You are at liberty to take madam away.'

The Russian bowed. The Englishman acknowledged the salute formally. An hour later the *Petrel* was steaming full speed from the land. The afternoon was waning into rapid dusk.

On the bridge keen eyes searched the skyline. The yacht wallowed her nose into the troubled, foam-flecked waves. A sharp burst of hail had just ended when Asheton's elbow was grasped as in a vice. The finger of the pilot's other hand was pointing over the quarter.

A smudge of smoke in the driving clouds, a black line tossing on the swell of the surge; these resolved themselves into another vessel forging ahead very fast.

The skipper clapped the binoculars to his smarting eyes and peered through the gathering darkness.

'Yon's a man-o'-war,' he snapped. He looked long and earnestly. 'Russian! She's seen us. She is altering her course in pursuit.'

'That is very probable,' remarked Asheton coolly. His gaze travelled thoughtfully round the horizon-ring of the heaving sea. He glanced over the ship's side; the big white yacht was going at a slashing rate. Ahead was the entrance to an intricate island-channel. The race of the tide against wind and current sent the spray flying across the deck.

'Shove her along!' said Asheton through the engine-room speaking-tube, and grimy men below on reeking coal-dust platforms slaved in prompt compliance.

As if the words had been heard afar, the other vessel responded. A muffled boom echoed dully in the distance. With a terrific splash a shell screamed into the water astern. Two more followed in quick succession.

Asheton was uncommonly angry. He was finding what others have recently found: how little the Russian regards the law of international usage. Fortunately, the shooting was very bad; that also has been demonstrated in other latitudes of late. The *Petrel* rioted under the lee of an island-cliff, and the gunboat bustled stormily after her. Her lights twinkled into baleful prominence as she came up astern.

'You must go below, Nita,' suggested Asheton hoarsely. He turned to the slim, quiet figure beside him, oddly clad in oilskins and a sou'-wester much too large for her. Her eyes glimmered up at him trustfully. She thrust back a curled wisp of hair from her wet cheek.

'I shall not do that,' she said to him slowly. In the wind and the rain, with the noise of the sea in their ears, she was very close, and she spoke with great distinctness.

'Why not? It is safer there,' he urged, insistent.

For a little she did not explain. The man-o'-war fired again, and the missile hooted overhead. Asheton, in desperation, seized her by the arm to make her leave the bridge. The girl stood stubborn.

'Your place is here,' she explained reproachfully.

He nodded sharply.

'And mine is always now with you,' she said with softest clearness. 'And I am—quite content.'

A savage shout of glee from the Finlander pilot rang through the tempest. He sprang on to the bridge-rail and gesticulated wildly. The mad working of his exultant face shone in the glow of the binnacle-lamp. Across the blackening waters came the shrill blast of a frantic steam-siren. Red, green, and masthead lights on the Russian gunboat seemed suddenly to shoot together into one hideous, flashing jumble. Then grimmest shadows shut down over the swamping sea.

'Piled her up on the rocks!' bawled the skipper in fierce excitement. 'Hit them fairly!' A faint explosion was wafted down the wind. 'Ripped open her bottom, and boiler's gone!' he cried.

Amid a boiling hurly-burly on a swirling ledge the Russians went to their doom in the darkness. The *Petrel's* crew saved nine of them after long hours of danger and exertion. The survivors were landed next day on a rocky islet where a lighthouse relief-boat calls just once a month, there to reflect at ample leisure on the ways of the English who had perilled their lives to save them, and who desired their company no more. Afterwards, as the yacht slid down the open Baltic in the gray of the autumn morning, Major Asheton hazarded the eager question, aloud and uninterrupted this time. 'Can I ever teach you to love me, Nita?' he asked again.

She shook her head wisely. 'I am afraid it is too late now,' she opined in thoughtful speculation. Then she added, as she saw his startled face, 'I've already learnt that lesson—if you please, sir!'

THE END.

THE SAND-GROUSE.

By Captain J. H. BALDWIN.

WE recently read in a short telegram from Bombay that our Prince of Wales had opened his Indian sporting campaign in proper regal fashion by slaying his first royal tiger. Depend upon it, that tiger had been most carefully watched and his whereabouts known from day to day long before receiving his death-wound from the rifle of the 'Shah Zadah,' or King's son. But the Prince, we learn from the same source, has also distinguished himself with gun as well as rifle by making a wonderful bag of the large—sometimes called the 'imperial'—sand-grouse. We read that in company with his host, the Maharajah of Bikanir, the Prince in a few hours shot over two hundred brace of these splendid game-birds, not to mention another hundred brace brought to bag by his companion, the Maharajah. Particulars of this great performance are yet to come, and will prove highly interesting to sportsmen in general, and especially so to old Anglo-Indians, who can recall to mind, in days gone by, many a grand day's sport with this fine sand-grouse, *Pterocles arenarius*, the largest, most powerful on the wing, and the best bird for the table of the many species of sand-grouse inhabiting Asia and Northern Africa.

I may here mention, for the benefit of those unacquainted with the sand-grouse, that the family is divided into two genera, *Syrrhaptes* and *Pterocles*. The former includes only two species inhabiting the steppes of Tartary and plains of Thibet, and never wandering south to India, Persia, or Northern Africa. It differs from the genus *Pterocles* in having a smaller foot feathered to the claws, and *no hind-toe*. The genus *Pterocles* is more numerous, including many species, and is far more widely spread throughout the hottest regions of the Old World.

In figure these desert birds much resemble one another, though they differ considerably in size, as also in plumage. The head is small and delicate, the body elongated, the wings long and pointed, the tail generally tapering to a point, the tarsus feathered in front, the feet short, the claws stout and slightly curved. The general colour of the family is various shades of pale yellow intermixed with deep brown. Some species have the abdomen black. The sexes differ considerably in plumage. In some the male birds have broad chestnut bands or patches of black on the breast. The females differ in many species in having the upper plumage more of a fulvous tint, finely barred and speckled with brown.

In habits these sand-grouse appear to be much alike, with the one exception of the painted sand-grouse (*P. fasciatus*), which, strange to say, often hides in short thickets on the sides of low rocky hills. They frequent the open plain in preference to any sort of cover. Even under the intense heat of an equatorial sun, these hardy birds will remain in the open with impunity. They subsist on the simplest of food, which generally consists of various hardened seeds from certain kinds of grass and weeds. Some species will also be found feeding on stubbles and ploughed land.

The family of *Pteroclidæ* have one marked characteristic as regards water which every sportsman is aware of. After feeding on the plain till about 9 A.M., they invariably and without fail fly in a direct line to some favourite drinking-spot on the banks of a river or shore of a lake. The birds generally choose some bar of sand or gradually sloping mud-bank on the margin of a shallow pool. They settle on the shore, run down to the water's edge, take a deep drink, pause a short time picking up minute pieces of gravel, then, with a simultaneous clucking cry, the flock rises in the air, and swiftly wings its way back to some favourite feeding-ground. About 4 P.M. this habit of flying to water is repeated, and a sportsman concealed behind a bush or in a pit dug out for the purpose, near to some favourite drinking-spot, will obtain excellent shooting, as flock after flock of the desert birds keeps coming and going to water.

I venture to say that our Prince of Wales probably made his great bag of sand-grouse in the manner I have attempted to describe.

The common sand-grouse of Northern India (*P. exustus*) breeds in Central India about the month of May, after which it disappears for several months; but I believe it to be only locally migratory. It is an exceedingly common bird throughout the North-West Provinces, as also throughout Central India. It can be easily approached and shot. Sometimes, when a flock has been marked down and approached, the birds will crouch, and their plumage so exactly resembles the surroundings that I have often stood for a whole minute within a few yards of the pack without being able to distinguish any one of them.

During the cold-weather months sand-grouse pack together and become exceedingly wary. I have seen considerable flocks of the large sand-grouse (*P. arenarius*), numbering many hundreds, possibly thousands, of birds; but sportsmen friends of mine, whom I could rely upon and who have visited the plains around Ferozepore and certain parts of the Punjab, have assured me again and again that they have seen enormous flocks of the large sand-grouse which must have numbered tens of thousands of birds. Travellers in Northern Africa, especially when crossing the great deserts of the Soudan, have also repeatedly spoken of the enormous

flocks of sand-grouse, 'darkening the air,' which they have come across in their wanderings.

Before quitting my subject, it may interest the reader to learn that one species of sand-grouse (*Syrrhaptes paradoxus*), commonly called Pallas's sand-grouse, has repeatedly visited Great Britain. When we consider the great distance these wanderers travel across land and over sea to reach our shores, we should naturally expect to hear that there was something specially attractive to induce these Central Asia birds to make so long a journey; but our leading ornithologists have not been able to discover anything of the kind. On the contrary, our islands possess nothing in common with or assimilating to the vast steppes of Tartary, the home of this species of sand-grouse. I believe that it was in the autumn of 1859 that this 'Asiatic invasion' was first noticed. Again, in 1863, several packs of Pallas's sand-grouse arrived, and since that time we repeatedly have heard of them, and a special law was passed in Parliament for their protection. It is also a most interesting fact that at different times several pairs of this species of sand-grouse have remained and bred with us.

I may mention that in the early summer of 1863, when on a hunting expedition in Thibet, I came across and procured five specimens of that rare bird *Syrrhaptes tibetanus*, the second species of this genera, which, as has already been mentioned, is only found in Central Asia. I happened at the time to be crossing a wide plain mounted on a domestic animal called a *jooboo*, a mule between a tame yak and ordinary cattle. We chanced to come across a small tarn almost dried up. At the far end of the lake I noticed a small flock of birds grouped together and motionless on a bar of sand. I carefully inspected them through my telescope, but failed to recognise what sort of birds they could be. I slid down from off my long-haired steed and took my gun, carefully stalked the birds, and shot five of them. On picking up the slain, I at once saw that I had obtained specimens of a rare and beautiful species of sand-grouse (*S. tibetanus*) which I believed at the time to be new to science, but which I afterwards ascertained had been shot by Thibetan sportsmen on previous occasions.

I will conclude my remarks on the sand-grouse by relating an occurrence which took place many years ago on the Upper Nile, and which goes to prove that a practical knowledge of natural history is at times of great value to a soldier on service. After one of our many campaigns against the Mahdi, an officer in the Royal Engineers, Captain F——r, with whom I formerly was acquainted, was left in command of a fort far up the Nile. It was an isolated spot, with no support near at hand, but the fort was of modern construction, well built, and on a commanding position. The fort was also well provided with arms and ammunition of every kind, and amply provisioned for several months; and, what was of the utmost importance in such a country, there was no chance of running short of water, for the great river Nile flowed past close at hand. The garrison, though few in numbers, was of the best, a picked force, thoroughly reliable in the hour of trial. The only danger to guard against was a surprise and the carrying of the position by a sudden night attack, and an assault by a dense mass of fanatical Dervishes. The country around the fort was a dreary sandy plain, with hardly a living creature to be seen excepting great numbers of sand-grouse. As already mentioned, these birds have a regular habit of leaving their feeding-grounds, often many miles away, and flying direct to and fro to water twice a day, morning and evening, at certain particular hours, but at no other time.

Weeks passed without a sign of the enemy, who appeared to have quitted the neighbourhood. One morning early Captain F——r's attention was attracted to the unusual behaviour of the sand-grouse. From dawn of day the birds were on the wing, moving in every direction in large and small bodies, and the clear *wuk-tee-wuk* cry of the birds continued for a considerable time as they crossed backwards and forwards high overhead. But what Captain F——r, a good sportsman and naturalist, particularly noticed was that *none of the birds came to drink* at their accustomed spot on the banks of the Nile. It was evident that something far inland was disturbing them. Then it suddenly dawned on him that it could only be caused by the enemy on the move and probably advancing to attack him. He made his preparations accordingly. Sure enough, within twenty-four hours the Mahdists suddenly appeared, and with their accustomed bravery and determination tried again and again to rush the position; but the defenders of the fort were well on the alert, and met the enemy with a withering fire which threw them into confusion, and eventually the Dervishes were driven back, leaving the ground covered with their slain.

A REJOINDER.

THE GARDEN OF MY HEART.

From 'Chambers's Journal,' July 1905.

The garden of my heart is full of flowers:
Sweet pansies—thoughts of you in lonely hours,
Forget-me-nots of hope, and lilies fair—
White trust for lovers parted long—are there;
And in my heart, deep-hued with passions red,
Love's roses all their tender fragrance shed.
Oh, gardener, take my flowers! They only grew
Within the garden of my heart for you. M. F.

THE GARDEN OF THY HEART.

Ah, would that I could wander in that bower—
The garden of thy heart, the sweetest dower
That maid can bring to man! To linger there,
The world—all else—were naught. 'Twould be my care
To guard those flowers with tender, loving hand,
Sweet recompense such fragrance to command.
If not for me those roses, lilies fair,
I crave one blossom. Canst thou heed my prayer?
J. W. M.

Lower Siam.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

SOME EXQUISITES OF THE REGENCY.

PART IV.

BRUMMELL, Raikes has recorded, was the supreme dictator at Watier's, 'the club's perpetual president.' At the height of his prosperity, one night when he entered, the macao-table was full. Sheridan was there trying his luck with a few pounds he could ill spare, for he had fallen upon evil days. Brummell, whose good luck was notorious at this time, offered to take Sheridan's seat and go shares in his deal. He added two hundred pounds in counters to the ten pounds in front of him, took the cards, dealt, and in a quarter of an hour had won fifteen hundred pounds. Then he left the table and divided his gains with Sheridan. 'Go home, Sheridan,' he said quietly; 'go home and give your wife and brats a supper, and never play again.' It is good to be able to record a generous act, delicately done, of a much-abused man.

Of Brummell's witty insolence mention has already been made, but the laugh was once at least against him. He was at the card-table playing with Combe the brewer, an Alderman who had passed the chair. 'Come, Mashtub,' he said, being the caster, 'what do you set?' 'Twenty-five guineas.' 'Well, then, have at the mare's pony' (twenty-five guineas). The game progressed, and Brummell won twelve times in succession. 'Thank you, Alderman,' he said; 'for the future I shall never drink any porter but yours.' 'I wish, sir,' retorted Combe, 'that every other blackguard in London would say the same.'

Everybody played cards in those days. Even at the quiet Court of 'Farmer' George the tables were set out in the Queen's drawing-rooms. Ladies gambled with as much zest as their husbands and brothers, and at the end of the eighteenth century several held gaming-tables. 'Faro goes on as briskly as ever; those who have not fortune enough of their own to live on have recourse to this profitable game in order to raise contributions on their friends,' wrote Anthony Storer to Lord Auckland in 1791. 'The ladies are all embarked in banks. Mrs Strutt, Lady Archer, Mrs Hobart, Lady Elizabeth Luttrell (sister of the Duchess of Cumberland), are avowed bankers; others, I suppose, are secretly concerned.' Information was laid against Lady Archer and Lady Buckinghamshire, who were convicted and fined; and Lord Kenyon, delivering judgment in another case, actually declared that if any titled ladies were found guilty of the offence before him they should stand in the pillory. No one was bold enough to test the sincerity of the threat. As the *Morning Post* put it in its issue for January 15, 1800: 'Society has reason to rejoice in the complete downfall of the Faro Dames who were so long the disgrace of human nature. Their *die* is cast, and their *odd tricks* avail no longer. The *game* is up, and very few of them have *cut* with *honours*.'

Play was taken very seriously, for the stakes were always heavy, and conversation was resented. Sir Philip Francis came to Brooks's wearing for the first time the ribbon of the Order of the Bath for which Fox had recommended him. 'So this is the way they have rewarded you at last,' remarked Roger Wilbraham, coming up to the whist-table. 'They have given you a little bit of red ribbon for your services, Sir Philip, have they? A pretty bit of red ribbon to hang about your neck; and that satisfies you, does it? Now, I wonder what I shall have. What do you think they will give me, Sir Philip?' 'A halter, I trust and hope!' roared the infuriated player.

It was at Almack's, and later at White's, Brooks's, Weltzie's, and Watier's, that the heaviest play prevailed. It is no exaggeration to say that during the long sittings at macao, hazard, and faro many tens of thousands changed hands. Nelson won three hundred pounds at a gaming-table when he was seventeen; but he was so horrified when he reflected if he had lost he could not have paid that he never played again. Pitt gambled, and George Selwyn, and Fox, who was always unlucky.

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At Almack's, of pigeons I 'm told there are flocks,
But it 's thought the completest is one Mr Fox.
If he touches a card, if he rattles a box,
Away fly the guineas of this Mr Fox.

Fox lost two hundred thousand pounds in a night. Once he played for twenty-two hours and lost five hundred pounds an hour. It was he who said that the greatest pleasure in life, after winning, was losing. His bad luck was notorious, and Walpole wondered what he would do when he had sold the estates of all his friends. How Fox contrived to make a great reputation as a statesman, considering his mode of life, is truly remarkable. It was noticed that he did not shine in the debate on the Thirty-nine Articles (February 6, 1772). Walpole thought it could not be wondered at. 'He had sat up playing at hazard at Almack's from Tuesday evening the 4th till five in the afternoon of Wednesday, 5th. An hour before he had recovered twelve thousand pounds that he had lost, and by dinner, which was at five o'clock, he had ended losing eleven thousand pounds. On the Thursday he spoke in the above debate; went to dinner at half-past eleven at night; from thence to White's, where he drank till seven the next morning; thence to Almack's, where he won six thousand pounds; and between three and four in the afternoon he set out for Newmarket. His brother Stephen lost ten thousand pounds two nights after, and Charles eleven thousand pounds more on the 13th, so that in three nights the two brothers, the eldest not twenty-five, lost thirty-two thousand pounds.' One night when Fox had been terribly unlucky, Topham Beauclerk followed him to his rooms to offer consolation, expecting to find him perhaps stretched on the floor bewailing his losses, perhaps plunged into moody despair. He was surprised to find him reading Herodotus. 'What would you have me do?' he asked the astonished visitor. 'I have lost my last shilling.'

But, hark! the voice of battle shouts from far,
The Jews and Macaronis are at war;
The Jews prevail, and thund'ring from the stocks,
They seize, they bind, they circumcise Charles Fox.

They were good losers in those days, and it was a very necessary quality for the majority to possess, since all played and most lost. Lord Carlisle (who complained of *cette lassitude de tout et de moi-même, qu'on appelle ennui*), General Fitzpatrick, 'Old Q.,' Lord Hertford, Lord Sefton, the Duke of York, and many others squandered vast sums in this amusement. There were not a great many winners. The Duke of Portland was one; and his and Canning's father-in-law, General Scott, won two hundred thousand pounds. It was said the success of the latter was due not only to his knowledge of the game of whist, but also to his notorious sobriety. General Fitzpatrick and Lord Robert Spencer lost all their money at Brooks's; but, the members not objecting, with borrowed capital they kept a faro bank. The bank won, and with his share of one hundred thousand pounds Lord Robert bought the estate of Woolbidding, in Sussex. He had learnt his lesson, and he never played again. There were few who had the sense to make or the strength to keep such a resolution. Mrs Delany, however, tells of a Mr Thynne 'who has won this year so considerably that he has paid off all his debts, bought a house and furnished it, disposed of all his horses, hounds, &c., and struck his name out of all the expensive subscriptions.' A fortunate man, too, was Colonel Aubrey, who had the reputation of being the best whist and picquet player of his day. He made two fortunes in India and lost them both, and made a third at play from a five-pound note which he borrowed.

Another celebrated faro bank at Brooks's was that kept by Lord Cholmondeley, Mr Thompson of Grosvenor Square, Tom Stepney, and a fourth. It ruined half the town; and a Mr Paul, who had come home with a fortune from India, punting against the bank, lost ninety thousand pounds in one night, and at once went Eastward ho! to make another. Lord Cholmondeley and Mr Thompson realised between three and four hundred thousand pounds apiece; but Stepney so frequently played against his partners that what he won on one side he lost on the other, with the result that his gains were comparatively inconsiderable.

Foreigners were made honorary members of the clubs. The Duke of Orleans ('Vile Égalité,' Lady Sarah Bunbury wrote him down) carried off vast sums. During the visit of the Allied Sovereigns, Blücher, an inveterate gambler, lost twenty thousand pounds. Count Montrond, on the other hand, was a winner. 'Who the deuce is this Montrond?' the Duke of York asked Upton. 'They say, sir, that he is the most agreeable scoundrel and the greatest reprobate in France.' 'Is he, by Jove?' cried the Duke. 'Then let us ask him to dinner immediately.' Montrond was a witty fellow, and one of his *bon-mots* has been handed down. The Bailli de Ferretti was always dressed in knee-breeches, with a cocked hat and a Court sword, the slender proportions of which resembled those of his legs. 'Do tell me, my dear Bailli,' said Montrond one day, 'have you got three legs or three swords?'

Englishmen were not backward in playing abroad, and they assembled in great numbers at the Salon des Étrangers in Paris during the stay of the army of occupation after Waterloo. Gronow gives a long list of habitués: Henry Baring, Tom Sowerby, Henry Broadwood, Bob Arnold, Steer, Colonel Sowerby, were the most reckless plungers. Lord Thanet, who had an income of fifty thousand pounds, lost every penny he had at the *salon*. He would not stop playing when the public tables closed, and used to invite those present to remain and play hazard or écarté. One night he lost a hundred and twenty thousand pounds. His friends told him he had most probably been cheated. 'Then,' he said with great coolness, 'I consider myself lucky not to have lost twice as much.'

Prominent among gamblers, and as such deserving

of special mention, was William Douglas, Earl of March and Ruglen, afterwards fourth and last Duke of Queensberry.* Even making liberal allowance for the spirit of the age and for the state of morality in the days when he was young, he was one of the worst men of his generation; and his rank and wealth made his vices only more notorious. He was the 'Degenerate Douglas' of Wordsworth's muse, and Burns damned him in verse for all time:

> How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace,
> Discarded remnant of a race
> Once great in martial story?
> His forebears' virtues all contrasted,
> The very name of Douglas blasted—
> His that inverted glory.
>
> Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
> But he has superadded more,
> And sunk them in contempt.
> Follies and crimes have stained the name;
> But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim—
> From aught that's good exempt.

He was appointed to the household of George III.; but when the King's malady declared itself in 1788, he, in common with many other courtiers, veered round to the side of the Prince of Wales. George recovered, and the Duke was dismissed. His profligacy was a byword, and he pursued pleasure to the end of his days. He built a palace at Richmond, where many orgies took place. But he tired of that residence, as he wearied of most people and most things. 'What is there to make so much of in the Thames? I am quite tired of it. There it goes, flow, flow, flow, always the same.' At the end of his days he sat on the balcony of a ground-floor room of his Piccadilly mansion, and ogled the passers-by, while a footman held a parasol over his head, and another was ready to follow and find out the residence of any pretty girl that passed. Yet 'Old Q.' had wit in plenty, loved music, and was not without appreciation of letters and art. One of his greatest friends was George Selwyn; and, while both accredited themselves with the paternity, neither knew which was the father of Maria Fagniani. This young lady became Selwyn's ward and the inheritrix of the greater part of his fortune, while the Duke left her his residence in Piccadilly, á villa at Richmond, and a hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and her husband, Lord Yarmouth,† as the Duke's residuary legatee, came into about two hundred thousand pounds.

'Old Q.' was a dangerous man at the card-table. The turf had no mysteries for him. He was ever ready to bet, and he preferred to bet on something that was very close to a certainty. He was full of resource, and his success was due at least as much to his cleverness as to his luck. His was the day of wagers, and at White's a betting-book was laid upon a table for all bets made in the building to be inserted. His name frequently occurs therein:

'*June* 1751.—Lord March wagers Captain Richard Vernon fifty guineas to twenty that Mr St Leger is married before him.' This bet requires the explanatory note that 'him' stands for Captain Vernon.

'*March* 1784.—The Duke of Queensberry bets Mr Grenville ten guineas to five that Mr Fox does not stand a poll for Westminster if the Parliament should be dissolved within a month from the date hereof. *N.B.*—If a coalition takes place between Mr Pitt and Mr Fox this bet is to be off.' It is to be noticed that the Duke was not convinced of the sincerity of politicians.

The Duke bet Sir John Lade a thousand guineas as to which could produce a man to eat the most at one sitting. The Duke could not be present at the contest, but he received the result from a representative. 'I have not time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your Grace that your man beat his antagonist by a pig and an apple-pie.' What must they have eaten!

White's betting-book is full of quaint wagers. 'Lord Northington bets Mr C. Fox, June 4, 1774, that he (Mr C. F.) is not called to the Bar before this day four years.' On March 11, 1775, is an interesting entry: 'Lord Bolingbroke gives a guinea to Mr Charles Fox, and is to receive a thousand from him whenever the debt of this country amounts to one hundred and seventy-one millions. Mr Fox is not to pay the thousand pounds till he is one of his Majesty's Cabinet.' The following is dated April 7, 1792: 'Mr Sheridan bets Lord Lauderdale and Lord Thanet twenty-five guineas each that Parliament will not consent to any more lotteries after the present one voted to be drawn in February next.' Lotteries were then a regular source of revenue to the State, the average profit being about three hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year, besides many brokers' annual licenses at fifty pounds. Private lotteries were forbidden by law, and required a special Act of Parliament to enable them to be drawn. The result was that the only two private lotteries were the Pigot Diamond in 1800 and Boydell's pictures five years later. Lotteries were first drawn at Guildhall and later at the Coopers' Hall, and the tickets were taken from the wheels by Bluecoat boys. The last public lottery took place in October 1826, and so Mr Sheridan lost his bet.

On May 8, 1809, 'Mr G. Talbot bet Lord Charles Manners ten guineas that the Duke of Queensberry is not alive this day two years.' Another entry records that 'Mr C. H. Bouverie bets Mr Blackford that the Duke of Queensberry outlives the Duke of Grafton.' 'Lord Mountford bets Sir John Bland twenty guineas that Nash outlives Cibber.' But this bet was cancelled, because before either Nash or Cibber died the two wagerers committed suicide!

Apparently no subject was thought unfit for a bet. Wagers were made as to which of two married ladies would first give birth to a live

* Born 1724; succeeded to the Earldom of March, 1731, and, on his mother's death, to the Earldom of Ruglen; inherited the Dukedom, 1778; died December 23, 1810.

† Afterwards third Marquis of Hertford.

child, and as to which of two men would marry first. They bet with equal heartiness on the duration of a Ministry or the life of a Minister, on a horse, or a dog, or a prize-fight, or a cock-fight. Walpole tells the story of a simple parson entering White's on the morning of a severe earthquake, and hearing bets laid whether the shock was caused by an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away in horror, protesting that they were such an impious set that he believed if the Last Trump were to sound they would bet puppet-show against Judgment!

All other English clubs where gaming took place fade into insignificance before Crockford's. Crockford was originally a fishmonger at the old Bulkshop next door to Temple Bar Without, then a 'leg' at Newmarket. He became part-proprietor of a gambling-house, and with his partner, at a twenty-four hours' sitting, he won a hundred thousand pounds from five punters, including Lord Thanet, Lord Granville, and Ball Hughes. He then built the famous palace in St James's Street opposite to White's.

'No one can describe the splendour and excitement of the early days of Crockford's,' Gronow relates. 'A supper of the most exquisite kind, prepared by the famous Ude, and accompanied by the best wines in the world, together with every luxury of the season, was provided gratis. The members of the club included all the celebrities of England, from the Duke of Wellington to the youngest ensign of the Guards; and at the gay and festive board, which was constantly replenished from midnight till early dawn, the most brilliant sallies of wit, the most agreeable conversation, the most interesting anecdotes, interspersed with grave political discussions and acute logical reasoning on every conceivable subject, proceeded from the soldiers, scholars, statesmen, poets, and men of pleasure, who, when the House was "up" and balls and parties at an end, delighted to finish their evenings with a little supper and a good deal of hazard at old Crockey's. The tone of the club was excellent. A most gentleman-like feeling prevailed, and none of the rudeness, familiarity, and ill-breeding which disgrace some of the minor clubs of the present day would have been tolerated for a moment.'

The whole establishment was organised on a scale of wonderful magnificence; and to keep it select, the election of members was controlled by a committee. Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, General Alava, Esterhazy, and other ambassadors belonged to it; the Duke of Wellington, Lord Raglan, Lord Anglesea, Sir Hussey Vivian, Disraeli, Bulwer, Croker, Horace Twiss, and, as a matter of course, Lord Alvanley and Count D'Orsay. Though many members never touched a card, Crockford with his hazard bank won a sum estimated at between one million two hundred thousand and two million pounds, or, as a contemporary put it very neatly, 'the whole of the ready money of the then existing generation.' He died worth seven hundred thousand pounds, after having sustained heavy losses in mining and other speculations. The retirement of Crockford marks an epoch, for after that date the craze for gambling on a vast scale slowly but surely died out. By this time, however, it had done as much harm to the aristocracy as the South Sea Bubble did to the general public.

THE END.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE ORINOCO.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

FOR many reasons the Orinoco is one of the most dangerous rivers in the world. Not only are there countless physical dangers in the shape of sunken rocks, wrecks, and tree-trunks, huge sand-banks, ever-changing channels, and bewildering currents, but also many living, though often hidden, perils in the form of man, beast, or reptile. The higher one ascends and the farther one penetrates beyond the Maipures Rapids into the heart of the Alto Orinoco, the wilder the scene and the more perilous the river. Sparsely populated as is the vast region above and immediately below the rapids, it is often the home of anarchy and misrule, and always a domain where the passions of men know not the restraints of law and civilisation is still a dream.

Some little time after the invasion of Venezuela by the Allied Powers, and while revolutionists held possession of the Orinoco, permission was one day accorded by the *de facto* authorities at Ciudad Bolívar to the company owning the river steamers to make a voyage as far as Orucué, on the Meta. It was known that a large quantity of valuable produce had been accumulating for many months at that distant port, and the insurgents coveted the duties thereon.

Having a great desire to see that part of the world, I resolved to avail myself of the unexpected opportunity, and accordingly took passage for Orucué by the steamship *Guanare*, a small but comfortable vessel of the stern-wheel type. It was the middle of September. The rivers were in full flood, and everything looked propitious for the voyage. The *Guanare* proved to be a fast, clean, and well-found boat; and in spite of the great heat, mosquitoes, and rumours of disturbances that reached us from many different sources, I anticipated a pleasant and interesting trip, with the prospect of a little mild excitement in the form of a possible brush with river pirates.

At Caicara news was received which caused the

captain to maintain a vigilant outlook, and at night the steamer was laid up with banked fires and lights extinguished; for the country was in a most unsettled state, and it was reported that bands of marauders were roaming over the land, and, in the name of revolution, looting, destroying, and murdering as they went. We kept as much as possible amid-stream; but so tortuous was the course of the river, and so devious and uncertain the channels, that we were frequently carried closer, now to the right bank, now to the left, than was deemed altogether consistent with safety. At any moment we expected to see a *bongo* filled with armed desperados dart out from a bend in the river; while any one of the numerous eyots that dotted the stream might prove to be the lurking-place of a hostile band intent upon plunder or worse.

It is true we carried a number of troops for our protection; but these, so far from imparting a sense of security, were rather a cause of anxiety, since experience had shown that, in times of political disturbance, their mere presence on board was sufficient to provoke a conflict, in which event passengers and crew were likely to come off second best. However, we had implicit confidence in our captain; for we knew that he was acquainted with every turn of the river, and was, personally, as brave and resolute as he was handsome and resourceful. Moreover, the *Guanare* was a fast and powerful boat, and was making splendid headway against the swift and baffling currents that denoted our approach to the Meta.

A week passed without any noteworthy incident, and we had now reached the seventh day out from Ciudad Bolívar. On the morrow, all being well, we should enter the great Colombian waterway. The weather was fine, but the heat so great that the state-rooms were insupportable, and sleep impossible anywhere except in the ship's bows by day and on the awning-deck by night.

So far not a canoe had been sighted or a shot heard, save now and again when one of the soldiers or ship's officers took a pot-shot at a huge cayman basking in the shadows and the sand. Nothing having occurred to disturb the tranquillity of the voyage, the vigilance and discipline hitherto observed were somewhat relaxed, and all were lulled into a sense of security scarcely warranted by the circumstances of the time. As many of us as could find room slung our hammocks in the bows, and there whiled away the hours reading, smoking, and chatting; lazily watching the slowly changing scenery on either shore; and occasionally dropping into a dreamy siesta, beguiled by the heat, the somnolent rumble of the engines, the churning of the wheel, and the drone of voices.

As the day waned it became necessary to seek a safe anchorage for the night. After carefully reconnoitring our surroundings, the captain decided to take shelter under the lee of a good-sized, densely wooded island some distance below the mouth of the Meta. The anchor was dropped, a strong cable carried ashore and made fast, and a couple of stout planks thrown across from the main-deck to establish connection with the shore. The engineers took advantage of the lie-up to draw the fires and clean the boiler-tubes, and some of the sailors were sent ashore to cut wood fuel.

Apart from ourselves, no signs of life were visible anywhere; so as soon as darkness fell the saloon and deck lights were turned on for the first time, and the search-light was bent shorewards to aid the operations of the wood-cutters.

The night proved to be fine, with a brilliant moon. After dinner I lit a cigar and went on to the upper deck for a quiet smoke. The scene that met my gaze was curious and impressive. The wide expanse of the river, with the moonbeams silvering the tumbling waters and intensifying the dark masses of the islands; the half-nude forms of the wood-cutters, flitting here and there in the forest; the ring of their axes, and their gruff voices calling to each other; the fantastic shadows of the woods; the brilliantly lighted steamer; the swift current swirling past almost with the force of a cataract, all combined to make a picture not easily forgotten. At ten o'clock the lights were extinguished and all hands turned in.

An hour or so before dawn I was roused by the steward, who came to tell me that the *fiscal* proposed making up a party to go ashore for a stretch and a look round, and desired to know if I cared to join. Accepting with alacrity, I sprang from my hammock and hastily donned my roughest clothes.

Besides the *fiscal*, the commander of the troops, the purser, and two of the ship's officers joined the party. After a hurried repast we took our Winchesters and revolvers and set off for the shore. The crew were already hard at work bringing aboard the wood cut over-night. As the steamer would not leave for some hours, we had plenty of time to explore the whole island. Not that we expected to discover anything in particular, but we all needed exercise after seven days' confinement on board. We took one of the sailors with us, a stalwart nigger, with a cutlass to clear the way through the thick bush.

With the exception of a few monkeys and macaws, we found nothing on the island worth wasting powder and shot on; yet for mere wanton sport we must needs shoot something. The hard work of scrambling through the woods was exhilarating and enjoyable; but after a couple of hours of such exertion we were glad to reach a clearing on the highest part of the island, from which we commanded a magnificent view of the river and could see the banks of the Meta.

One after another the party straggled up, laughing and chatting and comparing notes. Suddenly the purser, who was gifted with keen sight, pointed up-stream and cried in a tone of alarm, '*Bongos!*'

Gazing in the direction indicated, we perceived three large canoes, deeply laden and apparently making straight for the island. That they were

enemies we made no doubt, for the river was closed to traffic and we were not likely to meet friends in that neighbourhood.

The question now arose, could we get back to the steamer in time to warn the people on board of the approaching danger? By the rude path which we had hewn for ourselves, the return journey through the forest would be easier. On the other hand, the current was swift, the canoes were well manned, and it would be a race between them and us.

With a simultaneous impulse we started off, and crossing the clearing at top speed, plunged breathlessly into the woods. Although it had taken us over two hours to reach the clearing, we got back to the wood-pile in less than half that time. But, to our astonishment, we saw nothing of the steamer or of any of her people. What had become of her we could not imagine, and stood looking at one another in amazement. Had the captain been warned of the coming danger and given it a wide berth? Surely in such case he would have tried to warn us in some way.

Even as we stood discussing the mystery one of the canoes hove in sight. We withdrew into the woods and watched the proceedings of the enemy. After a brief examination of the shore, they steered straight for the point where the *Guanare* had anchored the previous night, and landed, leaving the canoe fastened to a tree.

There were at least twenty men, all armed with rifles. We were but six, one armed only with a cutlass, useless against firearms. In case of an attack we stood a poor chance, but made up our minds not to yield without a struggle.

While we were deliberating upon a plan of action another canoe came into view, and was hailed by the men on shore, who were presently joined by the second party. We were now six against forty. That their attention had been attracted to the island by our foolish firing we did not doubt; for in that still, clear atmosphere sounds travel far, and our probable presence would be corroborated by the evidences of recent occupation at the wood-pile. On the other hand, there was no vessel in sight; and they would hardly suppose us to be without means of escape. Clearly our safest course was to lie low and try to delude them into the belief that they were the only people on the island. We could not explain the disappearance of the steamer. That the captain had had some special object in quitting his moorings we could not doubt; that he would return for us shortly we were equally convinced; but that in the meantime we should all of us come out of the adventure scot-free was problematical.

We quietly retreated farther into the woods, keeping the enemy in view. Presently they began to scatter about in small parties, one of which, as luck would have it, struck the path which we had cut for ourselves in the early morning; and, hailing their companions, quite half of them set off to explore the trail. This was fatal to one of our plans, which had been to gain the clearing once more and seek signs of the *Guanare*, hoping that she might now be visible from that altitude.

Shortly a new danger menaced us; for the men that were left started firing indiscriminately in all directions, probably from the same wanton motive as had animated ourselves. Fearing these random shots, we threw ourselves on the ground and hid as much as possible in the thick underbrush.

After what seemed an interminable length of time, the men who had taken the path through the woods returned; and presently we saw them all making preparations for a meal. A few were sent down to the canoes, from which they returned laden with provisions. We whispered each other that it would be a good opportunity while they were feeding to make for the clearing; and so, as soon as they were all engaged with their repast, we crept cautiously towards the track, gained it without attracting notice, and were soon swallowed up in the forest. We made greater speed than before, and reached the clearing in little over an hour; but though we scanned the river in all directions, we saw no signs of the *Guanare*.

It was now long past noon, and we began to be pressed with hunger, for we had taken nothing but the usual early morning coffee. We might have shot something eatable, and even contrived to cook it, but dared not fire for fear of attracting attention. So there was nothing for it but just to make the best of things and patiently await the course of events. Crossing the clearing, we made our way into the woods on the other side, and throwing ourselves on the ground, took counsel together as to what was best to be done. The *comandante* recommended that we should make our way through the forest, gain the shore on the other side of the island, and there wait for the steamer. By so doing we should keep our enemies at a respectable distance, and perhaps escape without further mishap. After some discussion we resolved to act upon this advice, and at once started to cut our way through the woods.

We had not proceeded very far, however, before we were startled by the sound of voices ahead, which could be no other than those of the men of the third canoe, who were probably making their way across the island to join their comrades. We realised with dismay that we were now in a trap, and that escape was a matter of luck.

Taking hasty counsel, we decided to creep forward, take the enemy unawares, endeavour to get possession of their canoe, and so make our escape from the island. Provided the men in front were not joined by those behind, we stood a good chance of circumventing them all. So far as we could judge, we were in the centre of the island; and although we could hear the voices, we were too far off to hear anything that was said. The distance that separated us could not, however, be very great, and it behoved us to be wary.

(To be continued.)

RANCHING IN MEXICO.

TO the man fresh from school or college and fond of an open-air life there can be no vocation so attractive as that of ranching, and no country which will appeal to him more strongly than Mexico. From the pages of Mayne Reid and others he will have formed a somewhat crude idea of a land of mystery, romance, and adventure, where under skies of perennial blue, and 'lulled by the languor of the land of the lotus,' all care, hurry, and worry may be left behind and forgotten, along with tall hats and other troubles of civilisation. Although this is only the Mexico of the imagination and of the dreamer of dreams, it is so far real that the newcomer will have little difficulty in identifying it with Mexico as it is to-day, with its medieval civilisation surviving into the twentieth century.

A change is, however, taking place. American, and to a less extent English, capital is being attracted; the Anglo-Saxon, with his modern methods and modern 'hustle,' his steam and electricity, is invading the land; and in places where at present little is conspicuous save sterility, poverty, and indolence, we may at no distant date find busy hives of industry, with all that such a transformation means in the character of a country and the habits of its people. While Mexico is thus awaking to a knowledge of its great possibilities, there are three conditions which militate against its rapid development: (1) the hitherto unsettled state of the country, (2) the fluctuating and debased currency, and (3) the tariff barrier raised against her by her all-powerful neighbour on the north. The first of these obstacles to advancement has, thanks to the firm hand of President Diaz, been already largely removed. The second may disappear at any time with the promised reform of the monetary system. The third is, it is feared, the most permanent, as it is also the most serious, impediment to Mexican industrial expansion, shutting out, as it does, her produce from what would otherwise be her nearest and best market; and it is no exaggeration to say that were this removed, land, especially ranch-land in the north, would at once advance enormously in value. Even under existing conditions, however, land in Mexico must be looked upon as a safe investment; it cannot well go lower, and may very easily rise considerably in value.

If to cheap land are added cheap labour, cheap living, fairly good markets for stock, and a free, open-air life, we have an industry offering every inducement for the investment of capital and congenial employment for those who do not mind roughing it a bit. It may be quite true that ranching in Mexico has not hitherto been uniformly successful. As a matter of fact, whether from bad luck or bad management, or both combined, a good deal of money has been lost; but it may be safely said that with ordinary care and economy, and a small slice of luck, there is, to use an Americanism, 'good money in it.' Stock-rearing is carried on chiefly in those districts in the north contiguous to the Rio Grande, where the climatic conditions and soil charac eristics closely resemble those of southern Texas. This part of the country lies between latitude twenty-five and thirty degrees north, and is therefore outside the tropics, the climate during the greater part of the year being pleasantly cool, with very excessive heat from May to August, and occasional bitterly cold 'snaps' in the winter-time when the 'norther' blows chill from off the snow. Here lie vast ranges void of timber of any size, except in the vicinity of water, but as a rule covered with scrub and brush, chiefly of a thorny nature, which in some parts of the country is so dense as to render riding through it at any pace difficult, not to say dangerous. In addition, the best ranges are dotted with coppices called in Mexico *mots*, which, by reason of the shelter they afford stock from the sun during the hot months and from the 'norther' in winter, are most valuable to the stockman. No doubt these *mots*, by screening stock from view, add to the difficulty of working a range; but this is more than counterbalanced by their obvious advantages in other directions. The most valuable of these range-trees is the mesquite, which produces a bean of which stock are very fond and which has great fattening qualities.

The different kinds of soil found in the range-country are many, and the quality of the herbage on the same property and within a small area may vary tremendously in consequence. There may be large tracts, for instance, of poor, gravelly soil, with scarce a blade on it, while not far off the ground is well carpeted with grass; but, needless to say, anything approaching the close, lush pasturage of English meadow-land is not to be looked for even on the best portions of the best ranches. In fact, the prevailing impression on first seeing a Mexican range is one of disappointment at its generally poor appearance, and one is apt to wonder how stock live on it; but live on it they do, and thrive and grow fat.

The rainfall, which is of such supreme importance to the stockman, is unfortunately rather uncertain in its occurrence, and severe droughts are by no means unknown; but they are seldom the hopeless, killing droughts of some other lands, though quite prolonged enough to cause anxiety and loss. Most of the rain falls during the spring and summer months, and it is to the early spring rains that the ranchman looks for the flush of grass which is to put flesh on the bones of his hungry herds, and fill the 'water-holes' with a supply that may last several months. The range-country is, generally speaking, well watered by streams, most of them affluents of the Rio Grande, which render

available for stock large tracts that would otherwise be worthless.

Ranches vary from a few thousand up to something like a million acres in extent; but fifty thousand acres, more or less, is perhaps as much as can be supervised single-handed; and fair average land, unfenced and capable of carrying one cow or steer per fifteen acres, can at the present time be bought at the equivalent of one shilling to one shilling and threepence per acre. The titles to many of the ranches are very old, some of them going back to the original settlement of the land by the Spaniards; and it is necessary to see that they are in all respects unimpeachable and the boundaries well defined, otherwise disputes are sure to arise; and as it is much easier to get into a Mexican court of law than to get out of it, when the unfortunate litigant does eventually emerge, the chances are that he does so a wiser and poorer man.

The fencing of a range is a very serious item, adding, as it may, upwards of 50 per cent. to the original cost of the property. A ring-fence of four strands of barbed wire cannot be erected at much under twenty pounds per lineal mile, and in addition there are inside fences to be provided, which, however, need not be so strong, and therefore cost less. Altogether it is a very formidable outlay, and the work in connection with it requires careful supervision, as it is so easily 'scamped.'

Whether to stock with cattle, horses, or sheep depends, of course, on the range and the prejudices of the ranchman. Horse-breeding has for some reason ceased to be the profitable industry it once was. Sheep give a lot of anxiety and trouble, especially at lambing-time; and the loss from coyotes is often most serious. Cattle are safer, and give a more certain, if not so prompt, return on the money invested.

By reason of the duty, Texas cows of a good class cost too much to make them a profitable investment as the foundation on which to establish a herd, and it is found better to start with common Mexican cows. These—which are probably the descendants of early Spanish importations—are lean, lank, diminutive, underbred animals, and cost about two pounds per head all over. They have, however, one redeeming virtue in that they make excellent mothers, hiding their calf in a neighbouring thicket while they graze during the daytime. They are at all times ready to protect it from its many enemies, and they will rear it under difficulties amid which the patrician shorthorn-mother would be quite helpless. Mated with superior Texas-bred Durham (shorthorn) bulls they produce much-improved stock, and the result of a second or third cross is a really well-shaped animal, and one which not only comes more quickly to maturity, but will carry more flesh, and flesh of a better quality. This question of early maturity, important as it is to all stock-breeders, is especially so in Mexico, where under existing conditions a steer is not supposed to have reached his best selling age till upwards of four years old, at which time, if he is fairly fat, his value will be about four pounds to four pounds ten shillings. Obviously, the more this time from birth to butcher can be curtailed the better is the chance of success, and the introduction of better blood tends distinctly in this direction. At present the market for fat stock is more or less limited to the demands of the local butcher, and they appear to be able to take the bulk of what is offered; but with an increased and assured supply of good cattle, packing-houses on the model of those at Chicago and St Louis are being established, thereby securing more competition and better prices.

As a staff to assist him, the ranchman requires, say, one *vaquero*, or 'cow-puncher,' to every fifteen or twenty thousand acres of range; and a fence-rider is a necessary addition, as after going to the heavy expense of erecting a fence it is poor economy not to keep it intact throughout its entire length, and this can only be done by constant inspection. Notwithstanding the greatest care in this direction, however, stock *will* break through the strongest fence, and there are always a few head outside their enclosure, and a corresponding number of 'strays' from other properties within. A *vaquero* receives as wage the equivalent of about twenty-four pounds per annum, and a *remuda*, or remount, of six or eight horses each must be purchased and kept for use among the cattle. The reason this apparently large number is required for each man is that, being entirely grass-fed and the work very severe, an animal cannot be ridden for more than three or four days at a time, after which it is run out on the range again and another taken up. A suitable *remuda* horse need not cost more than two pounds ten shillings, and can often be picked up for less.

The intending ranchman should, in the matter of age, be on the right side of thirty-five, otherwise he may take longer to become acclimatised, and find it more difficult to pick up the language—Spanish—a colloquial knowledge of which is very desirable. In this connection it is curious how few Mexicans, considering the close proximity of a great English-speaking nation, understand that language. Perhaps they do not find it necessary; perhaps they cannot be troubled. Whatever the reason may be, their shortcoming in this respect renders it all the more necessary for the ranchman to learn at least the *patois* of his subordinates. In order that he may have time to look about him, he should arrange to spend at least some months on a ranch before investing on his own account. This will not only give him a chance of learning something of the language, but will enable him, if he keeps his eyes and ears open and his mouth shut, to pick up a lot of practical knowledge for future use.

That he should be a good horseman goes without saying, for he will have to live in the saddle; and the best saddle for the work—if we exclude the American, which is big and heavy—is the Mexican

silla (literally chair). With horn in front and high cantle, it is a somewhat archaic piece of furniture in appearance, and to the new-comer an instrument of torture in very truth. Made of hard-wood, and only sparsely padded, it forms a most unrelenting seat in which to spend a long day. Withal, it is a most serviceable article, on which all manner of things can be packed, in which respect it compares favourably with the ordinary type of English hunting-saddle, which is not suited to ranch-work.

The Mexican may not be of much account on foot; in the saddle he is, in his own way, superb. Every one, from peer to peasant, knows how to ride, and few are so poor that they cannot raise an animal of some kind capable of carrying them. Indeed, Mexico is perhaps the only country in the world where 'the beggar on horseback' need occasion no surprise, and the spur strapped to the naked foot is a not uncommon sight. They ride very long, sitting well down in the fork with unflexed knee, much like a pair of compasses, a position which admits of little or no thigh and knee grip, and makes them dependent almost entirely on balance and any help they may get from the shape of their saddle; but they are hard to unship, and it is worth going some distance to see a *vaquero* sticking to a 'pitching' horse or using the lariat. Although the word horse is applied to animals of all sizes, the so-called Mexican horse is really only a pony, and a wonderfully hardy little animal he is, capable of any amount of work if properly fed, and active as a cat. No consistent attempt has been made by man to improve his make or shape; and though many of them show traces of good blood, they are as a general rule entirely lacking in those qualities associated with a well-shaped pony in this country. But 'handsome is as handsome does,' and viewed in this light the Mexican horse will take a high place.

Among a people where the horse is so much in evidence one would naturally expect to find that veterinary science had reached a fairly high level; but any knowledge they may possess appears to be of a purely empirical character, and their methods, when not barbarous, are too often childish to a degree. They are fond of using charms, and the skull of a dog fastened to the neck of an animal is a favourite way of healing an obstinate wound. The ranchman must, therefore, be his own 'vet.,' and the more he knows of the science the better.

Having got his ranch stocked and in working order, the ranchman, one is apt to think, has only to sit down and see his herds grow, with his balance at the bank, in number and in fatness. Quite otherwise is the case, and his work is in reality only just beginning, for that 'the eye of the master fatteneth the ox' is as true in Mexico as elsewhere. Having set his *vaqueros* to look after the cattle, he has in turn to look after them—in many ways a more troublesome business, for they are essentially eye-servants, with the national trait of procrastination strong in them. *Mañana* (to-morrow) is their motto, and they will seldom do to-day what they can put off to the middle of next week. Left to themselves without supervision, they are all too apt to get slack and become quite useless. While constant oversight is, therefore, necessary at all times, it is especially so at certain periods—calving-time, for instance, which is also very often the hottest of the year. It is at this time that that *bête noire* of the ranchman's life, the blow-fly, is rampant, and if the herds are not systematically gone over every day much loss may result. The slightest scratch, no matter how small, if struck by the fly will in a few hours become a seething mass of screw-worms or maggots, ending sooner or later, if not attended to, in the death of the animal. There is no preventive, and the only cure is to kill the maggots by means of chloroform or other preparation, and keep the wound clear of them till it has healed.

But the busiest time of the whole year is the annual 'round-up' in November, which may take the best part of a month to complete, and at which all hands participate, often with the assistance of *vaqueros* from the neighbouring ranches. On the first day of a 'round-up' a certain portion of the range is cleared of stock, which are collected into a bunch and held together in what is called a *pied*. If a corral is handy they will be corralled for the night, and taken out to water and graze next day under the charge of three or four men, while the others go off to scour another part of the range; and so on from day to day till at the end of ten days or a fortnight the whole ground has been gone over and the entire stock of two or three thousand head brought together in one huge herd. Any strays not bearing the ranch-brand are now handed over to their rightful owners, and those with an unknown brand thrown out on to the nearest open range. The calves are separated from their mothers and branded, and a count taken of the entire stock, which must be as accurately done as possible, as on the result of it the Profit and Loss Account for the year is made up, permitting the ranchman to see exactly how he stands financially. Cattle in a mob such as is brought together in a 'round-up' do not as a rule, if well supplied with food and water, give much trouble, the greatest danger to be guarded against being a stampede. Anything may start them off. A rabbit hopping in among the sleeping herd has been known to do it, when from absolute quietness they will start to their feet with a noise like thunder, and be off before their guards have quite realised what has happened. Then nothing on earth will stop them till they have calmed down, and the work of collecting them has, in part at least, to be done all over again. During the 'round-up' the ranchman has to be constantly with his cattle, camping wherever they may be, and directing the work night and day. With fine weather the time may be quite an enjoyable one; but if he chances on a 'norther' there may be no end to his misery.

Life on a Mexican ranch may be made as monotonous as one likes; but in the actual work itself there is infinite variety, and as every day in the week brings with it a change of work and a change of scene there is little or no drudgery about it. The sense of freedom from the conventions of civilised society has alone its attractions, at least to many; and nothing can well be more exhilarating than to saddle-up at dawn and ride out in the balmy but invigorating air of a spring morning on to the range, the dead-level of which is only broken by the distant hills, probably fifty miles away, but which look only about ten. The wide expanse, the clear atmosphere, and the absolute stillness are almost awe-inspiring. For miles one may ride without seeing a living thing larger than a jack-rabbit or a belated coyote homeward bound, save the stock drawing out from the neighbouring *mot* where they have lain through the night; and a man must be a chronic dyspeptic who does not feel the better of a gallop with the cattle under such conditions. And this feeling—if the sun is kind—will last all day; till, the work done and night approaching, the ranchman begins to think of the adobe hut which for the time being is his home, and the frugal and solitary meal awaiting him there. Then, it must be confessed, 'the gilt is a little off the gingerbread,' for the isolation of ranch-life in Mexico, as elsewhere, is its greatest drawback. Neighbours in the ordinary acceptance of the term he has none, and he will be lucky if he is within fifty or a hundred miles of a railway, and luckier still if he gets a mail once a fortnight, for on the latter he is greatly dependent for his literature. As he is not as a rule much of a reading man, the rancher's library is often of remarkably small proportions, consisting, in one case at least, of *Mr Jorrock's Hunt*, which he carried about with him and knew pretty well by heart.

So much for the life on its serious side; but it would be wrong to close without some reference to the sport the ranchman is able to indulge in during his leisure hours, for Mexico is a grand sporting-country. Some ranchmen keep a pack of hounds, brindled and black-and-tan, with a very strong dash of the bloodhound in them, but much smaller. They are known as 'cat'-hounds because the lynx or 'cat' is their chief quarry, but they are not particular, and will, generally speaking, hunt anything on four legs. They have wonderful noses, and will hold to a line for hours with a blazing sun above and the ground like a brick. The coyote would be the natural substitute for the fox; but in the thick brush hounds have no chance with him, and a full-grown one will stand up before the pack all day, and eventually run it out of scent. The lynx, on the other hand, is more easily brought to book, though he seldom gives much of a run, getting into the first tree of any size he comes to. Out of this he is unceremoniously ejected, when he 'puts up' a good fight on the ground, often doing the hounds a lot of damage before they succeed in killing him. But it is with the gun that the best sport is obtainable, and one can get as much shooting on a ranch as one wants—often more, in fact, when one's breakfast, dinner, and supper depend on the gun. Quail of both kinds—the bob-white and the blue—are plentiful; while during the winter months the lagunas and rivers simply teem with duck of every variety. Deer, wild-turkeys, and pigs are to be found on most ranges, and there is excellent fishing in the rivers.

Polo is a game which should flourish in Mexico, where suitable ponies cost next to nothing; but outside the capital it has made no progress. An occasional game has been got up among the ranchmen, but the distances are too great for regular meetings. Mexicans are passionately fond of cock-fighting, and those who like that sort of thing can get lots of it; while a bull-ring may quite possibly be within a reasonable distance. Altogether, rough and smooth, work and play, there are worse forms of existence than life on a Mexican ranch.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER XV.

IF you are touched in the lungs or shattered in the nerves, go to Weissheim. If you are overworked, underfed, or blighted in love; if you are run down in mind, body, or estate, go to Weissheim. If, on the other hand, you are sound in wind and limb, in purse and mind, in body and soul, assuredly and by all means go to Weissheim. The air, the sky, the sun, are medicine for the sick, champagne for the healthy, with this advantage, that the more you take of them the better are the after-effects. I do not think I have ever had a better time in my life than those first few weeks on that exalted plateau. The sun shone with unvarying graciousness, the thermometer remained consistently below zero, and the air was, as ever, still, exhilarating, pine-laden, divine!

Into the sports and pastimes of the place I threw myself with the enthusiasm of an able-bodied novice, determined at all costs to rival and excel the regular habitués of the place. I could have had no better instructors. At skating, General Meyer, the finest performer in Grimland, initiated me, on the flooded rinks of the Pariserhof, into the subtle points which differentiate the Weissheim style from any other in the world. In bob-sleighing, the Prinzessinn Mathilde taught me how to steer round the sharp turns of

the Riefinsdorf road without forcing the brakesman to spoil the time of the run. It was fine sport that bob-sleighing, whether you steered from the front or whether you manipulated the brake from behind, or even if you were only a passenger in the middle, as I was at first and little Stephan always. The slow, easy start, the gradually augmenting speed, and then the smooth, frictionless rush till the 'bob' seemed to take the bit between its teeth and tore down the straight and skidded round the curves like a wild animal that had not had any exercise for a week.

It was so sociable, too, sitting one behind another, that after a few journeys one never bothered about the precipice on one side of the roadway or the pine-trees that grew so perilously close down on the other; and the occasional spills which sent us all sprawling anyhow into the snow were the best fun of all.

At curling I could have had no better instructor than His Majesty the King. He was as keen on the game as any Scotsman, and besides being a very skilful performer, was such an excellent strategist that he was invariably voted 'skipper' of his side at this, the most democratic game in the world. I can see him now, standing broom in hand, directing his men from the 'house.'

'Now, No. 3,' he would call out, 'I want you to draw to the tee, tee-strength and no more; and I don't mind if you chip the guard away. Play on my besom in-handle. Well laid, man!' Then, as the granite bowl slithered along the ice, spinning on its own axis towards the desired spot, his face would be a picture of concentrated and watchful anxiety.

'Let it curl! Let it curl!' he would cry to the other members of his side who followed it down its course ready at a word to sweep their willing hearts out if the shot seemed weak.

'Now, sweep—sweep, boys, all you know! Oh, man, you've done it—it's a daisy! Come and look at it. *Sehr gut gespielt!*'

The last expression never failed to provoke a laugh from his opponents and a thrill of satisfaction to the happy recipient of the compliment.

My afternoons I divided evenly between hockey on the ice—'bandy,' as they call it—and tobogganing. The former I regard as the finest game in the world, the latter as the finest sport; and though the game is better exercise, a more sociable and consistent pastime, it provides no sensations like those of the toboggan-run. In this Miss Anchester was my instructor. She made me start on the Children's-run, and laughed unmercifully when I went over the first bank and took a header into the deep, soft snow.

'Never mind,' I said as I picked myself out; 'I'll beat your record time on the Kastel-run some day.'

'And yet you say you're not conceited,' she retorted, laughing.

Piqued by her raillery, I devoted my whole energy to mastering the difficult art of steering my erratic and treacherous craft till I could negotiate the Children's-run as well as little Stephan or the Duke of Weissheim.

I next turned my attention to the Thal-run, which, instead of being snow like the Children's-run, had been iced, and consequently was much faster. For this I purchased rakes for my boots, and pads for my knees and elbows. My first efforts were not conspicuously successful. The pace of the thing beat me altogether, and I went first into one bank and then into the other; and, in spite of the fact that I dug my rakes viciously into the track, my toboggan seemed deliberately to run away with me. Up the banked-up curves it rushed, skidding down again with an uncomfortable sideways motion, banging me violently into the counter-bank till, in spite of my pads, I was aching in knees and elbows and felt exactly as if some one was playing battledore, with me for the shuttlecock. Finally, in despair, I gave up digging my rake into the ice and let the thing rip along in its own wicked way, just tapping the ice with one foot when I came to a corner, and throwing my weight to one side. Then, strange to say, I got along quite comfortably, and kept more or less to the centre of the track without those elbow-shattering cannonadings with the adamantine ice-banks.

On the other hand, the pace began to develop alarmingly, and I felt more apprehensive than I should have cared to admit. The wind whistled in my ears, the sides of the track raced past me, and I realised that a momentary loss of nerve, an inconsiderable error of steering, and something sudden and disastrous would befall me. My relief at getting to the bottom was great, though the sudden dash from the smooth ice-track into the deep snow at the termination of the run was disconcerting in its abruptness.

I found Miss Anchester, who had made a descent before me, waiting at the lower end of the course.

'You should rake a bit at the end,' she said; 'otherwise you get carried out into the deep snow, and have a job to wade back.'

'Your remarks, as always, are full of point,' I replied, struggling with difficulty back to the firm path which bordered the toboggan-run.

'Still,' continued the governess patronisingly, 'you did not do a bad course. We shall get you on to the Kastel-run soon.'

'Is that faster than this?'

'About twice as fast and much longer. Why, is your nerve giving way?'

'Not a bit,' I answered. 'The Thal-run is good in its way, but a trifle slow.'

Miss Anchester smiled.

'Now, tell me,' she said, 'are you ready to make a second descent?'

My aching elbows pleaded hard for a respite, and my spirit rebelled at the thought of those disquietingly sudden bends. All the same, I hardened my heart.

'Absolutely,' I replied. 'Allow me to draw your toboggan up for you.'

'Thanks; I can manage my own. I will watch you from half-way this time.'

I am not more deficient in nerve than most men, but I must plead guilty to a slight feeling of apprehension as I waited my turn for my second journey down the Thal-run.

I noted how an English lady started, sitting on her *schlitli* with both feet planted flatly and firmly on the track so that her speed should never develop beyond the most modest limits, and I longed for moral courage to do the same. Then, as she disappeared statelily round the bend, a sunburnt peasant-boy blew a shrill whistle from a point of vantage, and the next in order, a blue-chinned Grimlander, made ready for his journey. Pipe in mouth, unpadded at the elbows, his boots devoid of rakes, he shoved off lazily with his big hands and sped with rapidly increasing speed beyond our view.

Next came an Englishman arrayed like myself; and when the whistle sounded he ran a few yards with his machine, and then flung himself violently upon it so as to develop his top speed with the least possible delay.

I awaited the blowing of the next whistle with an excitement which I tried to persuade myself was pleasurable. There were onlookers at the start, and, with a laudable attempt at insouciance, I hurled myself gaily on to the toboggan in the admired manner of my immediate predecessor. Mindful of the comparative success of the latter half of my previous journey, I forbore to use my rakes more than was absolutely necessary. The result was a gratifying absence of bumps and an increase of speed which absolutely terrified me. I went round the first bend like a flash of lightning. Before I had time even to think of steering I was on the second, and I took it perilously high. In the little bit of straight that followed I had a brief vision of the governess's upright form poised on the summit of the inside bank at my next corner.

In an insane desire to demonstrate my skill and confidence, I lifted my feet well above the ice-track, scorning my rakes, and foolishly ostentatious of my scorn. Onward I rushed, a strong mixture of fear and exultation in my heart; and as I felt myself speeding beneath the cool gray eyes of the critical governess I strove to banish all tenseness from my features and assume a look of mildly pleasurable unconcern. What followed I cannot exactly describe, as far as my sensations were concerned, though my fate was a natural and not uncommon one. Dashing at the next bank without any preliminary raking, and trusting to the steep, curved wall of ice to bring my toboggan round, I shot high up the gleaming green rampart, and for a moment—and a moment only—my heart beat with fiercer, wilder exultation than before. Then my right runner rose a fraction of an inch above the top of the bank, and in an instant I was hurtling through space with the velocity of a stone from a sling. The seconds of my falling were the longest of my life. Still hugging my toboggan closely, I bumped into the compact snow which backed the ice-wall, falling, rebounding, falling—should I never stop? The pain and shock of the impacts were lost in the fear of what was coming, in the desperate wonder when my horrible travelling would come to its nerve-shattering conclusion.

(To be continued.)

A WORD FOR THE SERVANT.

THE March number of *Chambers's Journal* (1906) contains an article entitled 'Domestic Service,' and in the August number (1905) there is an article suggesting that ladies should be trained as domestic servants with a view to raising the tone of service, in order to make household matters run more smoothly.

I know of no more servile or hard-worked woman than the mistress of an ordinary middle-class house, not always from the incompetence of her one or two ill-trained maids, but from her own want of training in ordinary household management. Young couples start housekeeping with a limited income, on which the mistress has made up her mind to keep up all the appearance she can. She engages one or two servants from places where they have had no more training than she herself is able to give them, thinking that as they have been so long out, and by raising their wages a little, she is likely to get everything done by merely giving her orders.

Take the cook first. She gets her orders for dinner at a certain hour; at the same time she also gets orders that a certain amount of household work must be done in the forenoon. I am referring to houses where they dine early. Now, it is quite impossible that any single person can cook a plain dinner for one or two o'clock—say, soup, joint, vegetables, and pudding—and thoroughly clean a dining-room, which usually falls to the lot of the ordinary cook. Often she has to leave all the breakfast-dishes, which greatly increases the work after dinner. If on extra cleaning-days the mistress would, or could, look to the cooking of the dinner it would help a great deal. But the mistress has to go out to get a dress fitted or see after a new hat, and comes in in a hurry at the last moment to find something spoiled, the master grumbling at an ill-cooked dinner, and things upset generally—all the fault, of course, being put down to the overworked

servant, and not a word of bad management on the part of the mistress—she had to go out, Miss So-and-so expected her. She then proceeds to the kitchen and tells the cook all her faults, and that she is not going to pay her such a wage to spoil their food, &c. The servant, feeling the injustice of all this, gives notice, and the ill-used lady is again at the registry office after a new cook.

The house-tablemaid has a big morning and forenoon's work, and must be dressed in time to wait at early dinner, which always means a great hurry, and often the table not laid exactly at the time. The master, a business man, comes in, and fumes at having to wait. And no wonder. He has a wife and two servants, and yet he never gets a meal at the set time. The lady is so much worried with these servants—they are good for nothing! The girl, who has probably done her best as far as she knows, comes in for a good scolding, and gives notice; and again the lady is in the registry office.

From long experience, I know of no woman more likely to say cutting or unkind words to her servants than the one who makes her husband believe she is ill-used by her servants, and who, if misfortune put her in their place, could not do any better, if as well, and whose bad management is the cause of all the trouble.

If the new lady-servant—who from her better upbringing will be more sensitive—can take all the snubbing the domestic is subjected to both from the mistress (who in many cases she cannot recognise as her superior in any way beyond the fact that chance has placed her in a better position) and her often ill-trained and impertinent children, by all means get the lady-servant.

The associated registry is a good idea, and would save much trouble if the mistresses would furnish a true and genuine character of servants on leaving. It has all been too much one-sided. Why should the word of a respectable servant not be as good as her mistress's simply because she is a servant? A lady once came to me to inquire about a cook. The lady's husband was rector of a county-town academy, and she kept two servants. Her family consisted of herself, her husband, five children, and three or four young gentlemen boarders. Her chief inquiry was, 'Is the girl strong and an early riser?' She said that her cook's place could not be considered heavy, as they seldom had company; that they had a woman coming in once a fortnight to do the washing, but the cook did the plain ironing. Could she wash? The week they had no washing the cook washed the kitchen-things, her own and her neighbour's clothes, and their own bedroom napery, and sometimes a change of stockings for the boys. The cook did the darning always, brought her hot water when she was called at 7.30, and brushed her skirts. In my time I have encountered some strange inquiries about servants; but a plain cook for a household of ten to do all the darning, &c., made me smile. Could she see the cook? I said no, as she was at present doing something that could not be left; but I would send her in the evening. The cook was a young woman who had been with me for eighteen months, and was a very good servant. From what I had said of her, this lady offered her four pounds a year more than she had from me, but even with that, I am glad to say, did not secure her services.

It is from this kind of mistress that all the grumbling about the 'domestic tyrant' comes. In large establishments where there are two or three in each department there is no such trouble, as the head of each department is responsible for that department to the housekeeper or mistress, and the heads are always competent and the mistress has no worry. Until mistresses have more method in the arranging of their households, and more consideration for their maids, the servant question will be the same. It is perfectly tiresome to listen to the endless groaning of ladies who, with a large family, and employing a general or even two maids, expect as much of the one or two as if they kept a retinue.

A very great deal might be said about the accommodation given to one or two maids. It is only in large establishments that such a thing as a servants' hall is possible, and in such they are always fairly comfortable, as it is the kitchen-maid's duty to look after them, and to lay the table for breakfast and dinner; the duty of making tea being done by the under-housemaid. It is also the under-housemaid's duty to look after the cleaning of upper servants' rooms, which are done as regularly as the rest of the house. But the room of the general or two maids, whose time is all taken up with other duties and rooms that are likely to be seen, is very different. The mistress never enters such, except when she sees that it has got a cleaning-up for the advent of a new maid, which happens so often in some houses. One forenoon each week should be allowed, and the mistress should see that bed-linen is changed regularly. How often a fur rug and a soft blanket are provided for a pet dog when the servant's bed and pillows are just a bit hard! The golden rule is left out of the training of little master and miss nowadays. The servant is not the friend of the children she was in our grandmothers' time, as she is seldom long enough in the house to take an interest in the family.

In the matter of food, it is not always the scarcity that is the fault, but no proper time is allowed, nor yet is it served in a comfortable way. Many a general, after doing a big morning's work, gets what is left on the table, which can be nothing else but cold, when a mistress with any kindness will either leave it in the kitchen or help her from the table. Nothing will get the work done like kindness. We are all susceptible to kindness.

The lady-servant will be invaluable to elderly couples or in the homes of ladies who live alone, or as upper servants in large establishments, but not in place of the general or where two maids are kept. She will also be invaluable to bachelors

or widowers who can keep a young maid, who under her training will in time become the much-wanted thoroughly trained maid. And it is to be hoped when that time comes there will be thoroughly trained mistresses who know how to appreciate their services. 'A bad shearer never has a guid hook.'

From long experience I have been able to study all sides of the question, and I am compelled to say that my sympathy is with the servant.

A GUARDIAN OF THE STORK.

By Edward Vivian.

LIEUTENANT STANLEY TRETHOWEN halted by the doorway of the white-walled courtyard of an Egyptian house in the least savoury quarter of Khartoum. Into this he turned, striding in, though the place was unfamiliar to him, with that air of easy, good-humoured assurance which seems a natural endowment of the British officer.

A man—an Englishman clearly, despite his gauntness and sun-tan—started up suddenly from his seat on a camel's pack-saddle.

'Trethowen!' he exclaimed. 'What on earth'——

'Well, here you are in the flesh, Huntsman,' said the visitor heartily. 'I've come across you at last, thanks to Dunstable. He put me on your tracks.'

'You are just in time to see the end of me,' said Huntsman bitterly.

'Morbid as ever!' said Trethowen. 'Down on your luck, I suppose, as usual?'

'Stone-broke,' said Huntsman.

'Don't you find yourself getting used to that state?' said Trethowen ironically.

'Not I!' ejaculated Huntsman.

'You've had considerable experience of it.'

'There's no need to remind me of that,' said the other. 'I'm sick of it all—sick of this life of mine. I'm without money, without heart, and with the worst reputation of any European in Egypt. Either of these qualifications, let alone the three, ought to be enough for one man.'

Trethowen made no reply, unless flicking with his cane a full goatskin of water suspended against the wall could be interpreted as answer.

At that instant there came the sound of terrific uproar, a hideous snarling and grunting, from an adjacent courtyard.

'That's Ali's camels,' said Huntsman. 'Ali's been my only friend here in Khartoum. His camels are always fighting. I must go in to them. I promised to look after them while he went to the Governor's palace. Sha'n't be many minutes.'

Huntsman hurried away as the horrid din grew in volume, and the lieutenant seated himself on the camel-saddle to await the return of the man who once had been his intimate friend. That had been years ago now, far away in the days before degradation had come upon the one and honour to the other; in the days when, of those knowing them, few could have foretold to which would have fallen the good or the ill.

Trethowen looked around him curiously, and ground his heels into the dried-mud floor. What a wretched place it was! His attention was attracted by a small mat spread on the earthen floor by the side of the pack-saddle. Upon this a number of little articles were arranged: a clasp-knife, an empty leather pouch, a few small copper coins, and such-like insignificant trifles. Trethowen smiled, and his amusement was not without an admixture of pity, as it broke upon him that he had unexpectedly disturbed Huntsman in a stock-taking of his worldly possessions. In the centre of the mat was a tiny bottle of green corrugated glass. It lay in a little square of much-creased paper, in which it evidently had been wrapped.

Stanley Trethowen picked up the phial, half-expecting and half-fearing to know the grim truth. It was as he had feared; his dread had been the adumbration of a ghastly fact—the bottle was labelled 'Cyanide of Potassium'!

'Poor Alec!' thought Trethowen. 'Poor old fellow! Had it come to this? I was only just in time, then.'

When Huntsman returned the other was at the entrance to the quadrangle, waiting for him.

'Here you are!' cried Trethowen. 'I had almost given you up. Should have been coming after you, or else on my way back to quarters in another couple of minutes, if you hadn't turned up.'

Huntsman leaned against the wall despondently, and, without replying, watched a Soudanese with a *ginkra* away down the dusty roadway.

'Couldn't look you up before, old man,' went on Trethowen. 'I've been up the Nile these last eight months, sudd-cutting. Now I'm in temporary charge of the Zoological Gardens here in the absence of Peterson-Adams. There's a favour I want to ask of you, Huntsman. May I?'

The lieutenant looked at this outcast, this wrecked specimen of what had once been an English gentleman, and with exquisite tact asked a favour.

'Huntsman, in the Zoological Gardens here we have a stork that Castlenau the explorer brought down a few months ago from the Great Lakes. The bird is one of the most valuable in the world—one of the famous whale-headed storks. I expect you know more about them than I do; you always were fond of all sorts of birds and beasts, I remember.'

'Do you want me to be a companion to your stork?' said Huntsman, summoning a smile.

'That's it, exactly,' said the lieutenant. 'I do. The species is rare; only two similar specimens have been shown in Europe, those taken by John Petherick in 1860. We want to send this one to the Zoological Gardens in London. I want you to take charge of it and convey it thither.'

Huntsman's eyes gleamed at the offer, but he said, 'Don't trust me, old fellow. I shall play the fool.'

'I can and will trust you yet, Huntsman. The bird is of immense value. I shall want you to guard it as you would your life, to give it every possible care. I would rather lose my commission than that anything should happen to that stork before you could get it to London.'

But Trethowen's solicitude was less for the stork than for the man, less for a bird than for his erstwhile comrade.

'You know you can't depend on me,' said Huntsman. 'I am certain to gamble away the passage-money, or give it away, or lose it, or get drunk and start carving up the stork with a table-knife. If I go, everything is at your risk.'

'Huntsman, play the man for once,' said Trethowen. 'You are no fool. You have this one chance; do your best. Take the stork to London. I will write and try to get you a berth in the old country, among friends who will keep you straight. Try to start a new life there.'

'Remember, then,' said Huntsman, 'it's at your risk, and that's no small one. I was born to play the fool.'

Nevertheless, he kept himself a paragon of rectitude during the long and tedious railway journey to Alexandria. The world-famous stork, which he guarded as the apple of his eye, was in superb condition, and Huntsman had regained not a little self-respect by the time he had settled his precious charge aboard the *Sheba*, and the great Egyptian port and the stretch of the coast-line had become an indistinct, monotonous line over the steamer's stern-rail.

The amount of self-restraint which Huntsman was compelled to exert during that first week perhaps none could realise save he who passed through the experience. It was a quality which years of dissolute life had been far from having any tendency to cultivate. That the bird in his guardianship was one of such value and rarity and, above that, Trethowen's confidence and trust in him, were the restraining influences that kept Huntsman straight. Huntsman, through it all, had a sub-conscious feeling that nothing of less import or degree could have been sufficient, and strove with all the manhood his old comrade had resuscitated to be worthy of the trust Trethowen had reposed in him.

The stork was found well-ventilated quarters, where the warmth from the engine-room would keep the air at an equable temperature. So careful was Huntsman that he stayed with his charge the greater part of the day, visited the bird in the night not infrequently, and watched it devour its daily allowances of fish with an exaggerated solicitude.

So several days passed uneventfully enough. The whale-headed stork (or the 'shoe-billed stork,' as its species is ofttimes called) proved a great source of attraction to those on board until it was no longer a novelty; and many came daily to inspect their strange fellow-passenger.

It was late in the afternoon; the visitors had all departed, and Huntsman was left alone with his charge. He was searching his pockets for a pencil-case, and from behind the wire-netting that partitioned his quarters the beautiful gray-plumaged bird watched his keeper with meditative eyes.

At this moment something, that fell heavily as a pebble might, struck the floor, bounded, rolled. It slipped beneath the wire-screen, and lay, a small white-wrapped thing, upon the planking. It took Huntsman ten seconds to realise what he had dropped, to comprehend that it was the phial of virulent poison which for months he had carried constantly with him, and of which many a time he had been on the eve of making deadly use.

Action came upon the heels of thought quick as the imprint after a footstep in snow. Huntsman plunged forward to seize the fatal bottle. But to no man is it given to attain the alertness of bird and beast. The whale-headed stork gave a dart of its neck, a plunge with its gigantic lead-coloured beak. It had swallowed the phial!

For a space Huntsman remained absolutely motionless, stricken to rigidity with amazement and horror. He gazed at his priceless charge as though he expected to see it then and there expire before his eyes. The shock of the terrible catastrophe seemed veritably to stun him for a time. Not a single course of action could he think of now that he was faced with nascent tragedy. Recovering himself, he ran shouting for the ship's surgeon. Soon Dr Cuttenthrust and Captain Malony were in the berth which had been appropriated for the bird. The stork was not dead; it stood, solemn and sedate, exactly as it had been before. Its serenity was undisturbed.

'Doctor,' cried Huntsman excitedly, 'tell me, in Heaven's name, what can be done?'

'You say the bird has swallowed a bottle of poison?'

'Yes; a small phial of cyanide of potassium that I always carried. When it dropped, the bird seized it before I could pick it up.'

'Very interesting case,' said Dr Cuttenthrust. 'I'm afraid we can do nothing, though. What good would it be to use the stomach-pump on a stork like that, or give it an emetic or white of egg? Mere throwing away of good stuff. But our whale-headed friend takes it pretty quietly. How long ago did it happen?'

'Not five minutes.'

'He ought to show some symptoms of discomfort by this time.'

'The phial was wrapped in paper, and had a glass stopper,' said Huntsman.

'That accounts for it,' said the doctor. 'Probably the stopper hasn't come out yet.'

'Perhaps it won't,' said Huntsman, catching at the least straw of hope.

'It's bound to work out soon in the crop of a big bird like that,' said Cuttenthrust.

'Can't you operate?' cried Huntsman desperately. 'Cut the bird open and take out the phial. There may be time to do it before the mischief is certain.'

'It's not to be done. It would most certainly be fatal,' said the doctor, with a shake of his head.

'I can't offer you anything,' Huntsman said. 'I have nothing to give; but I can promise that if you save the bird you will be handsomely treated by the authorities. Isn't there a chance?'

'Not the ghost of one,' said Cuttenthrust.

'Tut! Don't take on so, man,' cried Captain Malony. 'It's only a burrd.'

Huntsman and the doctor watched and waited for the coming of the worst all the remainder of that day. Much marvellous intelligence had flown through the ship on a hundred tongues, but not one of the curious was admitted to that sacrosanct chamber of gloom. Nothing in the least unusual happened. At eleven o'clock Cuttenthrust went to his berth, disgusted. He slept excellently well; but Huntsman, true as steel to his trust, stayed with his charge all the dreary night, determined to be at hand when the dreadful and inevitable time should come. As for the stork, it went quietly to sleep.

At dawn the doctor relieved Huntsman, who took a few hours' rest. Then, through the day and the night that followed, the two, despite Captain Malony's fluent ridicule, kept in turn a watch upon the bird. At the end the bird seemed in as excellent health as ever. Majestic in all its great stature, and poised generally on but a single leg, it regarded with gravity their every attention.

Those days and nights of self-imposed restraint, of hope and fear, had the profoundest effect on the keeper of the stork. They revived and invigorated that moral manhood which Huntsman for years had taken every pains to dissipate. Distraught as he was at the calamity which every moment impended, the new sensation of responsibility and guardianship awakened, as nothing had ever done before, the true self of Alec Huntsman.

Still the stork kept in marvellously good condition. As for being poisoned, it did not appear to be suffering even from dyspepsia. Huntsman had grown pale and more haggard of face; the days had been as those of a gambler's, upon whom suspense leaves more physical traces than does that sharper-edged suffering—anxiety. The doctor was openly sceptical as to the whole story.

'I've heard of ostriches swallowing watches and coins and all sorts of things without damaging themselves,' said Cuttenthrust; 'but for a stork to swallow a phial of cyanide of potassium without detriment is incredible. The bottle must be broken or the stopper have come out by this time. It's all bosh. I'll lay a wager it was only a screw of paper the bird swallowed.'

'Sure,' Captain Malony said tentatively, 'it's wonderful what these burrds can stomach!'

To Huntsman the whole thing was inexplicable. Was the stork of a constitution so abnormal that it was unaffected by poison at all? Unbelievable! Every movement the bird made, each excess or decline in its eating or its drinking, every clap of its bill, and to its guardian the whole tide of expectation surged in flood again. The bird was, however, changed; it had every seeming of being profoundly impressed by being the cynosure of so much attention.

That the shores of England were sighted, that they were nearing Southampton, came as tidings of infinite relief. The burden of oppression lightened as the hour of its sharing approached; this, too, notwithstanding that the continued and persistent refusal of the stork to die, when by all the laws of nature it should have died, had relieved the keenness of his apprehension. From Southampton he cabled to Lieutenant Trethowen. He sent the story in outline, telegraphically brief, throwing away two shillings a word like a gold-mine magnate.

The bird was not disembarked at Southampton. Huntsman decided to take it to London by sea in the comfortable quarters to which it was accustomed aboard. The stork began to mope; it did not eat as much, grew less alert of eye and motion. To Huntsman anxiety became reassertive company. He felt dubious, indeed, whether he should ascribe the change to the climate or—the poison.

But in London something—something that put a seal for ever to the dull monotony of past care—happened. There came a blaze of enlightenment against which the shadow of their fear stood in astounding clearness of outline. A reply cablegram awaited him:

'*Huntsman, care Zoological Society, London.*—Don't be alarmed. In Khartoum saw you carried poison. Fearing mischief, I emptied bottle and substituted water. Glad stork safe so far.

'TRETHOWEN.'

THE SLEEPER.

GOOD-NIGHT! On marsh-lands by the sea
The moonbeams shine o'er folded sheep,
And dance across the shadowed lea;
And all the while you sleep—you sleep!

The white-tipped waves unwearied break
O'er shining rocks; they croon and creep
Up ghost-like sands. I watch, awake,
And all the while you sleep—you sleep!

Across low sand-dunes mournfully
The cold night-breezes sighing sweep.
Desolate, torn with sighs am I;
But you are dead: you sleep—you sleep!

C. FARMAR.

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WHAT TO DO AT THE SEASIDE.

By R. A. GATTY.

THE coast-line between Redcar and Whitby contains some of the grandest scenery as well as the highest cliffs in England. Whether viewed from the shore below or from the railway which closely follows the coast-line above, the scene is equally magnificent. If you are at all nervous the railway journey is perhaps a trifle alarming, for the train as it passes round the summit of Huntcliff, near Saltburn, is so close to the edge of the cliff that from the carriage window you look straight down upon the shore, and you see the gulls poising in the air below you, while the great white-crested waves hurl themselves upon the foundations of the cliffs on the top of which you are travelling. There is no danger of any kind unless by chance the train were to go off the line, but the driver takes the curve gently and all goes well. There is the same feeling when you cross the trestle bridges which span the chasms so common in Cleveland, which gets its name from these clefts and fissures; but the panorama which opens before you as you go along the coast compensates you in full for any nervous sensations. All the same, I shall not forget the fright of a passenger which I witnessed as the train went round Huntcliff. 'If I live to get safely to my journey's end,' he told me, 'I will never come back by this route though I have a return ticket. I shall go to York from Whitby, and then make my way by Northallerton.' And I believe he did.

The journey by the seashore is even more interesting, for the wild character of the cliffs and their vast height fill the mind with awe; but the sight of the treacherous waves curling themselves over the rocks makes the traveller feel he is on dangerous ground, and that he must be very careful about the incoming tide, which may cut him off at various points. This is a serious matter, for the cliffs are constantly crumbling and dropping stones of some size, and even if you get a foothold and creep on to some ledge above the tideway, you are liable to be struck with falling earth and stones. It is easy to learn about the tides, and to make your way in absolute safety so long as you do not let yourself be beguiled to stay too long hunting for fossils and other kindred interests *en route*.

People often complain of being dull at the seaside, and the want of something to do, but this arises for the most part from a lack of interest within themselves. You never hear the children say so. A spade and bucket, a sand-mound thrown up against the incoming water, are more than enough to fill their cup of enjoyment and give them unceasing work and interest. Their elders are not so easily pleased. If a watering-place is to become popular and fashionable it is well known that there must be considerable outlay over social attractions, such as a pier and promenades, with attendant bands of music. The sea and the beach and the cliffs teeming with fossils are matters of no concern to the majority of visitors. This was very well expressed to me by a hairdresser at a seaside resort on the east coast where I was staying. He was a philosopher in his way, and one day when I was under his tonsorial hands he made the following remarks: 'You are a stranger, I presume, sir, to this place, and perhaps do not understand the people. I divide them into two classes: the fools and the wise; and you will notice if you go on the shore that the pier acts as the dividing line. On the left hand you will find the band, the pierrots, the donkeys, and the niggers, with a foolish crowd walking around them; but on the right hand, where you see the rocks and the cliffs, only very few people are to be found, but they are the wise, seeking what is interesting and instructive, and not wasting their time.'

Are our education methods at fault that we find so few people possessed with what may be called outside interests and tastes? Life is made so much happier when you have a hobby of some kind which gives pleasurable occupation while out on a holiday! Besides which, a man is so much more interesting to other people when he can discuss subjects out of the common run. There is now such prominence given to cricket, golf, football, and all

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outdoor games at school that other pursuits are quite disregarded. I can remember as a boy belonging to a botany class, but the long names and scientific methods of teaching made it very dull and uninteresting. There is no necessity for an amateur to make himself a slave to science, and he can do excellent work and find the rarest specimens without acquiring the unpronounceable scientific words. Why it has been necessary to load botanical, geological, and other text-books with composite names of Greek, Latin, and foreign derivations is hard to say, but that it has made people shy of pursuing science is an undoubted fact.

As an illustration of what an amateur can do in the way of discovery, I was able some years ago to correct the learned author of a botanical work. He held the theory that certain ferns grew only within particular zones, and he mapped out England on these lines of fern distribution. In sending him a list of wild flowers and ferns growing in my part of Yorkshire high up on the moors, I included the name of *Asplenium lanceolatum*. He replied that, in spite of the specimen leaf I enclosed to him, I must be making a mistake, and he asked to be allowed to come and see the plant growing *in sitû*. This particular fern, he explained, was only found in the milder parts of England, on the south-west side, and generally not far from the sea, and therefore my specimen must have been imported at some time and found its way from somebody's fern collection. I was delighted to take this authority on to the high moors and show him the fern growing in some profusion under the shelter of a boulder rock. His explanation of the presence of this plant so far away from its usual habitat was ingenious if not quite convincing. He said that most probably the spores had been carried by a strong south-west wind and deposited under the rock. However that may be, the fern was there, and I had proved my statement.

Another instance of authorities not being always right was this: I was strolling one day along the shingle-bed at the foot of Huntcliff looking for pebbles and fossils, and was surprised to see a working-man and four small children apparently similarly engaged. They were evidently trippers who had come for the day, and I wondered what had caused them to leave the amusements provided on the other side of the pier. I accosted the man and asked him what he was looking for, and he told me that he had at home a small path leading from the street up to his door, and his ambition was to cover this with white pebbles. So every year, when he took a trip to the seaside for the day, he and his children collected all the small white stones they could find, and took them home for the path. I examined his store, and found most of the stones were white quartzite pebbles, and I remembered how as a boy I had gathered similar stones for the purpose of making a flash of fire in the dark. We called them fire-stones, and took them to bed, and when smartly rubbed they gave a bright flash of light which had no heat, but a peculiar smell rather like sulphur was given off. This was not known to the tripper and his children, so I showed them another use for the white stones they were collecting, much to the children's delight.

It then occurred to me that this peculiar property of the stones was unusual, for there was light without heat, and no combustion at all. I asked for an explanation from a professor of geology, and he replied that the subject was imperfectly understood, but it was supposed that the dust created by the friction became momentarily luminous. To test the accuracy of this statement I took a pair of stones and struck them immersed in a basin of water. The flash was quite as brilliant as when they were rubbed together dry, so the cause of the light was certainly not the luminous dust. I then referred the question to the British Museum, and was again told that the subject required further elucidation, but that it was generally believed that the light created by the friction was due to electricity. It certainly is an interesting experiment to make these flashes with suitable pebbles of quartzite, and you can get quite enough light to read the time on a watch-face or to pick up anything dropped in a dark room. The peculiar smell given off is believed to be ozone; so the British Museum informed me.

Firestones, however, are only one of the many objects of interest which the shingle-beds offer to the amateur collector. You never can tell what each tide may reveal. Sometimes a fine moss-agate pebble, a lump of chalcedony, or a deep-red carnelian comes to light, and for a small sum you can get it cut and polished. Occasionally, too, you meet with ammonites and the round vertebræ of the great saurians, for these cliffs right away to Whitby are the graveyard of those dragons of the past. Any one who wants to realise the immensity of these monsters must pay a visit to the dragon-room in the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. It is not until you see the specimens thirty to forty feet in length that you can grasp an idea of their size. The world must indeed have been a strange place when such reptiles crawled about the muddy creeks or dived after prey into the waters. We have learnt something about their habits and what they ate from the remains of food in their stomachs. Dr Buckland has described a specimen which had within it the skeleton of a smaller one of its own kind, showing that the monster had the voracity of a cannibal. It was a country girl who made the first discovery of these saurians at Lyme Regis in the year 1811, quite accidentally. It is not likely that the amateur collector picking his way along the dangerous coast will come across one of these saurians *in sitû*, but various bones are met with. On one occasion, when turning over the stones under a cliff, I was accosted by a man, who was apparently a fisherman, hunting the rocks like myself. He wanted to know whether I was after fossils, and on my assenting, he asked, 'Have you ever seen a fossil dog's head?' and he pulled out of

his pocket the head of a small saurian, the snout of which was broken, but the savage look of the eyes, I suppose, made the man think it was that of a dog. I give these instances of an amateur finding things to show that a deep knowledge of science is not necessary for the ordinary man who wants a pleasant occupation at the seaside.

Some people do not care for collecting, but that is not all which a walk along the coast provides. You are led instinctively to think about a dead past when surrounded by the remains of the creatures which inhabited the very spot where you stand. That was an age of monsters who played their part in life and then suddenly ceased to exist. You would think that according to the ideas of evolution there would be traces of their ancestry in an earlier strata, but they seem to have appeared and disappeared with no traces before or behind them to account for their existence. The saurians of the present day are miserable specimens compared with those complex creatures of which, perhaps, the ichthyosaurus is the most notable example. 'This beast,' as Cuvier expressed it, 'possessed the snout of a dolphin, the head of a lizard, the jaws and teeth of a crocodile, the vertebræ of a fish, the sternum of a lizard, the paddles like those of a whale, and the trunk and tail of a quadruped.'

To quote again from another authority: 'The eyes of this marine monster were larger than those of any animal now living. In volume they frequently exceed the human head, and their structure was one of their most remarkable peculiarities. In front of the capsule of the eye there was an annular series of thin bony plates surrounding the pupil. This structure, which is now only met with in the eyes of certain turtles, tortoises, and lizards, and in those of many birds, could be used so as to increase or diminish the curvature of the transparent cornea, and thus increase or diminish the magnifying power according to the requirements of the animal—performing the office, in short, of a telescope or microscope at pleasure.' And yet these marvellous creatures all seem to have been extinguished by a sudden death. From the positions in which they are laid it may be surmised that they came to no natural end, otherwise the bones would have been dispersed and scattered. The bones are mostly found all together just as if prepared by the anatomist, though frequently compressed, as must be the case from the enormous pressure to which they have been subjected.

Although the remains of the great saurians are not commonly met with along the shore, this cannot be said of the ammonites, which are plentiful and varied in form and make. It seems hard to believe that even at the present day there is a local tradition about these 'snake stones,' as they are called. 'You will never get one of these with a head on,' the coast-folk will tell you; but one day I was asked to go and see an ammonite which a man had in his cottage, with the head protruding from the shell. I found it impossible to convince him that it was only a bit of the stone which held the ammonite, that its resemblance to a head was accidental, and that the ammonite itself was only a shellfish and not a snake. St Hilda's work of changing the snakes into stones is still believed in, and no amount of geological information can destroy that belief. The ammonites lie in regular beds, or zones, as they are called, and their varieties are numerous. The coils of the shell are very beautiful; but to see the wonderful structure of the internal parts you have to purchase them cut in half and polished, with all the air-chambers filled with crystals of lime. A regular business is done in these at Whitby. The ammonite led the life of a submarine, sinking to the bottom of the sea and rising at pleasure. The animal inhabited the upper portion of the shell, and all the rest of the coils contained chambers, which it could fill with air or flood with water as it pleased. The nautilus of the present day is its living representative, but not nearly so complex in its internal arrangements. There is considerable skill required in knocking the ammonites out of the nodules of lias rock in which they lie. The rock varies a good deal in hardness; but it is best, if possible, to crack the nodule while held in the hand, striking it always on the side.

The belemnites—or thunderbolts, as they are locally called—are found mostly in the shale rock, and can be best got out with the aid of a chisel. They were a kind of cuttle-fish, and had the power of discharging a dark fluid when irritated or attacked. You may sometimes find the sepia-bag inside the belemnite, proving that its death was sudden or the animal would probably have discharged it; and the sepia when pounded and mixed with water makes a good ink.

No one, I think, can go along this part of the coast and not feel interested in these relics of a bygone world. The beach is never quite the same, for the restless sea is ever covering and uncovering, tide after tide. You do not know what you may find, and it is this very uncertainty which makes the charm of hunting for fossils. Anyhow, it is an object for the holiday-maker at the seaside, and it involves long walks and perhaps some difficult climbing, which are all conducive to health. There are, of course, many other things to be collected, such as shells and seaweeds of beautiful growths, and it is always well to observe everything as you go along. For instance, some years ago, when on the shore at Skegness in Lincolnshire, which is a very flat, sandy coast, with no rocks containing fossils, my eye caught sight of a shell the form and shape of which were unfamiliar to me. Knowing nothing about shells, and having no collection of them, I should have let it lie where it was, only curiosity overcame me, and I carried it off into the town to the shop of a conchologist. I was much surprised to find it was not a British shell at all, but a North American bivalve named *Petricola*

pholadiformis. The only explanation this authority could give me was that the shell was supposed to have been brought over with American Blue Point oysters, and laid down in the oyster-beds at Cleethorpes, where it had multiplied and gradually found its way down the coast. There is a submerged forest at Skegness, and at low-water you see the muddy flats where the trees once grew covered with this *Petricola*, which makes itself a hole in the mud, leaving only its head exposed. The shell is very beautiful and delicate, snow-white in colour, and has lovely markings. Notes are being made along the Lincolnshire coast of the wanderings of this shell, which seems to take very kindly to its new home.

There is one great advantage in collecting things at the seaside, and that is, that you have something to take away with you and give you an interest—an intelligent interest—when the holiday is over. There is much yet to be discovered in every branch of scientific inquiry, and no one need be afraid that he cannot add fresh information. It is only to be regretted that so few people turn to this method of employing their leisure time when they have the opportunity given them. Parents are very apt to complain, when they have their children home for the holidays, that it is hard to find amusement for them on wet days. 'We have nothing to do,' the children say, and the boys will wander off to the stables to talk and smoke with the groom, or if they stay indoors, will probably tease and quarrel with their sisters. This would not happen if parents educated their children with tastes for hobbies of some kind. There is no time at school for such instruction, as when a boy's work is done his spare time is devoted to outdoor games. At home, and especially at the seaside, there is every opportunity for encouraging some kind of hobby, and a child so influenced retains the taste for life. A wet day, instead of being greeted as a great bore, is hailed as an interval for arranging this or that collection, it may be stamps, fossils, shells, or anything else. Children are what their parents make them, and it is not their fault when they find nothing to do indoors, but it rests with those who should have provided them with hobbies.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE actual memory of my first halt is lost to me, for, as I discovered subsequently, I ran my head against some hard snow banked up round the base of one of the telegraph-poles which follow the course of the Thal-run. When I regained consciousness I was under the firm impression that I was dreaming. Not only were my faculties subacute, and my being permeated by a sensation of delicious comfort and repose, but my eyes rested on a vision such as I had never expected to behold in my waking moments. On either side of me knelt a beautiful young woman, and, to my obfuscated senses, their faces wore an expression of the deepest sympathy and concern. I lay motionless and speechless as I was, dreading by thought or movement to break the thread of slumber and lose the rapturous vision in the unprosaic realities of awakening. Then, as my mind began to work more normally, it occurred to me that the dream was a singularly vivid one, that the faces bending so tenderly over me were far more definite than the dream-faces which haunt the slumbers of a youthful bachelor; and suddenly, and with something of a shock, the memory of what had happened came back to me. I had had a spill tobogganing, and was lying couched in the soft snow. On one side of me was the royal governess, and on the other the Princess Mathilde, and, woman-like, they were rather alarmed at the severity of my tumble.

I looked up into the face of the young Princess. Her dark eyes were troubled with a look of unmistakable concern, and her pretty, mobile features wore such a sweet air of sympathy that, in spite of a slight feeling of amusement, I was quite touched.

'I'm all right,' I said, smiling.

'You've had a nasty fall,' she said quietly, 'and you must keep perfectly still.—Do you think a little brandy would do him good, Miss Anchester?'

I turned to the governess.

Now that I had regained the full possession of my senses, I saw that Miss Anchester's expression of tender solicitude had merely been the figment of my shaken brain. Her healthy young face was cool and serious enough, but the calm eyes were as practical and unemotional as ever.

'No,' she said decisively; 'brandy is the worst thing possible for a knock on the head.—Do you think you can manage to walk, Mr Saunders?'

'I'm sure I can,' I answered.

'No, no, don't try,' put in the Princess hastily. 'We'll send a sleigh for you and bring you home on it.'

'If you'll allow me to try,' I said, 'I think you'll find I'm more frightened than hurt.'

Suiting the action to the word, I rose to my knees. Then, with a further effort, I struggled to my feet. As I did so the white world raced round me, and the sky above seemed waving and sagging like an intensely blue awning. Then, as things grew gradually still and clear again, I discovered that my companions were supporting me on either side.

'Thanks,' I said. 'I'm sorry to be such a nuisance. I suppose I went over the bank.'

'You ought to have raked,' said Miss Anchester severely; 'there aren't half-a-dozen men who can go down the Thal-run without raking.'

'I'm afraid I'm not one of them,' I said gloomily; 'but I may be later. Has any one ever been down the Kastel-run without raking?'

Miss Anchester looked at me as if my senses must still be errant to have suggested such a thing.

'No,' she said curtly; 'and please don't try. If you go over David you won't get off with a severe shaking, I can tell you.'

'Or find two ministering angels at the bottom, either,' I added.—'By the way, Princess, where do you come from?'

'I was skiing,' she said, slightly raising one foot to demonstrate her foot-gear. 'I saw some one shoot over the bank, and I hastened up to see if I could be of any assistance. I had no idea it was you. I do hope you're not hurt.'

'I'm quite right again now, thanks,' I said; 'in fact, I think I'll have another go at the Thal-run just to show there's no ill-feeling.'

'You will do nothing of the sort,' said Miss Anchester peremptorily. 'One wants all one's wits tobogganing, and that yours are somewhat shaken is proved by your suggestion.'

Her authoritative manner piqued me all the more because it covered a certain measure of commonsense.

'Please don't go down again to-day, Mr Saunders,' pleaded the Princess. 'You'll be much steadier to-morrow.'

'I yield to your combined eloquence,' I said, 'though personally I disapprove of stopping after a fall. I don't like leaving off when I'm beaten.'

'There are plenty of people like that in the world,' said Miss Anchester. 'They usually come to a bad end.'

'We all come to a bad end sooner or later,' I retorted. 'The great thing is to fight strenuously till Fate conquers us, as it ultimately must, by brute-force.'

'What a hopelessly unspiritual outlook!'

'I beg your pardon,' I said; 'but when one has just charged a telegraph-pole one's pessimism is forced to the surface. A cup of hot chocolate and a Weissheim bun will render me a thoughtless, foolish optimist again.'

'I hope you won't knock yourself up before our ball,' said the Princess.

'When is that?'

'On the 6th of February. It is an annual affair at the Mariencastel, and rather fun.'

Rather fun! What a splendid and wonderful temperament one must possess to regard a State ball as fun!

'I will try and keep myself sound for it,' I said. 'Dancing seems a popular amusement at Weissheim.'

At the Princess's suggestion we walked together to an old-fashioned pastrycook's on the outskirts of Weissheim, kept by a certain Frau Mengler.

'We shall see,' I said as we entered the low doorway, 'whether hot chocolate proves as successful in cheering the moral outlook as I hope.'

'I don't think there's much wrong with your moral outlook,' said the Princess.

'Then I'm afraid you're not a judge of moral outlooks,' said Miss Anchester, smiling.

'Perhaps I'm not,' admitted the Princess; 'but I'm a very good judge of hot chocolate.'

'Frau Mengler,' I said, 'bring three cups of your best hot chocolate and an improved moral outlook.'

'Where shall we sit?' asked the Princess, after indulging in a vivifying peal of her usual uncontrolled laughter.

'If the Princess Mathilde is going to have one of her laughing-fits,' said Miss Anchester, 'I think we had better go into the inner room.'

Crossing the shop, I opened the door which led into the second apartment. Seeing it already occupied, I was about to close the door again, when my eyes rested with surprised recognition on the couple in possession. Of these, one was Herr Schneider the detective, and the other, a huge plate of *éclairs* and cream-buns before her, the Fräulein von Helder. The *tête-à-tête* was a sufficiently remarkable phenomenon in itself; but what puzzled and amused me so much that I hesitated a moment before closing the door was the undisguised rapture expressed on the animal features of the Queen's maid of honour. I shut the door quietly, noticing that Herr Schneider was displaying his best manners—which were horrible—and doubtless, I reflected, pursuing his professional researches by an unprincipled but successful simulation of the tender passion.

'What is the joke?' asked the Princess, noticing my smile.

'The room is engaged,' I said, 'and so, I fancy, are the couple within.'

'Engaged?' queried my two lady-friends simultaneously.

'I may be premature,' I admitted.

'Who are they?' demanded the governess.

'My fellow-guest, Herr Schneider,' I replied, 'and the celebrated Court beauty, Fräulein von Helder.'

'But'—Miss Anchester's amusement was as great, if not quite so uncontrollable, as the Princess's—'what grounds have you for your remarkable assertion?'

'In the first place,' I replied, 'I have the facial expression of the happy pair, which was sublimely ludicrous. Secondly, there is the presumed fact that Herr Schneider is paying for the fräulein's tea—no slight matter even in an inexpensive tea-shop.'

'Your arguments are eloquent but unconvincing,' said Miss Anchester. 'Herr Schneider is not the man to fall lightly in love, and the Fräulein von Helder is not the sort of person who would appeal to his somewhat world-worn sentimentality.'

'You are a poor judge of character, Miss Anchester,'

I said. 'You think me conceited because I feel confident of breaking your record time on the Kastelrun, and now you are calling the ingenuous Herr Schneider world-worn and denying him the capacity for spontaneous emotion. Wait till you see the infatuated pair come out.'

'If the fräulein's appetite is up to the mark,' said the Princess, 'we may have to wait a long time.'

'I am prepared to wait a long time,' I replied. 'Frau Mengler's chocolate surpasses my fondest expectations. What I like about Weissheim is that one meal never influences the next. When I am in London I never take tea for fear of spoiling my dinner. Here I can make a pig of myself four times a day without fear or reproach.'

'You had better make Weissheim your permanent abode,' said Miss Anchester. 'It is a great thing to realise one's ideals.'

'I hope you'll come here in the summer,' said the Princess. 'It's not quite so lovely as it is now; but the mountain-sides blaze with wild flowers in June, and there is any amount of lawn tennis on the Pariserhof courts.'

'It sounds very fascinating,' I said. 'Perfect digestion, perfect scenery, excellent sport. What more can a man demand of life?'

'You had better ask your love-sick friend Herr Schneider,' said Miss Anchester. 'His wants seem a shade less material than yours.'

'Herr Schneider is a beast,' I blurted out without thinking.

I expected to be reproved for my bluntness, but the result was quite otherwise.

'I'm so glad you think so,' said the Princess. 'I think he is a beast too.'

I turned to Miss Anchester.

'I think he is the most horrible specimen of humanity I have ever had the misfortune to come across,' she said deliberately. 'And, for goodness' sake, Mr Saunders,' she said, 'take care you don't get like him.'

'You think there is a danger of that?' I demanded, suspending my cup of chocolate in mid-air.

She looked me straight in the eyes, smiling at my seriousness.

'I do,' she replied simply.

'Confound it!' I ejaculated. 'I have had the very same fear myself.'

Suddenly the door of the inner room opened, and the subject of our conversation came out. He was dressed in a brown knickerbocker suit and a green Homburg hat with a feather in it. His flat face was wreathed in smiles, and his quick, restless eyes recognised us in a second. The fräulein followed, and her plain, heavy features were illuminated with the glow of happiness, a quaint contradiction of half-beautified ugliness, as when the sun shines on a squalid building. Guessing the ill-founded nature of her aspirations, I pitied her, and then for some reason or other I felt envious. A passion that could lend even a reflection of beauty to the fräulein's homely countenance must be itself a beautiful and wonderful thing. Assuredly it was better to dream one's happiness than to remain awake and miss it altogether.

(To be continued.)

AN UNKNOWN RIVIERA.

UNDER the lee of that great arm of land which France stretches out into the Atlantic, remote and protected from the savage fury of the western ocean, lies hidden a haunt of ancient peace, of sunshine, of flowers; a land where milk and honey are cheap, but where luxuries are dear, where the blue waves of the Bay of Biscay wash closely up to the golden fields of corn, and where old manners, customs, and costumes are still found in all their native and engaging sincerity. The Bretons are intensely conservative. It was with them that the Royalist cause lingered long after other parts of France had accepted the new order which the Revolution ushered in; and even to-day their religion is strangely mingled with a superstitious paganism. The character and habits of these blue-eyed, lank-haired people are not essentially different from those of the primitive and prehistoric ancestors who have left behind them in Brittany more relics and remains than in all the other places on the Continent taken together.

Who shall count the megaliths at Carnac—those mysterious, monstrous menhirs, thousands in number, row after row in strict alignment? Truly there was something majestic in the character of the men who could rear these countless monuments either to gods or to fellow-men, monuments grand in their bare simplicity. It was no race of physical and intellectual pygmies that wrought and raised these imperishable monoliths on the plain of Carnac. They are not less impressive, though infinitely less elaborate, than those of their namesake, Karnak, in Egypt.

The number and immensity of these weird obelisks at first stun the beholder, and then leave him in dazed wonder at the patience displayed in their erection, at the strength needful to hew and rear such masses of solid stone, at their measured distance as the serried ranks appear to meet in the distance, and at the object and purpose of them all. The problem is insoluble; and just as at Stonehenge we approach the place with curiosity, so also we leave it with reverence mingled strangely with awe. The very stones seem to speak of the fearful rites in

which human life and blood were freely spent, while the hush and the melancholy sighing of the sea-breezes among the ancient stones still further thrill the senses quivering under the emotion which defiant strength and immeasurable antiquity always arouse. Near the seashore they stand as they stood for ages, and as they will stand for ages to come unless descendants more barbaric than their ancestors and unworthy of such heroic sires hew down the monuments to furnish building material for their puny dwellings.

Shielded from the north by the wood-clad uplands of Brittany and Normandy, and fully open to the southern sun and to the breezes borne upon the ample tides of the Bay of Biscay, this sheltered corner of France is a veritable Riviera as yet unexploited. Here you will find a semi-tropical vegetation in rank profusion. The mimosa blooms as freely as on the Mediterranean shore. Running out into the bay like a hooked finger some ten miles in length is the narrow peninsula of Quiberon, bearing the quaint and ancient town of that name at its farthest extremity. Beyond the peninsula is the island not without reason called Belleisle, and together they enclose the Bay of Quiberon, better known to our grandfathers than to ourselves, for was it not here that Admiral Hawke annihilated the French fleet in 1759? The French fought a gallant fight, for we outnumbered them by twenty-three to twenty-one; but their generalship was at fault, and they let the British ships get to windward, whilst their own vessels were driven on the very rocks which one may see at low-tide. And, again, in 1795, with less honour, we were found at Quiberon aiding the Royalist *émigrés* and the ragged Chouans against the Republican forces under the heroic Hoche. It was a pitiful story, and though we lost no men, we lost seventy thousand muskets and other valuable stores which were intended to be used against the growing power of the Republic.

In defending his action before the House, Pitt sheltered himself behind the plea that no British blood had been shed at Quiberon. 'No,' said Sheridan, with one of his famous retorts—'no; but British honour has been shed out of every pore.' Hoche was merciful towards the poor Bretons, whose ignorance and conservatism he pitied; but to the Royalist gentlemen, such as did not manage to escape in the British vessels, he was inexorable, and at the neighbouring village of Auray, in a field which is still pointed out, seven hundred of the *émigrés* were shot down in cold blood. It is not easy to disentangle the history of England and France in this department of Morbihan, for even in this little town of Auray we English under Sir John Chandos, as early as the fourteenth century, were found battling against the French king, with the Duke of Brittany as our ally.

Philologists tell us that there exists a close alliance between the Breton speech and the old Cornish tongue; and truly a Cornishman would think himself at home among the Pols and Tres and Pens with which the map of Brittany is studded. Does not the Riviera of which we write begin at *Penmarch* Point and end at *Peneston*? Even the Welshman, whose Celtic blood owns cousinship to that of Brittany, would feel the appeal of kinship in the many hamlets' names beginning with Lan—a close reminder of his native Llan. Druids were surely here in the ancient days as they were in Wales. If not, why should the mistletoe be found on every side still the object of such honour, and why should the old custom still obtain of hanging out from the window a berried bunch, there to stay through cold and heat, sunshine and rain, until replaced next New Year's Day?

Food is plentiful in this Riviera. Corn and fruit are freely given by the soil, and the sea yields a plentiful tribute. The daintiest of oysters are found along the coast, and are in Morbihan a poor man's food. The Breton's hereditary aversion to change manifests itself in his costume. Possibly nowhere within twenty-four hours of London could a greater variety of costumes be seen than at the annual gatherings at Guingamp, Carnac, or Josselin. Even the workaday straw-hat of the Breton peasant has an arrangement of ribbons with broad tails falling down to the shoulders. Often in the details of an ancient costume some hint is conveyed of the use and purpose of the array to an earlier and more warlike people; but it is difficult to trace in these dependent broad ribbons any rudiment of a prehistoric protective headgear. Perhaps they may serve to some extent as a guard against sunstroke. What, too, is the meaning of the white linen wings on the women's head-dress?

The easiest way to visit this northern Riviera is to go awheel. There is little provision for the tourist who loves the glare and glamour of the grand hotel; let him still frequent the mammoth hotels on the tideless Mediterranean coast. But to the wanderer who is content with humbler lodgings and plainer fare, the northern shore of the Bay of Biscay offers infinite delights. Winter is but a name for a season in which the plant-world takes its rest. The south-west wind which sweeps up from the Atlantic brings no touch of bitterness. The sun is caught and held in this corner of sunny France. Happy is he whose wheels or whose footsteps may traverse this land of Arcady before the builders of hotels, casinos, and piers and *plages* begin the work of spoliation which they call development!

F. S.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE ORINOCO.

PART II.

THE command naturally devolved upon the *comandante*, and he ordered us to examine our arms and unpack our ammunition. The purser gave his revolver to the nigger, telling him not to shoot without aiming or to fire before receiving the word of command. Then taking up our positions in a clump of trees, we waited.

Whether it was that the nigger, being unaccustomed to the use of firearms, was awkward or nervous, or whether it was a mere accident, I know not; but hardly had we settled into position than bang went a shot from his revolver, the explosion reverberating through the silent forest like a clap of thunder. Escape was now impossible, for the smoke, unable to rise, hung like a canopy over our hiding-place.

'Ah, *caramba!*' exclaimed the *comandante*. 'Now we are in for it! Lie down, boys, and keep cool. Take careful aim if you have to fire, and don't waste your ammunition.'

We could hear the men shouting to each other as they hacked their way through the bush, and presently no less than fourteen of them came into view, and a more motley, villainous-looking crowd of ruffians I never saw. Of their identity and the fate we were likely to meet at their hands there could be no doubt. As soon as they saw the smoke they came for us with yells and imprecations, and the click of their rifles sounded ominous in our ears.

'Now for it!' cried the *comandante* as they came within range. 'Let them have it—all together.'

Taking deliberate aim, we fired, and four of the ruffians bit the dust. Checked by the unexpected attack, and not knowing the force that might be opposed to them, the others came on with more caution, dodging from tree to tree, but creeping nearer and nearer to our ambush.

Presently six more made their appearance, doubtless completing the party. The new-comers, being ignorant of the position of affairs, rashly exposed themselves, and we quickly accounted for three of them. This second loss dismayed the rest, and they all drew off under cover to concert a plan of attack. Notwithstanding that seven of them were *hors de combat*, they were still nearly three to our one.

Their intentions soon became apparent. Keeping under cover, but close together, they poured several volleys into the clump of trees where we lay concealed. The bullets whistled about our ears, but only struck the trees. We lay close, reserving our ammunition and watching for opportunities of returning the fire with more effect. Our great fear was that the firing would soon bring up the large force in our rear. It was imperative that we should get out of the trap we were in at all hazards and with all speed, and we determined to make a dash for it, fall suddenly upon the men in front, shoot as many as we could, cut through the rest, and make for the shore and the canoe.

Grasping our rifles and cocking our revolvers, we broke cover and bore down upon them with all the speed we could muster, and so rapidly was our manœuvre executed that before they could realise our intentions we were right in their midst. Luckily for us, they were armed only with Winchesters, so that, despite their superior numbers, we had them at a disadvantage.

Using our rifles as clubs and firing our revolvers, we set about us with such impetuosity that in a few minutes we had put six of them to flight, two fell where they stood, and the rest we chased from cover to cover until we thought it more prudent to pursue those who had fled, lest they should intercept the goal we coveted and make off with the canoe, leaving us in a worse plight than ever. Taking a parting shot at the foe, we set off down the rough track, with the dread in front of us of losing the canoe, and the fear behind us of overwhelming numbers.

We quickly overtook the fugitives, and perceived with no little satisfaction that two of them were wounded and limping. As we drew near they threw down their arms, which we snatched up, and sped on after the others as fast as the nature of the ground permitted. In a little while we saw the river glistening through the trees. The men in front had already reached the shore, and were making frantic efforts to clamber into the canoe. But they were at our mercy now, and without a moment's hesitation we fired and made a dash for the canoe ourselves. Behind us we could hear the voices of pursuers and the crushing of the bushes as they tore through the woods. Redoubling our efforts, we tumbled into the canoe, and shoving off with all our strength, the light craft sprang forward with a bound and was quickly caught in the grip of the current. Seeing that some of our pursuers had gained the shore, we threw ourselves prone in the bottom of the capacious *bongo* and let her drift, and the enemy's shots flew harmlessly over our heads as we were borne rapidly away.

As soon as we were out of bullet-range we seized the paddles and headed down-stream for the middle of the river. We knew, of course, that pursuit was inevitable as soon as our enemies joined forces, and two canoes manned by forty such desperados would quickly overtake us. Capture or worse was inevitable unless something intervened in our favour. However, we had got a long start, and that was half the battle. It was now, as nearly as we could guess, about five o'clock in the afternoon. In two hours it would be dark. If we could hold on for that time we might hope to outdistance our pursuers, gain one of the other islands, and escape

detection, at any rate for the night. The short tropical twilight would favour our plans.

Now that the excitement was over, at least for the moment, we became aware that we were greatly spent by hunger and fatigue, and in no condition to offer effective resistance to an overwhelming force. Moreover, three of our number, the *fiscal*, the purser, and the nigger, were wounded, not badly, but sufficiently to set us longing for a sight of the *Guanare*, whose continued disappearance seemed more of a mystery than ever.

We went on pulling with the stream for what seemed a long while, casting anxious glances around from time to time. Suddenly we saw the dreaded *bongos* dart out into the river, and the sight renewed our energies. Pulling for all we were worth, we headed the canoe for the nearest island. Our pursuers caught sight of us, and guessing our intentions by our change of course, increased their speed and rapidly began to overhaul us. In a quarter of an hour we should be within range of their fire. At least half their number were free to use their arms. None of us dared cease our labours for a moment. It became a race for life against time and the enemy. We strained every nerve. The perspiration poured off us. The island loomed large upon our vision. The outlines of the shore were already clear. Another ten minutes and we should be safe.

Barely five hundred yards separated us now from our pursuers. We could hear their shouts calling upon us to surrender, while they emphasised the command by a storm of bullets that hissed as they struck the water in our rear.

Just as we had made up our minds that further resistance was useless, that we should be shot in the very act of landing, and when we had actually thrown down our paddles and held up our hands in token of surrender, the *Guanare* steamed into view, and in less than two minutes had got between us and the enemy, and the troops were firing point-blank upon them. So great was the revulsion of feeling that we were incapable of making another movement. Perceiving our distress, the captain of the *Guanare* gave orders to reverse her engines, and she came swiftly alongside; willing hands hauled us aboard, and we sank exhausted on the deck.

The stewards flew for brandy. The wounded were assisted to the saloon. The engines were again reversed, and the steamer drove full speed ahead for the enemy. But it was now almost dark, and the canoes were only dimly visible in the gloom. Their occupants, thrown into confusion by the apparition of the *Guanare* and the firing of the troops, appeared to have become momentarily paralysed, for they made no attempt to escape until the search-light was turned full upon them. This startled them into activity, and seizing their paddles, they scuttled away down-stream, each taking a different direction, the better to escape the terrible light. It was impossible to follow both canoes; and as we were now all safe, the chase was abandoned, and we slowed down and cast about for a convenient anchorage, determined this time to keep out in the open. Midway between the two islands we pulled up and dropped anchor for the night.

After a much-needed meal we quickly recovered our spirits, and the captain and officers crowded round us while we related our adventures and questioned them as to theirs. The disappearance of the steamer in the morning was very simply accounted for. The water in the tanks had given out; and that of the river being too foul for consumption, and there being none on the island, they had crossed to the mainland, expecting to return and pick us up before noon. But their search had proved unsuccessful at first, and it was some hours before they found a suitable supply, and then the filling of the tanks had occupied all the afternoon. They had heard the firing, but mistaking it solely for our own, had felt no misgivings; and while regretting that we had been left to shift for ourselves in the matter of food, they knew we were all old campaigners, and understood how to rough it for a few hours. Whatever I may have thought of all this, I was far too tired to enter into any discussion; so, bidding the rest of the company good-night, I sought my hammock and turned in.

The night passed without disturbance, and by daybreak next morning we were once more under way. The long night's rest had done wonders for all of us. Everybody was in good spirits. Those who envied us our adventures of the previous day professed to be spoiling for a fight, and hoped that something would happen. The *comandante* opined that we had by no means seen the last of our friends of yesterday, and that before many hours elapsed there would be sharp work for some of us.

After early coffee I went on deck for a smoke, and joined the captain in his promenade.

'No signs of *bongos*, captain?' I queried.

'Not yet, sir. But we'll meet them soon enough, I reckon.'

'Ah! you think so, do you?'

'More than likely. When these chaps are out and about there's sure to be plenty of 'em knocking around. Shouldn't wonder if we had a bit of a skirmish before we get through into the Meta. However, we are ready for any number o' them corbeaux.'

Just then we came abreast of the companion-ladder leading to the main-deck, and looking down, witnessed a curious and lively scene.

The whole ship's company was engaged, under the superintendence of the *comandante*, in improvising measures of defence. Some were cleaning their firearms and unpacking ammunition; others were hauling up goods from the holds and piling them round the engines and boiler; others, again, with the assistance of the troops, were throwing up round the ship's bows a barricade of boxes, bags of rice and flour, and other heavy articles. Sailors and troops, officers and stewards, all were busy.

'This looks like business,' I remarked. 'You are evidently looking for trouble, captain.'

'Oh, it's as well to be prepared,' he replied. 'Suppose we take a turn below and have a look round.'

After a brief inspection of the preparations we returned to the deck, the captain being anxious to keep watch.

Two hours passed without incident. We were creeping slowly towards the Meta, the entrance to which is marked by numerous inconspicuous eyots, large enough, however, to conceal a whole flotilla of *bongos*.

The defensive arrangements completed, the *comandante* joined the captain and myself on the upper deck. Standing in the shadow of the pilot-house, all three of us cast anxious glances towards the islands, now scarcely a thousand yards away on the starboard bow. If enemies lay lurking among them, they were invisible, even through the powerful binoculars which the captain occasionally handed to one or the other of us.

Everywhere the most perfect stillness prevailed. The fierce tropical sun shone with remorseless glare, transmuting the yellow, muddy waters of the Orinoco into molten gold. Not a breath stirred. The flag hung limp and formless from the flagstaff. An air of suppressed excitement seemed to pervade the ship. Every sense was on the alert. Now and again a head popped up the companion-ladder; eager, questioning eyes regarded us for a moment; the head turned and disappeared.

Slowly we crept forward, heading straight for the tortuous channel by which the Colombian river is reached. The junction of the two streams was already noticeable in the numerous eddies and cross-currents. The shapes of the islands grew more distinct. The banks of the Meta glided into view.

Stepping out from the shadow of the pilot-house, I took up a more commanding position behind the great kingpost. As I did so a short, sharp report broke the silence. A bullet buried itself in the post above my head. I saw the *comandante* spring forward and disappear down the ladder. The captain shouted an order to the pilot. The engines stopped; the *Guanare* lost way, lay for a moment motionless on the water, then drifted slowly astern.

Dropping on my knees, I peered cautiously round the broad base of the post. The sight that met my gaze sent me flying back to the pilot-house, the nearest refuge. The river seemed to be alive with canoes. I counted twenty of them, and more kept darting from their hiding-places. Spread out in a long line, two-deep, they rowed down upon us with impetuous rapidity. In a few minutes we should be literally surrounded.

Unable to remain a mere spectator, I dashed out of the pilot-house once more, made a dive for the ladder, and rushed down to join my comrades on the lower deck. There the most perfect order prevailed. The eager, expectant faces of the crew betrayed no signs of fear. The troops wore the most stolid expression of unconcern. The stewards went about their occupations as if nothing unusual were toward. The *comandante* gave his orders calmly and coolly, and was as quietly obeyed. Yet there was no mistaking the nervous excitement which underlay all this seeming indifference.

Seizing my rifle and revolver, I stationed myself at the post pointed out to me just abaft the capstan, and prepared to do my *devoir* with the rest. Through the chinks left in the barricade partial glimpses of the canoes were all that could be obtained.

The canoes came on with a rush. The foremost poured in a volley, and I heard the bullets crashing into the glass and woodwork of the saloon deck. We returned the fire with a will, and the shrieks that rent the air told their own deadly tale.

A few minutes later a sharp command rang in my ear. I felt the engines vibrate; the steamer backed astern for a minute or two, then stopped dead.

'Stand clear, there!' cried a voice; and turning, I beheld the captain directing the sailors to clear the gangway as he tore the tarpaulin from an object which had hitherto escaped my notice amidst the innumerable packages that formed the barricade.

A space was quickly cleared, and the object stood revealed as a most wonderful imitation of a six-inch gun. Mounted on an extemporised carriage and painted to the life, for a moment it deceived even me, close as I was to it. Part of the barricade was torn down and the dummy gun run forward into the fore-peak.

The captain's purpose in backing the steamer astern became apparent the moment the opening in the barricade enabled us to catch a full glimpse of the canoes. They were now at a distance, had lost all order, and were huddled together, twenty or thirty of them.

The instant the enemy caught sight of the supposed gun they were thrown into a panic. An order was given; the *Guanare* clapped on steam and drove full speed ahead for the canoes, every rifle and revolver levelled and cocked for execution. In a flash, as it seemed, we crashed into them, and while we poured volley after volley right and left, the knife-like prow of the steamer clove a passage clean through the frail canoes.

The confusion, the yells of defiance, the shrieks of drowning and wounded men, the rattle of fire-arms, the crunching of timbers as we cut our way remorselessly through the struggling swarm, were simply awful. Dealing death and destruction on either hand, we pressed through, and never paused till we had put a safe distance between the enemy and the steamer. Then the order was given to turn and renew the charge.

But the enemy did not wait for a second charge. With fierce cries of vengeance and a random and harmless volley, they scattered and scuttled down-stream for dear life, leaving us undisputed masters of the situation.

A couple of hours later we were on the Meta and steaming placidly towards our destination, which we reached without further adventure.

Before starting on our return journey we took the precaution of borrowing a real gun from the authorities at Orucué. But the passage to the Orinoco was not disputed, and we returned in safety to Ciudad Bolívar thirty days from the date of our departure.

THE END.

A FOREST SANCTUARY.



If we wish to feel the mystery of Nature in one of her most secluded moments let us get deep into the heart of a pine-forest in the dusk of an autumn afternoon. The trees rise straight and tall around us, and beyond, as far as the eye can reach, till they fade into the pink haze of distance. A little brown path of trodden pine-needles winds its way through the labyrinth of stems. On either side the ground is carpeted with soft green moss, luminous now in the radiance of the dying sunset that penetrates the gathering twilight. Down here is absolute stillness; but, sounding very far away, the whispering of the evening breeze in the tree-tops mingles with the deeper murmur of the river hastening on to join the sea. All is hushed in the forest but for a solitary robin's whistle now and then—a wistful note that only emphasises the surrounding silence. As you stand and gaze, and let the soft, mysterious beauty of the scene sink into your soul, you seem almost to feel the presence of the spirits of the wood and to hear the voices of another and more ethereal sphere than ours. Our own workaday world, with its hurry and noise, its strife and discord, all 'this strange disease of modern life,' seems to fall away from us, and to become remote and unimportant in the face of this pervading calm that lays its spell upon us. There is in it a suggestion of eternity that is soothing and solemnising after the ceaseless rush and the worship of triviality that we have left outside.

Our little impatient dog, with a mind bent wholly upon rabbits, has been wondering what we can possibly have been seeing all this time, and now disappears on a quest of his own. We call sharply, and immediately feel as if we had committed sacrilege, as our voice echoes back to us through the columns of this natural temple like a sound rolling down the dim aisles of some vast cathedral. We feel very near to Nature, and to the God who reveals Himself through Nature. A great and good man, looking at a beautiful sunset over the sandy bay that stretches wide and fair beyond an old gray city in the East, said to his friend, 'Could any one see that and doubt?' His words come back to us in this forest sanctuary, and we know it is true what the poet said of a country life: 'It is to nearer see our God.'

It is a thing to thank God for to have spent one's childhood in the country; for something of the child's spontaneous love of natural things never really dies out in us, but is ready at times to reassert itself and mingle the sweetness of old association with the deeper insight of later life. Unfortunately for most of us, even those who have lived in the country have been brought up to seek their God less in His own works than in the creeds and dogmas artificially built up by many generations of learned men, forgetting the saying: 'Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.' Those who most stoutly maintain the creeds and dogmas also maintain that the world was made by God; but they are those who will be most scornful of their neighbours who profess to worship God in His world of nature. If we believe in a Divine Presence in the world at all, is it not as easy—or rather far easier sometimes—to find it in the woods and mountains, in the solitary places of the earth, where 'our noisy years seem moments in the being of the eternal silence,' than in the stiff respectability of the ordinary city congregation, with its atmosphere of argument and criticism or of jealous rivalry with its neighbour Churches? We who love Nature have 'visions of our own,' and who shall presume to say which is the truer worshipper? Who that has 'eyes to see and love this sight so fair' can doubt of finding the Eternal Presence in the deep sky of night, with its 'train of stars;' in the wonder-working dawn, tipping the distant hills with rose and gold, and waking to life and light 'another blue day;' in the almost devotional stillness of noon, as of an hour set apart for quiet meditation; in the soft gloaming, with its suggestion of mystery and idealism? Let no man scoff at these things, for to those who know and understand them they are as real as anything in life, and more sacred than the most binding creed.

> I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts—a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things.

We are too ready nowadays to discuss with every chance-comer what we believe and what we do not believe, and in so doing it is apt to lose something of its sacredness. A little less talking of our religion, and a little more living it, and there would not be so much scepticism about it in the world. What is said of Burne-Jones's feelings on this subject

in his wife's memorials of him is very interesting: 'On the subject of religious "experience" or of his religious faith he was silent, and even shocked by what he thought to be any opinion too rigidly or confidently expressed by others. Once I heard him quote with approval the saying of a Samoan chief to a missionary who was pressing him hard as to his conceptions of a Deity: "We know that at night some one goes by amongst the trees, but we never speak of it."' A little more of this spirit of reverent reticence in more things than matters of religion would be a great advantage in modern life. We live too much in public, and lay bare our deepest feelings to our casual acquaintances; or is it that we have no deep feelings, and that what pass for such are only other people's second-hand opinions, which we lightly pass on as the result of our own experience? It may be so, and if this is the case ours is the loss. It has been said, 'There can be no life separate from internal belief, and the lives of men are imperfect because their belief is external.' This is most true. It is no use having a belief at all if it is not a reality to us. Let it be simple, but let it be living. It is to our soul as the living air of these mountain-tops is to our body.

It is a common fallacy to declare that Nature is hard and unsympathetic, and that to go to her for comfort in sorrow is to court disappointment, for she will answer your tears with laughter, and go her way unheeding of your grief. There is surely something wrong about this. Certainly Nature is not sentimental, and will not indulge us in fretfulness and repining; but we may cast ourselves on her broad bosom and be sure of finding soothing and support, an exhortation to strength and self-dependence, as well as an upholding and inspiring sense of the vastness and the dignity of life. These green depths of forest, these mountain solitudes, range stretching beyond range into the distant haze, suggestive of so much more beyond, make us feel small and humble in our own selves; but as sharing in the wonder and the beauty of the life of which they as well as we are the product, we feel uplifted and strengthened for our 'daily round,' and can carry back the memory of them to our city haunts to refresh us in our jaded moments.

I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,
I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

H. C. H. S.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

INOCULATING TREES.

THE word inoculate—from *in*, into, and *oculus*, an eye—was originally applied to trees in connection with the grafting or insertion of the bud or eye of one tree into another. From that it gradually came to denote the introduction of foreign matter into the blood of animals; and now, in its new sense, it has become once more applicable to trees. According to *L'Illustration* of Paris, some successful experiments have been tried recently in the injection of various drugs into the sap of trees which are ailing from disease or exhaustion. In the case of some fruit-trees it was found that the roots, having become more exhausted than the aerial parts, were unable to supply a due proportion of nourishment from the soil. The trees seemed, in fact, to be in need of a tonic, and perhaps by natural reasoning sulphate of iron suggested itself. It is said that the result of an injection of this chemical into the sap of the flagging trees was to renew their youth and vigour, and it was found especially useful in the treatment of chlorosis in vines. In order to ascertain the laws governing the penetration of the liquid into the cells of the tree, Monryetski, a Russian entomologist, injected coloured fluids and noted their behaviour. He found that they never penetrated into the old wood, but circulated exclusively in the young layers, spreading uniformly right to the top of the tree and into the root to a depth of three or four feet. He concludes that the best mode of application of drugs is by injection through a single hole made in the neck of the root. Not only may nutritive elements be so introduced into the system of the plants, but it also seems likely that many diseases may be treated by the same means. Experiments have been tried on diseased stone-fruit trees by the injection of weak solutions of oxalic acid, creosote, and of citric or salicylic acid. The best results were obtained with the last. The experiments open up a new and interesting field for the plant-breeder, and seem to suggest almost endless possibilities. It may be conjectured that inoculation may be made to induce or modify variation, and through that lead to the production and perpetuation of new and valuable types.

IRON AND RUST.

In this new iron age, when most of our modern buildings are largely, if not entirely, dependent upon the life of the iron used in their construction, anything which tends to throw fresh light upon the causation of the mortal enemy, rust, is necessarily of intense interest. It has hitherto been held that rust was caused solely by the action of oxygen in the presence of water, and it was certainly believed that these two were quite capable of the destruction of iron without the aid of any other factor. Dr

G. T. Moody has shown, however, by a series of very careful experiments that water and oxygen are apparently powerless in this direction except in the presence of traces of carbonic acid gas. The greatest difficulty in the experiments lay in the absolute exclusion of this insidious gas; but when its complete absence was secured it was found that damp oxygen alone had no effect whatever in even tarnishing the iron exposed to its influence. In one case, occupying some weeks, fifteen times as much oxygen as would suffice to convert all the iron into oxide failed to have the slightest effect upon it; but in a later experiment, in which the carbon dioxide was not removed, the whole of the metal was reduced to rust in seventeen hours. The conclusion seems unavoidable that carbonic acid is a necessary adjunct to the rusting of iron. As one newspaper rather naïvely remarks, all that engineers now have to do is to devise a means of keeping the carbon dioxide from the iron, and they need not fear the water or oxygen. That is all, certainly; but it is not easy to see how that little all is to be accomplished with any less difficulty than the solving of the present problem of keeping air and water from contact with the iron.

MEAT PRESERVATION.

The Craveri method of preserving meat, of which a great deal was heard some months ago, has been subjected to searching inquiry and experiment by a number of university professors, and is reviewed in a recent report by the Italian Minister of Agriculture. By the Craveri process, meat is preserved in a fit and edible condition by the use of perfectly harmless chemicals. Ordinary antiseptics are not used at all, and the usual method of salting is regarded as quite insufficient. Instead, the slaughtered animals, from whose veins the blood has been drained, are injected with a mixture of kitchen salt twenty-five parts, acetic acid four parts, and water one hundred parts. These are, of course, merely substances which are found normally in our bodies, and constantly form part of our regular food. The amount of this solution injected is one-tenth in weight that of the animal treated. In one of the experiments a sheep and a calf were treated, and the carcasses subsequently hung up for seventy-five days in a room kept at a constant temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit. They were then skinned and dressed in the usual way. The heart, brains, liver, and intestines were normal in appearance, though somewhat macerated. The fat was perfectly preserved, and the flesh is described as being bright red in colour, moist, and of an agreeable odour. There was no trace of even incipient decay anywhere; and, the final proof being in the eating, the meat was subjected to various usual culinary operations, and was found to be tender, digestible, nutritious, and to taste 'even better than ordinary meat.' Bacteriological examination proved the meat to be free from bacteria, and all the professors were unanimous in the conclusion that the Craveri process of preservation promises great advantages over all others.

UNINFLAMMABLE CURTAINS.

An interesting article by Professor Doremus appeared recently in the *Star*, published in Washington, D.C., in which the author urges the desirability of fireproofing such flimsy household appurtenances as washable curtains. He considers that a law should be passed making it compulsory for proprietors of hotels so far to safeguard the lives of the guests by rendering all inflammable draperies fireproof, and he also impresses upon the private householder the great importance of taking similar precautions. Like a prudent preacher, he is not content with mere exhortation, but goes carefully into the ways and means of carrying out his suggestions. The method of fireproofing proposed by the professor is so very simple that it certainly deserves the consideration of householders and others, for undoubtedly curtains, with their tendency to be blown about by the lightest breeze, and their quick inflammability, are a grave source of danger in any room where there is a naked flame to ignite them. Professor Doremus's instructions are, in effect, to purchase at any chemist's shop a pound of phosphate of ammonia, make a saturated solution in water, and keep it in the laundry for regular use. A little of this solution added to the bowl of starch prepared for the 'getting up' of curtains and other similar things suffices to render the fabrics fireproof. We have not tested the efficacy of this very simple method, but we reprint the suggestion for what it may be worth.

A NEW TESTAMENT.

According to a communication to the *Times* from Drs Grenfell and Hunt, a recent large find of Greek literary papyri in the excavations on the site of Oxyrhynchus is likely to prove of great interest to students of literature. Among many remarkable documents brought to light at the same time was a vellum leaf from a manuscript of a lost Gospel whose subject is a visit of Jesus and His disciples to the Temple, where they were reproached by a Pharisee with the non-observance of the rite of purification before entering the holy place. The Pharisee gives in some detail the rites he has himself performed, and receives an eloquent answer from Jesus, who contrasts inward with outward purity, to the confusion of the hypocrite. The account of the incident is described as very complete and striking, and quite different from anything recorded in the Gospels. It is also remarkable in its picturesqueness and vigour, its cultivated literary style, and a certain familiarity with the Jewish ceremonies of purification.

HYDROGEN FOR BALLOONS.

Balloons are generally inflated with coal-gas instead of pure hydrogen, because, though considerably heavier and therefore much less efficient, it is very much cheaper. For military balloons,

which are invariably used where no supply of coal-gas is to be obtained commercially, hydrogen has to be carried in cylinders to the place from which the ascent is to be made, or generated chemically on the spot. In either case the necessary impedimenta constitute a very serious item. An ordinary field-balloon, requiring from seventeen to eighteen thousand cubic feet of gas, necessitates the employment of three wagons, each weighing three and a half tons when loaded, and drawn by six horses. A new chemical compound somewhat akin to the calcium carbide familiar as a generator of acetylene gas has been placed on the market recently under the name of hydrolithe. The new invention, the news of which comes from Paris, is credited to Mr Joubert, and is described as hydrate of calcium produced electrically by a secret process. It resembles oxylith and calcium carbide in that it at once evolves its gas upon admixture with water, which immediately enters into combination with the lime and sets free the remaining constituent of the compound—in this case hydrogen gas. A pound of commercial hydrolithe will generate over sixteen cubic feet of hydrogen; and the process, besides being simple and safe, is said to be a cheap one. For the purposes of military ballooning its advantages are instantly apparent. In place of the cumbersome equipment already mentioned, a single two-horse wagon loaded with a ton of hydrolithe—with the aid of water obtainable anywhere—will quickly and easily supply the necessary gas for the inflation of the balloon.

PIPES MADE OF PAPER.

Paper is one of those materials for which new uses are continually being found. According to the *Revue de Chimie Industrielle*, gas-pipes are now being successfully made from paper sheets. Manilla paper as wide as the length of the intended pipe is drawn through a container filled with melted asphalt and rolled solidly around an iron core or rod until thick enough for the purpose intended. It is then submitted to heavy pressure, sprinkled with sand, and cooled by immersion in water. Then the iron core is withdrawn, and the tube is covered externally with waterproofing material. The pipes so constructed are said to be absolutely gas-tight, and cheaper and better than iron pipes, while it would appear that they are of a more enduring nature than the corrodible metal.

OXONE.

It is reported that the Niagara Electro-Chemical Company has introduced a new product under the name of oxone, which is said to be a specially prepared fused form of peroxide of sodium. Its peculiarly valuable property is its power of giving out free oxygen when in the presence of carbonic acid gas and moisture. This means that the air in a confined space may be kept fresh and supplied with oxygen for breathing purposes for an indefinite length of time, always provided, of course, that the carbon dioxide is itself absorbed in the process, as we may suppose is the case. If that be so, oxone will perform for the air in a submarine boat, for instance, a service comparable to that accomplished for the atmosphere at large by every green leaf and blade of grass lighted by the sun. Miners suitably masked will be able to work regardless of the deadliest fumes; firemen, heedless of smoke, will perform the perilous errands of mercy with one risk less to face; and divers will no longer be dependent upon the men at the pumps above. Oxone should have a great future before it if it be all that it seems to be.

AN AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

Those who have suffered—and who in business has not?—from the vagaries of the telephone-girl will hail with delight the prospect of an exchange entirely controlled by automatic machinery. Such an exchange is in actual course of erection in Paris, and is to be put to the test of ordinary use with a view to its universal adoption if found satisfactory. The apparatus is necessarily of a highly complicated and delicate nature, and therein may lie, possibly, the seeds of its destruction as a practical public servant. Still, it is sincerely to be hoped, both for the sake of public peace and for the sake of the exceedingly clever invention itself, that it will meet with perfect success, and that the 'young ladies of the exchange' may go back whence they came—wherever in all this wonderful world that may happen to be. Then it may be possible to set a little indicator on the telephone instrument to the number of the subscriber required, and thereby set the complex machinery at the exchange to work so unerringly that the call is answered at the other end almost as soon as the instrument is at the ear. Should the other line be engaged, the call will be automatically stored up and put through at the first possible moment. Wrong numbers will never be given, and messages will not be overheard by those for whom they are not intended. The automatic exchange will not get offended with you for no reason you can imagine, and give you 'number engaged' for hours at a time by way of a punishment. It will even discover and send a man to remedy any fault which may occur in your line without waiting for you to find it out for yourself. And when this time comes it will be called the Millennium.

A NEW METHOD OF GLASS-MAKING.

The present method of glass-making may, as every one knows, be broadly divided into two processes: plate-glass making, in which the molten material is cast from the pots upon a smooth table and rolled flat; and sheet-glass, in which the viscid mass is blown into a huge cylindrical bubble by the glass-blower's pipe, and the bubble, while still soft, is slit and allowed to fall flat upon a table, where it cools. Plate-glass is true in surface but very expensive; while sheet-glass, although comparatively cheap, is full of irregularities in flatness

and thickness due to the mode of manufacture. A new system is reported from Nuremberg by the United States Consul which appears to combine in a measure both processes of producing glass. According to this system, the molten glass is drawn upward from the pots by a system of rollers in pairs rising one above the other. Seventeen pairs of rollers, like seventeen mangles placed one over the other on their sides, draw the incipient sheet of glass continuously upward. By the time it passes through the last pair it is cool enough to retain the shape impressed upon it by the successive rollers. The glass produced in this manner is said to be beautifully flat and polished, and it may be made in any thickness, for that merely depends upon the distance apart of the rollers forming the pairs. The system is the invention of Mr Fourcault, of Belgium; and if it prove in practice to be sufficiently cheap to compete with the present method of manufacture of window-glass it should entirely supersede that rather unsatisfactory process.

A SELF-LIGHTING GAS-MANTLE.

It has been noticed from time to time that the rare metallic oxides used in the manufacture of incandescent gas-mantles will, if scratched with a file, emit sparks of fire, and the idea has suggested itself that this circumstance might be made use of in the invention of a self-lighting burner. It is reported that Baron von Welsbach, the inventor of the incandescent mantle, has found from experiment that the rare metals must be alloyed with about 30 per cent. of iron to produce the phenomenon in question. The *Gas World* is responsible for the statement that Welsbach is now engaged in making an automatic self-lighting burner in which this alloy plays the important part. By a mechanical device, operated automatically when the gas-tap is turned, a small file scratches the alloy gently and produces brilliant sparks in sufficient quantities to immediately ignite the gas. Presumably the igniting device is quite distinct from the mantle itself, which is obviously not of a character to stand the treatment.

NEW AND USEFUL INVENTION FOR ROAD-MAPS.

There are but few of us in these days of travel who have not had occasion to consult a road-map; and whether it be on an excursion, during military manœuvres, or what not, we all know its inconveniences. If of paper only it is limp and troublesome, and if stuck on linen it soon becomes indistinct in the folds. In a high wind the noise it makes when fluttering has more than once frightened a horse, and at night it is almost impossible to read it with matches or even lighted cigar-ends. On a long journey the ordinary maps in use constitute, moreover, a certain addition to one's luggage. Dr Vollbehr, of Hallensee, near Berlin, has thought out a clever system to avoid these difficulties; and though, primarily, his idea was conceived to allow the army of his fatherland, when invading a country in peace or in war, to take every advantage offered by a knowledge of that particular part, yet many others will profit by his clever idea also. He has reduced all the maps of the German kingdom to such proportions that each is represented on a small piece of firm cardboard about four inches square. These tiny plans, light and easily carried, are, when wanted for use, slipped into a frame fitted with a very strong magnifying-glass, suited, of course, to the sight of the user, which enables every mark and word to be easily read. Moreover, for night-work, a small electric lamp is attached, and this in its turn also serves for signalling. This apparatus for guidance in a strange country was tested during the recent German manœuvres, and is said to have attracted great attention among the military by its usefulness.

FISH IN IRRIGATION CANALS.

A correspondent from Saffi wrote in our June issue expressing his mystification as to how small fish come to be in enclosed waters. A naturalist suggests an explanation. He says: 'If the wild-ducks, &c., of Morocco are similar to those elsewhere there is no mystery. For some years there was open-mouthed wonder as to how perch, bream, and crayfish could get into newly cut dams near the Macquarie River in New South Wales. In some cases the water had hardly settled after the rain had filled the dam than the fish were observed, and the farmers started a large theory of spontaneous production. This obtained till a Sydney professor chanced to pick up a wild-duck and found its breast-feathers and webbed feet well dotted with fertile and almost hatched fish-ova, on which the "spontaneous production" theory was promptly withdrawn.'

A TURNTABLE FOR AUTOMOBILISTS.

Now that the buyers of automobiles desire to have cars large enough to go great distances, the later cars have grown considerably in length, and the difficulty of turning becomes every day a more serious matter to be considered. A young Belgian schoolgirl, not yet fifteen, still wearing short skirts and with her golden hair flowing over her shoulders, has just solved the question by a clever invention, which she has promptly patented and otherwise protected. There are reasons why, until it is ready to be put on the market, her designs should not be fully explained; but her contrivance allows any vehicle, whether driven by mechanical or animal force, at once to reverse its direction by means of a turntable. The idea came to her one night when considering the difficulties into which a too long automobile wagon had fallen while trying to turn on the Antwerp quays. The next day she suggested her notion to two friends with whom she often goes in an automobile, and, indeed, from the chauffeur of which, in learning the construction of the car, she has received her only mechanical training. The two gentlemen at once acknowledged that she had found a solution of the difficulty.

Plans were drawn, experts consulted, the patents and protections secured, and the little Belgian schoolgirl is now bargaining with the State engineers for the sale of her invention, it being found applicable also to military wagons. Mdlle. Ernesta Carston di Lusi is the daughter of the Comtesse di Lusi, who married a German, but who is now a widow, living in Brussels. She is a tall, fine girl, with a brilliant complexion and a remarkably bright, alert manner. She is still a thorough child, devoted to her dogs, and a little bewildered at this sudden success. 'I have so many queer ideas,' she says naïvely; 'my head is always full of new ways to do things, but I never expected any to turn out really well like this.' A fortune is said to be in store for her.

THE DISCOVERED RIGHT ARM OF THE LAOCOÖN.

Ludwig Pollak, a German savant, has discovered a fragment of an arm which is believed to have formed part of a replica of the Laocoön group among a mass of marble statuary fragments. The stone is a coarse-grained Parian marble, and differs from the Vatican group in that it has belonged to an ancient replica about one-ninth smaller than the original. The arm may have been broken when the statue was removed from the pedestal in Rhodes and taken to Rome. In the discovered fragment the arm is carried farther back than in the restoration in the Vatican group, which, as has been remarked, 'has the declamatory effect of shallow pathos.' By carrying the arm to the back of the head, as in the discovered right arm, the suffering of Laocoön is rendered much more intense. This famous group in the Vatican was found in a vault in Rome in 1506, and Pope Julius II. bought the statue. In 1796 Napoleon removed it to Paris, whence it was restored in 1815 to the Vatican.

ANIMAL AND PLANT LIFE IN WATER RESERVOIRS.

Mr James Murray, of the Scottish Lakes Survey, has pointed out, in a lecture given in Edinburgh, that many people are needlessly scared at the presence of plant and animal life in water reservoirs, which must sooner or later become stocked with the same organisms that live in lakes. Nothing short of poisoning the water could prevent this. All the aquatic animals except fish are moderately small or quite microscopic, the majority of which are introduced by means of their eggs or by feeders of the reservoirs. Gnats and other insects fly to the reservoirs and lay eggs on the surface of the water. An examination of the older reservoirs which supply Edinburgh showed them to be biologically alike in this to the permanent lochs. If the presence of organisms had an appreciable effect on the chemical composition of water, it was in all probability beneficial, since the animals acted as scavengers, and all dead and decaying matter in the water was eaten up, while their excrement sank to the bottom and helped to form the black mud of the lochs. Mr Murray is evidently speaking of reservoirs where there is a healthy circulation of the water by inflow and outflow, and where there is no contamination from sewage or otherwise, and this gives no license for carelessness or ignorance in connection with our water-supply.

MAKING POULTRY PAY.

The first annual report of the Poultry Institute of Ontario discusses matters of great interest to all poultry-breeders, and describes a poultry-farm which pays—that of Lakewood, in Bunsville, New Jersey—run on thorough business lines by Mr A. G. Brown, the profit last year being one thousand four hundred pounds. The farm, of about sixty acres of level, sandy soil, is covered with small oak and pine woods, and there are about five miles of wire fence around it. White Leghorns, Barred Rocks, and white Wyandottes are in evidence, and the yield of eggs and chickens is satisfactory. The pens and laying-houses are of the most approved kind, and care is taken to keep these dry, clean, and warm. The eggs are packed in pasteboard boxes holding a dozen, and sold in winter to a dealer at forty-seven cents a dozen, and in summer at thirty-two cents. We learn from the same source that there are three hundred and sixty incubators on the premises, and that altogether there are one thousand three hundred makers of incubators in the United States, turning out two hundred and forty thousand a year, so that hens may by-and-by retire from this part of the business if the use of these continues to increase.

SUMMER SOLSTICE.

'Neath summer skies, no busy feet
Break the still charm of my retreat—
This quaint old garden, where the day
Dozes so drowsily away,
Remote from crowded city street.

From meadow-pasture comes the bleat
Of sheep, the low of kine, and—sweet
As silver bells—the glad lark's lay,
'Neath summer skies.

And close beside my mossy seat
The heavy-lidded roses greet
The vagrant bee, and bid him stay;
Now from the church-tower, old and gray,
Midnoon's chimes musically beat
'Neath summer skies.

Lawrence B. Jupp.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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SIXTH SERIES.

MARGARET AND THE SCHOOL-BOARD.

By H. HALYBURTON ROSS,
Author of *The Law Lord and Lesley, The Vagrant, The Isles of Destiny,* &c.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

MARGARET RAMSAY, the Tulchan schoolmistress, sat at her desk in the deserted class-room, her gaze riveted on a highly coloured plate of the seasons that adorned the opposite wall.

She had a small, serious face, delicately featured, with sombre violet eyes in which lurked the shadow of temperament. Life had been a strenuous affair for her from the outset, the mere act of existence necessitating a struggle on her part. And this conflict had left its traces upon her.

But to-day a flicker of amusement relieved the more serious lines of her face. An open letter on the desk before her was responsible for it. It was written in a scrawly, illiterate hand, and contained no less than a proposal of marriage.

'The fourth in six months,' she ejaculated, not pensively, but with a faint satirical tightening of the lips. 'An entire school-board at my feet, with one exception—the chairman.'

She rose, and, stretching out her arms, displayed the hardy, almost defiant, lines of her small, wiry frame. Then, with a sigh, she reseated herself.

'Let me see what I have refused,' counting on her fingers as she spoke: 'a hotel proprietor, a bonnet-laird, an ex-dominie, and now a farmer.'

She cast a whimsical downward glance at the letter before her. 'There remains only the minister, and he'—— She broke off. 'Well, the sooner I put old Harris out of his pain the better,' her voice grown suddenly vigorous as if to exclude the possibility suggested by her last unspoken thought.

She drew pen and paper towards her as she spoke and commenced to write in a business-like manner. As she did so the voices of the children at their play floated in to her ears through the open window, interspersed with the splash and merry tinkle of a burn from the hillside. She had hardly completed three lines of her correspondence when the school-room door burst open.

'Hello! letter-writing,' exclaimed the minister, Robert Allison, pausing in his hurried entry at sight of her occupation. He was an alert, athletic-looking young man of the new type of Scots clergy, and his eager, clean-shaven face would have been handsome but for a lurking femininity in the lines of mouth and chin.

Margaret laid down her pen deliberately and turned to him. 'I was writing to refuse the last member of your school-board who has done me the honour of asking me to become his wife,' she announced calmly, as if giving out the morrow's lessons to her scholars.

The minister gave a loud, rather forced laugh. 'Not old Monnyplies?' he ejaculated.

She nodded.

He thrust his hands into his knickerbocker pockets and took several hasty strides up and down the room.

Suddenly he paused before her. 'Do you know, you ought to feel rather flattered,' he began impressively. 'There never were four people so strongly opposed to anything as those four colleagues of mine to your coming. There had always been a dominie in Tulchan before, and the thought of a woman scared them. It took weeks to persuade them even to give you a trial, and now in six months'—— flinging out his hands with an expressive gesture.

Margaret smiled quietly.

'I am glad I knew nothing about it,' she remarked. 'I should have felt even more nervous than I did.'

'You nervous!' he repeated incredulously. 'I never met any one with such an amount of self-possession.' His eyes were fixed with a half-unwilling admiration on her face as he spoke.

She was well used to the grudging tribute from him, and her woman's instinct interpreted its sig-

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nificance with unfailing certitude. None knew better than she the worldly nature of the young minister's ambitions. But she knew something besides of which he himself was hardly aware—the existence of an untried depth of constancy and true feeling in his nature that must in the end triumph over his more shallow inclinations.

With an adroit question she now turned the conversation to matters connected with the school curriculum, and in a few minutes they were deep in an argument on the various advantages and disadvantages of secondary education.

It was on this purely intellectual basis that their friendship had been founded. To the minister, fresh from his five years' hard reading at the University of Edinburgh, the distinction between literate and illiterate was still of paramount importance, and he had turned to Margaret as naturally as the sunflower to the sun for the understanding and sympathy her intellectual attainments enabled her to bestow upon him.

By degrees the whole parish had come to look upon their intimacy in this unpersonal light, and would have been vastly surprised if any stranger had remarked upon the frequency of the minister's visits to the schoolhouse or the numerous occasions on which he escorted Margaret on her homeward way.

'I forgot to tell you that Miss Ewing has kindly consented to give away the prizes next Wednesday,' he added, lowering his voice as the children began to troop noisily back into the schoolroom at the conclusion of their hour of play. 'She is coming over to tea at the manse this afternoon,' he went on, raising his voice again as the fracas among the scholars increased; 'and my sister said she hoped you would walk down at five o'clock and talk over the arrangements.'

Margaret's pencil-tapping on the desk in front of her produced a sudden silence in the room. Then, turning to the minister, 'Tell Miss Allison I shall be very pleased to come to tea,' she announced in a tone of dismissal.

. . . . . .

Some hours later, when the last of her scholars had departed, Margaret set out for the manse.

During her six months' sojourn in the little Highland parish she had grown to look upon the square, whitewashed house in its verdant setting of trees as the nucleus of all that for her lay outside the stern realm of duty; and, in truth, there had been no lack of hospitality towards her either on the part of the minister or his mother and sister. At first, no doubt, she had found it difficult to accept the proffered kindness, tinctured, as it was in the case of the minister's sister, with patronage. But Margaret had soon reconciled herself to this one foible of the really kind-hearted little woman for the sake of her intense loyalty to her brother. Dearly as Flora Allison loved the social privileges that accrued to her as an inmate of the manse, her pride in them was as nothing to that she experienced in the minister himself; and the same truth applied to her mother. Margaret was whimsically grateful to both women for their devotion, though she secretly deplored the effects of the wholesale spoiling on the young man's character.

A showy wagonette-and-pair was drawn up in front of the porch when she arrived. She gave a little involuntary shudder at sight of the brass harness and staring liveries. The Ewing money so worshipped by Miss Allison had a way of getting on her nerves.

Upon entering the dining-room she found tea already in progress. A place was immediately made for her beside the guest, who greeted her with a chilling condescension that set the independent blood dancing in her every vein.

'Now, you must tell Miss Ewing all about the prizes, and what she will have to do next Wednesday,' commenced Miss Allison with an intonation that left no possible doubt as to the reason for which Margaret's presence had been invited.

'As long as I am not called upon to make a speech I don't mind anything else,' said Miss Ewing in her heavy tones, turning a pair of cold, lack-lustre eyes upon the schoolmistress.

'There is no fear of that,' interposed the minister hastily from his place at the foot of the table. 'All you will have to do will be to put the books into the children's hands, and give them each a pleasant smile.—Isn't that the case?' turning to Margaret.

Miss Ewing laughed her stilted, conventional laugh.

'Even the smile is not essential,' returned Margaret quietly. 'As long as they get their prizes, it is immaterial to the children who presents them.'

'I don't agree with you at all,' interposed the minister's sister hotly, after an anxious glance at her guest's offended face. 'That is why Robert always tries to get somebody distinguished to give away the prizes.—Miss Ewing, the children set great store by it, I can tell you, and so do their parents.'

'You had Lady Elizabeth Summers last year, had you not?' said Margaret in her coolest tones, addressing herself pointedly to the minister.

He assented dumbly, and Margaret gave an inward smile as she caught the covert glance he cast in Miss Ewing's direction the following minute. But she felt that her revenge upon the rich gin distiller's daughter had been deserved, and suffered no qualms for the consequent constraint that fell upon the party.

A few minutes later Miss Ewing rose to take her departure. The minister accompanied her to the door.

During their farewell, which was a lengthy one, Mrs Allison and her daughter exchanged significant glances, in which they sought to include Margaret. But her eyes were innocent of all recognition, and Miss Flora was forced at last into a verbal translation for the benefit of their obtuse guest.

'Robert's a mighty long time saying good-bye,' she said with a defiant emphasis, turning to Margaret as she spoke. 'I never saw Mary Ewing look so well,' she went on enthusiastically. 'Yon red gown fitted her to perfection. I am thinking of having my new green made like it.'

Margaret stirred her tea in reflective silence. She was well aware of the ambitions of both mother and daughter in regard to the minister's future, and knew, too, that there was little chance of an objection being raised should his choice fall upon Miss Ewing; but she obstinately refused to countenance the possibility, at least in public.

The minister's return at this moment spared her the necessity of reply. His face wore the set expression of one who knows himself to be the object of universal comment, and he met his sister's sly smile with a blank stare. But a covert glance at Margaret's unconscious face reassured him, and in a few minutes he was monopolising the conversation in a manner that plainly indicated his desire to make up for his temporary lapse of self-possession. While he talked his mother and sister listened with the rapt attention they always accorded to his utterances.

Margaret listened too; but there was an independent quality in her silence that made itself felt unconsciously, and produced just the effect she desired upon the speaker.

When the time came for her to go, he prepared without a word to accompany her home. In silence they traversed the first part of the way. The familiar road had never seemed so short to Margaret before, its beauties so apparent. The sweet evening stillness of mountain-side and loch struck home to her heart with a pang of actual pain as if she were viewing them for the last time. She realised all at once how precious their associations had become to her, how necessary to her happiness. Yet six short months before the desolateness of the place had appalled her. What had happened to thus transfigure it?

'By the way, there's a board-meeting to-night,' struck in the minister's voice by her side, as if in answer to her unspoken query.

She glanced sharply at him, her eyes seeming to absorb every detail of his familiar figure, in its black habiliments—the weak, yet attractive, outline of the profile.

'I think it is my duty as chairman to propose a vote of condolence to the members,' he went on, tilting his chin in his manner when amused.

Margaret made no attempt to feign ignorance of his meaning.

'You are thinking of my letter this morning,' she remarked, with a quiet smile. 'It is incomprehensible to me why they should wish to marry me, a poor schoolmistress, and they are all four well-off men.'

But he interrupted her hotly. 'It's not a case of means, but of social and intellectual disparity,' he declared with unnecessary vehemence. 'Imagine you tied up for life to an illiterate man like old Monnyplies, for example!' with a short, scornful laugh.

They had reached the schoolhouse gate as he finished speaking.

Margaret felt the warm inward glow that his championship of her always evoked, though she realised at the same time how it was in great part his natural egotism that prompted him. He had brought her to Tulchan, and, like any other darling experiment, he would defend her against the whole world. But she allowed no hint of feeling to appear in her voice as she bade him good-night, and her imperviousness had its usual effect of stimulating his interest in her personality.

. . . . . .

The parlour was in half-light as she entered it. On a small table in the centre of the room her supper was spread. She was alone in the house, the little handmaid who attended to her wants having gone out for the evening. Instinctively she crossed over to sniff at a jar of honeysuckle in the centre of the table. As she did so her eye fell on a letter that lay beside her plate. Her correspondents were few, and this missive was in a handwriting she had never seen before. She carried it over to the far window, and sat down in her favourite arm-chair before opening it. The post-mark was Inverness, her old home. But there was no one there who would care to write to her, or who even knew her address. After turning it over contemplatively once or twice, she opened her letter. It took her a long time to peruse, a still longer to assimilate the significance of what it set forth.

Lawyers' letters are invariably hard to master in a single reading, and, to judge by the look of dazed incredulity in Margaret's eyes as she completed her third reading, this one was no exception to the rule.

'Uncle Andrew,' she ejaculated at last, letting the letter fall on her lap and placing her hand over her forehead in a bewildered fashion—'Uncle Andrew a rich man! Thirty thousand pounds! Fancy a Ramsay making thirty thousand pounds!' with a bitter little laugh. 'He could not have been as scrupulous as poor father. And then to die before he was able to enjoy it! Yes, that is more in accordance with the family traditions. But the money is still there, and I—I—it's mine,' seizing the letter again and devouring it with a new eagerness. 'It's mine—mine—thirty thousand pounds!' She started up in her chair and then sank down again, covering her face with her hands and shuddering from head to foot with suppressed excitement.

She had been so long accustomed to conceal her emotions that even this expression of them gave her a feeling of guilty abandonment. She raised her head at last and glanced round the room suspiciously. As she did so a sudden conviction of her loneliness swept over her. In the days of hardship and struggle the consideration was wont to

have a bracing effect upon her, but now that good fortune had come she longed incontinently for sympathy.

Crushing the letter in one hand, she started impulsively towards the door, then checked herself. Her intention had been to return straight to the manse with her news; but a sudden scruple made her pause. Once this change in her fortunes was made public she would never again have the satisfaction of knowing what it was to be judged entirely on her own merits. She would have a money value, like Miss Ewing.

The thought repelled her. Strange that she should only have begun to realise the privileges of poverty when its ban was removed from her, she commented ironically. With a half-regretful pride she remembered the four simple-hearted men who, for her own sake alone, had laid their fortunes at her feet. Would such a boast never again be hers?

Slowly she retraced her steps to the window.

A few days of self-denial, that was all that was demanded of her; to keep her own counsel until—well, until after the school had broken up and her work in Tulchan should be over. For that short time let her remain Margaret Ramsay the poor schoolmistress, lest by any chance the awards she had earned in that character should fall to the lot of her rich supplanter.

It was a hard decision, but she felt that the result would be worth the sacrifice, and she had been accustomed to doing difficult things all her life.

(To be continued.)

THE PASSING OF A GREAT TITLE.

By Sophia H. Maclehose,

Author of *The Last Days of the French Monarchy*, *From Monarchy to Republic*, &c.

On August the 6th, 1806, just a hundred years ago, there passed out of European living history one of the proudest titles the world has known. On that day Francis of Hapsburg, King of Hungary and Bohemia, ruler of Austria, and Emperor of Germany, signed in his palace at Vienna a deed by which he resigned the Imperial Crown and thereby brought to an end the Holy Roman Empire, 'the oldest political institution in the world.' It had its roots in the old Empire of the Romans, and had lasted as a Western European institution for over a thousand years; it had passed from Carlovingian to Saxon, from Saxon to Frankish, from Frankish, Swabian, and Bavarian to Austrian rule, and with Austria it had remained until, no longer 'Holy, Roman, or an Empire,' it had died without a mourner.

A great ceremony inaugurated and a great ceremony struck the death-blow to the Holy Roman Empire. On Christmas Day of the year 800 a vast multitude crowded the wide nave of the old basilica of St Peter's at Rome. Clergy filled the semicircular apse behind the great arch separating it from the nave; above them, on the bishop's throne, sat Pope Leo III.; priests ministered at the high altar standing just within the arch, and before the altar knelt Charlemagne the Frankish monarch, dressed, not, as was usual with him, in simple Frankish dress, but in Roman robe and sandals. Presently, as the reading of the gospel ended, Leo rose from his seat, descended to where Charlemagne knelt, anointed him with holy oil, placed a precious crown upon his head, and saluted him as his earthly Sovereign. Thereafter Charlemagne swore to maintain and defend the privileges of the Church; and from the multitude within the basilica and from the crowd without there rose the cry, 'Long life and victory to Charles the August, crowned by God great and pacific Emperor!' The Holy Roman Empire had begun.

More than a thousand years had passed when another and very different multitude met in the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris. Instead of Roman citizens and half-savage Franks, an assemblage of marshals, generals, diplomats, and courtiers in full-dress or brilliant uniform, a crowd of women in Parisian costume and dazzling jewels, filled the sombre building and glittered in its dusky aisles. This time also there was a Pope, clergy ministering at the altar, an aspirant to an Imperial Crown. But Napoleon Bonaparte, resplendent in velvet and jewels, surrounded by all that could contribute to the pride of life, would receive the Imperial Crown from no hand but his own; the Pope must grace, but he might not confer this highest honour on the Corsican. Lifting from the altar the crown which the Pope had blessed, Napoleon placed it on his own head, and with that act, as we shall see, the Holy Roman Empire virtually ended. The shout that rose in Notre Dame on December 2, 1804, drowned the last faint echoes of that other shout which, one thousand and four years earlier, had risen from the old basilica of St Peter's. By it was inaugurated—although Napoleon had not meant it should be—the modern idea of Empire: that of glorified kingship as opposed to the idea embodied in the old title—that of lordship over the world.

For the Holy Roman Empire had begun by claiming for itself a civil rule as wide as Christendom. In the days of ancient Rome the Emperor was high-priest as well as civil ruler. With the intro-

duction of Christianity, the Church, necessarily opposed to pagan rule, became separated from the State; but when Constantine adopted Christianity, and made it the religion of the Roman Empire, the union of Church and State became again one of the fundamental ideas of government. At the same time the *identity* of the two great powers had ceased to be possible, for in the years during which Christianity had been tabooed by the civil power she had built up for herself an independent hierarchy so strong that not all the shocks of nigh two thousand years have been able to destroy it. Henceforth Church and State might be united; they could not be one.

The effort, therefore, of the Middle Ages was to set up a civil Christian rule which should be as universal in its sway as were the spiritual pretensions of Rome. Pope and Emperor were to be two sides of one shield; and although the ideal was never attained, it nevertheless lay at the root of the medieval conception of an Emperor. As Emperor, Charlemagne was lord of Christendom, and as lord of Christendom he was crowned at Rome; as subject to the spiritual rule of the Papacy the Emperor received his Crown at the hands of the Pope, while to the Emperor as lord of all temporal power the Pope did obeisance.

On these two ideas—that of universal rule and the co-ordination of civil and spiritual power—the ceremony of coronation throws light. Like any ordinary king, the Emperor received the sword, sceptre, and globe, as symbols of his temporal power and responsibilities; like all Sovereigns who claim the national headship of the Church, a ring was placed on his finger in token of his promise to defend her rights; but, as signifying his relation to the spiritual head of the Church universal, the Emperor in his coronation service assisted the Pope to celebrate mass, partook of the Communion in both kinds, and was admitted a canon of St Peter's and St John Lateran. Those who elected the Emperor elected him temporal head of the Christian people; while the Emperor claimed as official titles such phrases as 'Vicar of Christ,' 'Imperial Head of the Faithful,' 'Protector of Palestine, of general councils, and of the Catholic faith.'

But the ideas thus shadowed forth failed to be realised, and instead of a great dual power making for righteousness, the union of Emperor and Pope presently resolved itself into two rival powers, each having its own adherents, each vaunting its own pretensions. Guelf fought for Pope and Ghibelline for Emperor, and the medieval conception lay shattered at their feet. Gradually the idea of universal empire over Christendom was lost; the Emperors ceased to receive coronation at Rome, and the Empire, though retaining in theory its older pretensions, shrank to a sovereignty over the German States.

'It was,' says Mr Bryce, 'under Frederick Barbarossa that the actual power and the theoretical influence of the Empire most fully coincided.' In his reign most of the States of Western Europe, even if virtually independent, acknowledged the Emperor's supremacy, and he it was who first called the Roman Empire 'holy.' By so doing he reasserted the old claims of the Empire, and at the same time gave evidence of their decay. Vigorous life proclaims itself, and the moment any institution sets forth its pretensions in formal terms one may well begin to question its vitality. Frederick Barbarossa called the Empire 'holy' because the Church, slighting the ancient partnership, called it secular; and it is significant that with his death in 1250 the decline of the Holy Roman Empire actually began.

But although the idea of universal empire over Christendom gave way to that of a restricted rule over the German States, the Emperor remained the one power in Western Europe who dared claim Imperial honours; and the difference between him and an ordinary ruler was maintained by his being an elected Sovereign chosen independently of territorial rights. Any ruler, whatever his nationality, might in theory be Emperor, just as a cardinal of any race might be Pope.

Under the Saxon and Franconian Emperors, however—that is, from 919 to about 1125—the election of the Emperor had degenerated into the mere formal consent of the nobles to his assumption of hereditary right to Imperial honours; but with the death of Henry IV. in 1125 the election became again a reality. For in his reign Pope Gregory VII. set up claims which the Emperor's German subjects refused to acknowledge; and, fearful lest their rulers should be appointed by the Pope's influence and become his tool, they resolved henceforth to make his election a real and effectual calling. Already in 1125 we find a few powerful nobles choosing a candidate for the Imperial throne, and submitting their choice to the other nobles for confirmation; but gradually this good custom was dispensed with, and a small college of electors chose the Emperor without let or hindrance from without.

Seven, as a mystical number and as symbolical of the seven branches of the golden candlestick, was the number of the members in this electoral college. Three were spiritual and four were secular princes. The spiritual lords were the Archbishops of Mayence, Trèves, and Cologne; the secular were the King of Bohemia, the Count Palatine of the Rhine, the Duke of Saxony, and the Margrave of Brandenburg. The first, as Arch-Chancellors of Germany, Gaul, and Italy respectively, represented the vast territories over which the Empire held or had held sway, and faintly reflected the old idea of universal rule; the second, as German princes holding hereditary offices in the Imperial household—those of cup-bearer, seneschal, marshal, and chamberlain—signified the growing identification of the Empire with the German States.

Charles IV. in 1356, by his famous Golden Bull

—so called from the colour of its seal—confirmed the electoral college in its privileges, settled disputed points, and made the Archbishop of Mayence, as Arch-Chancellor of Germany, its convener. He further identified the Roman Emperor with the Emperor of Germany by deciding on Frankfort as the place of his election and Nuremberg as the scene of his first Court-day; while to Aix-la-Chapelle, the city of Charlemagne, which had shared with Rome the honours of capital of the Empire, he reserved the glory of the actual coronation—but it should be remembered that these regulations are not always carried out. Rome had no place in the Golden Bull, and we can hardly wonder that out of the twenty-one Emperors who succeeded Charles IV., all of whom were bound as Emperors to go to Rome and receive 'the world's crown,' only two took the trouble to fulfil the obligation. These were Sigismund, Emperor in 1410, and Frederick III. in 1440. Charles V. did, indeed, go to Italy, and received the Imperial Crown at Bologna; but after him the Roman Emperors were content to bear a title they called their proudest, heedless of its significance.

Four centuries and a half passed from the issuing of the Golden Bull, during which Emperor after Emperor continued to sign himself 'Augustus,' to be elected at Frankfort, and to hold Diets at Nuremberg and Ratisbon. At the close of these centuries a revolution took place which, beginning in a modest claim to political equality on the part of the Third Estate in France, ended in such a general European cataclysm as the world has seldom seen. In 1789 France asked for a constitution, and gained it too quickly; in 1799 her every institution seemed in ruins and all Europe in a turmoil; and Napoleon Bonaparte, judging the ten years' experiment of popular control a failure, seized the reins of government and gave France in exchange a beneficent despotism. Not content with this, he would fain have given a beneficent despotism to Europe and posed as a new Charlemagne; but in order to achieve this France had to be reckoned the inferior of no European Power—required, in short, to be herself an Empire when the Holy Roman Empire would cease to exist.

The stages in the evolution were natural enough. France, weary of experiments, gratefully accepted the rule which Napoleon's strong hand imposed, and basked in the glory reflected on her by the triumph of his military genius. France had regained her ancient place among the nations, and a grateful people was ready to honour its deliverer. On May 4, 1804, Cambacères, President of the French Senate, accompanied by senators and troops, drove out to St Cloud, and, having audience of the First Consul, declared 'that the glory and happiness of the Republic required that its First Consul be immediately proclaimed Emperor.' Napoleon without hesitation accepted the title 'you think necessary to the glory of the nation.'

This was the first step—the assumption of a title hitherto held sacred in Western Europe to the Holy Roman Empire. The second was more significant: Napoleon wished 'to be anointed with the holy unction' by, and 'to receive the Imperial Crown' from, the Pope, thus rivalling the old ceremonial of the coronation of the Emperor. The French Emperor, however, would not go to Rome, nor would he, as we have seen, permit the Pontiff to place the crown on his head, although, despite 'our advanced age and the infirm state of our health,' Pius VI. travelled in the depth of winter from Rome to Paris to please 'his most powerful prince, our dearest son in Christ.'

By these acts Napoleon broke irrevocably with the tradition of his great prototype. He may have thought of himself, as indeed historians think of him, as the new Charlemagne; but he had, in fact, sounded the knell at whose bidding the last vestige of the old order passed away. When the Corsican General allowed himself to be raised to an hereditary Imperial throne at the bidding of his own Senate, when he placed an Imperial Crown on his own head, he severed himself once and for all from the two ideas lying at the root of the Holy Roman Empire: the idea of an elected suzerain bearing sway over many princes, and of a civil power which should be the counterpart of the spiritual power of the Church. The Emperor of France might be 'the dearest son in Christ' of the Holy Church, but he was not the 'Augustus crowned by God,' to whom the Pope himself did obeisance, nor was he the power which bound States together. He was at best but the most powerful ruler on the Continent, for whose protection weaker Powers were glad to pay. There was no idealism, save in his own brain, in the Empire of Napoleon.

It was, as has been said, on the 4th of May 1804 that the Senate offered its First Consul an Imperial Crown; on the 11th of August of the same year the Emperor Francis II. of Austria, rightly reading the significance of that event, determined to assume for Austria a title as proud as that of France. 'Although,' runs the decree, 'we have by the Divine will and by the choice of the electors of the Roman and German Empire attained to a dignity that leaves no room to desire any increase of titles or consideration, it is our duty, as chief of the Austrian House and monarchy, to provide for the maintenance of that equality of hereditary titles and dignities with the first Sovereigns and Powers of Europe which belongs to the Sovereigns of Austria. Therefore, in order to establish this perfect equality of rank, we have determined . . . after the example . . . now given us by the new Sovereign of France, to confer on the House of Austria, as far as relates to its independent States, the hereditary title of Emperor.'

There were then two territorial Empires in Western Europe; but the figment of the Holy Roman Empire yet remained, and while it did France must yield precedence to Austria. The figment was not to linger long. The year 1805 saw

Napoleon victorious against the Austrian arms and the proud traditional enemy of France humbled before the new aspirant to European rule. On 17th October Ulm capitulated, on 2nd December the battle of Austerlitz was fought and won, and Napoleon from the very palace of the Hapsburgs could dictate terms to the head of the Holy Roman Empire. The Treaty of Presburg followed. On the 25th of December, in the old capital of Hungary—the town in which the Austrian princes were crowned Hungarian kings, and where fifty years before Maria Theresa had so gallantly maintained her contested rights—the treaty was signed which led her grandson to renounce the highest honour of his House.

For by that treaty the 'Roman German Emperor' was obliged to face the fact that the Germanic Empire was slipping from his grasp, and that he himself was being reduced to an ordinary ruler. By it he was forced to see his Venetian, Istrian, and Dalmatian States go to increase Napoleon's new kingdom of Italy, and his dominions in Swabia and the Tyrol go to build up Bavaria and Wurtemberg as independent kingdoms.

Six months later, on July 12, 1806, an Act was signed at Paris by which Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, and thirteen other States formally renounced allegiance to the Empire and threw themselves under the protection of Napoleon. 'Experience,' says the Act of Confederation by which the sixteen States seceded from the Empire, 'has proved that the existing German constitution can afford no guarantee for the external and internal peace of Southern Germany.' Accordingly, to secure peace, the Rhenish princes decided 'that the States of the contracting princes shall be for ever separated from the German body,' and shall henceforth be known as the Confederation of the Rhine; 'that all the laws of the Empire by which they have hitherto been bound shall in future be null and void;' 'that on the 1st of August each of the contracting princes shall declare his entire separation from the Empire;' and 'that the Emperor of France shall be proclaimed Protector of the Confederation.'

This was a deadly blow, for it came, as it were, from the Emperor's own household. It was speedily followed by another. On the 1st of August 1806, the day on which the German princes declared their independence of the Empire, Napoleon commissioned his envoy to inform the Diet that he no longer recognised the existence of the Holy Roman Empire. But the last of the Emperors was not to lay down his Crown at the bidding of the Corsican. He preferred to give the *coup de grâce* with his own hand. 'Convinced,' he said, 'since the Treaty of Presburg and the events which have since taken place, of the impossibility of being any longer able to fulfil the duties of our Imperial functions, we owe it to our principles and our duty to renounce a Crown which was only valuable in our eyes so long as we were able to enjoy the confidence of the Electors, Princes, and other States of the Germanic Empire, and to perform the duties imposed on us;' therefore, he continued, 'we do resign the Imperial Crown and the Imperial Government;' and this document he sealed with the Imperial seal, using it for the last time.

Thus passed away the Holy Roman Empire. 'Of those,' said Mr Bryce, 'who in August 1806 read in the English newspapers that the Emperor Francis II. had announced to the Diet his resignation of the Imperial Crown, there were probably few who bethought them that the oldest political institution in the world had ended. Yet it was so. The Empire which a note issued by a diplomatist on the banks of the Danube extinguished was the same which the crafty nephew of Julius had won for himself against the Powers of the East beneath the cliffs of Actium, and which had preserved almost unaltered, through eighteen centuries of time, and through the greatest changes in extent, in power, in character, a title and pretensions from which all meaning had long since departed. Nothing else so directly linked the old world to the new; nothing else displayed so many strange contrasts of the present and the past, and summed up in these contrasts so much of European history. . . . For into it all the life of the ancient world was gathered; out of it all the life of the modern world arose.'

And just because the modern world arose out of the Holy Roman Empire, that Empire could not be revived. Napoleon's attempt at universal rule utterly failed, for the day of nations was come. In country after country a national spirit was aroused, and the hundred years which have followed the fall of the Holy Roman Empire have seen a new Germany, a new Greece, a new Italy, and the dawn of a new Russia. 'The Ancient of Days,' wrote the German patriot Müller in 1805, 'is sitting in judgment; the books are opened, and the nations and their rulers are weighed in the balance. What will be the end? A new order of things,' he adds, 'is in preparation, very different from what is imagined by those who are the blind instruments of its establishment.' And history has proved his prophecy true.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

By George Frederick Turner.

CHAPTER XVII.

THIS is not a love-story, nor I one who holds that love should be written about in detail like a disease, dissected like a pauper's corpse, or analysed like a malignant growth. Still less should it be put in a showcase for the benefit of the vulgarly curious, labelled and classified according as it is spiritual or animal, passionately overbearing or enduringly circumspect. Nevertheless, we may say this of love, truly and without offence, that if in its perfection it is a wonderful and sacred thing, it is also in its immature and unperfected state a fair subject for discussion and, if you will, amused inquiry. That is why I propose to deal lightly and briefly with the incipient flame which first began to smoulder in my own uninflammable bosom. My first sentiments on discovering the outbreak were anger and dismay. I was not in my first youth, and, manlike, imagined that I had fallen in and out of love at least half-a-dozen times in my career; and yet, I regretfully admitted, I could no more truly compare these emotional incidents of a past date with my present feelings than I could liken Primrose Hill to the titanic Klauigberg.

It was the morning after my spill on the Thal-run that the true condition of affairs was borne in on my rebellious mind. In my waking moments, with eyes half-closed and senses gradually freeing themselves from the soft chains of slumber, I saw again the pitying, trembling glance of the royal governess as she bent over my shaken, prostrate body in the deep snow at the side of the Thal-run. The vision was sweet—as sweet as it was doubtless devoid of all foundation—and yet it roused in my heart a mighty yearning for its truth.

What a majestic thing it would be if I could really draw to a woman's eyes that pictured look of tenderness, of pitying alarm! I had imagined such a thing, and the imagination was incalculably fair, and yet I knew that the one being whom I could wish to gaze upon me thus was as unemotional as the virgin precipices of the Eisenzahn, as cold as the never-melting snows of the Trau-altar.

I got out of bed and called myself a fool audibly. I had not come to Weissheim to fall in love, but rather to avoid the amorous pitfalls digged for me by scheming mothers, particularly by my own designing parent. And now I had fallen in love with a woman who neither cared for me nor was capable of caring for anybody: a beautiful, self-possessed young creature, with a mind of crystal and a heart of ice. Of course it was this very iciness which attracted me; I was not quite such a fool as to ignore that. To one who was accustomed to being indiscriminately gushed upon there was a distinct fascination in the contemptuous indifference, the cool criticality, with which Miss Anchester habitually treated me. And yet she never avoided me—never, of late at any rate, made herself gratuitously disagreeable—and her very snubbings had a half-humorous insincerity about them which made them almost pleasant to receive. Had she sought my society or noticeably avoided it I might have hoped; but she did neither. Circumstances threw us much together and we were friends almost as men are friends, but the very frankness of our intercourse was fatal to an atmosphere of sentimentality. Angrily I threw off my pyjamas and stepped into my icy *Sitz-bad;* angrily I soused and splashed myself, and viciously rubbed myself to a condition of dryness and glowing circulation; and then, more angrily still, I lathered my face with shaving foam till my features were almost as concealed as they had been that memorable afternoon by the borrowed headgear of Lame Peter.

In love! In love with a governess whose interests were divided between her royal charges and the Kastel-run, and who no more cared for me than she did for the leather strap of her tobogganing-pads! It was too humiliating. It was so idiotic, too, when I came to think of it. In a moment of sub-consciousness I had pictured an expression on her face which nature was incapable of putting there; and this rotten tap-root of my imagination was feeding a monstrous growth which threatened to usurp my thoughts, which should have been occupied with consideration for the King's safety, and to sap my energies, which should have been devoted to bandy, tobogganing, and the curling-rink.

In my annoyance I plied my razor with such ill-considered violence that I gashed myself heavily under the right ear.

'Bah!' I cried, surveying the reflection of the encrimsoned foam in the looking-glass, 'fool is too good a word for you;' and, with a considerable mental effort to fix my attention on the matter in hand, I resolved to stifle, or at any rate conceal, a passion that was hopeless, unreasoning, and contemptible.

The history of my next few days is a history of mental and physical degeneration. I was distrait. On the curling-rink I was a byword and a shame. Once, at a critical moment of the game, when my skipper bade me sweep, my thoughts were so far afield that my broom remained idle and motionless in my hand. Yells Homeric and oft-repeated failed to reach my inattentive brain, and the stone, which might have been a good one, was doomed to the fate of such as fail to pass the hog-score. Once, on the other hand, I started sweeping energetically according to orders, but disregarding to 'up besom,'

which should have terminated my efforts, polished the ice with such misapplied vigour that a promising shot raced fruitlessly through the 'house.' Such things sound ludicrous, as perhaps they are when viewed in the legitimate perspective of time and distance, but on the actual scene of the occurrence my behaviour was regarded almost in the light of an outrage. At bandy, too, my play was marked by such a whole-hearted disregard of the rules, to say nothing of the conventions, of the game that I was looked upon as a bad opponent and a worse ally. At tobogganing alone, at this period, did I make conscious progress, and there the fact that I was under Miss Anchester's eye nerved me to undertakings I should have believed myself incapable of. I tried the Kastel-run, and, greatly to my surprise, really enjoyed it. The swift, dangerous rush forced my thoughts to concentrate themselves on the matter in hand as nothing else could have done. The penalty for absent-mindedness would have been too severe, more terrible even than the German-Scotch recrimination of the curling-rink or the Anglo-Saxon profanity of the bandy-ground. Wherefore, at tobogganing I made unexampled progress and began to do very good times, though never, of course, getting within measurable distance of Miss Anchester's celebrated record of two minutes twenty-nine and a quarter seconds. At this most fascinating of all sports I had as companions, besides my fair coach, Herr Schneider the detective and Max the reckless. The latter, a good tobogganer but an erratic one, improved but slightly on acquaintance. Taciturn rather than actually sulky as he was, his conversational powers were scantily employed, and this in itself was perhaps a fortunate circumstance, for his speech contained a larger proportion of really bad language than I cared about. I disliked the type without considering him a particularly bad specimen thereof, whilst he in his turn began to develop a sort of rough respect for me which was about as near affection as his curious nature would allow. As for Herr Schneider, if ever there was an enthusiastic tobogganer it was he. Every hour he could spare from his professional duties he spent on the Kastel-run; and, though he cared little for his 'times' or the competitive side of the sport, I do not believe any one took such emotional delights as he did in the pleasures of sheer speed. Walking up again after a descent, he would talk ceaselessly the whole way, dragging his toboggan with one hand and gesticulating freely with the other; and it speaks volumes for his intellectuality that he never for one instant degenerated into a bore.

A frequent spectator was the Princess Mathilde, who tobogganed assiduously on the less dangerous courses, but who was forbidden, to her intense annoyance, to venture on the Kastel-run. I took a keen delight in her society, and her frank nature left me no doubt that the pleasure was a mutual one. Many a time she and I and Miss Anchester took our five o'clock chocolate together, and these little meetings in Frau Mengler's back-parlour are not the least pleasant of my many happy Weissheim memories. Our conversation would frequently turn on Herr Schneider and his marked attentions to the Fräulein von Helder. The Princess would have it that his sentiments were genuine, while Miss Anchester insisted that he was merely amusing himself. Knowing that the man's real motive was solely the extraction of information from the Queen's confidante, and desiring at the same time to keep my knowledge of his duties a profound secret, I had difficulty in pronouncing an opinion when appealed to as umpire. I got out of the trouble as far as possible by first siding with the Princess and then with the governess, till at last they united forces in condemning me as an unutterable humbug—all of which was very delightful; and though Miss Anchester never lost an opportunity of snubbing me, she did it so daintily and with such genuine humour that I often laid myself open purposely to her rebukes.

'Your view of Herr Schneider's sentiments is ridiculous,' she said to me one day when I happened to be siding with the Princess. 'The man is incapable of a disinterested action.'

'I say that he loved her at first sight,' I maintained stoutly.

'The fräulein is rich,' was the contemptuous retort.

'Precisely. He loved her at first sight—of her bank-book.'

And, as usual, the Princess's musical laughter brought peace and good-humour to our badinage.

Any doubts I might have had on the subject of the detective's sentiments were set at rest by that gentleman's perfectly frank declaration on the subject.

I was walking home with him one evening after a very pleasant afternoon on the Kastel-run.

'Did you know I was in love, Saunders?' he asked abruptly, after dilating in his usual excitable fashion on the glories of tobogganing.

'I knew you were supposed to be,' I answered; 'but I took the liberty of doubting the genuineness of your passion.'

'You are referring to the Fräulein von Helder?'

'Yes,' I replied; 'were not you?'

He shook his head and snapped his fingers vulgarly. 'No,' he said; 'I might conceivably love a very clever plain woman, but the intelligence of our excellent fräulein is not sufficiently colossal to counteract the exceeding homeliness of her features.'

'Then who is the favoured one?'

'The Prinzessinn Mathilde!'

I whistled.

'You are ambitious.'

He shrugged his shoulders.

'I am ambitious, but I am not unpractical. Grimland is a country of ups and downs. A Princess of one day may be a fugitive of the next.'

'Also,' I said, 'a detective of to-day may be the honoured and ennobled friend of royalty to-morrow.'

'Exactly; you put it admirably. Now tell me,

as a man of discernment, what do you think of the Princess?'

'A favourable example of the sweetest thing in nature—a budding woman.'

'Bravo!' cried my companion. 'Love is making you a poet.'

'What do you mean?'

He laughed.

'You too are in love, my friend. Do not deny it, for, remember, it is my trade to read men's hearts. You love the governess; and, unlike mine, yours is an unambitious passion, and you will succeed without difficulty.'

'You think so?' I demanded eagerly.

'I am sure of it,' he replied calmly. 'If I can do nothing else, I can read hearts. She loves you, my good Saunders, and my only regret is that the little Princess's sentiments towards myself are not characterised by a like ardour.'

The detective's words made a considerable impression on me. If he had read my heart aright it was exceedingly probable that his interpretation of the governess was equally accurate. I had imagined myself in love with an icicle; the possibility that my affections had been bestowed on a warm-hearted woman capable of appreciating and returning my passion came upon me in the light of a revelation. I took an enormous pleasure in her society, in the mock-spiteful banter which we directed so keenly and good-humouredly against each other. Was it not probable, I asked myself, that she herself took at least an equal delight in that barbed persiflage, that something more than her intelligence was pleasured by those eloquent discussions in Frau Mengler's parlour? I hastily made up my mind to put my fortunes to the test, and for the next few days my performances on the curling and bandy rinks were so execrable that for very shame I determined to absent myself therefrom till my mind had been steadied by the joy of assured possession or the bitterness of unalterable defeat.

My opportunities for declaring myself were numerous, but the actual occasion of my proposal was unsought and unpremeditated. Troubled in spirit by a diabolical error I had made on the curling-rink that afternoon, knocking our winning-stone out of the 'house' and thereby giving our opponents a big 'end,' I was wandering after tea down a snow-path leading to an open-air shelter overlooking the valley of the Nieder-kessel.

It was a beautiful walk and a perfect evening, and the complete solitude was soothing to my disturbed spirit. The sun had set behind the mountains, the sky was full of the wonderful colours of a Weissheim sunset, and in their majesty of glowing purity and cool, clear radiance they reminded me, somehow, of the royal governess. She too was beautiful in an ethereal, unpassionate way, as superior in the unblemished purity of her magnificent womanhood as the colours of the Weissheim sky surpassed the murky grandeur of a city sunset.

The buntings twittered overhead, and the unfrozen Nieder-kessel murmured responsively a thousand feet below.

I had entered the shelter and actually taken a pipe from my pocket before I perceived that I was not alone. A figure in a white beret and a long blue-gray cloak was already seated there, and a moment later I knew that the object of my late comparison was beside me.

'I beg your pardon,' I began; 'I did not see you.'

'There is no occasion to apologise.'

'I was about to smoke.'

'You may complete your intention.'

'On second thoughts,' I replied, putting back my pipe into my pocket, 'I will not.'

She vouchsafed no further comment, so I proceeded.

'It is a beautiful evening.'

She smiled contemptuously.

'It is so beautiful,' she said, 'that it is really quite unnecessary to make conversation.'

'Quite,' I retorted. 'It is also impossible; under the influence of Nature's majesty conversation makes itself. For instance, I am impelled to say that the beautiful colours of the heaven reminded me of you.'

I had taken the plunge, and my heart began to beat rapidly under the emotion of a novel experience.

My companion never moved a muscle. Silent and perfectly still she sat, looking straight before her, but I noticed that the healthy pink of her cheek had taken a deeper hue.

'Is not that rather an obvious sort of compliment?' she asked at length with perfect self-possession.

'Very obvious, I should think.'

'I mean, your comparison is commonplace.'

'I was not trying to be original. I was merely stating a fact. In some indefinable way the sunset colours reminded me of you. Their beauty and yours have something akin, that is all.'

She turned and faced me now.

'And did you walk all this way to talk about my beauty?' she asked; and her tone suggested rising indignation.

'I did not come here in the expectation of finding you at all. Having done so, I wish to take the opportunity of asking you to be my wife.'

She remained several seconds in silence, and the words of the proverb about those who hesitate recurred joyfully to my mind. Then she said calmly, 'Mr Saunders, do you know why you like me?'

'Love you,' I substituted.

'Why you think you love me, then?'

'I could give reasons,' I replied; 'but I have only an hour and a half to spare.'

She winced as if my poor witticism had caused her pain.

'Listen,' she said coldly. 'You are attracted to me for the simple reason that I have been—well, rather rude to you. You are accustomed to being

sought after, pampered, spoiled. You have had too many warm baths. I have acted upon you as a cold douche. At first it was unpleasant if beneficial, but after a time you came positively to like the icy shower. It was healthy and bracing, and I do myself the honour of believing that you would miss its daily tonic.'

'I could not exist without it.'

'So you believe. Had I behaved to you as other girls do, had I behaved to you even as I do towards most men, would you have grown to think you loved me?'

'Possibly not, but the hypothesis is not worth pursuing. The main fact is that I am asking you to be my wife.'

'And my answer is, No.'

I rose impatiently from my seat. My opinion, after all, had been the correct one, not the detective's. I had been making love to an icicle.

'You are not human,' I cried bitterly.

'Because I reject your advances? Really, you do yourself more than justice.'

'But your reasons,' I persisted, ignoring her rebuke.

'I could give them, but I have only an hour and a half to spare.'

I stamped my foot with annoyance.

'Is this the time for flippancy?' I asked reproachfully.

'You seemed to think so,' she retorted quietly.

I looked out at the calming glory of the wondrous heavens. The evening star shone white above the Eisenzahn like a ship sailing in a sea of exquisite violet. It seemed to flash a message of hope to me. My heart was full, and, as is often the case under the circumstances, my speech was bald.

'Won't you reconsider your decision?' I asked lamely.

There was a moment's pause, and then the answer came low and with a suspicion of a break in it, 'Am I the sort of person to reconsider my decision?'

I almost had it in my heart to throw myself at her feet, to seize her hand, to utter a bold 'Yes,' but pride and a growing anger held me back. I had done her the highest honour in my power: I had asked her to be my wife not once but twice. Why should I risk a third and more humiliating rebuff? It might conceivably be possible to thaw the icicle, but was it a man's part to bend lower than I had bent, to ask again what he had been twice denied?

I turned to go, and taking off my cap, said frigidly, 'We meet at dinner.'

'We meet at dinner—as friends. *Au revoir.*'

(To be continued.)

THE VALLEY OF BRIEFNY AND ITS ROMANCE.

By F. C. Armstrong.

SHUT away from the busy world by a glittering lake to the west and a ring of fantastic mountains to north, east, and south, the lovely valley of Briefny lies smiling before its infrequent visitors, unaltered in a single physical feature since the day, nearly eight hundred years ago, when a fair and false woman committed the deed which made the place celebrated in the history of her time, and through it wrought the overthrow of the nation. Briefny is now nothing but a name. You may search in vain for it in the map of County Leitrim, although at the time of the tragedy, and for many centuries afterwards, it was famous; it then gave a title to the head of a powerful family, and comprised a vast extent of country. The Principality of Briefny extended over the whole of the County Leitrim, the County Cavan, as it is now called, and a part of Roscommon, where the O'Rourkes' possessions touched those of the great O'Connor tribe.

Leitrim has the reputation of being the poorest county in Ireland, yet beneficent nature has gifted the lonely land with a glorious dower of beauty; and, despite the vast tracts of bog and moor which take up thousands of acres of its surface, there are many patches of land scattered here and there all over the district which possess an almost abnormal fertility. Moreover, the mountain slopes grow certain classes of pasturage which afford delicious feeding both for cattle and sheep. It is altogether a pastoral country, and the beautiful animals which may be seen everywhere as you glide through it in the train that links it to the outer world seem to find very toothsome picking amongst the rushy fields, with their comfortable shelter of ragged hedgerows which are at once picturesque and slovenly.

It is a land of lake and mountain. One of its lakes is the second largest in Ireland; and from its deep, clear waters the king of Irish rivers, the lordly Shannon, draws the beginnings of its strength. There are several others of considerable size, not to mention innumerable little lakelets dropped down amongst the hills like fairy mirrors. It possesses many beautiful stretches of woodland.

In old days, a couple of generations back, Leitrim possessed a number of county families who from one cause or another have melted away. It is pitiable to see the fine old country-houses that stand neglected and forsaken among ancestral woods, no longer centres of culture and hospitality, but forlorn wrecks left to the mercy of wind and weather, derelicts upon the shores of time. Alas for the 'old order' that has passed away! And who can tell what will be the development of the new? We can only foresee that to Irish hearts it will always seem that 'old things were best,' that being a characteristic of the race.

The Sligo and Leitrim Railway skirts the valley of Briefny, which, did the tourist but know, is no longer difficult of access. There is a busy, prosperous little town, Drumahaire, which now gives its name to the whole district; there is a railway station, where vehicles can be found for the asking; and, strange to say, there is a capital hotel, a rare thing in remote parts of Ireland.

This little town is in itself an interesting place. It grew up round a stronghold of the O'Rourkes, and the ruins of that once splendid abode bear witness to the greatness of the extinct family. They were a great race in their time, their princes men of renown, not only as mighty men of war but as being sage in council and men of wide culture, 'princes of learning and piety, lords of charity and hospitality,' the annalists record, foes to be feared, friends to be conciliated, devoted sons of the old Celtic Church, who held their heads high even through Tudor times, and later, until the iron hand of Cromwell crushed them to earth. It is said that a deed done within the four walls of that ruined hall, which still overshadows a beautiful modern residence erected in its shelter, hastened the ruin of the great family. Here was held that most memorable event, celebrated in song and legend:

> **O'Rourke's noble feast will ne'er be forgot**
> **By those who were there and those who were not;**

for those who were there paid with their life-blood for the banquet, and those who were not took bitter vengeance upon the traitorous host who thus violated all the laws of hospitality so dear to Celtic hearts. Alas! the pages of Irish history are frequently darkened by the stories of such deeds of treachery, and it is poor consolation to remember that few nations are free of records as dark and merciless.

Through the town dances a bright and brimming river famed for its salmon; it washes the feet of a beautiful promontory upon which stand the ruins of an ancient abbey, in Celtic times a seat of learning of great repute, founded and supported by the O'Rourkes. After the Norman invaders broke the power of the old Celtic hierarchy, the abbey passed under the then new rule of St Dominic, and the establishment flourished until the dissolution of the monasteries in Tudor times began its destruction, which was completed by Cromwell a century later. But the ruins are beautiful and imposing, a striking object in a lovely landscape. The delicate tracery of the east window is still a marvel of artistic workmanship, standing in its old position, with only the blue of the misty skies to replace the splendours of its painted glass. The cloisters are almost perfect; the outlines of a noble refectory can be traced in the smooth turf which now carpets the floors. Many of the old families in the neighbourhood have the privilege of burying their dead in the precincts, which are still hallowed in the minds of the natives, and many traditions linger round the silent, solitary spot. The people of the neighbourhood hold these ruins in great veneration. Early in the last century a Cromwellian family, to whom the Lord Protector gave the abbey and its lands, actually built a residence with material quarried from the ancient walls, and much angry feeling was aroused all over the district, which culminated in a fierce outburst of invective when the head of the house, with a lordly disregard of what he called silly superstition, used the font as a feeding-trough for his pigs. Coincidences are curious things: at the present day the fine Georgian house is an empty ruin, and the family, once ranking with the wealthiest and most influential in the county, exists no longer; but the abbey stands high above the rushing river, and the font is back inside the walls. People will tell you that how it returned to its place in the west end of the church is a mystery; but Ireland, from east to west, is full of such legends.

At a short distance from the town the gleaming expanse of Lough Gill ('The Shining Lake,' as its Gaelic name denotes) bursts upon the view. Never was a lake more aptly named; its waters mirror with crystalline accuracy the whole of the wild scene through which the road winds in gracious curves. To the left of the road it stretches away into unknown distances, it seems, for a soft mist folds the rugged mountains to the south and west until they appear to melt into the skies. It is a scene of tranquil beauty, possessing a restfulness full of supreme charm. To the right, natural planting, wild and fantastic, clothes the base of the hills which soon will burst in all their grotesque beauty upon your sight. You catch glimpses of deep glades, in early summer carpeted with wild hyacinths, wood-anemones, primroses—a veritable garden of the fairies under arching boughs lightly clothed in dainty green. Now these woods are rich in autumnal colouring, gorgeous reds and yellows, with the dainty gold of the larches rising above the heavier masses of leaves. Here a beautiful waterfall comes leaping from rock to rock down a steep incline, to foam through a little bridge beneath your feet and lose itself in the peaceful bosom of the lake. It is all so still that for a considerable distance along the road you can hear the sound of falling water, with its merry rushing voices making music in the trees.

A steep ascent brings you in full view of the singular scene which gives its name to the whole district. Drumahaire, translated into English, means the 'Ridge of the Two Air-demons;' and certainly the scene before you looks as if demons had played pitch-and-toss with these fantastic hills. One over another they rise into the weirdest of forms, suggesting strange thoughts as to how Nature in her maddest mood must have created the landscape surrounding you. In the background, rising to a height of several hundred feet above its fellows, is a huge projection resembling a mammoth mushroom, which the natives have labelled O'Rourke's Table; farther on another amorphous mass is called his Chair; while round these two dominating heights

the hills resemble nothing so much as a wave of a primeval ocean lashed to fury by some primeval cyclone, and frozen at their wildest moment of turmoil by a demon-hand. Mountains, some of them weird and strange in their outline, soar up behind these grotesque foothills, the little wisps of fleecy cloud which are floating about them enhancing their height; and now, as we gain the very summit of the pass, the whole of the fair valley which Moore in his pretty lyric tells us 'lay smiling' before an injured husband's eyes is spread below us. Verily, a lovely scene!

As we descend the hill, the lake widens out to meet a beautiful island that basks upon its bosom, reflected back line for line in the bright water until it looks as if suspended in mid-air. Nearer to us, on the lake-shore, we can see a solitary tower rise up amongst the green. It is all that remains of the mighty castle in which the Prince of Briefny of the twelfth century left his wife in perfect security, as he believed; and there he returned from a successful foray to find her gone and his house despoiled by the rival from whom he had won her years before. She is one of the heroines of history, this beautiful Devorgilla, daughter of the King of Meath, and herself a Queen of Beauty. Surely, great loveliness is a dangerous gift, even when it is accompanied by great accomplishments and all the learning of the time, which we are told this Irish princess possessed.

This lady was not only supremely beautiful, but, as the annalists tell us, richly dowered with 'great store of gold and jewels, beside much household stuff, cattle, and servants.' In fact, she was the great prize in the matrimonial market of the day. Of course, every unmarried prince and king in Ireland was at her feet. Equally, of course, she set her heart upon the wrong man. This was Dermot MacMurrough, the greatest warrior of his time, king of the richest province—Leinster—and the wiliest diplomatist in the length and breadth of Ireland. We must not think of him as a mere brave savage. No, Dermot MacMurrough had received the highest education possible at that date. He had been carefully educated by a learned tutor, whose works are still with us. The famous *Book of Leinster*, which forms one of the treasures of the National Collection in the Dublin Museum, was compiled for the use of his illustrious pupil by the erudite monk who had charge of the future king. He had mastered the art of penmanship, for his signature remains to this day upon a charter whereby he granted certain endowments to an abbey in Kilkenny; and he had Latin—the colloquial Latin of the time—on the tip of his tongue, for he could hold converse in that language with Henry II., himself no mean scholar. But he was, under all this superficial culture, essentially a villain of the deepest dye. Truth, honour, justice, were mere names to him. Yet he was a great general, an energetic ruler, and a man of powerful personality, otherwise he could never have accomplished the evil work which has rendered his name infamous for all time. Shortly before he came a-wooing to the Princess Devorgilla he had deeply involved himself with Holy Church. In the very year of his succession to the throne of Leinster he had harried the city of Kildare, carried off the Abbess of St Bridget's great foundation there, and married her to one of his boon-companions. The lady was of his own wild blood. It is by no means improbable that she was not an unwilling bride; by the slight account we have of her she appears not to have bethought herself of her crime until age had tamed the heyday in her blood, because we read that many years after the event she retired into the Convent of Clonmacnoise, and died 'after penance' in a good old age. Dermot for this daring action was under the ban of the Church when he won the affections of Devorgilla, inspiring her with a love that lived and burned deeply for twenty long and bitter years.

But the King of Meath would have none of the man's wooing. Himself 'a pillar of justice and an upholder of all virtue,' as the Four Masters record, he drove away the sacrilegious prince, and married his daughter to Tierney or Terence O'Rourke, Prince of Briefny, a younger, better man, who loved the princess entirely, and vexed her not at all, we are told. For twenty years she lived with him. These wild hills, that lovely lake, had they voices, might tell us of eyes uplifted to this very pass, of bitter tears shed in vain. Those broken walls rising into the misty sunshine could speak of angry words, or, worse, of cold contempt that drove the loving husband to the brink of despair. Or perhaps, being a wise and crafty woman, she put a smiling face above a burning heart, and waited her opportunity. After twenty years it came. Neither Dermot nor herself was young. The years that intervened between her loveless marriage and the day when at last she found herself free to gain her heart's desire had branded the man with whom she fled with many a dark crime. He had married and was the father of a daughter who had her own romance in after-days. He had many enemies and few friends; but he was a great and powerful prince, and widely feared if universally hated, as events proved. We have the record of his life, written by one who knew him well: his faithful valet, secretary, and henchman, who certainly loved him with his whole heart, and who places his actions in the best possible light. To him the carrying off of the Princess of Briefny and the despoiling of her abandoned husband's house, so far from being a disgraceful action, was a triumph of which to boast for all time. It is quite evident from the gusto with which he records the event that he himself took part in it.

O'Rourke had been summoned to a mighty muster of all the lords of his province. He had far to ride, the flower of his army followed in

his train, and Devorgilla knew it would be long before he returned from the west. By the hand of her young brother, who, for some unknown reason, was devoted to Dermot MacMurrough's cause, she sent her old love a cryptic message, which at once brought him to her side. Lightly they rode away together. All her gold and jewels, her rich household stuff, her cattle, and servants, accompanied them in their flight through these very mountains, up this selfsame pass, possibly under such a soft, misty sky as overhangs the scene at this moment—a scene which she never saw again.

The elderly lovers reached the palace of Ferns, in County Wexford, in safety, and for a brief time were left in peace; but then all Ireland uprose against MacMurrough. Thunders from the Church bade him restore the lady and her portion. Dermot fought bravely, and for a time held his own against overwhelming odds; but numbers prevailed over strategy, and the prize was wrung from him, for a time at least. Devorgilla, however, did not return to her husband, but took sanctuary in the Convent of Clonmacnoise, until at last she stole back to Dermot, accompanying him on his fatal journey to England and the presence of Henry II., to whom he made appeal for help against his foes.

Now, the conquest of Ireland had long been a fixed idea in the mind of the greatest monarch of his time, yet he was slow to take up another man's private quarrel even for the sake of favouring his own ultimate ends; but he showed Dermot the way. Although he would not act in person in such a cause, he pointed out to the keen Irish diplomat where help was to be found. In Wales there were many Anglo-Norman adventurers—wild spirits, leaders of as wild men—eager for the fray and the plunder that followed hard upon it. They were all related by ties of blood—FitzGeralds, FitzHenrys, FitzMaurices, Barrys, Prendergasts—a horde hungry for prey and only too eager for such an opportunity as that which now offered itself. Henry had in his hands a bull from Pope Adrian IV. authorising him to take possession of Ireland and subdue her people to the perfect obedience of Rome; but he sent others to do his dirty work, and well or ill they did it, avenging Dermot fully upon his adversaries, and introducing a fresh element of strife into a land already torn asunder by divisions.

It is a pitiful story that of the invasions which followed rapidly upon the first incursion of the Anglo-Norman adventurers. They in their turn tried to master Dermot, who then called in another and more powerful ally, to whom he gave his fair daughter Eva in marriage. This was the great Strongbow, whose altar-tomb forms a feature in the Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity, commonly called Christ Church, in Dublin. Before Strongbow had completed his work and subdued the whole of southern and eastern Ireland, Dermot died of a nameless disease, forsaken by all save and except the faithful valet who loved him with a love passing the love of a woman, and who spent the end of his life in writing the record of his beloved master's achievements, which record abides amongst us to this day.

Dermot did not live to see the utter ruin he had wrought in his native land, but his partner in guilt lived long. She left him and took refuge in Mellifont Abbey, in what was once her father's kingdom of Meath, but which was being formed into the English Pale during the last years of her long life. There she lived to see her country torn to pieces, deluged in blood, and scorched with fire by the men whom her lover had brought over to fight his battles. But her last years were spent in good works, if we measure them by the standard of her time. Amongst other great gifts to the Church, she built the Nuns' Chapel at Clonmacnoise, which still exists a striking ruin, with a beautiful groined roof. 'Of her charities there was no end,' the chroniclers relate; and at last she died at a great age, when, we are informed, 'she had a peaceful ending.' Poor woman! she had drunk life to the lees.

But the sun is sinking into the mists of evening; a path of glory rests upon the waters. There is peace at evening-tide. Sweet valley of Briefny, good-bye, good-bye!

RICHARDSON'S SHOW.

By 'THORMANBY,' Author of *Kings of the Hunting-Field; Kings of the Rod, Rifle, and Gun*, &c.

IN the old days when the great London fairs were in full swing there was no more popular feature than 'Richardson's Show,' the proprietor of which—queer, eccentric, good-hearted John Richardson—was famous all over England. Born and bred in the workhouse of Great Marlow, John was sent out to earn his living as a cowboy. But the chance sight of a company of strolling players performing in a barn struck him with stage-fever. He joined the troupe, but found the pay so poor and precarious that he quitted the theatrical profession for that of a broker, in which he prospered so well that he was able to take the Harlequin Tavern, near the stage-door of Drury Lane Theatre. A good many actors 'used the house,' and their talk set John mad upon the stage again. It was a common thing at that time for players of good position at the patent theatres to open booths for acting at the metropolitan fairs, and Richardson resolved to run a booth himself. At first 'Richardson's Show,' as it was always

dubbed, was very rude and primitive in its fittings; but as he waxed prosperous it developed into quite an imposing theatre thirty feet high and a hundred feet in width. On the lofty platform outside, lined with green baize, festooned with deeply fringed crimson curtains, and illuminated at night by one thousand five hundred variegated lamps, a band of ten performers in scarlet dresses, similar to those worn by the Beefeaters of the Tower, continually played on clarionets, violins, trombones, and the big drum. In addition to these attractions the old man himself used generally to keep up a tremendous din on the gong, without which instrument he considered no theatre to be complete.

He was a shortish man, usually dressed in velveteen knee-breeches, worsted stockings, check or white neckerchief, an old brown coat, and a shockingly bad hat. But though his own attire was of the shabbiest, the dresses of his actors were always of the best—more costly, in fact, than those in use at the regular theatres; for, as the old man explained, 'I have to show my dresses in the daylight, and they must be good, while anything will do for candle-light.'

He would choose an actor with stentorian lungs to shout the usual invitation, 'Walk up! walk up! The players! the players! The only booth in the fair.' The old showman dearly loved a 'bould speaker,' and set great store on the gift of strong lungs. He left one hundred pounds to a Mr Cartlich, who used to do this business, and whom Richardson said he would always remember, for he was 'such a bould speaker he might be heard from one end of the fair to another.' Richardson was once applied to by an actor for an engagement. 'Ha, muster!' said the old man, 'I remember you well. You was one o' them bould speakers of the Coburg; but I cannot give you more than thirty shillings a week.' The actor subsequently, to fill up the time, advanced to the front of the platform and set up the usual shout. Just afterwards old John came running up in breathless haste, crying, 'Where is that bould speaker? I must give him five shillings more a week, for I'm blessed if I didn't hear him down at the "Brig,"' which was a quarter of a mile off.

The performances commenced with a melodrama, then came a pantomime, and last of all a panorama. The prices were stated on the bills to be: boxes, two shillings; pit, one shilling; gallery, sixpence. But there was really but one price, sixpence, for all parts of the house, the seats being rows of planks rising gradually from the ground at the front, and facing the stage, without any difference in accommodation. The house held one thousand, and there would be from ten to fifteen performances during the day.

But Richardson, like every one else, had his ups and downs before he attained success—had known what it was to leave all his horses and wagons in pawn and sing for coppers on the road.

It was during the earlier and less fortunate part of his pilgrimage that he numbered Edmund Kean among his company. The old showman was not a little proud of this association, and used to give himself some credit for having had a hand in Kean's theatrical education. When Macready's name was becoming known in the dramatic world Richardson was asked if he had seen him.

'No, muster,' he said; 'I know nothing about him; in fact, he's some vagabone as no one knows—one o' them chaps as ain't had any eddication for the thing; he never was with me, as Edmund Kean and them riglars was.'

The great tragedian's connection with Richardson came about in this way.

Kean's mother was Nance Carey, a granddaughter of Henry Carey, the author of 'Sally in our Alley,' who was himself a natural son of the great Lord Halifax. Edmund's reputed father was Moses Kean, a tailor, but he was not born in wedlock, and his mother consequently retained her maiden name, and was known as Mrs Carey. She deserted him soon after his birth, and he was brought up by a poor actress named Tidswell. The boy from the time he could talk showed extraordinary precocity of histrionic talent. He was in Drury Lane pantomime as an imp almost as soon as he could toddle, and when he was but eight years of age he could imitate all the great actors of his day with marvellous cleverness. But there was a strong Bohemian strain in his blood, which caused poor Miss Tidswell terrible distress, for the elfish urchin would leave his home for weeks together and wander about the country with tramps and acrobats. Rumours of her son's remarkable gifts reached his mother, and she came forward to claim him. After that the mother and son tramped the country together, she selling cheap perfumery and Brummagem jewellery, and he reciting at taverns and farmhouses, and sometimes at gentlemen's residences. During their wanderings a lady was so struck by his handsome face and extraordinary cleverness that she adopted him. After a while, however, taking offence at some slight that was put upon him, he ran away and joined his disreputable parent, who was then playing in Richardson's show at Windsor Fair. Here his acting excited so much attention that the king sent for him to give a taste of his quality at the Castle, and presented him with the royal largess of two guineas. Mrs Carey, on the strength of this distinguished patronage, obtained a regular engagement for herself and her children, Edmund and Henry, in Richardson's company. The last time Kean played for Richardson was at the Battersea Fair of 1806, when he received the munificent salary of five shillings a night. Tumbling was his forte, and he used to boast in later days that by his tumbling outside Richardson's booth he tumbled hundreds of bumpkins in.

Other well-known actors, too, first smelt the footlights under the old showman: among them Will Oxberry, the famous comedian, sometime

landlord of the 'Craven Head,' Drury Lane; and Savile Faucit, author of *The Miller's Maid*, and father of the illustrious Helen, the late Lady Martin.

One of Richardson's great hits was with 'The Spotted Boy,' a curiously mottled specimen of humanity from the Caribbee Islands. This phenomenon brought him in no end of money, and old John became extraordinarily attached to the boy. But, alas! this dusky attraction died, and John's grief was great. The Spotted Boy was buried in the showman's own bit of ground at Marlow churchyard; and whenever John drew aside the green curtain which concealed from the gaze of the profane the portrait of his favourite, his eyes would fill with tears. Indeed, he was the best-hearted of men, and it was a pleasant sight to see him on a Saturday evening, seated in front of his big drum, which he used as his pay-table, handing over the salaries to the company, and then, when the last member was paid, getting up, shaking himself, and saying in a cheery voice, 'Now, my lads, we'll to supper.' And a jolly good feed John stood them all every pay-night.

Many stories are told of Richardson's goodness of heart, of which the following is an example: On one occasion, while his portable theatre was at St Albans, a fire occurred in the town, and many small houses were destroyed, the poor tenants of which by this calamity lost all their furniture and almost everything they possessed. A subscription was immediately opened for their relief, and a public meeting was held to promote the benevolent object. Richardson attended, and when the Mayor, who presided, had read a list of donations varying in amount from five shillings to twice as many pounds, the old showman advanced to the table and presented a Bank of England note for one hundred pounds.

'To whom is the fund indebted for this munificent donation?' asked the astonished Mayor.

'Put it down to Muster Richardson the showman,' replied the donor, who then walked quietly from the room.

But he was not less eccentric than charitable. One of the many stories current about Richardson's eccentricities of character has its scene at a public-house on the Portsmouth Road, at which he had, in the preceding year, been refused water and provender for his horses, the innkeeper growling that he had been 'done' once by a showman, and didn't want to have anything more to do with showfolks. Richardson bore the insult in his mind, and on approaching the house again, sent his company forward, desiring each member to order a glass of brandy-and-water, but not to touch it until he joined them. Twenty glasses of brandy-and-water, all wanted at once, was an unprecedented demand upon that roadside hostelry; and the landlord, as he summoned all his staff to assist him, wondered what could be the cause of such an influx of visitors. Just after the glasses had been filled the wagons came up, with Richardson walking at the head.

'Here we are, governor!' exclaimed one of the actors, who had in the meantime strolled out upon a little green before the inn.

'Hallo!' said Richardson, affecting surprise; 'I thought you had gone on to the "Black Bull." What are you all doing here?'

'Waiting for you to pay for the brandy-and-water, governor,' replied the comedian.

'Not if I know it!' returned Richardson, with a scowl at the expectant innkeeper. 'That's the crusty fellow that wouldn't give the poor beasts a pail of water and a mouthful of hay last year, and not a shilling of my money shall ever go into his pocket. So come on, my lads, and I'll stand glasses all round at the "Black Bull;"' and with these words he strode on, followed by his company, leaving the disappointed innkeeper aghast behind his twenty glasses of brandy-and-water.

The old showman was a thorough Bohemian to the last; and though he had built himself a comfortable house in Horsemonger Lane, and furnished it handsomely, too, he rarely slept in it, preferring the old commodious 'carrywan' in which he had made so many journeys up and down England. In this gipsy mansion, with his one factotum—Davie, cook and man-of-all-work—John Richardson lived, and I had almost said died; for it was only when his illness was pronounced very serious by the doctors, and after he had been repeatedly urged to seek the comforts of his house, that John Richardson at last consented to leave the 'wan' and take refuge under a tiled roof. Two days later he died, in the month of November 1836, being, it is supposed, about seventy-six years of age. He left twenty thousand pounds behind him, out of which legacies were bequeathed to every member of his old company who was living, two of his musicians receiving one thousand pounds each.

A MIDSUMMER MOOD.

Sing me a song of roses,
Let others have your rue;
The only tears that I would know
Are diamond drops of dew.

Sing me a song of sunshine,
Of glowing, golden noon;
I have no pleasure in the wan
And wistful ladye-moon.

Give me the rapture of the lark
Far up the azure skies;
No plaint of love-lorn nightingale
When daylight swoons and dies.

I want my fill of gladness,
The lust of joy is mine;
I feel the summer in my blood
Like some enchanted wine!

M. Heddderwick Browne.

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WELSH COAL.

AN INDUSTRIAL ROMANCE.

ALL the important navies of the world have huge quantities of Welsh coal stored away for use in case of emergency, for it has been demonstrated over and over again that a fleet using Welsh coal would have a big advantage over another fleet using another kind of fuel. The reason is that Welsh coal is practically smokeless, while most other kinds of coal give off dense clouds of smoke, and so indicate their approach by a black tell-tale line on the horizon. France, strange to say, was the first to discover the value of Welsh coal in naval warfare, and the other navies of the world, including our own, ultimately recognised that France had made a discovery of value. The result was that Welsh coal began to boom. Millions of tons of it were shipped to the Japs and Russians during the progress of their recent struggle in the East.

When attention is called in Parliament or elsewhere to the wholesale export to rivals of a valuable war auxiliary, the Government apologists speak airily of the inexhaustible supplies. Gladly would the Welsh coal-owner believe the supply to be inexhaustible; but, although he remains mute, he knows very well that such is very far from being the case. If the whole of Wales were as rich in this valuable coal as only a small slice of it is, the present output would breed misgiving in the minds of those who know how important a part Welsh coal plays in modern naval warfare. Much more alarming does the situation become when it is remembered that this precious commodity is confined in a comparatively small area embracing only a portion of Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire. The quantity contained in one or two adjacent counties is so small that it is not worth while taking it into serious consideration.

Welsh colliery-owners use all the knowledge, energy, and resources they possess in order to increase the output, because the greater the output the less in proportion are their working expenses, and, therefore, the more the profit on each ton of coal raised. In 1851 the Welsh Coal-owners' Association had thirteen members, with an annual output of just over two million tons; to-day the association's members raise annually over forty million tons. Thus the output is twenty times greater than it was little more than half a century ago. If the output continued to increase in this ratio the supply would soon be exhausted. The phenomenal increase in the trade during the past twenty-five years is not, however, likely to be repeated during the next twenty-five. But developments are taking place, and are likely to continue for many years, though they are not on so big a scale as was the case ten years ago. It is estimated that the supply would last about four hundred years if the present output were not increased.

The most remarkable thing about Welsh coal is that its value should not have been discovered until comparatively a recent day. The frugal Welsh farmers of a century or so ago never dreamt that beneath the mountains on which they reared a hardy race of sheep there lay wealth surpassing Aladdin's. Nor did they imagine that the 'black stuff' in the ravines would make a better fire than peat. The wise old monks, however, had discovered as early as the thirteenth century that with this black stuff they could make a glowing fire, but the knowledge they possessed did not become a common possession for centuries afterwards. Wales was then, even more so than when George Borrow wrote of it, a wild country, with lonely wildernesses in which men were seldom seen. The monks lived a self-contained existence in secluded spots, and for long the secret of the coal was known only to them. Even as recently as a century ago peat-fires were common in Wales; for, speaking generally, the inhabitants did not at that time suspect the existence of the rich store of precious coal that lay beneath their mountains; while to the average Englishman of that day Wales was an unknown country, 'a mountainous wilderness peopled with a strange folk who spoke a foreign language.'

And so the Welshman remained in undisturbed possession of his coal until was passed what is

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known as the London Smoke Act. Then it was that there arose a cry for smokeless coal. That cry for some time went up in vain; but at length it was whispered on the London Exchange that somewhere down in Wales there was a coal that gave off practically no smoke. From this point the development of the Welsh coal-trade reads like a romance. London merchants talked of an expedition to Wales to discover the smokeless coal much as we to-day might talk of an expedition to some unknown part of Africa or Greenland. It was not a matter of a simple railway journey of a couple of hundred miles. It meant the fitting up of a ship and a voyage to a practically unknown land, with a grave doubt as to how the explorers would be received by the 'barbaric' inhabitants.

Among those who talked of this expedition was, however, at least one resolute man who had set his heart on the undertaking, and who was not deterred by the thought of possible dangers. This was Mr Lockett, manager for a firm of coal-sellers. But Lockett was not himself rich enough to fit out a ship, and he met with much ridicule and many rebuffs from the merchants to whom he appealed for financial assistance. Lockett was not, however, the man to be easily turned from an object upon which he had set his heart, and ultimately he secured the co-operation of a merchant named Duke, a far-seeing, enterprising man, comparing in this respect with the smartest men in the City to-day, who subsequently became Lord Mayor. Lockett and Duke, after due deliberation, sailed in a sloop from London to Cardiff, not then, as it is to-day, one of the largest exporting ports in the world, but a tiny village with a few old-world creeks suggestive of smugglers and pirates. There is no record of the duration of the voyage or of any adventures that may have been associated with it.

The next we hear of the two adventurers narrates their arrival at a little inn in Cardiff. In the room into which they were shown a fire was burning brightly, and this at once attracted their attention. Lockett immediately became enthusiastic, and going to the coal-bucket, placed on the fire more coal. As he observed the resultant bright glow his eyes sparkled, and he exclaimed to his companion, 'We need go no farther.' He was, however, a little out of the reckoning. 'Where do you get this coal from?' he asked the landlady. 'From Merthyr, sir,' was the reply. The landlady explained that Merthyr was more than twenty miles away, and that the only way to get there was to walk or drive. 'But how is the coal brought down to you?' demanded Lockett. 'Oh,' was the reply, 'it comes down on the backs of mules.'

Next day the Londoners were in Merthyr. Merthyr then was a collection of a few houses encircling a pit. To-day it is the centre of a teeming population, and recently was granted a charter of incorporation. The explorers were highly amused at the picture which presented itself to them at Merthyr Pit. Outside a tiny hut near the mouth of the pit sat a trim little Welsh widow. Fastened on to her head was a small wicker basket, into which she placed the money as she received it from the purchasers of her coal. This was Mrs Lucy Thomas, the owner of the pit and the 'mother of the Welsh coal-trade.' With difficulty the Londoners kept their countenances, for the quaint spectacle of the little widow with a wicker basket fixed to her head, and her pit in the background, was highly comical. With becoming commercial gravity, however, they entered into negotiations with Mrs Thomas for the purchase of all the coal she could raise. The widow was a little suspicious of her visitors, and gave them to understand that not a single piece of coal should they have that had not first been paid for on the spot. That was her way of doing business, she explained. The Londoners were at length able to surmount this difficulty, and to place down enough solid gold to purchase a sloop-load of coal. This coal had to be shipped at Cardiff, to which place it was taken on the backs of mules. In this year (1830) there sailed from Cardiff the first cargo of Welsh coal. The price of the coal, bought at four shillings a ton at the pithead, was in London eighteen shillings a ton. The cost of conveyance from Merthyr to Cardiff and thence by water to London was a large item; nevertheless, when these charges had been met, Lockett and his companion were handsomely rewarded for their enterprise. Thus ended the first notable episode in the development of the Welsh coal industry.

Far more important, however, as subsequent events proved, was the arrival in South Wales of a young north-country engineer named John Nixon. Nixon, as he worked in the neighbourhood of Newcastle-on-Tyne, heard a rumour that down in South Wales a valuable coal had been discovered, and that there were likely to be in that neighbourhood very great developments. Adventurous and enterprising, the young north-countryman set off for South Wales, bent upon making his fortune. He had no capital, but he had engineering skill and knowledge, and, above all, boundless energy and perseverance. As it happened, he needed all these qualities, particularly that last named, for it was only after many struggles, disappointments, and privations, and the passing of many years, that the fortune he sought came to him.

Soon after his arrival in South Wales he stood one day near the engine at Pennydarren Pit, and watched the stoker throw coal on the fire. The bright glow and the intensity of the heat amazed him. 'Look,' he cried enthusiastically to a companion, 'what great heat, and no smoke from it, either! We have no coal like that in the north of England.' This incident powerfully influenced the young man's future career. Work he had obtained with ease, but his advancement was not commensurate with his ambition. So disappointed did he become with his rate of progress that he

finally forsook South Wales and tried his luck in France. But there also he met disappointment; and one day, as he thought moodily over his progress and prospects, that picture of the glowing fire at Pennydarren Pit flashed suddenly upon him, and simultaneously there came to him an idea. 'I will open a market for Welsh coal in France,' he said.

Nixon was pre-eminently a man of action, and for him to resolve was to do. Soon he was back in South Wales endeavouring to secure the co-operation of the colliery-owners there in the launching of his scheme. He addressed himself first to Mrs Lucy Thomas, but she was quite satisfied with her output of one hundred and fifty tons a day, then regarded as a phenomenal amount, for which she had a ready sale at remunerative prices, and she would have none of Nixon's project. Nor did he meet with better encouragement from the other pit-owners to whom he unfolded his plans. Disgusted and disheartened, he at length turned his back on Wales, resolved never again to set foot in it.

But that picture of the glowing fire at Pennydarren Pit haunted him, and the idea of opening in France a market for Welsh coal had taken such complete possession of him that he could not banish it from his thoughts. Hearing eventually that a Mr Powell had opened a pit in Aberdare Valley, and was anxious to secure a market for his wares, Mr Nixon visited him, and spoke so enthusiastically and eloquently on opening a market in France that Mr Powell consented, though somewhat reluctantly, to join in the undertaking. The agreement they came to was that Mr Powell was to supply the coal at the price Nixon was able to obtain for it from French customers, and that Nixon was to be paid sixpence on every ton exported to Havre, and ninepence on every ton sent to the west of France.

Newcastle coal was at that time used exclusively on the lower reaches of the Loire, and was considered to be of excellent quality. Welsh coal, which was now commanding in England a higher price than any other, was still unknown to the French.

Nixon began with great ardour to canvass for orders for Welsh coal; but the reception he met with was very disheartening, and such as would have deterred from further efforts a less determined man. French people refused point-blank to have anything to do with the new coal. Nixon, however, amid the disappointments, preserved a genial exterior and gradually made friends. Among these was a gentleman in the Government service, who, after being much importuned by the irrepressible Nixon, laughingly consented to allow the north-countryman an opportunity of 'demonstrating the superiority of Welsh coal.' The experiment took place in a Government factory, and was watched with amused interest by a select party. Perspiring, and stripped to the waist, Nixon himself acted as stoker, for to obtain the best results from Welsh coal it is necessary that it should be stoked by some one who understands its peculiarities. The result of the trial was a complete triumph for Nixon. He forthwith obtained an order for Welsh coal, and by-and-by it altogether superseded Newcastle coal in the Government factories.

Nixon was not, however, the man to rest on his oars. On the contrary, this victory spurred him on to capture other fields. By his persistence he eventually induced the French naval authorities to give a trial to Welsh coal. Again Nixon assumed the rôle of stoker, showing the French naval firemen how Welsh coal should be stoked. The result was another victory for the Englishman. Not only was Welsh coal found to be more economical, but it was observed that, by reason of the almost entire absence of smoke, warships were able, without being seen, to get into closer touch with an enemy than was formerly possible. From that time forth the French naval authorities would have no coal other than that from Wales, and our own and the other leading navies of the world have since followed suit. A naval battle means increased work and wages for the Welsh collier. In the past, during such a war, Welsh engineers have slept on their engines, and stokers worked day and night for big wages.

Since Mr Nixon opened a market for Welsh coal in France, the export to foreign countries of this valuable coal, a prime necessity, as Mr Balfour once stated, to our navy, has increased in a phenomenal manner. How serious is this ever-increasing output of a coal admittedly of vital importance to our most powerful arm either of defence or offence will be realised from the following figures, which show strikingly how great the increase has been: in 1854, 8,500,000 tons; in 1864, 10,970,000 tons; in 1874, 16,490,532 tons; in 1884, 25,553,166 tons; in 1894, 33,418,344 tons; in 1904, 43,730,415 tons. The output, it will be seen, is five times greater than half a century ago. The figures for 1905 show a slight falling off as compared with 1904, which was an exceptional year owing to the special requirements of the navies of Japan and Russia.

Notwithstanding this temporary decrease in the output, new pits are being sunk in various parts of the coalfield. Almost every year the number of mining villages in South Wales has been added to and the mining population augmented. Where two or three farmhouses stood half a century ago, there now appear densely populated mining towns. Valleys which a century ago supported only a few farmers who eked a scanty living from the barren hills now contain teeming populations. Hillsides that once were bleak and barren are overspread with miners' cottages. Where, a century ago, barely a thousand people dwelt there now live a hundred thousand. Into these Welsh valleys, with their rich store of coal, have flocked people from all quarters of the globe—negroes, Chinamen, Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, Frenchmen; in short, every nationality of importance is represented. Working in the Welsh

coal-mines you may find, also, men who have been ordained for the Church, and who, rather than continue in a sphere of life for which nature never intended them, earn a livelihood as hewers of coal; men who have tried unsuccessfully to earn a living as barristers and journalists; men, in short, from all classes of society. Many of these have learned to speak the Welsh language, and they seldom mention their past; but they can, nevertheless, be discovered in plenty by any one who takes the trouble to investigate. In addition, thousands of the sons of Welsh farmers work in the mines. Every available help, in fact, has been seized upon by the Welsh mine-owner to increase his output.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

'I CONGRATULATE you on your victory. It was entirely due to your splendid tackling and accurate shooting.'

It was a fortnight after my rebuff related in the last chapter, and the words were addressed to me by Father Bernhard, who took an intelligent interest in the game of bandy.

I had been chosen to represent Weissheim against the picked men of Pulverstad, an honour which had caused much heart-burning amongst the more experienced candidates for representative honours.

'I played well,' I answered, 'as I am now curling well, because I do not care two straws whether I play well or not.'

The priest opened his eyes rather wide at my remark. 'Come into my room and have a chat,' he said.

'Come rather into mine,' I replied. 'It is not quite so many degrees below zero.'

We adjourned accordingly to my comfortable little sitting-room, and I offered my companion a cigar, which he refused.

'I wish to talk to you,' he began, selecting the most uncomfortable chair in the room.

'The desire is mutual.'

'Saunders,' he said, fixing his dark eyes seriously upon me, 'there is something wrong with you. Your play was brilliant—it won the match for Weissheim—but it was brilliancy of the reckless nature. Another week of such heedless vigour and you will break your neck, to a certainty. Of your performances on the curling-rink I know nothing except that you are looked upon as a dangerous competitor for the Caledonian medal. But as regards tobogganing, I myself have seen you going down the Kastel-run with a ridiculously small amount of raking.'

'And consequently doing very good times,' I interposed.

'On nine occasions out of ten, yes. But the time will come when you will overshoot David, and there will be one less competitor for the Grimland Derby. We all admire pluck, but recklessness is a vice. It makes us all uncomfortable, and is hardly fair on your painstaking coach, Miss Anchester.'

'My painstaking coach is not overburdened with sensibility,' I retorted. 'My decease would affect her far less than the lowering of her record time for the Kastel-run.'

'You wrong her, I assure you.'

'I fancy not. She is above the human weaknesses of love and pity. Her spirit soars aloft about other peaks of the Klauigberg in splendid isolation. It is magnificent, but it is chilly work following it.'

'You talk as if you loved her.'

'Naturally, my dear Father, for I did love her.'

'And you no longer do so?'

'Can one love a piece of marble? Put yourself in imagination before the loveliest piece of statuary that ever left the sculptor's hands. It is altogether admirable, but can you love it? Is not the nearest you can get to loving it the wish that it could come to life or that you should meet its replica in flesh and blood?'

'Then I congratulate you on the ethereal nature of your regard.'

'Your congratulations are misplaced. Before I came here I was sick of life—blasé, bored, restlessly idle, a rich man without a hobby, a lazy man without the capacity for loafing. The life here did me good. The sport engrossed my mind; the dangerous condition of Weissheim politics stirred my blood; the air, the sun, the gay round of music, theatricals, and fancy-dress balls, helped to make a new man of me. I say helped, for a greater cause than all these was that exceedingly important factor in the world's history, a beautiful woman. It was not till I learned that she could never care for me that I realised how extremely pleasant my existence here had been to me, how utterly different from the flat, formal round of London's sooty pleasures. And now—well, I am not a whiner, but I believe I get less pleasure out of life than the paralytic old folks who warm their frost-bitten toes in the Weissheim almshouses.'

'Disappointment is a bitter thing, but it passes as certainly as the clouds pass.'

I shook my head. 'Do you know what pain is, Father Bernhard—real hard physical pain, night and day, unrelenting, throbbing, insistent? I tell you there isn't an agony devised by the ingenuity of man that equals the torments of an unrequited affection. You think I am excited and emotional. I tell you no. I was marching straight to happiness, and the gates were shut in my face. Do you think I do not picture to myself a thousand times a day the life that lay behind those gates, the life that

might have been? Do you think I care two straws now for a knock on the bandy-rink or a spill on the Kastel-run?'

'You need spiritual consolation.'

'I need it, but am incapable of receiving it. Ah, Father! it's what might have been that tortures us. The fellow who said that a "sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things" wrote beautiful English but shocking bad philosophy. A happy memory is a great asset to a miserable man, but the contemplation of missed happiness is a searing iron night and day.'

'You think there is no worse thing than unrequited love?'

'I am certain of it.'

'And yet I tell you that requited love may be worse.'

'Nonsense,' I said impatiently.

'Nevertheless it is so. What if a man love another man's wife, if the man himself is bound by vows of celibacy? Is it not a fearful thing if the woman return the man's guilty passion?'

'A mere hypothetical case,' I commented.

'Alas! no; a very actual case. The Queen is beginning to love me.'

For the first time for fourteen weary days I took an interest in something.

'You still retain your foolish infatuation for Her Majesty?'

'It grows day by day.'

'And nothing I say as to the Queen's character can disillusion you?'

My companion sighed heavily.

'You cannot say anything bad enough of her,' he said. 'It is the evil in her that appeals to the evil in me. How she discovered my passion is a mystery, for I hid it under a veil of severe austerity and frequent rebuke. But having discovered it, I feel my position to be unbearable. Unless something happens I must go.'

'You know her nature and you love her?' I said. 'I cannot understand it.'

'That is because you refuse to believe in the personality of the devil.'

'The devil!' I said. 'We do not live in the Middle Ages. I believe in evil, for it is omnipresent, but not in a tangible, visible Prince of Evil. Do you honestly believe in a being with horns and hoofs, a curly tail, and an odour of sulphur?'

A slight shudder passed through the priest's frame. 'You speak lightly of such things,' he said, 'as some men speak lightly of their Creator; and yet your flippant description was not an inaccurate one.'

'How do you know?'

'Because I have seen him.'

At this remarkable assertion I turned uneasily in my chair. A man who confesses to have seen the devil is a man to be watched. All the same, I was distinctly interested.

'Tell me about it,' I said.

'It was a week ago. I awoke after a fearful dream, and there, standing in the middle of my room, was the Prince of the Powers of the Air, Abaddon the destroyer, and by his side his henchman Aschmedai, the lustful fiend of Tobit.'

'A dream,' I said.

'It was no dream, or I should have been conscious of waking afterwards. I saw them as plainly as I see you now, and the face of Aschmedai was like the face of Herr Schneider, save that he had horns.'

I shuddered involuntarily. The man's delusion was uncanny and his sincerity unmistakable.

'You neither smoke nor drink,' I said, 'and from what I have seen of your meals you live chiefly upon prunes and rice. There is a point when self-denial becomes intemperance. Give yourself the advice you once gave me, and leave Weissheim. The air is too strong for your undernourished brain.'

He shook his head sadly.

'I have given myself that advice a hundred times,' he said, 'but the chains of Abaddon are hard to break.'

He left me in a state of great depression, and in my sympathy for him I lost some of the poignancy of my own distress. His vision of Schneider as a demon struck me as most curious and as a further example of the repulsion which the detective managed to inspire in the breasts of all he came in contact with. That the Princess Mathilde had the greatest objection to his society was obvious, for that outspoken young lady made little attempt at disguising her feelings. And yet, in his oily, ready-tongued way, he persisted in his ambitious wooing; always deferential in speech if subtly masterful in his manner, ever heedless of rebuffs, confident with a presumption that was almost admirable in its invincibility.

As this is rather an account of political events during an especially eventful winter in the especially eventful country of Grimland than a chronicle of my own feelings, I propose to hasten on to those incidents of European importance wherein my position as King Karl's guest afforded me special opportunities for observation. And yet it seems to me that the part I played in that drama was so influenced by my state of mind that I should have been wrong not to give some indication of the extreme dejection into which I was plunged at this period of my existence. I honestly believe it was the unhappiest period of my life. My sporting successes, which would in the ordinary way have afforded me the keenest satisfaction, merely served to show me how completely my capacity for enjoyment was destroyed. I saw the world through the smoked glasses of disappointment. I knew that the bright colours were there, but bright and dull looked much alike to me. As for Miss Anchester, after a brief period during which rebuke and raillery gave way to normal manners, she resumed quickly enough her former rôle of sharp-tongued criticality.

And I, whose heart had gone out irrevocably to a marble image, played my part with an assumption of indifference for which the unconquerable sentiment of human pride was alone responsible. As a tobogganing coach she was admirable, critical but never unjust, and had she put a little more warmth into her commendation of meritorious efforts she would have been a faultless trainer. As it was, I so improved under her tuition that I became second favourite for the Grimland Derby at the short odds of four to one. I can give no idea of the extraordinary interest aroused by that important event in the minds of Weissheimers, natives and visitors. The amount of betting done was tremendous, and the odds varied from day to day. Besides the local heroes, men came to compete from Switzerland; from St Moritz, Davos, and Caux; from far Sweden and farther Canada. The excitement for days before the race was intense, and grew hourly keener. Three courses had to be run, and the man whose total times formed the lowest aggregate was adjudged the winner. Max was a competitor, and so was Schneider, and so was I myself; but Miss Anchester, for some reason or other, refused to compete again. Stands were erected at various points of the run for spectators to view the proceedings from, cameras occupied every point of vantage, while a full cinematograph apparatus was posted on the snowy crest of Jonathan. To give a detailed account of the proceedings would be to labour a triumph for myself. My three courses were accomplished in lower time than any one else's, and my last run, which I accomplished in two minutes thirty and a half seconds, was the next best time to Miss Anchester's record of the previous year. To say that the news of my victory did not afford me momentary pleasure would be untrue. Nevertheless, the mere reflection of how much greater the pleasure would have been under other circumstances turned my joy into something very like bitterness. Then, as I walked up the hill towards the Marien-castel, the cheering began, and for a time I was forced to forget myself. Louder and louder grew the applause as I dragged my winning craft behind me towards the store-room at the base of the crow's-nest. There the popular enthusiasm reached a head, and I was borne shoulder high above the cheering throng back again towards the Brun-varad. For the moment the sensation of triumph conquered melancholy, and I wondered vaguely if the victory would be a permanent one.

In the Palace hall I met Schneider. He congratulated me warmly on my success.

'You go to the ball to-night, of course?' he said after I had thanked him for his effusive felicitations.

'Certainly. And you?'

'My place is by the King's side.'

'I thought the firing incident and the substitution of Guides for Guards had quieted things down.'

'That was a fortnight ago. Events move quickly in Weissheim.'

'You suspect a fresh recrudescence of trouble?'

'I more than suspect it. I have been looking into the Queen's heart through the uninteresting medium of the Fräulein von Helder, and I see something very like murder in it.'

I had lost much of my respect for the detective's intuition, but politeness restrained me from saying so.

'If there is anything I can do'—— I began.

'There is nothing,' he interrupted, 'save, of course, to carry a weapon of defence.'

The advice amused me, for I had never done such a thing in my life. Nevertheless, as I was dressing for dinner my eyes rested on the leather-sheathed knife that the Princess had given me as a cotillion present on the night of Mrs Van Troeber's ball. It was the nearest thing I possessed to a weapon of defence, and, smiling at the dramatic nature of the proceeding, I slipped it into the breast-pocket of my evening-coat.

(To be continued.)

SOME NOTES ON THE LYRE-BIRD.

DURING an expedition in the thick forests covering the mountains of eastern Gippsland, in Victoria, I made a fairly close acquaintance with that very interesting bird known, from the shape of the tail-feathers of the male, as the lyre-bird. I should not call it a beautiful bird, as it has so frequently been termed; but with its well-proportioned body, its proud eyes, and its stately walk, it may be distinctly described as elegant. Unfortunately, its habits are very little known because of its shy nature and secretive manner of living, for its abode is invariably in the densest scrub, usually away from human tracks, and is never discovered except by accident. In choosing its home the bird picks out a space in the scrub upon which little or nothing is growing, clears it as far as possible from young shoots with its beak, and covers it with leaves. In this space, which varies in size from about four feet square to four feet by seven feet, and sometimes even larger, the female bird lays its eggs and rears its young, while the male struts around as guard. The area is always closely surrounded by high bush, of which the tops are allowed to grow inwards. If startled by steps approaching the nest, or from any other cause, the birds do not fly, but scud away on foot at tremendous speed through the undergrowth. They only run a short distance, however, for they appear to be aware that the direction of their movements could be followed by any one who listens to the

snapping of small twigs or the rustling of dead leaves. Several times I have caught a glimpse of the birds in the rush from their nest; and before my ears could be properly brought to bear upon the direction in which they were moving through the thick undergrowth, the crackling had ceased. The birds had moved a few yards away, and simply stayed perfectly still, knowing full well, apparently, that a thousand eyes could not see them in the scrub. If you break through the bush and happen to go in the direction which they have taken, they simply move on again a few yards, stopping once more when you stop, and you have no more chance of coming up with them than of catching the will-o'-the-wisp.

The lyre-bird is very clever at hiding the locality of its nest. It does not often fly, and when it does it never returns to its nest on the wing, descending some distance away, and proceeding to its home on foot through the scrub. The male bird is on the wing very rarely indeed, and, judging from my own experience, neither bird flies except when rain is falling. Why this is so I do not know. It may be to attract attention away from the nest for some reason which does not apply when the ground is dry, or perhaps to seek for food; but it is impossible to follow the bird on the wing, for it only takes short flights and goes like an arrow from point to point, never rising again from the spot at which it alights, and never taking two successive flights in the same direction. In fact, its cunning and skill in eluding observation are amazing. Except snakes, which eat its eggs, I do not know that the lyre-bird is troubled with natural enemies, unless it be an occasional hawk crossing the mountains to find new preying-ground. But eagles and hawks are scarce where the growth is so thick, and where a tit-bit in the way of a young mountain-wallaby can find a perfect hiding-place in a few seconds from the most searching eye. Nevertheless, the extraordinary vocal abilities of the bird, even if they are not of much service now, must, I think, have been inherited from ancestors who used them for protective purposes, otherwise they have no apparent *raison d'être*. The lyre-bird has, I suppose, a note of its own, though I never became acquainted with it; but the bird imitates the cries and calls and whistles of all other birds in the mountains where it resides. It is true that the notes are not exact imitations, but it takes a long time before one can distinguish the real note from the sham. The most amazing feature of the voice, however, is its apparent ventriloquial quality. I do not know if anybody has pointed this out before; but, after hearing the notes many hundreds of times, I cannot get away from the suggestion that this quality exists. Although it is practically impossible to precisely locate the whereabouts of a nest in the thick scrub, yet one always knows that there is a nest within a given area, and two families of birds never reside close to each other. I have frequently noticed that calls repeated from the same nest will appear to come from different quarters, and the changes in the apparent places of utterance are as frequent as the alterations in the notes. It never occurred to me to observe whether any particular note appeared to issue always from a given quarter; but it is possible that the apparent ventriloquism may be due to varying echo-effects among the hills, though it should not be forgotten that the same peculiarity is not observable in respect to the notes of other birds.

It cannot be said that the lyre-bird is remarkable for industry. The same nests are occupied year after year, and a young couple seeking a separate abode will not go to the trouble of constructing one themselves if they can discover a nest already made. In connection with this habit I had a rather gruesome experience. I was following up a creek in the neighbourhood of Mount Wills with a small party, and the scrub being too thick to get through without cutting our way with axes, we clambered over a bed of fern-tree trunks (an embryo coal-seam) naturally piled along the course of the creek. We had not gone far when we came to a little patch of cleared ground covered with leaves, which general indications showed was used as a lyre-bird's nest. It was right on the course of the creek, and occasioned us considerable surprise, because lyre-birds do not as a rule nest close to a waterway, no doubt from an inherited dread of floods. In fact, we had never heard of such a nest near a creek before. We came to the certain conclusion, therefore, that the ground had not been cleared by the birds; and as it was good black soil, the only inference was that it had been dug up shortly before the birds took possession of it, otherwise the space would have been covered with vegetation. Now, such a place could only, we thought, be dug for gold-prospecting; and, inasmuch as those who had used the pick and shovel there had taken the trouble to fill the hole up again, we naturally decided that a find had been made, and that the discoverers had concealed the traces, intending to return, but had been unable to do so. We soon found, however, that the hole had been made for quite another purpose than to search for gold. We had only reached a foot below the surface when we found the decomposed body of a man who had clearly been murdered, judging by a small hole in the back of his head and by a bullet which the police subsequently found in the skull. The identity of the man was never disclosed; but it was adjudged by the authorities that his body had been buried for three or four years, during all of which time the lyre-birds nesting over it had been rearing families and sending their musical notes to resound against the mountain-sides.

MARGARET AND THE SCHOOL-BOARD.

PART II.

THE days that followed were filled with a strange excitement for Margaret. It was a harder matter to keep her secret than she had anticipated. Temptations to divulge it cropped up at every turn. But an incident that occurred on the Sunday preceding the day of the prize-giving helped her to be firm in adhering to her resolution.

It had become an established custom for her to have supper at the manse after evening service, and as usual on this particular Sunday the minister was her escort home. On the way he happened to make some allusion to the following session, and Margaret, taken off her guard, blurted impulsively, 'I may not be here next winter.'

The long northern twilight was drawing in; but, dim as the light was, she discerned the look of consternation on his face.

'What! are you going to relent and make old Monnyplies happy after all?' he exclaimed in a would-be jocular tone.

Somehow the suggestion jarred upon Margaret. Could he imagine no other alternative for her than this humble marriage? But the fact lessened her regret in regard to her former slip, and she resolved to punish him with a still further exhibition of mystery.

'No,' she said. 'But isn't it natural I should wish to try and better myself?'

He caught at the idea eagerly.

'You have heard of a place with a bigger salary?'

There was no mistaking the anxiety in his tone.

She yielded neither yes nor no to his query.

'I could put up with a little more money,' was her dry retort.

He gave a short, triumphant laugh.

'Well, strangely enough, I proposed at the very last board-meeting that your income should be increased,' he said, a consequential note appearing in his voice. 'I told them no lady could live decently on eighty pounds a year, and a rise even of ten or fifteen pounds would make all the difference. They haggled over the question for so long that the settlement had to be postponed till next meeting. It is my belief each one of the four had an ulterior motive in opposing it.' He broke off with an amused side-glance at his companion.

Margaret bit her lip and was silent for a moment.

'Why should you take so much trouble on my account?' she said quietly. 'If I resigned now you would have a hundred applicants to fill my place, many of them more competent than I.'

'Oh, but we don't want to lose you,' he jerked out, with a forced attempt at playfulness.

Margaret realised the underlying sincerity of his tone, and was grateful for it. 'It is good of you to say so,' she replied.

A pause followed her words.

'But you don't really mean this nonsense about going away?' he began, reverting to the subject again with uneasy persistence.

'I am thinking seriously of it,' she said.

Something in the sound of her voice carried conviction to her hearer's heart.

'But it's absurd—ridiculous,' he burst out vehemently. 'If your salary is raised—and I will see to it that it is—you couldn't do better than Tulchan. I always thought you liked the place, and we—that is, my mother and sister—have tried to make you happy. We have got into each other's ways. I cannot believe you are really serious,' he broke off, waiting with ill-concealed eagerness for her answer. Then, as she made no response, 'Margaret!' he exclaimed hoarsely, thrusting out his hand and catching her arm in a convulsive grip.

She stood quite still and faced him, every nerve in her body tingling beneath the warm, firm pressure of his fingers. The game of cross-purposes they had been playing promised to lead to more serious developments than she had dreamed of.

For a second they remained thus. All at once, with a little ashamed laugh, he released her.

'You will have changed your mind by to-morrow,' he said, moving a pace away from her as he spoke.

'He loves me, but he is going to marry Miss Ewing,' thought Margaret to herself, with a strange mingling of joy in her newly made certainty and bitterness for the suffering its realisation must involve. But the fact only intensified her former resolution. She would be loved for herself alone, even if she forfeited her entire life's happiness for the assurance.

. . . . . .

The breaking-up day came at last.

Since the evening on which he had so nearly committed himself Margaret had seen nothing of the minister. Yet with blind womanly tenacity she clung to her shred of faith in him; even the news of the constant coming and going between the manse and Ewing Towers had not power to dispel it. At the very last moment she believed his heart would gain the victory over his head—the heart that had been betrayed in the sound of his voice that evening as he pronounced her name, and that had been echoing in her ears ever since. Something warned her, too, that this day would see the settlement of her doubts for weal or woe, and the presentiment lent an air of calm preparedness to her manner that had a disconcerting effect upon her four admirers when they arrived in a body to take part in the day's ceremonial.

'My, she'd ha'e luiked bonny in the hotel porch

welcoming fowk wi' that grand air!' thought M'Clintock of the inn, as his eyes followed her wistfully about.

'There'd ha'e been nae wastrife at Monnyplies wi' her as mistress,' was old Harris's unspoken comment.

'What a fine, thoughtful face to sit over against a man in the ingle-nook!' sighed Purvis the ex-dominie to himself.

'Gowanlea, man, you're a fule to ha'e come here this day,' stuttered the bonnet-laird, in violent self-recrimination.

But, happily for herself, Margaret was oblivious of their criticisms. She greeted each of her rejected suitors in turn with the same unconscious welcome and conducted them to their places among the expectant audience, composed chiefly of the fathers and mothers of the school children, who had gathered early in the hope of obtaining a better view of the forthcoming ceremony. Facing them were the scholars themselves—row upon row of freshly washed and starched girls and boys, sitting like statues with one eye cocked upon the door and the other trained towards the little table upon which the tempting array of prizes was set forth.

At last the sound of approaching wheels denoted the arrival of the manse party, and a sigh of anticipation went round the room as all heads turned instinctively towards the door.

Miss Ewing was the first to enter, rustling in a silken gown that made Margaret's simple toilet appear severely plain and workaday as they stood for an instant side by side. But otherwise the comparison was all in the young schoolmistress's favour. The elder woman's sallow cheeks were flushed an unbecoming crimson, and her eyes had a steely gleam as they rested on her rival's face, which plainly denoted she had not forgotten the snub Margaret had inflicted on the occasion of their last meeting.

Close behind her followed old Mrs Allison, nodding and beaming satisfaction in her proud privilege of the minister's mother; while Miss Flora strutted peacock-like by her brother's side.

The minister at once took command of the situation. It was one of his best traits that he was able to banish all thought of self when the occasion demanded, and before many minutes were over he had completely lifted the atmosphere of constraint that prevailed, and scholars and visitors alike were laughing and making merry on the best of terms.

The actual prize-giving did not take long, Miss Ewing acquitting herself with surprising graciousness; and then followed the usual speechifying and exchange of compliments between the governing body of the school.

In conclusion, the minister called for a vote of thanks to Margaret; and so hearty was the response of all present that she felt bound to stand up and say a few words of grateful acknowledgment. But instead of retiring to her place again when she had finished speaking, she was prompted by some inward voice to go on; and almost before she was aware, she had made public the fact of her impending resignation. Nothing had been farther from her thoughts when she commenced, and the announcement had as startling an effect upon her as upon her hearers.

For some seconds she stood in dazed silence listening to the whispered altercation going on behind her where the various members of the school-board were putting their heads together in excited conference over the news. In another minute they would begin to ask questions, and she would be impelled to give her reasons for her course of conduct.

But before such a contingency could arise the minister was on his feet, and a sudden silence fell upon the group as he commenced to speak. His words were few and coldly uttered. But Margaret felt that they were spoken to shield her from the curiosity she dreaded, and was correspondingly grateful for their unemotional quality.

'Much as they regretted her decision,' he said in conclusion, 'it was no business of theirs to question its wisdom or inquire into its cause. They could only hope that the future would justify the step, and hold much happiness and good fortune for her.'

A few minutes later Margaret found herself alone once more—alone with her memories and regrets. They had all gone. Not one had stayed behind to express a more intimate sorrow over her departure. Friends, suitors, the very children whom she had grown to love, had departed carelessly forth, accepting her edict as final, nor seeking to reverse it by a single word.

Oh, the suspense of that general exodus! Would she ever forget it? How she had watched and watched one figure, believing up to the very last that he would remain! She had seen him mingle with the departing crowd, jesting now with one, now with another, the very life and soul of them all; watched with fascinated eyes as he crossed to the mantelpiece, on which his hat and stick were placed, then, with a careless handshake to her, sweep his own party together and conduct them to the waiting carriage. Even then she had clung to her vain hope. But the sound of wheels had long since died into the distance, though their reverberation still echoed ghost-like in her ears.

A knock at the door interrupted her musings. For a brief second she believed he had returned. But it was only old Harris's rubicund visage that met her eager gaze in response to her summons.

'Went and left my stick behind,' he growled, without looking at her, marching straight over to the row of empty chairs behind her desk as he spoke.

Margaret jumped up at once to aid him in his search. Sure enough, the stout oaken cudgel lay on the floor beneath his chair. He stooped his gouty back to pick it up. But she was before him.

'Thank ye,' he said as he took it from her, scrutinising her the while with his head held on one side, his keen blue eyes narrowed on her face.

'Look ye here, my lass,' he began at last, as if dissatisfied with his inspection, 'this auld crook o' mine was juist a dodge to come back and find oot what you was up to, and I'm surprised to see nae traps o' the ithers lying aboot,' glancing dryly round him as he spoke. 'But I'll juist say this: there's aye a welcome for you at Monnyplies gin you change your mind. Gosh, what did I tell you?' he broke off with a chuckle as a timid knock fell upon the door. 'Yon's Purvis, or I'm a Dutchman. —Ha, Purvis,' as the ex-dominie came deprecatingly into the room, only to draw back in dismay at sight of his rival's burly form, 'come in, man; I'm juist awa'.'

But the dominie was not to be tempted, and with a muttered excuse about a book he had offered to lend Margaret, he retired precipitately, almost falling into the arms of the hotel-keeper, who had reached the door at that instant. A whispered altercation took place between them, in which Margaret caught the words, 'Monnyplies—engaged,' many times repeated. Then the sound of heavy feet retiring down the garden-path warned her that they had thought better of their purpose.

'That's the quorum,' said old Harris, with another chuckle. 'They'll stumble ower Gowanlea roond the corner.' He was edging towards the door himself as he spoke. 'Well, dinna forget Monnyplies at your service,' he said as he banged it behind him.

At any other time the humour of the situation would have appealed to Margaret. But the memory of her former unhappiness was too keen to be easily dissipated. With a hopeless gesture she reseated herself at her desk. What avail were all her riches with this hunger in her heart?

She spread out her arms on the desk and laid her head down on them.

It was in this attitude that Robert Allison found her when, a few minutes later, he entered the room. The sight of him restored all her former courage.

'You!' she exclaimed, rubbing her eyes, with a little bewildered gesture. 'I believe I should have been asleep in another moment.'

But he cut short her excuses.

'I met Harris on the road,' he said, with uncompromising directness. 'He told me he had just been here.'

'So he has,' she acknowledged audaciously. 'Mr Purvis too, and, I think, Mr M'Clintock,' smiling as she spoke.

But her smile evoked no answering response on the minister's face. His lips were sternly set. There was an unrelenting gleam in his eyes Margaret had never seen before.

'I suppose we have all come on the same fool's errand,' he began bitterly—'to try and quarrel with your decision of this afternoon, and to suggest an alternative. But before I go as far as that there is something I wish to tell you.' He planted himself in front of her desk as he spoke, his frowning eyes fixed upon her face. 'I never realised how necessary you were to my happiness until that evening you spoke of going away,' he began in a low, harsh voice; 'and then I tried my best not to believe it. No, no; hear me out!' as Margaret was about to interrupt him. 'I have a confession to make, and I prefer you should hear it before you give me your answer. I thought I could marry for money, and I found I could not.' He paused, waiting for her to speak; but she made no reply, and he continued in the same resolute tone: 'I thought the power money brings would compensate me for your absence from my life; but I realised all at once this afternoon that without you money would be valueless, power a burden.'

'And with me,' said Margaret in a low, joyous whisper, 'if you could have both—love and power together? Oh, it is no fairy tale,' as he shook his head impatiently. 'Read that;' and drawing the lawyer's letter from her pocket, she held it out towards him.

But he crushed it in his hand. 'Your answer first,' he said.

And by that Margaret knew that her trust was justified.

THE END.

OLD ART BRONZES AND THEIR IMITATION.

By ARTMETER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE manufacturer of 'old' bronzes has four principal departments in which he can operate for the benefit of collectors with fair chances of success. These are: Roman and Roman-Greek bronzes, Byzantine bronzes, trecento bronzes, and cinquecento Italian bronzes. The works of later periods—as, for instance, eighteenth-century French bronzes—are sometimes imitated, but not to any great extent, for the purpose of deception. So much is known about the works of the more recent masters that any one offering a spurious *chef d'œuvre* for sale might easily be met with awkward questions.

ANCIENT ROMAN OR ROMAN-GREEK BRONZES.

Rome is the head and centre for the production of bronzes supposed to have been made when she was at the height of her glory; and indeed, with the exception of a few inferior examples turned out in Florence, it may be said that Rome makes the whole of this class of goods that come into the market. Audacity and ingenuity are the chief requisites for the successful preparation and

manipulation of 'old' Roman bronzes. A certain amount of skill in art is necessary, but it is not the highest available; and the Paris craft-masters will not interest themselves in the creation of works which cannot exhibit their taste and wonderful skill in execution. Modern Italians have art in plenty—in fact, every second man is a born artist; but as a rule they lack taste, which only a Frenchman can supply to perfection.

The scope for the maker of ancient Roman bronzes is limited. The collectors are few in number, and of these public museums form the majority. As a rule, also, this class of collector is an excellent judge of the article he wants, and something extraordinary in the way of inducement must be offered him before he will accept any statement of authenticity about a work as to which he has a shadow of a doubt. It is hardly necessary to do more than refer to the thousands of copies of ancient bronzes which are turned out in Rome for the benefit of the tourist or the inexpert art-lover. They are seldom offered seriously to collectors, who know the originals so well. For the connoisseur special and elaborate precautions are taken. Well-known models are not used in their entirety; but a leg, or an arm, or the general pose may be adopted from a gallery exhibit for the new design. It is seldom that a group is manufactured, single nude or semi-nude figures being most in demand. The figure is usually a faun, an athlete, a warrior, an Apollo, or a Venus, though occasionally it is a centaur or other monster.

The pateen for these bronzes is the easiest of all pateens to produce. Burial in more or less damp ground for a few months or longer is all that is necessary, though sometimes the oxidation of the surface of the bronze is hastened by the use of a weak acid solution. Commonly these bronzes are made in a most imperfect state, with limbs broken off, or with large holes in them so as to impress the purchaser with the evidence of age and long burial in forgotten ground. Some gross frauds have been perpetrated in order to palm off spurious antique Roman bronzes. In one notable case over twenty were made and buried with some old pottery in a field close to Rome. The ground was levelled again and the grass allowed to grow for two years, when one of the bronzes was 'accidentally' dug up. This was produced as a great secret to a wealthy American, who was taken to the ground and told that the spot was almost sure to conceal a hoard of art-treasures buried during some great disturbance in the days when Rome was at the summit of her power. The American was given a short option to purchase the property for a large sum, and he spent almost a week in having the ground explored. A number of the hidden bronzes came to light, and the purchase was completed. Attempts to keep the 'find' secret failed, and on the Government stepping in with its usual claim the fraud was exploded.

As before hinted, it is not often that collectors of old Roman bronzes are deceived by the imitations. These gentlemen are few in number, and are usually well skilled in ancient art. On the other hand, the imitators, while conversant with all the tricks of manufacture, have seldom the close acquaintance with Roman lore and customs which become necessary immediately they depart from the genuine models. The result is that many otherwise good imitations are betrayed by a defect in costume or other detail, which is immediately detected by the learned connoisseur. The sale of one of the finest imitations ever made was spoiled in this way. It was a statue of a young athlete, nearly life-size, which was brought to London in 1902. As usual, its provenance was perfect. There was 'certified evidence' that it had been dug up in Rome in the presence of a number of persons while excavations were being made for a new building. The pateen was perfect, the partial decomposition as natural as it could be, and the art of a really high order. The figure was nude, but the artist had made the strange mistake of giving the athlete long hair falling down upon his shoulders. A British Museum expert, who was the first called in to admire the wonder, detected the anachronism at once, and advised the owner that he had been deceived. The statue, for which two thousand pounds was then asked, now adorns the vestibule of an American home.

BYZANTINE BRONZES.

Byzantine bronze imitations are confined almost entirely to crucifixes and church ornaments. They are mostly made in Florence and Ravenna, and are generally but poor examples. The crucifixes are all of one sort—thin beaten bronze on the front of the figure, with a gilt waist-cloth and a rayed aureole. As a rule the modelling is better in the imitations than in the originals, evidencing an appreciation of anatomy which was not often displayed by Byzantine artists. Few Byzantine ornaments can properly be described as 'works of art,' and generally they come within the range of the collector of curiosities rather than in that of the art connoisseur.

TRECENTO BRONZES.

Genuine trecento (fourteenth century) French and Italian works in metal are of very great value, particularly if they are finely wrought and in good condition. A reliquary may be worth anything from three hundred to one thousand pounds, a gilt bronze statuette from four hundred to two thousand pounds, a chalice in rock crystal and gilt silver the same price, or even much more if it is a fine example. As a rule French trecento work is worth more than Italian, though for what reason it is difficult to see, because the quality of the art applied was about the same in the two countries.

The value of trecento metal-work is high, not because there is a large demand for it, but because of its extreme rarity. The principal European

museums are ever on the watch for it, and there are a few—very few—private collectors. Without any exception, all buyers—that is to say, private or museum buyers, for very few dealers understand them—of bronzes of the period are thorough connoisseurs, and it is necessary, therefore, for modern manufacturers to exercise the very highest skill and care in their work in order to profit from it. Out of the large army of imitators of ancient works of art, I do not suppose there are more than two or three capable of organising and carrying through successfully a trecento *coup*, and these two or three are only to be found in Paris. The director of such a *coup* must be a man of many qualifications. He must first have a thorough knowledge of the arts and manufactures of the period pertaining to metals, and of how they differed in the separate departments or districts now combined within the boundaries of France; and then he must have gathered a knowledge of the general progress of art and design, and the limits within which these could be applied to church ornaments and for religious purposes generally, in the period under consideration. Further, he must be acquainted with the Church history of France of the time, and particularly with the local history of the district from which the object he is making is supposed to have come. For instance, he must know what saints were most admired there, and what monasteries were the most richly endowed. The provenance of his chalice or reliquary must be perfect in every particular, and able to stand the closest investigation of experts accustomed to dive into the depths of medieval historical detail.

No fourteenth-century work can be copied by the imitator, or he would be instantly detected. The design must be perfectly fresh in form and decoration, and no important detail in a known original example included in the new work. For an 'important' piece, probably fifty sketches will be made before the details of the work are settled, and even then, during the manufacture, some of the hammered figures or chiselled ornaments will have to be entirely changed, owing perhaps to a difficulty in regard to the enamel patches or to the necessity of hiding an apparently trivial joint-mark. The work is carried out as far as possible just as similar work was executed five or six hundred years ago. The solder used, the metal fastenings, the composition of the enamel, and the method of gilding are all the same; and there will at least be no flaw in the technical details upon which a doubter might fasten.

It is very seldom that a modern trecento artist constructs a replica; but occasionally a very successful *coup* has induced a repetition. Two or three years ago a French dealer was called to Rome to inspect a fine piece of 'trecento work' in the shape of a casket reliquary which was for sale. From the Eternal City he was taken a short distance into the country, where he found the reliquary enshrined in an old church, and looking as though it had been there for centuries. The dealer snapped at the chance to buy the curio, and took it back with him to Paris, where he promptly offered it to the Louvre. The authorities at this great art emporium were apparently astonished at the beauty of the reliquary; but, in accordance with their custom, before purchasing they invited the director of the Cluny Museum, who is a leading authority on the trecento period, to give his opinion upon the work. This gentleman immediately recognised the casket as an exact replica of one which had been lately bought for Cluny; and it transpired that the two caskets had been recently made in the same atelier, situated about a hundred yards from the establishment of the dealer who had bought the Roman example. In this case, had the artist been content with making one casket the deception would most likely never have been discovered.

There is scarcely a large museum in Europe which does not possess spurious trecento metal-work. Fortunately, in the case of our own national museum, not much money has been wasted, as the two or three examples of modern manufacture shown are small and unimportant. I believe the British Museum has been 'taken in' by imitators to a less degree than any other institution in Europe, due, I think, to the wide general knowledge possessed by the various departmental heads, in addition to their expert acquaintance with the special branches of art under their respective control.

Trecento imitators are largely helped in their work by the fact that they have not a difficult pateen to imitate. A worn gilt bronze pateen is the easiest thing in the world to produce. It is true that the process is long and tedious; but the Paris genius directing the work has always the patience of Job, and has no regard for time. Two, three, or four years are required to make such an object as the reliquary referred to above, and the designer would not hesitate to throw in an additional six or twelve months for the sake of a slight improvement.

AN EXPERIMENT IN HIGH FINANCE.

By Holt Shafto.

I.

CAPTAIN SILAS TODD was a Tyneside who had graduated in the Spartan school of the mercantile marine. As a cabin-boy his youthful imagination had been fired by the gilt braid, or the unrivalled liberty of language, or the equally unrivalled authority of the skipper who had 'fretted his brief hour' of glory on the bridge of some tramp steamer such as his cabin-boyhood had been addicted to. As a man of thirty, thanks to the grit of his breed, he had realised this youthful ambition, and stood on a bridge with plenary powers of his own. As a man of thirty-five, with some home belongings, he had decided there was more gilt and glory about his profession than about the emoluments attached thereto. He therefore determined to go in for finance.

Now, to an understanding mind, 'finance' is a very comprehensive term; and Captain Silas Todd's was an understanding mind. His ambitions being of a practical nature, and his knowledge of his own abilities being also sound, he dreamed no visionary dreams of silk-hatted, frock-coated urbanity, with palatial offices, clerks, and telephones to match. What he wanted was, to use his own phrase, 'a good square thing with something good for S. T. hanging on to it.' Although this may sound vague, it was a very definite ambition in Captain Silas Todd's mind, and he had seen enough of life's infinite variety to believe that this notion would materialise all right if he but watched carefully for his chance. Knowing that only folly inspired that familiar proverb about being 'off with the old love before you are on with the new,' he stuck to his profession, always keeping an eye open during his wanderings for the much-desired 'good square thing.'

On this account it was with considerable satisfaction that he received instructions from his owners to proceed to La Rica, which is, as every one knows, the capital of that enterprising, if somewhat uncertain, South American Republic of Bralita.

Bralita, like most of its great and glorious sister-republics, spends so much of its citizens' energies in deciding who shall administer its fortunes that it has but little energy or fortune to spend in developing the many natural resources it indubitably possesses. That is usually undertaken for it by enterprising outsiders, who enable its authorities to enjoy their brief pomp and power—and feather their modest nests—by means of financial grants in exchange for various concessions. These concessions the enterprising outsiders find further ways and means to appreciate long after the recipients of their bounty have retired, as all good ex-dictators should, to Paris.

Wherefore Captain Todd kept his eyes and ears open at La Rica. What he heard and saw is irrelevant to this plain statement. Suffice it to say that on his return to England certain confabulations took place through the medium of his equally enterprising brother, who had long made London the scene of his labours and was 'something in the City.' A syndicate of a modest and private nature furnished Captain Todd—henceforth plain 'Mr Heath Jones' for a time—with a sum of money considered sufficient for the enterprise he proposed. 'Mr Heath Jones,' thus equipped, enjoyed the novel experience of a journey to La Rica as a saloon passenger on board the ss. *Antelope*. Some innate dramatic instinct or some outcrop of northern caution had led him to effect various small changes in his appearance, and he figured in the capital of Bralita, despite its known sultriness of climate, with a more or less adipose person and a clean-shaven, eyeglassed countenance, eminently suggestive of the world of finance, and very different from the slim, sinewy, bearded salt who had looked so much at home on the bridges of the various tramps he had commanded.

Putting up at the chief hotel, he spent a harassing but ultimately satisfactory week closeted with various officials, including the President of Bralita. At its close—serene in the knowledge that, although he had been compelled to lay out the whole of the capital at his command, his return passage in the *Antelope* was booked and the documents securing the desired concessions were to be signed and delivered next day—he slept in satisfying fashion.

Next morning, when he set out for the imposing residence of the President, he was conscious of a holiday atmosphere about the town. Some folk, to judge by the sounds that greeted his ears, were giving vent to their hilarity by casual discharges of firearms in various parts of the capital. Presently he saw a few men attired in a mongrel uniform that struck him as of unfamiliar design wandering about, mostly in small groups. At the gates of the presidential palace a clump—any more military expression would be misleading—of these fellows barred his way and demanded his business. He explained that he was on his way to an interview with the President, by appointment. They regarded this as an admirable joke; and Todd, to whom the point of the joke was not obvious, was beginning to get angry and a little uneasy, when a person with some show of authority appeared, and after a few rapid questions, signified to 'Mr Heath Jones' to follow him. As he approached the residence itself he noted some broken windows, and some gentlemen in the mongrel uniform afore mentioned engaged in removing the traces of what appeared to be a slight fracas. Some damaged furniture, stains, and lead-splashes on the white walls were receiving attention.

Ushered into a small waiting-room, he had ample time to reflect upon these portents, and had just arrived at the correct deduction when he was informed that the President was graciously pleased to grant him an audience for five minutes.

A single glance at the 'President' confirmed his deductions. In place of the dark, thin, restless little man of his previous acquaintance, Todd found himself face to face with a stout, rather greasy-looking person, whose whole appearance suggested a once-athletic butcher grown unwieldy in the course of his vocation, and now experiencing the disadvantages of the summer weather.

Summoning to his aid such diplomacy as the changing life of a sailor had taught him, Todd produced his best bow and smile, and remarked that he was delighted to have the honour of thus early presenting his felicitations to the Señor President, of whose appointment he was but just aware.

The statement was so literally true to fact that he did not even know the name of the corpulent gentleman before him.

'Your business, señor?' grunted the stout man, with an impatient gesture, cutting short Todd's blandishments.

He alluded as delicately as possible to the Señor President's 'predecessor,' explained the stage to which the negotiations had progressed, and, in short, intimated his readiness to receive then and there his Excellency's sign-manual to the transaction.

The President heard him without any apparent interest.

'Have you the money with you?' he inquired when Todd concluded his résumé.

Now, the late President had been a man of more delicacy of perception, and had deprecated the bare idea of any monetary transaction between himself and 'Mr Heath Jones.' Todd had, therefore, found it necessary to lubricate his Excellency's palm in an indirect fashion before he could persuade that worthy to see his point aright. Inwardly cursing the instability of South American politics, he explained to this new Excellency as well as he could that all payments had been made, and he had merely called for the formal and documentary ratifications before returning to England.

The expectant gleam which had illumined the presidential eye as its stout possessor inquired for the money faded, and he interrupted Todd abruptly: 'I know nothing about it. You can go.' Saying which, he turned and busied himself with the concoction of a drink from materials on a side-buffet.

Todd proceeded to argue the point rather more warmly. The President shrugged his obese shoulders and rang a small bell. Todd's temper rose, and he expressed himself at large about Britons and their inalienable rights with rhetorical flourishes in the 'Rule, Britannia' style, winding up with dark hints at a gunboat and the prompt obliteration of La Rica and all it contained.

'Take him out,' said the President to the attendant in mongrel uniform who had answered the summons of the bell. It required four of them and a craftily administered kick from the President himself to accomplish this, for Todd was angry. Outside some more of the soldiery lent a willing hand, and Todd made an extremely painful progress to the gates, whence he was ejected with one or two parting and none too tender kicks. He shook his fists and indulged in other warlike demonstrations through the railings, for he had by this time completely lost sight of the financial and diplomatic character of his mission. His language was worthy of the captain of a four-master in a gale.

A bullet which ploughed an unpleasant furrow along his right cheek cooled him somewhat and strongly suggested that it was time to see about his hotel. He retreated without further care for his dignity. Unhappily, one or two more shots were fired after him in pure light-heartedness by the guard; and, probably because they made no serious effort to aim at him, Todd fell suddenly prone in the square with a bullet in his back.

Some weeks after he emerged convalescent from the hospital, having survived the extraction of the bullet and the still more serious ordeal of an extremely casual hospital régime.

He took his lesson as to the mutability of human affairs in La Rica so much to heart that he did not attempt to recover his scanty belongings at the hotel, but made his way back to England, shipping as fireman on the first homeward-bound steamer he could find to take him.

II.

It has been already noted that determination was a keynote of Captain Silas Todd's character. He landed in London more grimly resolved than ever to find that 'good square thing, with something good for S. T. hanging on to it,' and further resolved that some fine day he would settle his account with that 'fat brute of a President.'

Details of his interview with the members of the syndicate are lacking, but it was doubtless a very unpleasant quarter of an hour for Todd.

His brother was merciless in chaffing allusions to South American El Dorados, but sufficiently practical in brotherliness to advance Silas what was necessary to enable him to tide things over until he could find another ship. For two years Captain Todd sailed the seas of the world as of yore; but all things connected with Bralita had a special interest for him, and he kept himself well posted in its affairs, even going so far, on the occasion of a call at the port of La Rica, as to establish one or two unassuming friendships in quarters where his study of the political situation led him to believe that they might hereafter prove useful.

Sometimes it is the expected that happens. Indeed, a man who proclaims that he will get wet when he goes out on a rainy day is hardly regarded in the light of a prophet. Wherefore, when Todd foresaw that President Don José de Barracq—such was the name of the individual with whom Todd had so disastrous an interview—would in his turn

experience the shadow of deposition after the sunshine of power, he was not leaving a very wide margin to chance. Thanks to his Bralitan friendships, Captain Todd was able to form some shrewd conjectures as to coming events when Don José's well-timed flight added him to the ranks of the unemployed.

Thus it happened that, some three years and four months subsequent to his unpleasant Bralitan experiences, Todd was in London and closeted with his financially minded brother in the inmost sanctum of the latter's imposing suite of City offices. As a result of their talk, a small, little-used room of the suite, which gave on the principal clerks' office, had its vestibule door labelled 'General Maritime Agency, Limited: J. Todd, Managing Director,' and was furnished with a couple of chairs. In its turn it furnished much food for unfruitful speculation to the clerks of Mr J. Todd, general broker.

Silas spent much of his time in meeting such vessels as reached the port of London from Bralitan shores. At last one fine morning he came from the docks well pleased with himself, and despatched a cable to a private address in Bralita, and had another consultation with brother John.

Two days afterwards a stout foreigner rang the bell at the door of the General Maritime Agency, Limited, and inquired for 'the Señor Toad.' He was accommodated with one of the two chairs, granted a glimpse of the clerks' office, and a moment or so later requested by a clerk to state his business. This, he emphatically explained in broken English, concerned himself and 'the Señor Toad' alone. He was then politely requested to wait, and Mr Todd would see him as soon as he was disengaged.

Half-an-hour, presumably devoted to the perusal of two life-assurance placards and one framed photograph of the s.y. *Golden Fleece*, which were the only adornments of the room, passed, when he was told that Mr Todd was at liberty and could give him ten minutes. He passed through the imposing office, with its array of clerks and clicking typewriters, and was ushered into Mr Todd's sanctum. That gentleman, the very personification of Cityness, sat at a fine roll-top desk playing with a massive watch-chain. Half-a-dozen plans of vessels, a Nautical Almanac, and other similar literature lay on the desk. On the walls of the office were pinned several photographs of vessels of varying tonnage, from the mere sailing-yacht under a cloud of canvas to the larger liners.

A glance round assured Don José de Barracq, ex-President of Bralita—for he it was, though his card described him modestly as merely Señor Mendita—that this was the right place for his business, and that the cablegram he had that morning received from one of his few friends across the seas had brought trustworthy advice. He proceeded to explain his errand in cautious fashion. It appeared he wanted to purchase a steam-yacht. From the particulars he gave it was evidently wanted for some purpose of a peculiar character. Why a gentleman wanted a yacht with the carrying capacity of a small merchantman and with a fine disregard of cabin accommodation his limited English failed entirely to make clear, and as he seemed unable to give any very satisfactory account of himself and his plans, Mr Todd rose to the occasion.

'Señor Mendita, as managing director of the General Maritime Agency, I need hardly say that our clients' business is also our business, their interests our interests. If you do not choose to tell me all your purposes I have no cause to complain; but if you will frankly state your wishes, in the way of business we shall endeavour to carry them out to the best of our ability. Meanwhile, permit me to observe that we are well accustomed to carry out our clients' commissions with complete secrecy and despatch, and that whatever you choose to say within these walls will not be repeated outside them unless you wish it.'

Thus encouraged, Señor Mendita expressed his desire for a 'ship of steam, verree good ship, not too verree great, and to carree some—*si*—cargo. Also, a captain, one to whom he could confide, who should be so discreet.'

'Do I understand, señor, that you wish to charter a vessel for a voyage only?'

'*Si*—yes—so.' That was his desire.

And would the señor himself arrange for the cargo? It appeared he would; and Mr Todd, requesting Señor Mendita to be so good as to call again in two days' time, promised to give the matter his best attention.

'Strikes me,' said Silas, talking the matter over with his brother, 'that my advices from Bralita are sound. Just as we anticipated, the old beggar is plotting to get back, and wants us to do a little gun-running for him and his pals. I think there's money in it. The greasy old scamp has probably scooped the treasury before he lit out, and he will be good for a fat cheque; but no paper, mind: Bank of England notes and coin of the realm are all we can deal in. He will understand; they're used to that sort of thing in Bralita. And, I say, Jack, no chartering a vessel for this caper. Pitch it in to him that he must buy for himself. It will pay us best, my boy.'

Señor Mendita was punctual in keeping his appointment with the managing director of the General Maritime Agency, who greeted him affably and informed him that his little affair was progressing most favourably. They had on their books at the time a most suitable steam-yacht, the *Amphitrite*, which had been originally built for a noble lord who had gone hunting for buried treasure, but had abandoned that hobby in favour of horse-racing. Unfortunately she was on their hands for sale only. All inquiries had failed to unearth any owners willing to despatch any steamer on such a mysterious mission except for a sum so prohibitive that purchase of the yacht would be a cheaper and more satisfactory measure altogether. The boat in question was lying berthed near Poplar, and the señor would

perhaps go down with him and look her over. She could be got ready for sea in about ten days' time, and her price was fifteen thousand pounds.

As for a captain, he thought he had found the one man in all London for the job. If the señor was so inclined, he could be sent for at once.

The señor being so inclined, a clerk was despatched, and returned in ten minutes with Silas, who was duly introduced as Captain Todd—'the same name as myself, by a curious coincidence—of the Mercantile Marine, a gentleman who speaks Spanish perfectly, I understand, though unfortunately I have no acquaintance with your language.'

Captain Silas bore Don José's scrutiny with apparent composure, though inwardly he was conscious that much depended upon that searching glance bestowed on him. Señor Mendita, however, had little or no cause to remember the Englishman with whom he had had an unimportant interview in those earliest moments of his presidential career; indeed, the matter had passed entirely from his recollection, though, doubtless, Captain Silas Todd managed to bring it clearly to his remembrance later on.

'Señor,' commenced Don José, after a survey of the captain's physiognomy that was apparently satisfactory, 'I am in need of a captain and a crew to take out a yacht, which I shall probably purchase, to—my estate in South America. It will be necessary that I give you my entire confidence; but you are, I perceive, a man of honour'—Captain Todd bowed, and would have blushed had he not forgotten how—'and you will give me your word that it shall go no further?'

Captain Todd gave the necessary assurance.

'I am a man of business, and am going to introduce some of your latest English improvements in machinery into my factory. By so doing I am confident of gaining a great advantage over my business rivals, and it is therefore absolutely essential that no word of the affair should get abroad. My captain will have to sail to a port whose name I shall not disclose until we are nearing the coast of—South America. I myself shall travel on board, and be present to see to the shipping of the machinery. It may be that I shall require you to remain for a short time in charge of the steamer; but you may count on returning to England in three months' time at the outside.'

Don José had watched the captain very carefully whilst giving these instructions, and now paused somewhat inquiringly.

'If that is all, señor, I think I can carry out your wishes. Only, I should like to know if there is any difficulty about negotiating the harbour of which you speak, as I don't know much of that coast-line.'

Señor Mendita assured the captain that that would be all right, and seemed rather relieved, for some reason best known to himself, at Captain Todd's naïve confession.

'There will be no difficulty about the harbour, captain; but as it is possible that there may be trouble with the work-people of my rivals if they get wind of my intentions, it will be necessary during our voyage to rig up one or two quick-firing guns on board, though I don't think we shall have to use them.'

Captain Todd looked very grave at this. 'Well, señor, I am a man of peace myself, and do not wish to undertake anything likely to lead to trouble; though, as you say, these guns are to be more for the look of the thing than anything else. Still, I know my duty as a captain to stand by my employer, and I am a man with a wife and family'——

'It will be considered in the payment, señor. I am prepared to pay you handsomely for any risk you may run.'

But Captain Todd still hung back; and the more he hung back the more anxious Señor Mendita became to secure his services. He must have fleeced the treasury of Bralita pretty thoroughly, for the terms finally agreed upon were handsome; the *Amphitrite* was duly purchased, and the amount of 'machinery' which required 'extreme care' in handling must have represented a considerable expenditure also.

It was understood that the actual place of landing would be disclosed during the voyage. Captain Todd himself was of the opinion that this would be the wisest course to take, though it was given out that Buenos Ayres would be their first port of call. The Managing Director saw them off, and 'Señor Mendita' came on board with a travelling companion, who was evidently of the same nationality, within a shade or two of colour, as himself. This was understood to be his chief engineer.

Some two months later the following paragraph appeared in the *Daily Forum*:

'Our correspondent at La Rica telegraphs that the ex-President Don José de Barracq, with the late Controller-General of the Treasury, was captured on board a steam-yacht which put into this port. It is understood that they had attempted to enter Bralita by travelling as stowaways on board this vessel, whose nationality is supposed to be British, as it was generally understood that the ex-President had escaped to that country. We understand that the captain received the thanks of the Government and a substantial reward for his services to the Republic in rendering these fugitives up to justice. It will be remembered that these two men embezzled large sums from the public treasury. They were tried by court-martial and shot this morning.'

The General Maritime Agency, Limited, figured later as the vendors of the s.y. *Amphitrite*, on behalf of owners whose names did not transpire, and also of a quantity of assorted machine-guns, service-rifles, and ammunition. Soon afterwards the agency ceased to exist.

S. Todd, Esquire, J.P., has a charming little residential estate in N. Yorks., and is an authority on rose-growing.

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'PENSIONS' AND 'PENSIONNAIRES.'

By CHARLES WINDHAM.

THE visitor of modest means who proposes to stop in Paris more than a couple of weeks or so almost invariably selects a *pension* in preference to a hotel. This is certainly the case on the part of those who wish to see something of French family life and also to make headway with the language. In the Paris hotels the opportunities of learning French are few and far between. The whole polyglot staff —including waiters, chambermaids, luggage-porters, liftmen, boot-boys, and all—insists upon talking what it fondly imagines to be fluent 'English,' and it is difficult to get anything else out of the household. The fact is, the proprietors rather resent their domestics being thus made use of by travelling Britons; and when they find a guest trying to obtain a little private coaching, they are not above hinting that residence under their roof does not include tuition in the art of acquiring a Parisian accent. At any rate, this has been the experience more than once of the present writer.

On the grounds of economy, too, life in a *pension* has substantial advantages over life in a hotel. Of course, one may go to a *pension* where the rates are quite as high as those obtaining in a first-class hotel; but there is no necessity to do anything of the sort. Paris teems with boarding-houses in which the charges are remarkably low. Nor is there any difficulty in finding these, for they are freely advertised in both the French and English papers. One helpful source of information on this point is the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*. Perhaps the best, however, is the notice-board adjoining the reading-room at Smith's Library, in the Rue de Rivoli. On this are displayed scores of announcements every day respecting furnished rooms which may be engaged with or without *pension*. In passing, one may take the opportunity to remark that Smith's Library serves as the great meeting-place of the British community in Paris. Every afternoon from three to six the series of reading-rooms there are thronged with compatriots eagerly turning over the English papers of the previous day and discussing the twenty-four-hours-old news. The few French people to be encountered on the premises always look singularly ill at ease, and appear to think that they are unwarrantably intruding into such an admitted stronghold of Anglo-Saxondom.

It is not necessary, however, to consult either the notice-board at Smith's Library or the advertisement columns of the *New York Herald* to find out about *pensions* in Paris. A walk through the streets is just as efficacious, for in the houses where apartments are to be let the doorway is invariably garnished with an announcement to this effect. It may be useful to remark that a yellow ticket indicates that the rooms referred to as being to let are furnished ones, while a white ticket is exhibited when they are unfurnished. A knowledge of this little custom saves intending lodgers a good many fruitless climbs up high flights of stairs. Sometimes one finds the special advantages of the *pension* offered inside set forth on the notification at the doorway. The sort of thing one encounters in these instances is a card inscribed, 'Board-residence, bath and electricity, French conversation, distinguished family.' Another dilates upon the musical attractions offered to its patrons, 'piano *and* mandoline' being a favourite bait. 'French conversation at meals' is always made a speciality of, while occasionally one finds the head of the household sufficiently enterprising to add, 'English and American also spoken'! This is considered quite irresistible.

The great district for *pensions* in Paris is the quarter round the Place Étoile. The various thoroughfares that radiate therefrom, such as the Avenues Wagram, Hoche, Friedland, Les Champs Élysées, &c., constitute the Earl's Court of Paris, and practically every third or fourth house in this neighbourhood offers board and lodging to the stranger. As a rule the houses are comfortably enough furnished, although not in quite the luxurious manner which one would gather from

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the flowery description given them by their proprietors. However, this perhaps is only human nature.

What is known as the 'English Quarter' of Paris lies on the high ground in the north-western portion of the city. Roughly speaking, it extends from the Arc de Triomphe to the Madeleine in one direction, and from the Parc Monçeau to the Trocadero in the other. The more aristocratic portion of the British colony is congregated in the boulevards and avenues near the Embassy and the Elysée Palace, while those of its members who have taken up their residence in Paris for work rather than pleasure settle for the most part either in the Latin Quartier or in the suburbs. The suburban district, where English visitors are concerned, may be said to commence on the other side of the Arc de Triomphe. Passy, Auteuil, and Neuilly are all favourite quarters. Perhaps the last named is the most popular by reason of its proximity to the Bois de Boulogne and its ready accessibility by tram and train. Rents here are considerably lower than they are in the heart of the city.

Terms, of course, vary a good deal in accordance with the accommodotion supplied and the district in which the *pension* happens to be situated. Speaking generally, however, the usual charge is from six to fifteen francs a day. The latter sum often includes a private sitting-room, and always means a very good standard of living. In the Latin Quartier board-residence is remarkably cheap, but it by no means follows that it is remarkably good. One can be economical, indeed, at too high a price, and six flights of uncarpeted stairs, no bath-room, a bedroom like a cupboard, and meals which necessitate the laying in of a private store constitute poor compensation for the saving of a franc or two a day.

One does not wish to take their characters away unwarrantably; but in the interests of truth one feels constrained to remark that the methods of Paris landladies as a class are apt to prove little more satisfactory than those of their sisters at English seaside resorts. For example, although the intending *pensionnaire* may stipulate for strictly inclusive charges in fixing the terms, and be met with the bland assurance that such an arrangement is *bien entendu*, experience soon shows that nothing is really farther from the landlady's mind. Some of these individuals, indeed, pile up 'extras' in a fashion that would make the proprietress of a Brighton boarding-house green with envy. The dictionary rendering of the term *tout compris* is not the one known to the majority of those who conduct *pensions*. At any rate, this is a discovery that the *pensionnaire* is extremely liable to make with the presentation of the first week's bill. Unless one speaks French fluently it is better not to protest, for *madame la patronne* will promptly beat down all objections with a whirling torrent of 'explanation' that only leaves its recipient more hopelessly confused than ever. Among the commonest items figuring as 'extras' are service, lights, baths, heating, and afternoon tea. The table wine so innocently partaken of at the midday and evening meals is also as likely as not separately charged for. Even if one prefers to drink water, the landlady frequently contrives to exact her percentage of profit all the same by manufacturing another 'extra.' There is a story of one *patronne* who, when a boarder protested against being charged three francs a week for wine when he had not drunk any, blandly replied, 'My mistake, monsieur. It should be no wine, two francs.'

Should a *pension* not come up to one's expectations, it is difficult to find another establishment quickly, since custom demands a month's notice before leaving. Everything depends upon the arrangement made beforehand; and if the visitor firmly insists on taking his room by the week, and has a distinct understanding to this effect with the landlady, then he can get out of it by giving seven days' notice. Should any serious disagreement arise with respect to rent or any other matter, the boarder has only to say that he or she will lay the matter before the British Consul and abide by his decision. The mention of this functionary's name is usually sufficient to bring to her bearings the most rapacious of Paris boarding-house keepers.

With reference to the possible manifestation of differences of opinion between *pensionnaires* and those conducting the establishments in which they reside, an expert authority has expressed himself in these terms: 'Everything is by rule and red-tape. Words not embodied in writing are valueless. Landlords—and particularly landladies—often offer inducements so seductive that only long experience would prove them to be fictitious. When called upon to fulfil their promises they often tell you that you are altogether mistaken, and that they never uttered such expressions at all!' As may be imagined, this sort of thing does not tend to promote the *entente cordiale* of which we have all heard so much recently.

However, just as there are Parisian landladies with the instincts of sharks, so also are there very many others who treat their *pensionnaires* with every kindness and consideration. Nothing, indeed, could be more marked than the interest these latter display in the comfort and welfare of the strangers under their roofs. Many a solitary young English-woman, knowing no language but her own, and confided to a *pension* for perhaps months at a time, has abundant reason to be grateful to the motherly *patronne* who has changed what would otherwise be a dreary exile into a pleasant experience.

According to English ideas, the French are apt to seem a very inquisitive race, for as soon as one gets installed in a *pension* a searching document, known as the *bulletin d'arrivée*, is presented. This has to be filled up with detailed information as to one's family name, Christian names, age, profession,

birthplace, native country, usual residence, and last residence, &c. To Frenchmen it is a never-ending wonder that they are free to visit England without any such questions being asked them. Indeed, unless they have received actual experience on this point they usually put the assurance down as a 'traveller's tale.'

If a census were taken of the English *pensionnaires* in Paris, it would probably be found that the majority of their number consisted of young men and women engaged in business. For the most part they are clerks in mercantile offices or banks, typists, secretaries, daily governesses, and tutors, together (especially on the left bank of the river) with a considerable sprinkling of art-students. The domestic routine is arranged as far as possible to suit the convenience of the household in the aggregate, the ordinary hours for meals being *déjeuner* at 12.30 noon, and dinner at 6.30 P.M. *Madame la patronne*, of course, presides at the table, and leads the celebrated 'French conversation' on which so much stress has been placed in the preliminary interviews with prospective boarders. As a carver, madame performs feats that fill the beholders with wonder. To see her dissect a chicken is like watching a deftly performed conjuring-trick, while she may be relied upon to make six inches of beefsteak serve for any number of people. The *vin ordinaire*, too, which—but for the label on the bottle—might be pardonably mistaken for vinegar, is dispensed as though it were Château Lafitte at least. There is a good deal of English spoken generally, for strangers as a rule are rather shy of airing their French, and the suppressed giggles of the servants do not encourage one to attempt conversational flights in an alien tongue. Madame, however, shakes her head reprovingly at the offenders, and calls out shrilly, '*Parlez français seulement, s'il vous plaît, messieurs et mesdames*,' and for the next few minutes gallant efforts are made to comply with the demand. The French *pensionnaires*, however, are apt to prove the greatest offenders in this respect, for they never like to miss a chance of airing what they confidently imagine to be a knowledge of 'English.' Occasionally they make a mistake in crediting strangers with not knowing a word of their language merely because they are too shy to join in the conversation at table. Of this the present writer once had rather an amusing experience. He was dining at a boarding-house in Paris on a certain occasion, when two rather dashing young Parisian ladies sitting opposite looked across at a tongue-tied Briton and began to discuss his personal appearance in most candid terms to each other. Presently one of them, speaking of course in voluble French, remarked to her companion, 'I wonder if he'd kiss me if I gave him the chance.' Scarcely were the words out of her mouth when the Englishman replied in a faultless Parisian accent, 'Try me and see, madame.' As may be imagined, after this conversation languished.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER XIX.

AT ten o'clock on the evening of the 6th of February we left the Brunvarad for the scene of the Schattenbergs' great annual ball.

In the first sleigh rode Miss Anchester and myself, Herr Schneider, and the Commander-in-Chief. Following us was the sleigh containing the Fräulein von Helder and two other maids of honour. Lastly came the State equipage containing the King and Queen, a magnificent vehicle drawn by six postillioned and gorgeously trapped bays.

It was a typical Weissheim night, stilly cold, the true chiaroscuro of starlit, snowlit darkness. The approach to the Mariencastel was illuminated by fairy lamps and Chinese lanterns, while the big classical gateway of the modern façade was flanked by groups of heavy bronze statuary bearing electric arc lights. Within, a multitude of powdered, red-coated menials, a profusion of southern flowers, fragrance, warmth, brilliancy, and the indescribable atmosphere of formal and exalted festivity.

The Grand Duke, in the full-dress of a Grimland general (a costume which suited him far better than ordinary evening-clothes), his broad breast all stars and decorations, his swarthy face all smiles, welcomed us with a splendid assumption of cordiality. Max, arrogantly handsome in his Guardsman's uniform, nonchalant, but a shade less bored than usual, condescended to offer us his white-gloved hand. The Princess Mathilde, in a marvellous ivory-satin dress, a diamond coronet blazing in her dull-black hair, seemed to be transformed from a romping girl to a stately queen. The transformation, as I shortly discovered, was purely superficial.

'You mustn't stare, Mr Saunders,' she said; 'it's rude.'

'I am a great admirer of young women and old lace,' I replied. 'When I behold such a unique combination of two excellences my eyes forget their good manners.'

'But your tongue does not forget the art of flattery. Well, I forgive you, because I rather like compliments, even obviously insincere ones; and if you're very good you may dance Nos. 5 and 17 with me.'

'The reward is certainly worth while being very good for,' I said, writing my initials on her card, and noticing with a certain amount of complacency

that they were the only two vacant spaces on her programme.

After booking a couple of waltzes with Miss Anchester, a polka from Fräulein von Helder, and a set of lancers with Mrs Van Troeber, not the least gorgeously arrayed member of that distinguished gathering, I took up a position at the side of the room, and leaning against a deeply fluted pilaster, indulged in the passive delights of an amused and critical survey. A quadrille was in progress, a stately, simple dance much affected in these parts, and one which, spite of its apparent simplicity, I had made no effort to become conversant with.

After my exhilarating experiences in the Grimland Derby, I was more content to play the part of spectator. The ballroom itself was a huge modern chamber, brilliantly illuminated by enormous electroliers and innumerable wall-brackets, and decorated with rococo plaster-work, which was as ornate and quite as tasteless as the saloon of a big London hotel.

In spite of its size, the room was well filled, and the standard of good looks and feminine adornment sufficiently high to please all but the hopelessly hypercritical. Certainly it pleased me. The day had been one of triumph for me, a day in which I had tasted to the full the sweets of popular admiration. The cheers of the enthusiastic crowds as I was borne shoulder-high to the gates of the royal palace were still ringing in my ears. The emptiness of fame was recognised but not felt. For the moment I was the most admired, the most envied man in Grimland, and my position afforded me the keenest satisfaction. I knew that there was scarcely a woman in the room, however beautiful of form, however overpoweringly numerous her quarterings, who would not be proud to dance with me to-night.

Vaguely I despised myself for the satisfaction the situation afforded me, but the satisfaction remained unshaken and blatantly unassailable.

The band commenced to play the strains of the Eton boating-song, and I remembered that I was engaged to dance that enchanting waltz with Miss Anchester. The recollection afforded the necessary damper to my pride. The one woman in the room who set no value on my exploits was the one who alone was entitled to a share in my congratulations, Miss Anchester, my capable, practical, but unenthusiastic coach.

I found her standing by the King's side, and as I approached I wondered if she were really the handsomest, the most aristocratic-looking, and the best-dressed woman in the room, or whether I was merely suffering from the usual delusions of the ordinary love-sick idiot.

'The floor is very good and the band is excellent,' I began, as we lapsed into the soft swing of the fascinating measure. 'I believe these are the correct platitudes to utter in a ballroom.'

Miss Anchester refused to smile.

'You don't alter much, do you?' she said thoughtfully.

'I hope not,' I replied; 'a change for the better is hardly conceivable.'

'Not to a limited intelligence.'

'You do not alter much either,' I retorted.

'That is no doubt a pity.'

'Not for the world at large,' I replied. 'Mustard is a popular condiment, though personally I never touch it.'

'Do you know that you are rather rude?' she asked in her usual tone, without banter and without annoyance.

'I am beginning to suspect it,' I replied calmly. 'The simile was a trifle piquant.'

'Tell me,' she said, changing the subject abruptly, 'don't you think the Princess Mathilde looks perfectly lovely?'

'She is certainly very pretty,' I conceded.

'Why qualify the appreciation?' demanded my partner. 'The Princess is a remarkably beautiful girl, and a very nice one.'

'I will not qualify your last statement,' I said. 'The Princess Mathilde is a charming girl.'

'She is very much in love with life.'

'The correct attitude to adopt towards that doubtful blessing,' I remarked.

'Then why not adopt it?'

'Because one cannot force one's inclinations. Nature intended me to be morbid, like Herr Schneider. Look at him there, basking in the Princess's smile like a toad in the sunshine. He is not really happy. His lips smile; his eyes twinkle; his features express pleasurable attention; but at least half his mind is elsewhere, plotting for the King's safety, calculating his year's salary, analysing his own sensations, and wondering whether anything in this world is worth having or doing, saying or thinking, or listening to.'

'You hit him off perfectly,' said my companion; 'so well, indeed, that I am forced to suspect a similar lack of concentration on your own part.'

'In other words,' I said, 'you think I am not enjoying myself.'

'I think it is quite possible.'

At the risk of being rude I held my peace. The day had given me pleasure in perhaps its highest form—namely, a deeply coveted success at an exhilarating sport. The memory of the pleasure was with me still, tricked out and garnished with all the sensuous embellishments that music and beauty could afford; but the one ingredient necessary to happiness was lacking. To put my thoughts into words was to make a barely veiled avowal, and the reasons for not doing so being overwhelming, I held my peace.

At the conclusion of the dance I made a formal suggestion anent refreshments. To my surprise, my companion fell in with it.

'I should like a glass of champagne, please,' she said. 'After all, life's greatest joys are champagne and diamonds, and if I am denied one,

there is no reason why I should not enjoy the other.'

I smiled. The insincerity of these abominable sentiments would have been palpable in a far more worldly creature than the royal governess, and the unwonted flippancy of her utterance was quite out of keeping with the normal tone of her remarks.

'What are you smiling at?' she asked in all apparent seriousness.

'At your new-born profligacy.'

'Thanks very much. First I am compared to mustard, then I am accused of profligacy. Your manners are, if possible, deteriorating.'

'I hate good manners in a man,' I retorted as we approached the refreshment-bar; 'they are like the perpetual wearing of patent-leather boots. They denote the fool or the knave.'

'When will you cease to moralise?'

'As soon as you have finished your champagne.'

'That will be never. My profligacy is a poor, half-fledged thing. I sip the cup of dissipation, but am not yet capable of emptying a full glass.'

I looked at her curiously. Her manner had undergone a palpable change, and I, who had desired nothing so much as an alteration in her behaviour, was vaguely displeased.

At this juncture the King and General Meyer strolled into the buffet, talking together in low tones. From the latter's mask-like features it was impossible, as at all times, to learn anything, but from the King's heavy frown I gathered that their discussion was of a serious nature.

'Well, Saunders,' said His Majesty, brightening visibly as his gaze fell upon us, and helping himself to a glass of champagne. 'Here's to the Winner of the Grimland Derby. *Prosit!*'

'Here's to our strong-nerved English friend,' said the General, raising his glass. '*Prosit.*'

'Here's to that dashing tobogganer, Mr Saunders,' said Miss Anchester, following suit. '*Prosit.*'

'Many thanks,' I said, bowing. 'My felicity is now complete. Is your Majesty dancing?'

'I have been,' said the King. 'And what is more, Miss Anchester has promised to dance the next dance with me.'

'The music is beginning,' said the General; and a minute later he and I were alone in the buffet, save for the gorgeously arrayed attendants.

'What a fine couple they make!' mused the Commander-in-Chief. 'I wish the King would divorce his present gracious and high-born spouse.'

'And marry his gracious and comparatively humbly born governess?'

General Meyer nodded. 'I could feel loyal to a Queen like that,' he said.

'She must indeed be fascinating.'

My companion smiled.

'You think my loyalty needs a little rousing,' he said.

'It is hardly of the fervid type,' I replied, 'but doubtless serviceable enough as far as the King is concerned.'

'If I were a novelist,' he went on, 'I should engage the King to Miss Anchester and you to the Princess Mathilde.'

'And yourself to Mrs Van Troeber.'

'No,' he replied; 'that is a matter for fact rather than fiction. Congratulate me. The divine widow has made me the happiest general in Grimland.'

'That is saying little.'

'The happiest Jew in Europe, then.'

'That is saying a great deal, but I hope not too much. I congratulate you with all my heart, and drink to your felicity. The alliance will be an ideal one of brains and beauty.'

'Many thanks. By the way, will you stay till the end of the dance?'

'As likely as not,' I replied. 'I do not like dances as a rule, but am enjoying this in a placid sort of way. It is something of a spectacle.'

'It is certainly something of a spectacle to see the Grand Duke so uniformly amiable; still more so to see young Max disporting himself with the abandon of a healthy-minded schoolboy.'

'It smacks of the unnatural,' I said.

The General shrugged his shoulders. 'It has made Schneider very uneasy,' he said. 'That man is a marvel. He reads the hearts and minds of men like an open book.'

'Expurgating the noblest chapters,' I commented.

'Perhaps; but he is very wonderful. If I were the novelist, again, I should marry him to the Fräulein von Helder. It would be poetic justice;' and, with another shrug of his high shoulders and a Semitic smirk, he left me.

Slowly the evening wore on, with its endless round of waltzes, polkas, cotillion, and quadrille. Part performer, part spectator, I passed my time dancing now with the Princess Mathilde, who was in her very best spirits and trod the floor like a fairy; now with the Fräulein von Helder, who was also in her very best spirits and trod the floor like an elephant. Again, in periods of pleasurable inactivity I watched the Grand Duke as he threw himself with the robust vigour of his middle age and a certain native dignity into the rousing measure of the Polish mazurka. I noted Herr Schneider here, there, and everywhere, always smiling, always gesticulating, unctuously polite, a perfect dancer, a marvellously glib talker, yet nowhere welcome.

Soon after one o'clock their Majesties departed, and an hour later the crowd had thinned visibly. I looked at my programme. I had only one more waltz booked, No. 17, and I had promised most faithfully to dance that with the Princess Mathilde.

The Brun-varad party had all left, but, yawningly allegiant, I stayed behind. My reward was long in coming, for extras were inserted, and I had regretted my promise not a little before the familiar strains of *La Lettre de Manon* proclaimed the end of my gaping tryst.

'What a shame to keep you up all this time!' said the Princess mockingly as we met by the flower-wreathed pillars of the music-gallery. 'I've

noticed you supporting the wall nobly for a long time. Poor little thing, is it pining for its bed after its noble exertions?'

'I am pining to dance my favourite waltz with you,' I said politely. 'My gaping is a symptom of excitement, not fatigue.'

'Come along, then,' she said merrily; 'let us enjoy ourselves while we are young. How lovely Miss Anchester looked to-night!'

'Almost divine!' I asserted.

'Don't be horrid,' said the Princess, laughing. 'She is very beautiful.'

'In disposition no less than feature,' I assented. 'Her perfection is angelic, and, as I am a mere man, my admiration for an angel is naturally somewhat distant.'

'You should whisper sweet nothings in her ear.'

'Thank you,' I said. 'My ordinary conversation is quite foolish enough to bring down her rebuke. I tremble to contemplate her scorn for a sentimental conversation.'

'I shouldn't think you were much good at sentiment,' laughed my partner.

'I am a perfect fool at it,' I admitted. 'But I am very efficient at supper. Have you supped yet?'

'Once.'

'And I once also. I have expelled Nature with a knife and fork—*tamen usque recurret*. In other words, I have developed my second appetite as a runner develops his second wind.'

We made our way to the supper-room, which was almost empty, and made a praiseworthy attack on some mayonnaise of chicken and a bottle of '89 Pommery and Greno.

There were several more dances on the programme, but the Princess showed no desire to curtail our *tête-à-tête*.

'I *have* enjoyed myself this evening,' she said fervently.

'Don't speak of enjoyment in the past,' I said. 'Surely the present is enjoyable enough. I always think the light refreshment at the conclusion of a dance is the acme of pleasure. At least, there is only one higher rung on the ladder of enjoyment.'

'And that is?'

'The cigar after the light refreshment.'

'Then you can climb to the highest rung of your sensuous ladder.'

'Not here?'

'No; but I can take you to a place where you can smoke.'

'By myself?'

'No, in my society—if you can tolerate it.'

I smiled. I had always imagined princesses to be somewhat rigorously protected beings, hedged in and fenced by every restraint that the ingenuity of etiquette and Court convention could devise. Yet this undeniably charming creature, in the first flush of her inexperienced womanhood, was not only free from such watchful supervision, but was unhampered in herself by any artificially cultivated sense of restraint. If ever a girl was natural, wholesomely minded, and altogether lovable, it was the bright-eyed, bright-souled little Princess who shared my supper-table.

'The suggestion is worthy of you,' I said slowly; 'that is to say, it is admirable.'

'Then you will come and smoke in my boudoir?'

There was an ill-concealed eagerness in her tone, and her eyes seemed to wait expectantly for my acquiescence.

Some chance-words of General Meyer's recalled themselves to my puzzled brain. 'The wildest blood in Europe runs in that little witch's veins,' he had once said. Well, maybe; but it was impossible to con the schoolgirl merriment on her pretty face and doubt its quintessential innocence.

'The proposal is an alluring one,' I said slowly. 'The question is, does your father approve of your taking your partners to smoke in your boudoir?'

'You are afraid of my father being angry with you?'

'Not in the least. I am afraid of his being angry with you.'

'Well, then,' she laughed, 'that's all right, because if you are not afraid of my father, I'm not in the very least. Besides,' she went on, seeing me still hesitate, 'he doesn't mind that sort of thing at all. Why should he?'

'Why indeed?' I echoed.

'I shall be horribly offended if you don't come.'

'So you said once when you invited me to bobsleigh.'

'Oh,' she laughed, 'then I had a motive.'

'Well,' I said, rising, 'I suppose I must fall in with your unconventional schemes.'

'Conventionality has little part in the character of the Schattenbergs,' she said as we left the room.

Instead of returning to the ballroom we passed down a side passage to the left. Another turn to the right, a couple of flights of stairs, and we passed through a swing doorway to an unlit corridor overlooking a snow-carpeted courtyard.

'Now we are in the ancient part of the Marienbergcastel,' remarked my fair guide, gazing out of the window; 'it was from that corner *tourelle* that the Dukes of Schattenberg hung their prisoners of war in the olden days.'

'A curious family yours,' I commented.

'Our family history is the most romantic in Europe,' she said simply, halting before a low door opening on our right. 'It is a thousand pities we live in such a prosaic age.'

'A slightly bloodthirsty regret,' I remarked, thinking of the prisoners, and following her into a pitch-dark room, where I waited for the light to be turned on.

I heard the click of an electric-light switch, and after the half-second necessary for the adaptation of my vision, I found I was gazing into the polished barrel of a revolver.

(To be continued.)

THE UTILISATION OF WASTE.

By CHARLES E. DODSLEY.

ORIGINALLY beautifully situated, amidst well-wooded hillsides, golden corn-fields, or verdant pasture-land watered by limpid streams, the country around all large manufacturing centres is soon rendered sterile and unsightly by the output of refuse and waste matter—the excreta of industry—forming huge mounds of rubbish, polluting the streams, killing the vegetation. Sometimes the mounds of unprofitable rubbish, in course of time, become hidden under a cover of rank vegetation; but only such plants as require but little sustenance, and that chiefly derived from the atmosphere, thrive on such unproductive soil.

In other parts this waste may be utilised in reclaiming or forming new land; but this is only possible where special geographical conditions prevail, as at the mouth of rivers or on marsh or bog land. At the estuary of the Tees, miles of sandy marsh have been recovered from the sea by tipping slag-refuse from the innumerable blast-furnaces which abound on both banks of the river. This reclamation of land is effected as follows: An embankment of slag is pushed out from the land above high-water mark, and gradually extended outwards over the marshy ground covered by the tides. This embankment is extended along the line of low-water level until a large tract is enclosed. By continuous additions, the bank is broadened until of sufficient strength to resist the incoming of the water. The enclosed space is then filled in and allowed to settle down, and where a few years before was nought but a wilderness of desolation a thriving town quickly springs into being.

Minor uses of this waste from iron-smelting are numerous. Slag-wool, or silica-wool, is in appearance and properties similar to asbestos, and is largely employed as packing for steam-pipes, cylinders, boilers, &c., on account of its excellence as a non-conductor of heat. Slag-wool is prepared by a very simple process. As the hot liquid slag runs from the blast-furnace it has a temperature of over one thousand degrees Fahrenheit. Through this molten stream a jet of superheated steam is forced, which carries out with it a cloud of snow-like flakes, which are driven through a funnel-shaped cylinder into a collecting-chamber, where the slag-wool falls like a snow-shower, but snow at the heat of boiling water.

Slag-bricks and paving-blocks are made by collecting the molten slag in special iron moulds arranged on what looks very like a merry-go-round. In these the slag sets into hot, translucent blocks, which, as the frame revolves, are transferred by means of huge pincers to an annealing oven, where they are subjected to a further heating, and finally cooled down, forming a lasting material for building purposes. A cement and also a variety of ornaments are made from this unpromising-looking material; and from basic slag chemical manure is prepared rich in silica and phosphates, rendering it specially valuable as a fertiliser for cereal crops.

Vast volumes of gas and ammonia are evolved during the blasting. These were at one time all allowed to escape and pollute the surrounding atmosphere and utterly destroy vegetation. Now the combustible gases are used in the hot-air blast, by which means a steady temperature of three thousand degrees Fahrenheit is maintained with a lower engine-power. The ammonia gas is employed in the conversion of brine into alkali and sal-ammoniac.

From alkali to soap is a natural transition. Soap is made by boiling fat with an alkali. In the process of manufacture glycerine is formed. This valuable commercial commodity was at one time allowed to run to waste. Now it is one of the most necessary articles in modern economics, and its market-value is three or four times that of the article in the production of which it occurs as a by-product.

It is not yet twenty years since the *modern introduction* of lanoline. With purpose I say modern introduction, for sheep's-wool fat was used as an unguent in very ancient times, being mentioned by Pliny and Dioscorides as used in the toilet of ladies. One of the first—if not the very first—samples of lanoline which came to this country passed through my hands. At that time I was with a firm of German chemists in London. From Messrs Gehe and Company of Dresden we received a small consignment of 'wool-fat.' This sample was a viscid mass, yellowish-brown in colour, and of most evil odour such as pervades a hide and skin mart on a hot day. Lanoline is now a household word, and is in world-wide demand as a delicately perfumed emollient toilet cream. How many tons of this valuable adjunct to pharmacy have been allowed to run to waste in the wool-washings it is impossible to compute.

The last place one would expect to find material wherewith to compound toothsome confectionery would be a cotton-mill. Yet the used-up pickers which have been discarded from the spinning-looms form the basis of certain jujubes or pastilles. The picker consists of a long strip of hide studded with wire teeth, like a wire hair-brush. After a time the picker becomes clogged with fluff, dirt, and grease, and is then replaced by a new one. Until quite recently the discarded pickers were consigned to the waste-heap; now, as I said, they form the staple of a profitable industry. The hide is separated from the wire, and freed from grease and dirt; the gelatine is then extracted and purified, combined

with glucose or sugar, colouring, and flavourings, and sent forth again in a variety of tasty confections. What left the mill for the waste-heap returns as a dainty sweetmeat! Verily, the grub, chrysalis, and the butterfly of the workaday world!

From hide to leather is a natural sequence. What becomes of the old boots? As far as I have been able to gather, the brown paper and cardboard have no further use after being travestied as leather; but from the leather portion of boot-uppers buttons are made. The leather is chemically treated, and so converted into horn substance, which may be coloured and pressed into any shape or style of ornamental and useful button. There is nothing like leather, when it is leather!

From whichever side one enters the Lancashire town of St Helens, the centre of the plate-glass industry, one's attention is arrested by the numerous banks of sand which are all around. They are silt from the grinding and polishing of the plate-glass. This is done by fixing the slabs of fired glass —varying in thickness from a quarter of an inch to three or four inches—on to a circular table which revolves like a huge potter's wheel; above this a mechanical arrangement of polishing-pads is fixed, sand and water are thrown on to the revolving disc or table, and it is the washings from these polishing-tables that have formed the huge mounds of waste. The minute particles of glass mixed with the sand rendered it quite useless for any purpose, until recently a means was discovered for utilising a portion of this erstwhile useless waste.

Many more instances might be cited, some only of minor importance, others of enormous economic value, as the conversion of the refuse of towns by means of destructors into electrical power, and the methods adopted by corporate bodies for utilising sewage, and so forth; but these are subjects beyond the scope of this paper.

THE STRONG-ROOM.

THE STORY OF A BANK ROBBERY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

ON Saturdays the bank closed at one o'clock; but on this half-holiday it was long past three when Frank Meredith, the cashier, had finished his duties. He was alone in the office. The following Monday, the first in August, would be a bank holiday, and the manager had left early to walk to Crossgar, some seven miles from Dooniskey, to catch a train going to Cork, where he was to spend the holiday; while the junior clerk had set out for Kilrea on his way to Dublin. Both stations are on the main line between Dublin and Cork, and form the base of a triangle of which Dooniskey is the apex.

Meredith was glad to be alone. He felt perplexed and worried. He had intended to go away himself; but late in the week the manager had unexpectedly announced his own intention of travelling, so the cashier had to cancel his plans and make arrangements to sleep in the bank house during his chief's absence. This, however, was not the real cause of his distress. Something infinitely worse was at its root. During the past few days an incident had occurred which, coupled with the manager's sudden determination to avail himself of the forthcoming holiday, had aroused Meredith's suspicion and caused him deep anxiety. Since he had known his superior official he had experienced an instinctive distrust for him, but until now nothing had happened to justify it.

While reviewing the event in his mind the door leading to the private apartments of the building opened, and the manager's daughter—or, to be more correct, his step-daughter—entered the office.

'Still poring over the dusty ledgers, Mr Meredith?' she said, smiling and coming close to the counter.

'I have just finished,' he replied, leaning forward to grasp her outstretched hand.

When Millicent Miller was only three years old her father had died, and a few years later her mother had married John Rogers, manager of the County Bank at Dooniskey. To neither the mother nor her little girl did the alliance bring happiness. After a few stormy years the former had died, while the child had grown up with a mingled fear and hatred of her step-father. Between her and Meredith there existed a friendship which was not overlooked by the gossips of the quiet little town. She was now in her twentieth year, a tall, graceful girl, with soft brown eyes and a charming manner.

'It was too bad about the holiday,' she remarked consolingly as Meredith shut up his books and put away his writing materials.

'It does not matter very much,' he replied. 'If I had known that Mr Rogers had intended going away, I should not have thought of travelling myself.'

'I was astonished when, on Thursday morning, he told me he was going, and so far as I know he has no friends in Cork,' the girl remarked.

'Are you quite sure of that?' Meredith inquired eagerly.

'Yes,' she replied. 'Why do you ask?' she added after a moment's thought.

Meredith hesitated before replying. He wondered if it would be right to tell her the cause of his

anxiety. He knew that she was to be trusted, and he wished to have her opinion of the matter. She might be able to help him.

'Because,' he replied, 'I am afraid that something very serious has happened.'

'What is it?' she asked, growing interested.

'I suppose you know that Lady Melville has let her place for the shooting, and that she has gone abroad for the winter.'

The girl nodded.

'Well,' continued Meredith, 'on Wednesday, the day before she left, she called here and deposited for safe custody her jewel-case containing a famous diamond necklace of which you have probably heard.'

'Everybody in Dooniskey has heard of Lady Melville's necklace. It is said to be of enormous value.'

'So it is; and she has been in the habit of leaving it in our charge whenever she goes away from home. She is a rather careless woman, however. Shortly after she had left the office I noticed that the lock on the case was in a bad way, and for that reason I suggested to Mr Rogers that we should immediately place it in the safe inside the strong-room. He complained of being busy just then, and I did not press the matter. Soon after I was obliged to go to the post-office to despatch a telegram, and just when I got there it suddenly occurred to me that I should not have left the office while an article of such value was lying about. I hurried back, and just as I stepped inside the door I am positive that I heard a sharp click like the snapping of a lock. I said nothing about it. You know the kind of man the manager is. But ever since I have felt horribly worried about the matter, especially when, on the following day, he said he was going to Cork for the holiday.'

'What you tell me is very alarming,' said Millicent seriously. 'But, after all, there is nothing to prove that the necklace was actually removed from its case.'

'No, of course there is not; nevertheless, I cannot help feeling uneasy about the whole affair.'

'I suppose,' said Millicent, 'there is no means of having access to the box.'

'Unfortunately no,' Meredith replied, shaking his head. 'By this time Lady Melville is somewhere on the Continent; and, as you know, the door of the strong-room is controlled by two keys, one of which is in Mr Rogers's possession, while I have charge of the other. The safe inside the room is opened in the same way. Unless we are both present neither door can be opened.'

While uttering these words his face had assumed an anxious, worried expression, which did not escape Millicent, and filled her with a desire to aid him; but she felt utterly helpless. Yet she had not taken so serious a view of the affair as Meredith had done. She knew her step-father thoroughly; and, while making allowance for his unprincipled character, she felt that he was far too crafty to attempt anything so risky as this. So it was with conviction that she told Meredith her opinion of the matter.

'This thing has preyed on your mind,' she added. 'Try and forget all about it. You want something to cheer you up. I hope you are remembering that there is to be a concert in the Town Hall to-night, and that you promised to take me to it.'

Meredith assured her that he had not forgotten; and, promising to call for her in good time, he departed to his lodgings just outside the town.

Punctually at the hour named he returned. In his hand he carried a small dressing-bag, as he would be sleeping in the bank that night.

'Mary tells me that her mother is sick, so I have allowed the girl to go and see her instead of going to chapel to-night,' were Millicent's first words on admitting him. Mary was the general servant in the bank house, and it was the custom to allow her out every Saturday night to attend to her religious duties.

'In that case I had better lower the night-bolt before we leave the house,' said Meredith.

The 'night-bolt,' as it was called, was a strong steel rod running vertically from the manager's bedroom through the central wall of the house until it entered a groove in the top of the door of the strong-room. A lever, cunningly hid in the floor of the bedroom, controlled it. As Meredith turned the handle of the lever the bolt groaned slightly, and he remarked to himself that it wanted oiling. Just as he was passing the side of the manager's bed on his way down again, his foot struck against something that emitted a jingling sound. The room was almost dark, and the noise caused him to start violently. He hurriedly slipped his hands into his pockets, but was relieved to find that nothing was missing. Then he knelt down and swept the floor with the tips of his fingers until they touched something cold and smooth. He rose to his feet with a rapidly beating heart. In his hand were the manager's keys. The strong-room and all that it contained were at his mercy! For moments his brain felt too small to hold his thoughts. Then the voice of Millicent calling on him to hurry brought him back to the present. As he descended the stairs he rapidly decided that he should not tell her of his find.

During the whole of the concert he was deaf to everything around him. One thought only occupied his mind. Fate had in truth given him the keys of the situation, and he was determined to use them.

When they returned to the bank they found a note awaiting them on the hall table. It was from Mary, saying that her mother was seriously ill, and that she would not be able to return that night. Meredith was well pleased to hear the latter portion of the news.

'Don't forget to turn off the gas at the meter,' said Millicent as she handed him a candlestick. 'I am dreadfully afraid of being suffocated.'

Meredith went to the meter at once, but he only pretended to turn off the current. He would want it later on.

When he reached his bedroom he quenched the candle and removed his boots—that was all. Then he threw himself on the bed and waited. It was weary work lying there in the dark listening to the ticking of the clock and the sound of footsteps, gradually growing fewer, in the street below. At last he felt that he might safely venture on his secret mission. The first thing to be done was to raise the night-bolt, and to do so he had to visit the manager's room. Fortunately it was next to his own; but the bolt groaned noisily as he pressed the lever. Like a thief he crept down the stairs, pausing for long moments at those little sounds which in daylight escape notice, but which darkness transforms into tumult. Once, when he reached the office, the scratching of a mouse behind the counter caused him to shiver and stand still.

At last he stood before the door of the strong-room, and not till then did he venture to light the candle which he had brought with him. How his hands shook as he inserted the keys into their appointed places—the manager's first, then his own! A slight, sudden jerk was all that was required to open the heavy door. His first act when once inside was to light the gas; then he turned towards the safe in which Lady Melville's jewel-case was stored. It opened without any difficulty, and he found the case lying on the lower shelf. Now that he was on the brink of learning whether the fear that had haunted him during the past few days was without foundation or not he felt terribly nervous, and hesitated before touching the box. Overcoming his fears, he stooped down and lifted it with trembling hands. It felt strangely light. He examined it carefully, shook it—nothing sounded within. Then he turned his attention to the lock, and he wondered at Lady Melville's carelessness. Why, almost before he knew it, the case lay open in his hands! A moan escaped his lips. It was empty! His worst fears were realised, his suspicion confirmed. In a dazed, stupefied manner he gazed round the room, and the empty box slipped from his nerveless fingers, for in the doorway the figure of Millicent stood swaying from side to side.

'What has happened?' she almost shrieked. 'In God's name, tell me what has happened!'

'It is empty!' he answered blankly. 'The necklace is gone—stolen by your father!'

'Oh, this is dreadful!' she cried. 'But tell me how you got in here? I could not sleep. Then I heard some noise. I went to your door, but could get no answer; so I opened it, but you were not there. Oh, tell me everything!'

Briefly he told her of the way in which he had found the keys. 'And now,' he concluded, 'I must not waste a moment before putting the matter in the hands of the police.'

'The police!' exclaimed Millicent. But before she could utter another word a sudden movement outside the door of the room impelled her to turn round. Meredith followed her example, and there, to their amazement, they beheld the face of John Rogers, distorted with rage, watching them with ferocious intensity.

Instinctively Meredith sprang forward. But too late; the massive door slammed in his face. For a moment or two he flung himself against it in a fit of uncontrollable rage; but his efforts were as futile as if directed against the walls of a fortress. They were prisoners, caught like rats in a trap, in a tiny room scarcely seven feet square, with an air-tight steel door and no ventilation. To add to their horror, in a few minutes the light went out, and shortly afterwards the air grew stifling with the smell of escaping gas. The hour was one o'clock on Sunday morning; on Monday the bank would be closed, so that unless their captor relented or help came, there they might remain, dead or alive, until the following Tuesday. The prospect was appalling.

(To be continued.)

OLD ART BRONZES AND THEIR IMITATION.

PART II.

CINQUECENTO BRONZES.

IN dealing with sixteenth-century bronzes, which are the most highly valued of all bronzes, I do not refer to the common imitations to be found in the shop of every dealer in 'antiques' from Milan to Naples, and often also in London, Paris, and other European cities. These are made by the dozen or hundred in Florence, Rome, and Venice at the cost of a pound or two each, and only deceive the most inexperienced tourist. My remarks relate entirely to the carefully designed and finely wrought copies made at the cost of much money and time in order to deceive connoisseurs and experts. All of these high-class imitations are executed in Paris, where alone are to be met with the art-learned engineers to arrange for their manufacture, as well as the artists to carry out the work.

There is a great deal of confusion as to the period covered by the term 'cinquecento' as applied to works of art. The word 'cinquecento' nominally comprises the years between 1500 and 1599 inclusive; but actually, as applied to works of art, it has a much more restricted meaning. There is no absolutely definite understanding amongst amateurs and dealers as to when the cinquecento period

begins and when it ends. The years between 1475 and 1520 are certainly included within the period. Some amateurs extend it to 1530, and others apply the term to the works of artists who died or were lost sight of during the first quarter of the sixteenth century, whether such works were completed in the fifteenth or sixteenth century. In Italy, where one would suppose the word would find its true meaning, the term 'cinquecento,' as applied amongst the general public to sculpture, modelling, and engraving, extends fully to the death of Benvenuto Cellini (1571), and occasionally later up to the period when a yellow tinge commenced to appear in the paste of the bronzes. In England and France it is not uncommon to find Cellini and Giovanni of Bologna regarded as belonging to the cinquecento period; and truly, although their works practically indicate a revolution in the modelling art, it is difficult to separate them from the magnificent phalanx of sculptors and modellers of whom Pollaiulo and his confrères formed the van. Nevertheless, if one is offered a 'cinquecento' bronze, he naturally expects to see a lovely piece of red modelling with all the evidences of Italian art and manufacture somewhere between the years 1475 and 1520, and disappointment and even suspicion will come to him if the pateen of the late Cellini period is evident, unless, of course, it is claimed that the bronze is the work of the great master himself, or of the greater (in my opinion) Giovanni of Bologna.

It can be understood, therefore, that the forger of Italian Renaissance bronzes finds his operations limited. He must either make a bronze of the epoch between 1475 and 1520 (preferably between 1480 and 1500), without necessarily giving an artist's name to it, or he must make a later work in imitation of the style of some particular master. Cellini is almost out of the question. His work is so fine and marvellously precise as to be exceedingly difficult to imitate; but it would be harder still to find a new design upon which to base the manufacture of a spurious Cellini. No man's works are better known or have been more exhaustively criticised. A mere reproduction of a given design would be recognised at once; and while it might be possible to take here and there an idea or an incident from his established masterpieces to embody in a new scheme, yet I think the man has yet to be found who combines a knowledge of the limits of the chiseller's art with the profound artistic mind necessary to design a plaque or a sword-handle such as Cellini would have suggested.

The position in regard to Giovanni of Bologna is different. In the first place, the greater part of his work was in bronze, and he delighted in small figures—that is, relatively small—a large number of his finest pieces measuring between a foot and eighteen inches in height; while Cellini made very few small bronzes, confining his attention chiefly to work in the precious metals or to monumental bronze figures. But it is small bronze figures which are mostly in demand amongst collectors, and so there is considerable scope for the forger in copying the style of Giovanni. Moreover, although it is practically impossible to reproduce the tremendous genius of Giovanni, yet there is a better chance of deceiving the amateur with an imitation of Giovanni than with one of Cellini. The Bologna artist was broader in design than the Florentine, and was much more disposed to sacrifice detail to general effect and strength. On seeing a fine work by Giovanni one's natural exclamation is, 'What a great artist!' but with a Cellini one's expression is more likely to be, 'What a lovely conception, and how perfectly executed!' Sculpture is not like painting, where technical detail plays a much larger part even in the works of artists whose style is known as 'broad;' and hence a first-class artist may, without being a genius, model a semblance of Giovanni more easily than he could paint a representation, say, of a later Rembrandt portrait. No forged Giovanni could for one minute be shown alongside a genuine work; but the imitation usually comes from a good studio, and though it may not indicate the inspiration of genius, it is often a fine work of art and really attractive to the average amateur.

But the work of the forger does not cease with the completion of a good model. The hardest and most tedious part of his task has yet to be done in the preparation of the pateen. There are two distinct varieties of pateen in the early cinquecento bronzes, and there are three in the works of Giovanni and his period. Bronzes of the period 1480 to 1520 have either a semi-dull—or one may use the term semi-polished—pateen, the tone varying from brown to black through dark-red, or a polished dark (nearly black) pateen; while those of the Giovanni period have either a dull-red, a polished brown or brown-red, or a dull or semi-dull black surface. The dull-red pateen of the Giovanni bronze has no sort of likeness to the semi-dull red of the earlier bronze. The polish, however faint, on the latter is entirely absent from the former. The surface of this variety of the Giovanni bronze bears almost the appearance of a skin, and may to some appear modern, being, indeed, at first glance not unlike the pateen of some late imitations of Barye.

Of the five varieties of cinquecento pateen mentioned, the dull-red of the later period and the two dark pateens cannot be imitated at all, though doubtless a passable method of creating these will one day be found. There remain, then, only two kinds of this pateen that can be imitated with any degree of real semblance—namely, the semi-dull red and the polished brown or brown-red. The imitation of the first of these is more difficult, and seldom deceives the true collector unless he be a new hand; but the polished pateen is sometimes so well done as to delude all but the most expert judges.

The method of producing the polished brown or brown-red pateen of the Giovanni period is as follows: The bronze, having been cast and finished

so far as the sculpture is concerned, is taken to the seaside, and for a short time, perhaps a week or two, is given a bath of breezy ocean-air. It is then returned to the atelier of the artist, or rather of the gentleman who is responsible for its production, and thenceforth for a considerable period it rests in a fairly warm room during the daytime, but between sundown and sunrise it is exposed to the night atmosphere. Each morning, when it is brought in from the open air, the moisture it has gathered is quickly driven away before a good fire. The bronze is then well rubbed with chamois leather for a full half-hour. The length of time during which this process is repeated varies considerably. There is not even an approximate rule, and doubtless the rapidity with which a pateen of the character desired is given varies with the atmospheric conditions of the place where the processes are carried out. From eighteen to thirty-six months are usually required, though in one case as much as four years was given to the work. Probably a little over two years might be considered the average time.

There are several methods of producing the semi-dull red pateen of the early cinquecento bronze; but, as before indicated, not one of them is more than partially successful. The night-air expedient is used for a very short period at the commencement of the operation—say, for a month or so—and then the bronze is repeatedly heated to a little above the boiling-point of water, this apparently being for the purpose of producing a slight oxidation. When what seems to be the proper 'tone' has been imparted to the bronze by these heat-applications, another month of night-exposure is given to it, the morning rubbing not being forgotten. The bronze has then about the proper tone and pateen, but the peculiar worn appearance of the true early examples is wanting. At this point, then, it is allowed to fall on to a stone or tile pavement a few times from a short height to give it the requisite dents, and is finally taken to the seaside, where it is exposed to wind and weather for three or four months, getting an occasional rubbing or semi-roasting as the manipulator may consider necessary.

I stated above that the very dark cinquecento bronze pateens cannot be imitated. I referred, of course, to fairly good imitations. Attempts are sometimes made to place on the market bronzes with the alleged genuine black pateen; but they are so unlike the real thing that they can only deceive the tyro in collecting. The fraudulent black pateen is produced by lightly coating the bronze with a silver amalgam. The mercury is driven off by heat, and the bronze, having then a very thin and irregular coating in places, is well heated over a fire of coal, the coating of silver thus being converted into a black sulphide. The experienced eye spots the fraud at once, for there is something more in the real dark pateen than mere features of tint and brightness. What cannot be imitated is the natural decay of the surface produced by oxidation, which has been more rapid (probably from conditions of location) in these bronzes than in the dull-red or bright polished brown-red.

The pateen of cinquecento bronzes varies, of course, with the conditions under which the works have been kept since they were cast, but only in very few cases has the surface been materially corroded. The 'paste' of these bronzes is always red, and they are invariably composed of nearly pure copper. Nevertheless, although of nearly the same metal composition, and although all—leaving aside those which have stood in the open air—have been exposed to about the same atmospheric conditions during their centuries of existence, yet the works of each artist appear generally to show a particular pateen or gradation of pateens. This perhaps arises partly from variations in the trivial quantities of alloys used, and partly from the character of the mould adopted, as the composition of the moulds used varied considerably. It need hardly be said that no rule of pateen can be laid down; but some generalisations as to pateen in regard to a few of the more important quattrocento and cinquecento artists may be noted. Donatello's bronzes show a surface of dark polished red to black; Bertoldi, polished black, with two or three exceptions which are dark polished brown; Ricci, polished brown, with dull-black patches; Bonaccolsi has the same pateen, except that the brown is lighter in shade; Sansovino, black unpolished; Pollaiulo, dark polished red to black; Brunelleschi, dull dark-red; Ghiberti, dull dark-brown (occasionally polished); Lorenzo di Pietro, polished dark red-brown; Ricciarelli, dark red-brown 'copper bar' pateen; Bandinelli, dull-red to black; Flemish William, bright-red; Verrocchio, dull broken black; Cellini, polished red or dull black, with two exceptions which are dull red.

The method adopted in the cinquecento period—and indeed up to the eighteenth century by some artists—in the technical work of turning out the smaller bronzes lends much assistance to the amateur in detecting modern imitations. The models were made in clay, which, however, only represented the rough work of the subject, the finished modelling being done in wax, with which the clay was coated. When the labour of the artist was completed, the mould was formed by a series of coatings of a moist silicious composition, in which certain vegetable substances were mixed, being applied to the wax, each coat being allowed to dry before the next one was administered. When the model was completely covered, the composition applied to form the mould became coarser, less care being taken, as only strength and cohesion were then required. But that part of the mould nearest the wax was beautifully fine, resulting in the surface of the casting being smooth and finished in every detail.

Imitators have given much attention to the reproduction of the numerous pateens due to different atmospheric exposures; but they have invariably

had to abandon as hopeless attempts to repeat the pateen of a bronze formed as above described, when the bronze or part of it has had comparatively little contact with the air. Thus most of the cinquecento bronze plaques have been used for purposes of ornamentation, and the backs have consequently been hidden in marble or wood, free or nearly free from influence of the atmosphere. These backs will have a pateen of almost copper-bar colour, with a semi-polished appearance; and, above all, the 'run' of the metal is indicated very much in the same way as it is shown on the top of a bar of metal which has been cast in an uncovered mould. It has hitherto been found impossible to reproduce this pateen; and although one can never tell what is in store for the trusting amateur, buyers are for the present quite safe in relying upon the back pateen described as evidence of genuineness (as far as period is concerned) in a bronze plaque.

Copies of Florentine quattrocento and cinquecento bronzes were frequently made in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but seldom with the object of deceiving the amateur, and so close attention to technical details of paste and pateen was not given to the works. These older imitations can easily be distinguished. The paste is usually more or less yellow instead of being red, and, in the few instances where the colour is maintained, a glance at the back of the plaque will detect the copy; for, instead of being semi-vitreous and showing the metal 'run,' it will have the appearance of having been cast in a fine iron mould, and a magnifying-glass will detect tiny holes in the surface. This is due to the fact that the composition used in forming the mould became coarser after the middle of the sixteenth century. Perhaps the recipe was lost, or more probably, with the decadence in art, perfection was in some measure sacrificed to time.

It should be stated that the French sculptors employed in the manufacture of 'cinquecento' bronzes, who are always in the front rank, have nothing to do with the imitations as imitations. One is given a commission to mould a clay figure from rough drawings and directions, and he accepts it without knowing whether it is for a tombstone, a decoration, or anything else. And, strange as it may seem, the man who directs the work—the genius who is saturated with knowledge of art history and technique, who knows all the details of every cinquecento bronze in the European galleries, and of most of those in private collections—does not usually sell the imitation as a genuine old bronze. He makes, say, three figures (never two alike) at a cost to him of sixty to eighty pounds each, and sells them for what they are to an agent for, say, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds each. The agent sells, perhaps, one to a dealer, one to a private collector, and one by auction. He will get from the dealer, say, one hundred and fifty pounds, from the amateur two hundred and fifty pounds, and by auction anything from one hundred (his reserve) to seven hundred pounds or so. A genuine and fairly good cinquecento bronze figure of, say, sixteen inches high will command in the market between five hundred and one thousand pounds, but if of fine quality it may bring two thousand pounds. Even five thousand pounds was paid for one about this size in 1904.

OMNICARNIVOROUS MAN.

By Ernest Protheroe.

IN the beginning of all things man was given 'dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.' If the animal creation possessed but the gift of speech they would feelingly assure us that man has been by no means backward in exercising his control; for he lays a heavy toll upon them to contribute to his wants and comforts, to minister to his passions, his amusements, and his pride.

The lower creation are trammelled in their choice of provender; some are limited to a flesh diet, some to fish, and yet others are restricted to the 'green herb for meat.' But man's tastes, with a few reservations chiefly of religious significance, are essentially catholic; all is fish that comes to his net; and animal and vegetable are remorselessly pressed into the service of the universal eater.

The animal food of any particular people is more or less circumscribed according to geographical location and the fauna of the region they inhabit, and does not include the flesh of this or that animal, not because of scruples that deter partaking of it, but simply on account of its being without their economic range.

In a cursory survey of what may be termed man's omnicarnivorous tastes, for convenience of comparison it will be well to take our ordinary British animal-foods as a standard.

A vast section of the British public from one year's end to another never taste flesh other than beef, mutton, and pork, the staple meats of all white people, to which may be added rabbit, fowl, and fish. The law of Moses banned pork, to which abstinence the Mohammedan subscribes; the Hindu reverences the cow, and will not defile himself by eating beef; and the Siamese proscribe the killing of any animal, although they do not scruple to eat anything that has died a natural death.

With British methods of the use of beef, mutton, and pork we are quite familiar. Salt beef is common enough with us, but not so salted mutton, which is

the rule in France. Mutton hams are, however, common in Dumfriesshire. We pickle meat to preserve it; other peoples jerk or sun-dry it; some smoke it; others freeze it. Cut into strips and slices half an inch thick, the meat dries in the sun in a few hours and becomes too hard to putrefy, though it may be subject to mites. The 'biltong' of South Africa is but dried venison, and the 'pemmican' of North America is dried buffalo or antelope meat pounded with an equal weight of fat.

In Holland and Germany mutton is not in favour, either fresh or otherwise; but pork meets with approval in most parts of the world, Moslem countries excepted. Although we do not now cook the gutted swine and stuff the carcass with singing-birds and oysters, as they did in Rome, yet the rasher of ham or bacon holds its own in popular estimation. North America caters for a world-wide appetite for pork, and in Chicago alone the pork-packers 'go the whole hog' to the extent of six or seven million pigs per annum. Britain is by no means badly stocked with cattle, sheep, and pigs, and quite 25 per cent. go annually to the slaughter-house; but to satisfy John Bull's appetite for meat we must needs import half a million cattle, as many sheep, four hundred thousand tons of beef and mutton, and nearly as much of bacon and hams.

But British demands for meat scarcely touch the fringe of the mammalian sources of man's bill of fare. Venison with us is a dish limited to the well-to-do; but in widely diverse regions the great deer and antelope family provides succulent meat, especially where the hungry man must first catch his meal before he can appease his hunger. The camel chiefly in Arabia and Egypt, the yak in the Himalayan altitudes, and the reindeer in the frozen North are not only beasts of burden, but their milk and flesh are invaluable.

The horse with us is *par excellence* the beast of burden, but other peoples view its flesh with increasing favour. During the Roman occupation of Britain horseflesh was a common article of diet; but Christianity rejected it, as it did in some other Continental countries. In France, in the seventeenth century, a man was put to death for eating horseflesh; it was during Lent, and this mayhap contributed to the heinousness of the offence. The French are now large consumers of the meat. In 1807, when the siege of Copenhagen by the British curtailed the food-supply, the inhabitants utilised their horses; and what necessity then enforced has been continued by choice. And so in other countries, notwithstanding ecclesiastical fulminations, the people maintain that the functions of the Church are properly confined to the care of souls; the oversight of the stomach rests entirely with the person immediately concerned. Less than forty years ago over a hundred persons partook of horseflesh at a banquet in the Langham Hotel, London. Though various notable men, the present Lord Avebury included, patronised the function, they failed to combat the popular prejudice. But all is not gold that glitters, and all is not necessarily beef-extract though labelled such, especially if its origin is in a country to which the strings of sorry 'screws' are shipped from our east coast ports.

From the horse to mules and asses is not a far cry, and in Central Asia and other tracts where the wild ass abounds its flesh is greatly esteemed.

The points of beauty of the elephant to Northern peoples are a negative quantity; and as a possible source of food, while the quantity of meat is undeniable, the quality might be doubted. Yet in Asia and Africa elephant-meat is relished. Gordon Cumming leads us to believe that, given the choice of sheep's trotters, calves' feet, or elephants' understandings, the knowing appetite would book a front seat for the last-named, and go home happy. Travellers differ as to the merits of hippopotamus and rhinoceros. Possibly the sharpness, or otherwise, of the appetite obscures the view. A hippopotamus was once roasted at the Crystal Palace, not of malice aforethought, but when a wing of the building was burned to the ground. Some timorous mortals tested the impromptu dish and reported it to be excellent, an opinion with which the African negro is in thorough agreement.

The bear, lion, tiger, jaguar, and even the hyena are utilised by man. Bruin is not in great request, though the Esquimaux dine on Polar bear, and a black variety in Japan is an expensive dish. The lion is partaken of by Hottentots, some Arabs, and some natives of India; the heart is frequently reserved for children, with the idea that the organ induces courage. The carcass of the hyena is viewed with disfavour by dogs; low-type Arabs are less squeamish.

We esteem the dog purely for what may be termed his personal qualities; in many parts of Africa, America, and Polynesia dogs' flesh is a welcome addition to the domestic meats. John Chinaman excels in his estimation of the friend of man; he fattens him for human consumption, and to better serve the purpose he constrains the animal to enjoy a purely vegetable diet. That a prime cut of dog-ham is marked by a juicy tenderness the Westerner will accept even the assurance of a Celestial, so long as the matter may rest there. In the matter of cats, however, probably nothing on earth would induce a similar belief; yet black cat in particular figures in the bill of fare at Chinese restaurants, where a pair of black cat's eyes run into silver.

After this any of the following will be taken without even the proverbial grain of salt. The monkey, our second-cousin scores of times removed, is said to be not unlike rabbit. But the very form of the animal gives a white man pause, and it is by no means improbable that a liking for monkey has sometimes caused savages to suffer an unjust reputation for cannibalism.

That rats were devoured during the siege of Paris is easily understandable; but rats and mice are eaten in Brazil and the West Indies and by the Australian aborigines, and the Mongolian, with native

'cuteness, fattens them up for service. Sugar-plantation rats become exceedingly fat, and the negro hunts them for food with eagerness. Rat-tail soup has been tried by eccentric gourmands of Paris; but whether it came up to expectation is not recorded.

There are other land mammals too numerous to particularise; but man's tastes incline to bat, bandicoot, opossum, sloth, beaver, kangaroo, and even the evil-smelling skunk, as the humour or the opportunity takes him.

Of marine mammals, the whale first strikes the imagination. In the Arctic regions, the West Indies, New Zealand, Australia, and Japan the natives enjoy the flesh of the leviathan. Sir George Grey describes how he saw one of the belles of an Australian tribe enter the belly of a stranded whale to gorge herself with blubber; she emerged dripping from head to foot, carrying handfuls more of the delicacy. The seal, walrus, and sea-lion are in request in the extreme North, and in the less remote Faroe Islands the dolphin and the porpoise are not unwelcome.

As a rule, the birds of the air present no characteristics to excite the stomach to prejudice. The domestic fowl, duck, goose, turkey, pigeon, pheasant, partridge, grouse, and quail are names to conjure with at home and abroad.

The Divine law forbade as food the eagle, the vulture, the kite, the raven, the hawk, the cuckoo, the swan, and some few others. In passing, it may be noted that the bat was also included in the list of forbidden fowls! Birds of prey are not generally acceptable; but the kite is not viewed askance by the Chinese and Japanese, and a species of hawk in Morocco is often reserved for the use of the Sultan. The vulture is said to be more than passable; but even the not unduly fastidious might well hesitate to sample one that had picked up its living around the Towers of Silence outside Bombay, where the Parsees expose their dead for the delectation of the repulsive-looking bird.

Our native singing-birds are little used as food, but in Continental countries people are less scrupulous. In the south of Europe, especially France and Italy, thrushes, larks, and even robin-redbreasts are freely exposed for sale; and the London market is not guiltless so far as larks are concerned. Young rooks, starlings, and sparrows frequently form the basis of English pies; the Italians account the cuckoo a dainty; and in Madeira 'fried canaries' are a common dish.

From our tenderest years we are aware that 'blackbirds baked in a pie' are dainties fit 'to set before a king.' Probably we never personally verify the statement in maturer years; but nevertheless the old rhyme rests upon a solid foundation of fact, for Corsica alone exports hundreds of thousands of the black songsters for use as food on the Continent.

The ostrich can kick as hard as a mule, and its flesh is as tough as that of the quadruped. When it is bred in captivity, the flesh of the bird is more digestible.

In ancient times, especially in Rome, the peacock was partaken of in gorgeous solemnity. The skin, with head, neck, feathers, and tail complete, was removed, and the body was roasted; and then being sewn up in the skin, with gilded comb and spread-out tail, it presented a sight more imposing to the eye than attractive to the appetite. It is now practically an unknown dish, although as late as 1833 the Governor of Greenwich placed one on the table before William IV.

The ortolan is beloved of the epicure. Fed up in darkened pens, the bird becomes mere feathered fat. Cyprus is the chief home of the bird, and hundreds of barrels preserved in spice and vinegar are annually exported.

In the tropics the parrot and the cockatoo, and in cold regions myriads of sea-fowl, provide food for the sparse inhabitants.

With the exception of a few poisonous ones, all fish are edible, and if not used as food it is chiefly on account of objectionable flavour. The harvest of the sea, and no less that of the streams and lakes, is one that, compared with other animal foods, comes easily and cheaply to hand. Between the gigantic sturgeon of eight hundred pounds and the diminutive sprat there is a wide range of fish from which man can take his choice.

With so great a variety at his disposal, one marvels that the shark, that grisly marine ghoul, should ever be in favour. The Gold Coast negroes, the coast-folk of India, the Maoris, the Celestials, and the Polynesians all cure sharks' flesh, and sharks' fins are quite a recognised commercial commodity in the East.

The octopus, devil-fish, or squid is second to nothing in creation in general repulsiveness, and it is difficult to give this particular devil his due in anything but the most opprobrious terms. In the Far East the squid-fishery is of considerable importance, and in Japan an octopus in a basket, with its eight arms ending in tenacious suckers radiating from its hideous head, is worth at least a dollar.

Sea-nettles or jelly-fish, that sting the paddlers at our seaside resorts, are held in special favour in France and Italy. Rolled in flour and cooked in oil they afford much nutriment. Anemones and sea-urchins are similarly esteemed from Spain to the East Indies.

In the Eastern seas the trepang or bêche-de-mer, of which there is a score of species—a sea-worm whose ugly shapelessness is fittingly matched by its offensive odour—is eagerly sought by fishing-boats catering chiefly for the Celestial and Indian markets.

The Chinese have a penchant for fresh-water leeches, a taste about on a par with that exhibited by some French gourmets who not very long ago tickled their *blasé* palates with a meal of lobworms.

Crustaceans (from the lobster and the crab to the

humbler prawn and shrimp) and mollusca (from the oyster to the plebeian cockle and whelk, with many other varieties between) are enjoyed all the world over.

Man's gastronomic predilections do not cease at beast and bird and fish; the reptile and insect world must contribute their quota to his heterogeneous table. They may be hideous in shape, horrid in grotesque movement, slimy and loathsome to the touch, spiteful in temper, and venomous in contact, yet will not man forgo his austere claims.

The turtle is the corner-stone of even an aldermanic banquet, and it is not surprising that the land-tortoise is used as food wherever he is found. Lizards of all sorts and sizes are eaten in Asia, Africa, America, and Australia; and what is the crocodile or alligator but a lizard of a larger growth? In Egypt, and along the great rivers of other parts of Africa, South America, and Southern Asia, the ungainly reptile is devoured with relish. Europeans do not take kindly to it as an article of diet, although they try it out of curiosity.

One would think the line might well be drawn at snakes. But because of that evil reputation gained just after the dawn of the creation the reptile cannot be allowed to shirk his obligations. The Chinaman utilises snakes for sustenance and for medicine, and he is kept in countenance by the Indians of America, the negroes of Africa, the Malaysians, and the Japanese. Coming nearer home, the Italians favour a dish of viper-jelly; and the late Frank Buckland, whose zoological enthusiasm knew no bounds, assured us that boa-constrictor tasted like veal.

Frogs are eaten from east to west, from China to the United States. The French were the first to serve the frog up at table; but the Yankees run them a close second. Who knows but that some day the British will further cement the *entente cordiale* by adopting the Gallic taste for the hopping amphibian?

Snails, slimy and repulsive, are looked upon with loathing by the average Briton. But in France, Switzerland, the south of Europe, and the United States any sentimental repugnance is not allowed to weigh against the undoubted nutritive qualities of the land mollusc. The snails are collected by women and children, and are then placed in enclosures to feed upon selected vegetable food to impart to them the requisite flavour.

John the Baptist lived on locusts and wild honey, and innumerable people regale themselves on the same food to-day. African races are the chief eaters of locusts, a diet that shortens the span of life to twoscore years. When famine stalks the land the Arab grinds to powder the dried insects he has stored, and with flour bakes it into bread. Honey is in cosmopolitan favour, but the Cingalese eat bees to add fragrance to the breath.

In Brazil, the East Indies, Mexico, and among the Indians of North America ants are largely consumed, as are the larger termites of Africa; and naturally the Chinese will not miss their turn with the insect.

There is no accounting for tastes, and consequently one is content with baldly stating that in New Caledonia particularly large spiders, and in Brazil eighteen-inch-long centipedes, are greatly enjoyed. When the cook inadvertently sends up a boiled caterpillar with the vegetables John Bull says things 'of sorts.' Let him take heart of grace, for caterpillars, large and small, are eagerly eaten in many regions, as are silkworms in Madagascar and Ceylon.

Here shall end this discursive enumeration of only a few of the countless beings that wait upon man's requirements. All the world over, his animal bill of fare covers so wide a range that if the British stomach will only pluck up its courage it seems that in our own land one need never be in want of a meal if only one will look for it.

THE POET AND THE MUSE.

AWAKE, arise, my idle Muse!
Thou sleepest as if dead;
Open thine eyes, the close-shut lids
Seem weighted as with lead.

No slave art thou who needest spur
To drive thee to the task;
A willing comrade thou hast been
To bring me what I ask.

Spread thy soft wings and soar awhile
In fields of upper air,
Wherefrom the things of heavy earth
Seem light and debonair.

Poise on the sun-tipped cloud and lean
O'er shimmering, light-filled space;
It may be I shall catch some gleam
Of glory in thy face.

Hark to that music whose keen thrills
No earth-born ear may hear,
That so some note of it may fall
Into my listening ear!

Ah, Muse, but might I fly as thou,
What wonders might I see,
What songs might hear, to plunge my soul
In waves of ecstasy!

Then, stirring in her sleep, she spoke:
'"Tis thy desire I wait,
That and thy will make wings to waft
Me high as Heaven's gate.

Without thee I am chained to earth,
And thou art chained with me;
Thou must awake, O Poet Soul!
To set our spirits free.'

Within my heart a living flame
Arose. I bid her go;
And her bright wings gleamed over me
Like Heaven's surpassing bow.

And all around the radiance pulsed
With gold and rosy light,
Awhile my Muse, on soaring wing,
Swift vanished from my sight.

FRANCIS ANNESLEY.

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THE CHATHAM CHEST.

By Lieut.-Colonel R. MACKENZIE HOLDEN, F.S.A., Scot.

THERE are probably few people who would imagine that the large sum of money which is annually expended out of naval funds in pensions to deserving seamen and marines has any connection with an old iron chest which may be seen at any time in the museum of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich. Yet the two are very closely associated. The casual visitor to the museum, and even the bluejacket who hurries past the chest in ignorance of its associations, have no idea of the interesting tale of bygone days it could tell were it endowed with the power of speech. Its memories go back to one of the most fascinating periods of naval history: the long struggle with Spain in the sixteenth century, the stories of whose treasure—the gold and silver, the pearls and plate—tempted Drake and other adventurers to plough the main. There was not much difficulty in those days in manning a ship to sail under capable and lucky captains, for the stories of captured treasure soon got abroad. It is recorded that in his voyage to the South Seas in the *Golden Hind* it took three days to transfer to her the treasure from one alone of Drake's captures. In that single haul over twenty-six tons of silver, besides eighty-eight pounds of virgin gold, thirteen chests containing over a million in money, and an enormous amount of jewels and plate changed hands. When the *Golden Hind* laid her course for England by way of the Cape of Good Hope she was so heavily 'ballasted' with pure silver that she 'rode exceeding deep in the water;' and when the great circumnavigator journeyed from Plymouth to London to make his peace with the Queen because of this and other piracies, he took with him, by way of a peace-offering, a train of seven horses loaded with gold and silver plate and all his most precious jewels. We must go back to those days to find the origin of the old iron chest with its five locks; and we cannot do better than recall the fascinating pages of Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* if we want to know something of the men in whose interests the chest was built. They were the heroes of the stirring adventures of Drake and other treasure-seekers, the splendid race of seamen who, under Howard, Hawkins, and Drake, crushed the ambitious schemes of Philip II. of Spain, with his Invincible Armada.

Less than human would have been these great admirals if the ultimate fate of those who had so faithfully served their country had not caused them some concern. But it is not altogether a pleasing reflection that there should have been people who, after profiting by the toil and labour of those poor seamen, were not ashamed to ignore their services when too old or disabled for further use. It was so with her whom English people like to think of as 'Good Queen Bess;' and if Her Majesty's claim to that title had depended on the treatment she meted out to her suffering sailors and soldiers, it is more than doubtful if posterity would have heard anything of it. Queen Elizabeth was void of all feeling for the old sailor or soldier; indeed, she made no secret of her general dislike to being reminded of obligations to any persons who had faithfully served her. It was no thanks to her that the Spanish Armada was repelled, for she starved the fleet. After its return vast numbers of the seamen fell sick from typhus-fever and other disorders aggravated by feeding on putrid beef and sour beer. Such trifles Her Majesty would not be bothered with. No arrangements of any kind were made for their reception on shore, and but for the humane personal exertions of Lord Howard of Effingham in providing barns and other outhouses, chiefly at his own expense, the men would have perished by the roadside. 'It would grieve any man's heart,' wrote the Admiral, 'to see them that have served so valiantly die so miserably.' It caused no grief to the woman's heart, for to the repeated appeals made to Her Majesty she merely refused to be pestered with the sight of such 'miserable creatures.' And so things went on until the twenty-third year of her reign, when she seems to have been shamed into giving a tardy consent to an Act assessing every parish at a certain weekly sum for the support of

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crippled and destitute sailors and soldiers. Through the efforts of the Lord Admiral—Lord Howard of Effingham, afterwards Earl of Nottingham—aided by Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake, this Act paved the way for the establishment in 1590 of the mutual benevolent fund known as the Chatham Chest. The chief merit of its institution rests with Howard. Sir John Hawkins was Treasurer of the Navy (and would naturally be consulted on such a business), and Drake was the Lord Admiral's right-hand man; but their shares in the matter have been much exaggerated.

The original written constitution of the chest has been lost; but an inquiry into the fund held at Rochester Castle in 1616 showed that the masters, mariners, shipwrights, and seafaring men had in 1590 agreed to regularly forfeit to the fund a small proportion of their monthly wages to enable relief to be afforded to those 'who by reason of hurts and maims received in the service are driven into great poverty, extremity, and want, to their great discouragement.' The contribution amounted to sixpence a month for the men and twopence for the boys; and it was decreed that the overplus of the said sums be preserved at Chatham 'in a strong chest with five locks, to that purpose especially appointed,' whereof the five keys were to be kept by one of the principal officers of the navy, a master attendant, a master shipwright, a boatswain, and a purser, the latter acting as clerk of the chest. Unfortunately for the fund, it does not appear that all the five keys were necessary to open the chest. If such were the case there must have been a disgraceful collusion between the five officials, for fraud soon crept in, and the funds obtained from the scanty wages of the seamen and boys were found to have been misapplied and misappropriated. A commission was appointed in 1635 to inquire into the matter, as a result of which some reforms were instituted; but they were not successful, for we read that in 1653 the fund was in debt, and fraud had evidently been practised. Pensions were paid to the widows of officers, who had not subscribed a penny, while the widows of the seamen were left to starve. Even the pensions due to the men were in arrear.

Properly and honestly administered, the funds of the chest ought soon to have reached a very considerable sum, for we find them supplemented from time to time by various contributions from the Admiralty, such as pay forfeited by misconduct. For instance, it is recorded that on the occasion of the mutiny in the *Hart* in 1650, the wages of the guilty persons were paid into the chest. But the disgraceful dishonesty which characterised the administration of the fund still continued, for when another inquiry was held, after the Restoration, it was reported that carelessness, extravagance, and corruption had been at work during the Commonwealth, and that the chest was in debt. To his credit, Charles II. made good these defalcations by giving to the chest twelve acres of marsh-land called Dalce, situated near Rochester; while in 1672 the fund was further benefited. It was customary at that time to deduct a small sum from the monthly wages of all seamen towards the maintenance of the chaplains and surgeons; but as some ships did not carry these officers, the contributions from the crews were handed over to the chest. And, further, James II., who, with all his faults, was deeply interested in the navy, ruled in 1688 that the fines and mulcts imposed by courts-martial should in future be applied to the benefit of the fund. A case in point occurred in 1695 which is worth recording, if only as an illustration of the method of punishing officers in those days. The *Hope*, of seventy guns (Captain Henry Robinson), somehow got separated from her consorts in the Channel, and was captured by the French after a seven hours' conflict. Her loss was attributed to the carelessness of the senior mate of the *Hope*, who was officer of the watch; and the sentence of the court was that 'he be carried with a halter about his neck from ship to ship, to all the ships at Chatham and Gillingham, and he be led by beat of drum to each ship's side; that all the pay due to him in His Majesty's service be forfeited to the chest of Chatham; and that he be rendered incapable of ever serving His Majesty in any capacity for the future as an officer.' There seems to have been very little leniency shown to naval officers, for on the 18th of October 1745 Captain John Ambrose of the *Rupert* was tried by court-martial for his conduct in connection with the action fought off Toulon between the fleet under Admiral Thomas Matthews and the French and Spanish squadrons. He was found guilty of an error of judgment only, yet was sentenced to be cashiered and be mulcted of one year's pay for the use of the chest at Chatham.

And so the fund went on until the end of the eighteenth century, benefiting considerably from time to time by the various contributions and fines. The shipwrights had by that time ceased to contribute to the chest, and were therefore no longer eligible to participate in its benefits. At the Peace of Amiens in 1802 the demands on the fund were so numerous that the chest was unable to meet them—a state of affairs which was caused principally by the irregularities, frauds, and abuses which had been practised by those employed in its administration. Under the presidency of Admiral Sir Charles Morice Pole, a committee appointed by the Admiralty made a searching investigation into all the affairs of the chest. Its report resulted in the passing of an Act of Parliament on 29th July 1803 'for improving the funds of the chest at Chatham, and for transferring the administration of the same to Greenwich Hospital, and for ameliorating the condition of the pensioners on the said funds.' The supervision of the funds was placed in the hands of the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Controller of the Navy, and the Governor and Auditor of Green-

wich Hospital as Supervisors; the immediate administration of the money being carried on by five persons selected from the Lieutenant-Governor and the Captains and Lieutenants of the Hospital, and entitled the directors of the chest at Greenwich. This Act was amended by the 46 George III. cap. 101, passed on 16th July 1806, at which time it was found that the fund of the chest was insufficient to provide for the many aged, infirm, and wounded sailors having claims upon it. The Admiralty, therefore, voted that a grant of one shilling in the pound from all prize-money should go to the chest, by which means it soon acquired a sound financial basis and was enabled to make additional allowances to the pensions of many deserving men. 'The chest at Greenwich' was eventually dissolved, and the funds were consolidated with those of the Hospital by Act 55 George III. cap. 1, passed on the 26th of November 1814. And so this old benevolent institution became, to its great advantage, part and parcel of the funds of Greenwich Hospital. In 1829 the monthly stoppages from the men's pay ceased, and finally the old historic chest itself, which had been in existence since 1590 at Chatham, was removed to Greenwich and placed in the museum, where it still rests, a memorial to its founders, a monument of the thrift of the British sailor, and a painful reminder of the dishonesty of those whose education and position should have made them the last to abuse the trust confided in them by their poorer fellow-creatures.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER XX.

IT was Max who was holding the lethal weapon that threatened my unoffending head: Max, in the green-and-gold tunic of his Guardsman's uniform and his white kid dancing-gloves. Behind him was the Grand Duke, no longer smilingly affable and courteously gay, but scowling, menacing, a grim, silent figure dramatically suggestive of pent-up violence, with danger written in his fierce black eyes and the deep-ploughed lines of his swarthy brow. At his side stood the Princess Mathilde, gazing fixedly at me with a look that was half-excitement and half-shamefaced merriment.

'If you move I shall fire,' said Max grimly.

'In that case,' I replied, 'I shall endeavour to keep perfectly still.'

'Good. We don't want to hurt you, but for purposes of our own it is necessary to tie you up. Kindly get into that arm-chair.'

I recalled Schneider's advice to me to arm myself, and remembered the knife in my breast-pocket, but fortunately refrained from making any involuntary movement in that direction.

'It is no use meeting force *majeure* by force *inférieure*,' I said philosophically, complying almost instantly with his request.

'Not a bit. You submitted to force *majeure* that day we tried to stop you going to Heldersburg, but you got there all the same. You're a crafty beggar, Saunders, but we don't mean to let you outwit us this time.'

I submitted to the indignity of being bound hand and foot to the arm-chair in which I had perforce seated myself. The process was accomplished with a thin, tough cord and the united efforts of the Grand Duke and his arrogant offspring; and, as far as I was a judge of such matters, the tying-up seemed to be done on thoroughly practical and scientific lines.

'Might I inquire the reason for this interference with the liberty of the subject?' I asked.

'Yes,' said Max, pulling vigorously at a final knot. 'We're making a descent on the Brun-varad. This precious regiment of Guides that the King and Meyer thought so loyal are loyal only to the longest purse. The sentinels on guard to-night are our sworn allies; the barracks at Weissheim are full of loyal soldiers waiting to shout, "Long live Fritz the First, King of Grimland! Long live the Schattenbergs!" Once we have obtained possession of the royal person the revolution is accomplished. The country hungers for a change of dynasty as a prisoner hungers for change of diet. On all sides the situation will be received with enthusiasm.'

Something of the romance of the occasion had stirred the young Prince's sluggish blood and lent a fire to his dull eye, a colour to his pale cheek. For once he had found work congenial to his *blasé* mind, something so wild and dangerous that he had half-thrown off the air of well-bred boredom that had seemed part and parcel of his nature. On the other hand, the Grand Duke was singularly calm at the congenial prospect of violence and personal danger. He never uttered a word; his frown never relaxed; only his fine white teeth moved ceaselessly with a slight grinding motion as if his fierce spirit chafed and fretted to commence his reckless enterprise. His thoughts were obviously on the big deed that was to come rather than on the trivial detail which preceded it.

'And you do me the honour,' I said, 'of fancying my presence at the Brun-varad might upset your carefully planned *coup de main*?'

'You're on the wrong side, Saunders,' said Max, 'and we fancy, rightly or wrongly, that you are a more dangerous opponent than either the foxy old Jew or the flat-faced detective.'

'I am highly flattered,' I replied, not without

truth; 'but is it not rather rash to tell me all your plans before putting them into execution?'

'Of course, if you think that,' said Max grimly, producing his revolver again.

'On second thoughts,' I said, laughing, 'I perceive that the imprudence is apparent rather than real. By no means can a trussed fowl avert a revolution.'

Max laughed his rare laugh.

'You're not a bad sort, Saunders,' he said; 'and we don't wish you any harm. You're better off here than dodging bullets in the Brun-varad.'

'Come,' said the Grand Duke, breaking his silence for the first time, 'we must return to the ballroom, and be there till the last guest leaves. We ought to be able to make a start at half-past three.'

'I hope so,' said Max, and with a cheerfully insulting nod to me he followed his parent from the room.

The moment the door was shut behind them the Princess clapped her hands together and eyed me with mocking, laughing eyes.

'And you're not ashamed of yourself?' I said quietly.

'A little. But it's all so droll.'

'Your sense of humour is peculiar,' I retorted. 'There are plenty of things to laugh at in the world besides violence and treachery.'

'Now you're getting sulky.'

'Does it not occur to you,' I asked, 'that my good-nature may not be inexhaustible? You lure me up here under false pretences, and I am bound hand and foot while a vile plot is being carried out against a noble gentleman and a friend. It is humorous, no doubt—all breaches of hospitality are.'

'You're very, very sulky indeed. In the first place, the King may be a friend of yours, but he's not a noble gentleman at all, but a scoundrel and a traitor in the pay of Austria. Father and Max are just going to put him quietly out of the way, so that he can't do any more harm to the country.'

'In plain language, murder him,' I interposed.

The Princess's eyes flashed indignantly.

'Certainly not,' she cried. 'There is to be no bloodshed in the proceedings. Do you suppose I should have lent my help to the plot if there had been a possibility of bloodshed in it?'

'I think you are capable of anything,' I said deliberately.

She looked me full in the face.

'You nasty, evil-tempered man,' she said with slow emphasis. 'You're as cross as you can be, and absolutely horrid. I warned you when we first met that my invitations must be regarded with suspicion unless they were particularly specified as guileless; and, now that you've blundered into a trap, instead of taking your defeat good-humouredly you're as disagreeable and evil-tempered as possible. Ugh! I've a good mind not to give you anything to smoke.'

For the life of me I could not help laughing. This light-hearted little noblewoman played at high treason with less seriousness than most men play golf, certainly with less seriousness than the Scotsmen displayed on the Pariserhof curling-rinks.

For the moment I forgot that the King was in danger, that the fate of a nation was trembling in the balance, that the thin cord which bound me was biting painfully into my flesh, or rather I half-forgot these things and laughed, laughed recklessly at the reckless irresponsibility of my charming captor.

She brightened visibly again at my unnatural merriment.

'That's better,' she said. 'I knew you'd see the comic side of it directly. I'm awfully sorry to have been so mean, but I had to take my share in the plot; and, after all, you're much safer here than in the Brun-varad. Now that you're good again, I'll give you a cigarette;' and getting a box from the mantelpiece, she placed a cigarette between my lips, and then striking a match, held it for me to get a light by.

'And I suppose,' I said as I puffed at the peace-offering—'I suppose I'm to be kept here till the revolution's accomplished?'

'You are to be kept here till four o'clock, and then I shall release you.'

'And if I try to escape?'

'Then I shall shoot you;' and she laughingly produced a small revolver from a drawer and laid it on the table at her side.

'Is it loaded?' I demanded.

She nodded her head. 'Honour bright. And I'm a very good shot, too; so be careful.'

'You really would shoot me?' I persisted.

'Certainly, if necessary.'

I looked at her smiling face and wondered if she was capable of carrying out her threat. I doubted it, but, on the other hand, should have been extremely sorry to run the risk.

'I fancy I can loosen these cords a bit,' I said hypocritically. 'I think I shall have a dash for it and chance your missing me.'

A look of anxiety crept into her eyes, but she laughed again with a fine assumption of incredulity.

'You can never undo those knots of Max's,' she said; 'but if you do I shall certainly shoot you—as a friend—through the leg.'

'You bloodthirsty little wretch!' I cried. 'Do you know that revolver bullets hurt?'

'That's what they're meant for.'

I regarded her in silence for a moment, smiling in my own despite.

'By Gad!' I said at length, 'I believe you'd do it.'

She nodded cheerfully.

'You're only just beginning to take me seriously,' she said, with a laugh. 'I'm a very strenuous conspirator, and I can't allow my father's schemes and

the country's welfare to suffer from any misguided leniency towards a foolish young foreigner.

'Patriotism, thy name is Mathilde Schattenberg. Argument is invariably wasted upon a woman. Upon a patriotic woman it is worse than useless. I accept the situation. Will you kindly take the cigarette-end out of my mouth?'

'With pleasure. May I give you another?'

'Thanks, no,' I replied. 'A cigarette is a poor form of smoke when one is denied the use of one's hands. The smoke gets into one's eyes so.'

'I can get you a cigar if you will.'

'I should be very grateful.'

'There is a box in Max's room, I know. I will go and get you one. I sha'n't be long.'

The moment the Princess shut the door behind her I made desperate struggles to free myself. My efforts were absolutely fruitless and not unattended with pain. I desisted, with an oath. I was angry, though less angry than might have been expected, for the extraordinary flippancy of my captor had infected me to a certain extent with a sense of unreality. And yet, however ludicrous might be the play of Weissheim politics, it was patent enough that the King's life was in high jeopardy. I knew enough about revolutions and the disposition of the male Schattenbergs to have little faith in the 'seizing of the royal person' theory put forward by Max, and believed in so implicitly by his confiding sister. If, as was highly probable, the Grand Duke and his satellites effected an entrance into the Brun-varad, it was morally certain that King Karl's existence as a Sovereign and a man would terminate in bloody simultaneity. And I, who for some reason or other had formed a keen affection for the Twenty-second Karl, who had in my humble way been able on more than one occasion to serve his interests, fretted and raged at my close-pent captivity, and cursed the folly that had involved me in such galling impotence.

Slowly the door of my chamber opened again, and I hastily resolved to make one final, albeit hopeless, appeal to the Grand Duke's all-too-dutiful daughter, to plead the King's cause with her, to endeavour to demonstrate her father's selfishness and the truest method of serving her country's interest.

To my utter astonishment, it was no beautiful and splendidly attired Princess that met my expectant gaze, no black-haired, laughing-eyed little woman in a Parisian ball-dress and a gleaming coronet, but a small boy, a fair-haired lad of eight or nine, in a tiny suit of blue silk pyjamas, a look of puzzled wonder in his sleepy blue eyes.

'Little Stephan!' I cried. 'Why, what on earth are you doing here?'

He smiled as he recognised me.

'I couldn't sleep,' he said, ''cos of the band playing. I thought I heard Mathilde's voice, so I came in here.'

'Your bedroom is near here?'

'Yes, next door. Why, you're tied up!' This obvious fact had only just dawned on his half-dozing senses. 'Why's that?' he pursued. 'Have you been naughty?'

I could hardly explain the truth to him. It was too humiliating, for one thing.

'It's a game,' I replied mendaciously.

'A game?'

'Yes,' I said. 'Your sister ties me up in the chair and goes away for five minutes, and if I can free myself before she comes back she has to give me a box of chocolates. If, on the other hand, she finds me still bound on her return I have to give her the sweets.'

Stephan brightened visibly. Here was something he could understand.

'And can you untie yourself?' he asked with manifest interest.

'I fear not.'

'Can I help you?'

'Can you help me!' I repeated. 'It's a most brilliant idea;' and I wondered, with a sudden gleam of hope, whether his tiny fingers could undo the fiercely tied knots of his elder brother's tying. With hope came the burning dread of the Princess's return.

'Be quick and try,' I said eagerly.

'Will you give me some of the chocolates if I do?' he asked, with the cunning smile of the juvenile bargainer.

'Yes, lots—pounds. Only be quick, or your sister will be back.'

The small fingers worked vigorously at the entangled cord, but it needed greater strength than little Stephan's to relax those close-pulled knots.

'I can't do it,' he said, smiling, as if failure was almost as good a joke as success.

I began to despair.

'Can you get at my breast-pocket?' I asked as a fresh idea struck me. 'Quick, quick!'

After a brief rummaging he managed to extract the knife I had slipped into my dress-coat just before starting for the ball.

'A knife,' he said.

'Yes; take the sheath off. Now cut the cord quickly. Anywhere. Yes, that will do. Mind my wrist. Well done, Stephan! You're a hero! You shall have the largest box of chocolates in Weissheim to-morrow!'

'Promise!'

'I swear it,' I said. 'Now, go to bed before Mathilde comes back again, because she'll be very angry when she finds I'm loose, and if she discovers that you've helped me, why'—— But little Stephan had run, chuckling, from the room.

My first act of freedom was to secure the revolver which the Princess had promised to use in the event of my attempting to escape. It was a small, delicately made weapon, loaded, as she had said,

and I was about to put it in my pocket when a fresh idea struck me. Opening the drawer from which the Princess had taken it, I found another revolver therein, a big, serviceable weapon of the ordinary army type, ready loaded in every chamber. This I transferred hastily to my breast-pocket, and, extracting the cartridges from the smaller weapon, replaced it on the table.

I looked at my watch: it was three o'clock. The Schattenbergs would not start for another half-hour, and could I but leave the house in safety I might yet frustrate their treasonable quest.

I was just contemplating a dash for liberty when I heard the air of *La Lettre de Manon* being whistled in the passage. The Princess was coming back.

Without any very definite scheme of action, but anxious lest the Princess should give the alarm that I was free, I darted back to my chair, and throwing the severed cord loosely round me, assumed my previous attitude of tightly pent rigidity. Hardly had I done so when the Princess entered.

'I can't find Max's cigars,' she began, 'and I've looked everywhere. I'm so sorry. Won't you have another cigarette?'

'I don't think I'll smoke any more, thank you.'

'You've only got another hour to wait. I hope the cord does not hurt you.'

'Not in the least, thank you.'

'Of course,' she went on, 'it's an awful shame treating you like this; but duty is duty. And it'll be an experience for you.'

I laughed. Undoubtedly it would be an experience for me.

'I'm so glad you treat it as a joke,' she went on. 'I hoped you would.'

'What time do the conspirators start?' I asked.

'They've just gone,' she said. 'The guests left earlier than they expected, and father and Max started five minutes ago.'

'Gone!' I cried. 'Then I must free myself!'

'Don't be foolish. You can never break that cord. You'll only strain yourself.'

'Nonsense,' I said. 'I am a second Samson—there;' and with a well-feigned simulation of a supreme effort, I cast the loosely encircling cord from me to the floor.

In a second the Princess had covered me with her empty revolver. Her eye was bright and unflinching, her hand steady as a rock.

'Be careful, Mr Saunders,' she said firmly.

'Bah!' I laughed. 'You would not really shoot me?'

'Upon my honour, I'm serious. If you make the slightest effort to escape I shall fire.'

'Nonsense,' I said; 'you are not so bloodthirsty as you pretend. The King is in danger, and my place is at his side. Duty is duty. You said so yourself just now.'

'Mr Saunders,' she cried—and there was acute distress in her voice—'I implore you not to try to escape. If I have never been serious in my life, I am serious now. I swear it on my soul. It is useless your trying to get away, for if I let you go you could never reach the Brun-varad before my father and brother.'

'I can try.'

'It is impossible, I tell you. They have gone in a sleigh, and there is not another vehicle to be obtained for love or money. Do not force me to extremities for nothing.'

I looked her full in the face, smiling brutally at her evident concern.

'Nevertheless, I am going,' I said calmly, and walked, still facing her, to the door.

The muzzle of her revolver followed me as I moved, pointing with relentless accuracy right between my eyes. Then it was lowered to the level of my knee.

'Stop!' she cried imperatively.

'I shall not.'

I waited expectantly for the impotent click of her harmless weapon. I was mistaken.

Hurling the revolver into a corner of the room, she flung herself into a chair beside the table and buried her face in her arms, sobbing and weeping in a paroxysm of tears.

Instantly I felt a brute. She had, as she believed, spared me; and I, who had thought to have had the laugh of her, was smitten by a bitter pang of self-reproach. She was a Schattenberg, and I had thought the wild blood of her race, her keen, mistaken patriotism, her affectionate loyalty to her truculent father and reckless brother, were more than sufficient to overcome a woman's natural reluctance to wound a fellow-creature. But I had underestimated the power of her womanliness, and where I had looked for farce, found something very much akin to tragedy—a woman's murdered self-respect.

More moved than I should have believed possible, I did a very presumptuous and foolish thing. Stepping softly to her side, I bent over her bowed head and slightly touched the crown of her dead-black locks with my lips as a brother might implant a kiss on the hair of a grieving sister. Then I left her. Closing the door behind me, I swiftly retraversed the dark corridor, passed through the swing-door, descended the stairs, and ultimately found myself in the hall. The great door was shut, but there were plenty of men about clearing up and putting things straight after the gorgeous entertainment of the evening, and I had no difficulty, after finding my hat, coat, and snow-boots, in obtaining an egress.

(To be continued.)

ELECTRIC SMELTING IN CANADA.



ROM the Atlantic to the Pacific, throughout the Dominion of Canada, iron ore has been proved to exist in many localities in immense quantities extending over vast areas. To stimulate the production of iron and steel from this abundant raw material, the Canadian Government has imposed heavy import duties and granted generous bounties. In spite of this artificial assistance, Canada during the last fiscal year imported pig-iron to the value of nearly nine million pounds, and the import for the current year is likely to be much larger. The difficulty in the production of pig-iron in Canada hitherto has been chiefly in the way of coal for smelting purposes having to be brought from long distances to the localities in which iron ore is abundant. In those localities, however, where the iron deposits are of the greatest area and value there are water-powers which when harnessed are capable of generating electric energy on a vast scale. Operations conducted in other countries first turned the attention of the Canadian Government to electrical smelting, and they decided to make a special grant for experimental purposes. The complete control was placed in the hands of Dr Eugene Haanel, Dominion Superintendent of Mines, who has now demonstrated that for Canadian ores electrical smelting is an assured success.

For a long time past Dr Haanel has been deeply impressed with the possibilities resultant from the discovery of some other source of energy than the combustion of carbon in blast-furnaces. The electric process has been profitably employed in France and other parts of Europe. In this work, Slassani in Italy and Herault and Keller in France had rendered conspicuous service. Brazil, Chili, Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Canada, all rich in ore-deposits and water-power but lacking coal, could economically produce pig-iron by the electric process. The Lake Superior Power Company, which is now turning out steel rails at the rate of over six hundred tons a day, and is, of course, vitally interested in the question, offered the Government one of their buildings at Sault Ste Marie in which to erect a plant for an adequate test, and the offer was accepted. Some months ago Dr Haanel commenced his work at Sault Ste Marie, and the results are now made public, and are attracting great attention in Canada and the United States. The United States Steel Trust has been keeping a close watch on the experiments at Sault Ste Marie, and it is not improbable that the decision of the management of that gigantic combination to start operations in Canada with an estimated expenditure of about fifteen million pounds is consequent on the success of Dr Haanel's satisfactory experiments.

Describing the process of electrical smelting adopted by him at Sault Ste Marie, Dr Haanel says that the ore was placed in a furnace, and into the midst of it a large electrode was inserted. The current therefrom passed through the metal to the bottom of the furnace, where it was carried off by a wire. The heat caused by the resistance offered by the metal produced the smelting process. It was very simple and completely successful. Experiments with roasted and briquetted nickeliferous pyrrhotite were equally successful, furnishing a ferronickel iron pig containing 4½ per cent. of nickel virtually free from sulphur. A most important feature of the test was that there was practically no waste.

The beneficial results of the introduction of electrical smelting into Canada are summarised by Dr Haanel as follows: (1) the utilisation of extensive water-powers which cannot at present be profitably employed for any other purpose; (2) the utilisation of the large number of iron-ore deposits which, on account of their high sulphur contents, cannot be treated by a blast-furnace, and have so far been valueless; (3) the utilisation of Canada's extensive peat-bogs for the production of peat-coke to be used as reducing material for the operation of electric furnaces, and the utilisation of mill-refuse and sawdust, for which there has been so far no practical use; (4) rendering Canada independent of fuel import for metallurgical processes; (5) enabling Canada to produce her own pig-iron from her abundant sources for her own consumption, and consequently retaining in the Dominion the money which otherwise would have to be sent abroad to purchase pig-iron in the crude and manufactured state; (6) the development of steel plants and rolling-mills using only electric energy.

Since Dr Haanel made his successful experiments at Sault Ste Marie there has been a great awakening throughout Canada as to the enormous value of the numerous water-powers that are to be found in every province of the Dominion, and which can be made available for the generation of electric energy at comparatively small cost. Hitherto it has been the practice to give concessions and franchises of water-powers with a prodigality that was little short of contemptuous. The enormous potential wealth in these water-powers for the people of Canada, who own them, has come upon the people as a revelation, and they with united voice are insisting upon their legislators conserving the water-powers for the generation of electric energy for the public good. First in the field is the Government of the province of Ontario, which has entered upon a policy of acquiring electric power by expropriating the franchises of private companies already granted. It also intends to construct transmission lines of its own. The municipalities will eventually bear the cost of the works, paying 4 per cent. interest and the

expenses of maintenance. The scheme will provide the cheapest electrical power in the whole American continent, as it will be generated by water-power at Niagara and on many other rivers. A commission will be appointed to regulate the rates to be charged by the companies for electricity in the meantime. Ontario is rich in minerals that can be treated only by smelting, and this new departure of the provincial Government opens out great possibilities for the future. Hitherto expense has killed the prospector in Ontario. When the Government has developed the electric energy now running to waste it will be possible to follow the prospector into the most remote wilderness of the province with experimental electric smelters with as little difficulty as is now the case in modern warfare, where a telegraph and telephone service forms a necessary and useful branch of an army's equipment.

R. W. Wilson.

THE STRONG-ROOM.

PART II.

A FEW minutes after one o'clock on that Saturday, John Rogers, manager of the County Bank at Dooniskey, left his office and hurried to his room to prepare for his journey. From a wardrobe he took out a light travelling-suit; and, being a careful man, he emptied the contents of the pockets of the clothes he wore into the garments he was about to put on. His keys and money—he carried a tidy sum—he transferred to the pockets of the trousers, while his watch and other articles were placed in the coat and vest. Then he made the change.

When he had completed dressing he packed a small handbag with the things he would require. A razor was among them, for although he wore a beard, he might want to shave. Next, from a carefully locked drawer in an old-fashioned chest he withdrew a small tin box. Before opening it he made sure that the door of the room was secure. A sigh of relief escaped him when he found that its contents were safe. In its nest of cotton-wool Lady Melville's magnificent necklace lay snug and sound. Even at that moment he could not resist the temptation of playing with it for a few seconds in the soft afternoon sunlight that poured into the room. Then he returned it to its box and put the whole thing carefully into the handbag.

The bank was almost the last house in town; and as John Rogers closed the front door behind him, and glanced down the long, straight street, a few sentimental thoughts strayed into his mind, and he wondered if he should ever see the familiar scene again. He had reason to wonder, for the step which he was taking was of a desperate character, and he fully realised its danger. It was not a new project inspired by the events of the past few days. Years ago he had first planned it. For many years Lady Melville had been in the habit of depositing her jewels for safe keeping in the bank while she was abroad, and John Rogers had been simply waiting for the opportunity which Meredith's absence from the office a few days before had given him.

He was not on his way to Cork. The walk to Crossgar was only a pretext. His real destination was London. A train leaving Crossgar at six o'clock that evening would arrive in Dublin in time to catch the night boat to Holyhead, so he should have no difficulty in reaching London on the following morning. He had made an appointment to meet a certain dealer there, to whom he would sell Lady Melville's necklace, and who would also supply him with an imitation of the gem, which he would bring back to Dooniskey, and trust to luck for an opportunity to slip it into the empty jewel-case. If, however, this plan were impracticable, he intended to sell the ornament for the highest sum he could obtain, and then to disappear—anywhere, into whatever hole or corner of the world that would hide him.

When he had travelled about a mile on his way he was overtaken by a fastly driven car. The owner, a prosperous farmer with whom he was acquainted, hospitably offered him a seat; but, much to the man's surprise, he declined, explaining that he wanted a walk and that he was not in a hurry. As he advanced he had many offers of this kind, all of which he declined. This frequent recognition was annoying him, and as he knew of a way across the fields he decided to leave the road.

It was pleasant walking over the soft green turf on that fine summer afternoon, and but for the agitated state of his mind he would have enjoyed it. Presently he realised that he was making too much progress. If he continued at that pace he would reach Crossgar long before six o'clock, and that was a thing he was anxious to avoid, as he did not wish to be seen waiting about the station. But he found that he was too excited to walk slowly. There was nothing else for it—he must take a rest.

On a smooth green bank beneath the shade of a tree he threw himself down; but even then he could not keep still. He looked at his watch every few moments, played with its chain, and counted the money in his possession. Then he slipped his hand into one of the pockets of his trousers to see if his keys were safe. On the instant he leapt to his feet. The pocket was empty. A cold sweat broke out on his brow as

his hands rushed from pocket to pocket. But his keys were gone. For several minutes he stood there dazed and stupefied. Then, like a flash, he remembered the way in which he had changed his clothes; how he had first of all transferred the contents of his pockets to the garments he was about to put on. His carefulness had been his undoing. It was quite easy to see that the keys, which from constant use were as smooth as glass, had slipped noiselessly on to the carpet while he was in the act of dressing. What was to be done? One thing certainly, and that at all costs: remove the chance of the keys falling into Meredith's hands. He must return. His brain was acting rapidly now, and it did not take him long to decide on how to proceed. He knew the programme that would be carried out in his home during his absence that evening. At about half-past seven Mary the maid would go as usual to the chapel. A few minutes before eight Meredith and Millicent would leave for the concert. Then for a whole hour the house would be empty. It was during that hour that he should return. It would be almost dark then, and the chances of being seen would be few. Even if he were observed, there were plenty of excuses at his disposal. Meanwhile he must remain where he was; it was still quite early.

Nothing to disturb him occurred during the return journey. Until quite near the town he kept to the fields, and when he was compelled to take to the road darkness was falling rapidly, so that by the time he reached the door of the bank night had descended.

As he had calculated, the house was empty. He went straight to his room, and on his knees he commenced his search for the missing keys. But they were not to be found. Then he remembered the night-bolt, and hastened to it. When he discovered that it was lowered he at once came to the conclusion that Meredith had been before him. While debating as to his next move he was startled by the sound of a key grating in the front door, and a moment later some one entered the hall, and then passed into the office. He heard whoever it was strike a match, and from the sounds that followed he guessed that the person was writing. He had by this time crept from his room and stationed himself at the top of the stairs, from which place he had an uninterrupted view of the hall. In a few minutes the visitor came out of the office, and, leaving a note on the table, left the house, apparently in a great hurry. It was only Mary the maid. When all was quiet again he stole down the stairs and read the note. It was to the effect that the girl's mother had been taken seriously ill, and the writer of the note would not be able to return to the bank that night.

When he had finished reading the note he replaced it on the table and glanced at the clock in the hall. He was astonished to find that time had flown so rapidly. Already the frequent footsteps in the street told him that people were returning from the concert. At any moment Millicent and her escort might return. Even as he listened he heard their voices outside the door. He had barely time to steal into the office and hide behind the counter. He heard every word they said, but it was of no use to him.

When at length the house had relapsed into silence he had time to review his position and consider his next move. He was locked in the house; but that was of little importance, as he knew of a small window at the back through which he could escape at any moment. But he was in no hurry to go, as he had missed the last train to Dublin that night, but early next morning he could catch one that would suit his purpose almost as well. And, what was of more importance, he knew that Meredith suspected him; and now that his enemy was in possession of both sets of keys, he felt that no time would be lost before examining the strong-room. By remaining where he was he might witness a scene that would make him master of the situation.

His surmise was not incorrect. After a long and weary wait he heard the groaning of the night-bolt as it was raised from its socket. It was the signal for him to be ready. A few moments later the sounds of Meredith's stealthy footsteps were distinctly audible. He waited until his enemy had gained access to the strong-room. Then he crept from his hiding-place to a position from which the interior of the room was visible. Meredith had lit the gas, so that nothing in the chamber escaped his notice. He witnessed, not without a feeling of exultation, the cashier's dismay at finding the box empty. The scene fascinated him, and it was only by the merest accident that he caught the sound of the light footsteps of his step-daughter and had time to glide behind the open door.

Once again he was a listener to their conversation, but all the time he was wondering how he should act. When the word 'police' was mentioned he knew that the moment for intervention had arrived. Stepping boldly from his place of concealment, he stood in the doorway with his eyes fixed upon the pair. The length of time he was allowed to remain unobserved astonished him. To attract their attention he had actually to stamp on the floor. Then, seeing Meredith preparing to rush forward, he, responding to some instinct of self-preservation, slammed the door in the young man's face.

They were his prisoners. He had caught them at midnight, during his supposed absence, engaged in rifling the strong-room. A grand story to tell should the necessity arise!

For a while he gloried in his capture, but by degrees he realised that, instead of being of assistance to him, it only presented him with fresh difficulties. It was true they were at his mercy; but what should he do with them? If he allowed them to remain where they were they would assuredly die in a very short space of time; while

if he liberated them, they would at once raise the alarm.

While trying to solve the problem it suddenly occurred to him that ever since he had slammed the door the place where he stood was in darkness. As he was in the act of lighting the gas a whiff of the escaping fluid reached his nostrils and inspired him with an idea so fiendish that he hesitated before putting it into practice. But he was now a desperate man, prepared to attempt anything that might help to extricate him from his perilous position.

Extinguishing the newly lighted flame, he groped his way to the kitchen, where he found and lit a candle. Then he went straight to where the gas-meter was situated. His first act was to turn off the handle that controlled the current. He knew that his captives in the strong-room were now in darkness, but would they have the forethought to turn off the gas-jet? He felt assured that they would not. He allowed a few minutes to elapse before proceeding further with his diabolical plan. His next move was to turn, ever so gently, the handle that admitted the gas to flow from the meter through the pipes to the different rooms of the house. It was a vital moment for him. On the front of the meter was affixed a number of dials which indicated the amount of gas consumed. One of them, the smallest, showed the number of feet in units. On it he fixed his gaze. Everything depended on that little hand. If it moved, then his scheme would succeed; but if it remained stationary it would prove that the occupants of the strong-room were on the alert. To his satisfaction, he saw it tremble and creep slowly round its circuit. With eager eyes he watched it as with each turn of the handle it gained in speed. On, on it flew until at length even he was growing afraid. He was playing a dangerous game. It was not his intention to kill his victims, but to stupefy them, so that he could make his escape. At last, to his relief, he saw the hand come to an abrupt standstill. Then he knew that they had discovered the source of the deadly fluid that was rushing in upon them. All the same, the atmosphere of the tiny room must be deadly.

He found them lying on the floor locked in each other's arms, and as he looked at their closed eyes and pallid faces his blood ran cold; but as he dragged them out of the foul air moans issuing from their lips told him that they were alive. It was enough to satisfy him.

When he returned to the strong-room the disorder of the place came upon him as a surprise. The door of the safe lay open, disclosing a row of well-filled bags, the contents of which, he knew, was gold. The spectacle suggested possibilities that he had never even dreamt of, and his heart beat fast.

Although for thirty years the man had held a position of trust and led an honest life, he had the instincts of a thief. The sight of these well-filled bags tempted him beyond resistance, and he resolved that he would start on his journey again, but this time, in addition to Lady Melville's necklace, he would take with him just as many of them as he could possibly carry; furthermore, his destination would not be London. He would go farther afield.

It was Sunday morning, and at five o'clock a train, on its way to Queenstown to catch the American liner, would stop at Crossgar. He glanced at his watch. He could do it, but it would be a race.

Hastily gathering together the gold, he packed it into his bag; but when he attempted to lift it he found that he had been too greedy. Reluctantly he emptied out some of it. Even then he felt uneasy about its weight.

The keys were hanging in the doors. Selecting his own, he placed them carefully in his pocket, while Meredith's he returned to their insensible owner. But first of all he locked all the doors. Then he left the house—not as he had left it on the day before, but through a small window at the back.

Once again he was leaving Dooniskey behind him; but everything was so different this time. Before he had abundance of time at his disposal; now he had not a moment to spare. On the former occasion he had the satisfaction of knowing that he was carrying out a well-laid scheme; now he was nothing more than a common thief, aware of the clumsiness of his method.

As soon as was possible he left the road and took to the fields. He fully realised the danger of venturing on unfamiliar paths in the darkness; but he was reckless now; the courage which had sustained him all along had vanished under the strain of the past few hours. Besides, his bodily strength was failing; already his arms were suffering from the weight of the bag, and he had not tasted food since noon of the day before. At all costs he would risk the shorter way.

On, on through the darkness he rushed, running for long stretches, and then pausing to recover breath. But his mad race was soon brought to an abrupt ending. Crossing a fence, he stumbled and fell headlong.

When he recovered consciousness day had broken, and he was lying on his back at the bottom of a dike, with a pain in his leg that prevented him from moving.

For what seemed an interminable time he lay there watching the gradually brightening sky and straining his ears at every sound. At last the noise of somebody whistling a merry tune drifted towards him. To attract attention he shouted with all his might. The whistling ceased, and in a few moments the wondering face of a farmer's lad appeared at the top of the bank.

'Do you know who I am?' John Rogers demanded of him.

'No, sir,' the lad replied, shaking his head.

'I have met with an accident, and I want you to run to the town for help. Will you go?'

The boy nodded his assent; and John Rogers,

rising to a sitting posture, tore a leaf from his note-book and scribbled a line to Meredith.

'Take this,' he said when he had finished, 'to the bank, and ring at the door until you get an answer; and remember, if you meet any one on the way, you are not to stop and talk to him.'

'I must go for my cows first,' the lad remarked as he took the note.

'Cows be ——!' shouted the prostrate man. 'Here, take this to quicken your steps;' and he flung him a sovereign.

The boy picked up the gold and was off like a shot.

. . . . . .

It was dawn when Meredith came to himself. The return to consciousness had been slow and painful. By degrees he recollected the horrible events of the preceding night, and then his thoughts flew to Millicent. She was lying at his side, motionless save for a gentle movement of her breast, which filled him with hope.

On the moment he rose to his feet to open the window. Not till then did he realise how weak he was. Everything swam round and round; but as soon as he admitted the pure morning air he felt better.

He then returned to his prostrate companion. In response to a gentle touch, she opened her eyes and gazed stupidly around her.

'What has happened?' he heard her murmur in a weak voice.

'Let nothing trouble you,' he said soothingly; 'we are safe.'

'Has he gone?' she asked after a long silence.

'We are alone,' he replied. 'I do not know what has happened. The door of the strong-room is locked, and my keys are in my pocket.'

Almost before he had finished speaking the violent ringing of the front-door bell startled them both. Feeling instinctively that the summons was connected with their present plight, Meredith hastened to obey the call. An excited boy stood waiting outside the door.

'I was told to wait for an answer,' he said, thrusting a note into Meredith's hand.

A feeling of relief passed over Meredith as he read the message; then he hurried back to discuss its contents with Millicent.

A few minutes later, led by the boy who had brought the note, he was on his way to the place where John Rogers lay.

A long pause succeeded the meeting of the two men. It seemed as if each were waiting for the other to show his hand. At length Meredith spoke.

'You sent for me,' he said calmly.

'Yes,' replied John Rogers. 'I want you to explain your presence in the strong-room with my daughter last night.'

The audacity of the demand astonished Meredith, but in no way abashed him. He had his plan of action ready. 'Much time will be saved,' he said, 'if you will hand me over your keys now.'

'My keys! What do you mean?'

'I mean that I want to place this'—and he stooped and picked up the handbag that was lying on the grass—'in the strong-room. It is much too valuable to be in your sole charge. Besides, it is not well that a stranger should have to carry it. It is very heavy.'

An ugly scowl passed over the face of the injured man, and for a few moments he was silent. Then he suddenly dived his hand into his pocket and threw the keys on the ground.

Meredith picked them up and held them loosely in his fingers. He was thinking of Millicent, and of how glad she would be if the whole of the horrible affair could be kept secret.

'I am willing to return them to you on one condition,' he said.

'What is it?' inquired John Rogers impatiently.

'That in exchange for them you place in my hands your unconditional resignation of the position you hold in the bank.'

An expression impossible to read appeared in the man's face. Perhaps he realised the generosity of the terms.

'You shall have it,' he replied, 'as soon as ever I am able to write; only, for Heaven's sake bring me a doctor. I am in great pain.'

THE END.

THE LAST MATCH OF THE SEASON.

A FANTASY.

By JULIAN KINGSTEAD.

IT was the last match of the season, and the Champion County had won within ten minutes of time. Some of the old fogies in the pavilion, we are told, put it down to the spin of the coin on the first day; others thought of the days of the 'Three Graces,' and remembered when those mighty brethren could have faced together almost the whole world. They sigh, do these critics of our National Game, and recall with sadness the Eton and Harrow, Oxford and Cambridge, and Gentlemen and Players matches in which they themselves took part.

Perhaps you know the ground where this great contest has taken place; it is one of the quickest scoring, and—so old Parsons the groundsman (was he not the great Tykeshire bowler in the seventies?) will tell you—possesses the best-turfed cricket-pitch

in all England. Surely it was Parsons of whom the famous anecdote was told: 'And how, pray,' asked an American, 'do you get these magnificent wickets? I guess we haven't much of this kind in the States.' Said Parsons, 'Well, sorr, we jist mows and rolls, and then we mows and rolls again, and we jist keeps the grass growin' there, sorr, for *three hundred years*, maybe. That's how we does it, sorr!'

But see how deserted the old ground is now—this ground where the last match of the season has been played! The benches are almost empty. One or two loiterers stroll across the grass to the roped-in pitch, and gaze with wonder and admiration—nay, with something akin to reverence—upon the few yards of green where so many contests have been fought and won, where so lately over succeeded over, run followed run, and the destiny of the Champion County lay undecided in the hands of fate. The crowds have long ago poured out of the great gates; a few pros. are taking whisky-and-soda with each other and good friends at the buffet; old Parsons starts to drag along his big roller; and the little man to whom 'you pay as you go in' saunters up towards the pav., informing Mr Parsons, if you please, that it is the record taking for ten years.

Such is the picture outside. Inside the pavilion are the rival teams. The captains are chatting over old times. The waiters and hired waiters, the cooks, bottle-washers, and what-nots, are scurrying to and fro, breaking plates innumerable, to prepare for the great banquet this evening. For the organisers of the Sparkleton Cricket Week are bowling out the season with a fine dinner, and—so the *Wessex and East Anglian Gazette* has it—the function is to be presided over by none less than that enthusiastic supporter of cricket, the Right Hon. the Marquis of Carabas.

Come, then, my friend, for we are invited. Let us don our evening-dress, let us hunt up all our books of cricket-lore that we may be *au fait* with our surroundings, and let us hie in good time and a hired barouche to the table of my Lord Carabas.

. . . . . .

In the pavilion the diners have dined and the tables are set for dessert. 'Gentlemen, you may smoke.' The usual loyal toasts have been duly honoured, as the newspapers put it, and the little, old, wiry captain of the Rest of England XI. rises amid the acclamations of every one.

'I give you a toast,' you will hear him say, 'the toast of those players who have gone before. I drink to the health of old friends and foemen in the field. I raise my glass to the memory of great contests—willow and leather, flannels and stumps; to the memory of great struggles, great finishes, great victories; to the memory of all those great batsmen and bowlers whose prowess has been both the terror and admiration of their opponents.'

And so the time goes on. There are some ninety and nine diners, and there are many speakers. There is one who rises now. He is a young cricketer. He played for his school and his 'varsity: a man whose strength is in his strong arms, the arms that wield the willow; a man who is a judge and a critic of the game, the scion of a noble house that has learnt for years to command, and whose command means law and the judgment of a sound mind. He is scarcely five-and-twenty, but he captains the Winning County. As he speaks a great hush falls upon the listeners, for his words sound ominous and rouse memories of times long ago.

'Where,' he is saying, 'are all the great players of the past? Have we an Alfred Mynn to-day, a Lockyer, or a George Parr? Or, again, do any of our cricketers approach old William Beldham, the last of the Hambledon Club, who coupled his name with England against an opponent team, and who made seventy-two in his old age against the fastest bowler in England? I call up the mighty dead: Fuller Pilch, William Lambert, the veteran Frederick William Lillywhite, and that noble Englishman "the active Earl of Tankerville"—they will bear me witness; this is the time of batsmen's wickets, of easy run-getting, of increasing scores, and yet there is not one man alive to-day to equal the great players of the past.'

. . . . . .

As he speaks the scene fades from my eyes, and suddenly, as it were, I find myself seated in a chair upon the pavilion steps. Behind me a half-drawn blind shows the room where I was lately ensconced. The captain standing at the table is still speaking, and as I look at him through the closed window, but hear nothing, his words—those despairing words of a moment ago—still ring in my ears: 'There is not one man alive to-day to equal the great players of the past.'

I start with remembrance, and look round again. In the bright moonlight I can see across the ground; and as I look I stare, half-amused, half-curious, at a sight which spreads itself before me. It all seems quite natural, quite expected. You will see it also, my friend. This is the picture. There are fifteen men altogether standing upon the grass, and their white flannels and silks shine in the moonlight. I see them take up their positions. I see the umpire's hand drop as he stands aside. I see a great stalwart cricketer lift his bat, and such another spin along to deliver the ball he holds. And then a cry goes up, and I know that I am not alone at this great contest. I scan the faces of the players and those in the pavilion waiting their turn at the wickets, and it seems only right that I should know them. Look, my friend, who is there to-night. There are the three Graces, and there are Lord Harris, A. Lyttelton, A. G. Steel, Shaw, and Morley—these on one side; and on the other, the veteran W. L. Murdoch, Bannerman, Bonner, and Boyle, and the great Blackham behind the sticks. It is an epoch-making match. 'Who are they and what are they doing?' you will ask. I will tell you. This is the first of those greatest contests we Englishmen see

to-day—phantom cricket—England *versus* Australia in 1880, and the heroes of it are the two captains.

How well I recall it! The match seems to last for ages and yet to pass through in scarce more than a moment! There is the truly magnificent score of England: Grace's 152 out of 420; poor 'G. F.'s' 'pair of spectacles'—but he made up for them by that renowned catch in the long field which disposed of the giant Bonner. It was the last big match he played before his death—the bowling of Shaw and Steel, the Australian follow-on, their wonderful second innings' score, and the still more wonderful score of the captain; then England again, the sudden rot with five wickets down and scarcely ten times as many runs; Grace again; and then——

Hark, a wonderful cry goes up! The winning hit has been made. The game is finished, and England has won the first test-match! England has won! England has won! The umpires lift the bails, and I see a great phantom crowd surge on to the field and in front of the pavilion to do honour to the Grand Old Man whose victory it is. Again a mighty cry goes up, the cry of the great sport-loving English people: 'Bravo, sir!' And they press round their 'W. G.', eager, if may be, even so much as to touch the bat with which he made his runs. And then, as I look, those words of the young captain force themselves with persistency upon my ears: 'There is not one man alive to-day to equal the great players of the past.' I jump from my seat and run with the crowd to greet the hero. Once more there is a glorious cry—and then a clink of glasses.

. . . . . .

I am still seated at the dinner-table, and the voices of the speakers have awakened me from my reverie. Hush! The noble Marquis of Carabas is standing up, and he smiles as he raises his glass towards the veteran who sits upon his right. You must know this great stalwart veteran. He is tall, magnificent, and broad-shouldered, and his great beard, once so black, is known to thirty million people in the land. Need I say more? The last match of the season has been played, and we raise our glasses in honour of the National Game and him who is the doyen of it still. 'There is not one man alive to-day to equal the great players of the past,' said one. Heaven forbid! My friend, we have yet with us the greatest of them all.

'Gentlemen, I give you our National Game, coupled with the name of Mr W. G. Grace!'

Again that clink of glasses, and then:

'Mr Grace!' says one.

'W. G.!' says another.

'W. G. Grace!'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE.

THE small percentage of people who realise what an appalling thing it is that the infantile mortality of this country is so frightfully in excess of what it ought to be, will be interested to learn of the efforts which are being made in northern France to combat this evil. It cannot be too often repeated that this frightful massacre of innocents is almost entirely due to the crass ignorance of mothers. The British Consul at Havre, in his recently issued annual report, gives an interesting account of the work of the societies called *Œuvres de la Goutte de Lait*. These beneficent societies have at heart the welfare of the children of France, whether they be those of the poorer class or the richer folk, but necessarily they are particularly concerned with the babes of working people, for among this class the greatest ignorance and carelessness, and therefore the highest mortality, are found. The societies in the first place encourage, by every means in their power, the natural breast-feeding of infants, and give good teaching and advice as to the necessity of cleanliness in all matters connected with the child's upbringing. Then, where it is found that hand-feeding only is practicable, the societies provide an easy means of obtaining good, pure, sterilised milk. Each child, as soon as it comes under the care of one of these societies, is definitely and systematically taken in hand. It is weighed every week, all its symptoms and requirements carefully noted, and the right amount of food portioned out to it. Every day the mother or guardian of the child is provided with a number of sealed bottles, each containing a suitable meal for the babe. Exactly the same attention is given to the case whether the child is the offspring of the richest or the poorest inhabitant; but the very poor people pay only one penny a day for the supply of milk and all the care and attention which the societies bestow, while the children of the richer class receive the same treatment for a daily payment of sevenpence halfpenny. There is a middle class, comprising the well-to-do working people, who pay at the rate of threepence a day for the same advantages. The societies are aided by the State or the Municipality, and by annual subscriptions and donations. The first of these societies originated at Fécamp in 1894, and now there is one or more in practically every town in Normandy. There are three at Havre, having in hand an average of four hundred infants. It is reported that the mortality from enteritis has been reduced in children under the care of the societies from 12 or 14 per cent. to 2 or 3 per cent. Truly a remarkable result, and one which amply justifies the Consul's contention that there is great scope for

such work as this in a world where some three million children are murdered every year by the ignorance and carelessness of their mothers.

DRY FARMING.

There are vast tracts of country throughout the world where it has always been believed no vegetation of a useful kind could be induced to grow because of the lack of rain. Vast sums of money have been expended in big irrigation schemes for bringing water from places where it is plentiful to those drier regions in order to encourage the growth of valuable crops for the food of man. Yet in most of these places vegetation of some kind exists and flourishes without any artificial aid, and it has been contended for many years by Mr Campbell of Lincoln, Nebraska, that where such things as sage-brush, cactus-plants, yacca, and greasewood will grow, the foods suitable to the requirements of man may also be made to flourish under the same conditions. Moreover, according to a highly interesting article by Mr John Cowen in *The Century Illustrated* magazine, Mr Campbell has proved his point. In numbers of places in arid America he has produced most remarkable results without the aid of any artificial irrigation. His method consists in a very careful treatment of the soil, always with a view to conserving to the utmost possible extent every particle of moisture which grudging nature bestows upon it. The surface of the soil is kept always loose and finely pulverised in such a way as to allow the free percolation of rains and melted snows to the harder soils beneath, and at the same time destroy the capillary attraction which ordinarily brings the moisture to the surface and allows it to disperse itself in the hot, dry air above. Below this layer of finely pulverised earth, the soil is compacted to increase its capillary attraction and water-holding capacity, so that it is in the best possible condition for the germination of seeds and the growth of roots. It is claimed for this method of dry farming that by its means an annual rainfall of twelve inches will produce as good results as twenty-four inches by the ordinary farm methods; but it is not denied that dry farming calls for the exercise of keen intelligence and watchfulness, and for much labour. Still, these things are possible of obtainment where very often water cannot be had at any price, and if all that is claimed for it be true, dry farming should be a message of hope to many an almost despairing settler.

THE CHICAGO STOCK-YARDS.

The horror and indignation which has been felt in all parts of the civilised world at the highly sensational newspaper reports, and the descriptions in a recent work of fiction, of the methods which prevail in the meat-canning industry at Chicago should be mitigated to a great extent by the report of the committee appointed to examine into the truth of the statements. As an addition to their complete report, the committee have recently issued a supplement in which they give quotations from the *Jungle* and from the *Lancet*, and append to each quotation their own comments upon the paragraph after having visited and most carefully inspected the scenes of the scandal. The committee went unannounced to all the stock-yards and canning-sheds in Chicago, and they were allowed to pass freely wherever they wished, as indeed, it seems, all visitors have always been able to do. The report appears, on the face of it, to be the work of unbiassed, thoughtful men. Probably many who have read the works in question will, remembering some of the statements, be quite prepared to hear that they are not substantiated by an unprejudiced committee. The cold, unemotional alternation of quotation and comment throughout this pamphlet is very telling, and leaves the reader with the impression that the reports have been grossly and deliberately exaggerated with intentional purpose. Summed up, it would seem that conditions almost as bad as the descriptions paint them did actually exist here and there in some of the smaller canning-houses of Chicago, and that these isolated instances have been collected from all the corners of the city and quoted as applying generally to the conditions of the entire trade of Chicago. It is putting the case mildly to say that this form of generalisation is unfair.

PLANTS UNDER CHLOROFORM.

A very curious announcement is reported in a recent issue of the *English American*, to the effect that one of the professors of the University of Copenhagen has been making a number of experiments with plants subjected to the narcotising influence of ether and chloroform. The professor's plan appears to be as follows: He first sends the plants into a condition which is described as being in all respects analogous to lethargic sleep, wherein they remain for a considerable period, during which time they are laid aside. When they ultimately revive from this condition of sleep they are said to begin to bud and flourish in remarkable profusion. It is further remarked that the known physiology of plants does not explain the phenomenon, but that those who have seen the results of the experiments testify to their reality. It will surprise most people to hear that the word 'anæsthesia' can be applied to plants at all, and it is not easy to conjure up a vision of a plant in a lethargic sleep or to realise the nature of its awakening. The whole report is so very curious that we await with interest the arrival of further particulars. Perhaps, however, they will not come.

DRY MILK.

From time to time various processes have been proposed for freeing the essential constituents of milk from the water which ordinarily holds them in suspension, the idea being that this valuable food, when reduced to a dry form, might be safely transported from place to place without the grave danger of extraneous contamination from which it,

in the liquid form, too often suffers. In the ideal dry milk, it should suffice for the user simply to add an amount of water consistent with that which the manufacturers have removed to produce a quantity of perfect milk indistinguishable from the original. The various processes which have aimed at securing this desirable result have fallen far short of the ideal. Many of them depended upon heat for the evaporation of the water; but heat alters the character of the milk, and the resultant powder, even when very finely pulverised, is not entirely soluble in water. In one of the processes milk is sprayed upon revolving metal rollers heated to a temperature sufficient almost instantaneously to drive off the water and leave the milk in the form of a dry skin, which is removed by scrapers and afterwards powdered. The *Scientific American* publishes a description of a new process for producing dry milk without the aid of a temperature sufficient to alter its character. The process aims at the reduction of the now almost useless skim-milk to a powder, which, when mixed with water, forms a highly valuable food. As everybody knows, the temperature at which any liquid will boil bears a direct relation to the pressure of the atmosphere or other surrounding medium. At the top of a high mountain water boils at a much lower temperature than that with which we are familiar, and in the partial vacuum produced by an air-pump the boiling-point is still further reduced. In the process under review full advantage is taken of this principle, and although a temperature of only 105° Fahr. is employed, the milk boils violently, and is rapidly reduced to a dry form, while its chemical properties remain unaltered. The final drying is accomplished in pans subjected to a blast of cool, dry air, and the resultant crust is then powdered in a revolving cylinder containing a number of porcelain balls, which reduce the milk to a fine flour. It is not contended that the milk reconstituted from this flour by the mere addition of water is quite equal to pure fresh milk, but it nevertheless is of high value, especially for cooking purposes. It is only about one-tenth the weight and bulk of liquid milk, and among the several advantages which it possesses may be mentioned the fact that it is difficult of adulteration. It is obvious, for instance, that it cannot be mixed with water by unscrupulous vendors without immediate detection.

LIQUID LENSES.

It is reported that a Hungarian chemist who has been experimenting for many years in the production of optical lenses has at last succeeded in evolving a new process in place of the solid glass hitherto utilised. He uses two shells of comparatively thin glass, enclosing a liquid of high refractive index between them. This is in reality an application of the old experiment in which a pair of watch-glasses placed together and filled with water are made to perform, very imperfectly, the functions of a glass lens. It is to be presumed that the value of the invention lies in the character of the liquid employed, for there is nothing essentially new in the idea. No particulars are given as to the character of this liquid, but it is at once apparent that it must possess a number of necessary characteristics if it is to perform the work expected of it. It is said that the new lenses can be manufactured far more cheaply than those of solid glass, and that they compare favourably with glass lenses in their optical properties. It would appear that all the familiar troubles, such as spherical and chromatic aberration, can be successfully combated by the new method, which is believed to be applicable to practically all the optical instruments which at present depend upon glass. The new invention should be especially valuable in connection with telescopic work, for the cost of the huge object-glasses for large instruments is a matter whose difficulty increases enormously as larger sizes are attempted. It is believed that the new liquid lens could with comparative ease be made in larger sizes than can possibly be obtained in solid glass with the necessary homogeneity. It is reported that a number of the new lenses are already in process of manufacture, and the optical world will await with interest further news of them.

LIVING PICTURES OF LIVING PLANTS.

As a part of an American educational campaign, an interesting experiment has been tried in the epitomising, as it were, all the life-history of a plant within the duration of an animated photograph. Thus the familiar Oriental story of the mango-plant which grows to maturity in a few minutes under the spectator's eyes is to be made a reality for the children of the West. The miracle, however, is of easy explanation. In the making of an ordinary animated picture a large number of separate and distinct photographs are taken consecutively on a travelling band of celluloid, at the rate of some sixteen every second, and in the reproduction of the picture the separate images are thrown upon a lantern-screen in the same order and at the same rate of speed. It will be remembered that the blending of these images in the spectator's eyes, which are incapable of perceiving them separately at such a speed, results in the production of the illusion of a single picture instinct with life and motion. In photographing the life-history of a growing plant the separate pictures are taken at a comparatively long interval of time—about one picture an hour—so that the complete exposure will embrace the appearance of the first tiny shoot above the soil, and the entire growth of the plant until it flowers and seeds and withers. A few hundred photographic exposures will cover the entire cycle, and produce a film which, projected at the ordinary rate, will occupy only a few minutes of the student's time. In these few minutes he will observe the actual growth of the plant and its every change and movement—the whole story of its life compressed

into two or three minutes. The practical difficulties in accomplishing this work successfully are many, but certainly not insuperable. How far the educational value of the thing will justify the means remains to be seen.

ALCOHOL AND AGRICULTURE.

The fact that alcohol is looked upon by so many persons as a liquid to be imbibed at any and every opportunity is regarded by many other persons as a matter for lamentation. Quite apart from the point of view of these latter good people, the tendency of the former is to be regretted on the ground that it very seriously hinders the utility of alcohol for other and more legitimate purposes. Were it not necessary, for instance, to surround this spirit with so many restrictions, it would be very largely used instead of petrol for internal combustion engines of all kinds. The sweet-scented air of the country lanes and the less savoury, though equally valuable, air of town streets would not be poisoned with the fumes of partially consumed petroleum, and many valuable products now regarded as waste could be made to do much useful work in the service of man. Agricultural machinery driven by engines of the type used in motor-cars are being constantly introduced, but the cost of petrol, and more especially the difficulty of transporting such a dangerously inflammable substance long distances to outlying farms, stand in the way of their use. These engines could be driven quite as easily and effectually with alcohol, which the farmer could make on the spot from materials which would cost practically nothing if the restrictions of the Inland Revenue people could only be removed. According to a number of extensive tests made in Germany, engines driven by alcohol produce an average of 20 per cent. more power than when gasolene is the motive-agent; and it has also been proved that the exhaust gases under these conditions are far less obnoxious. It is believed that alcohol motors will prove an immense benefit to farmers, especially in the vast western regions of America, where the cost of transport of petroleum necessarily prohibits its extensive use. Here spirit can be readily made from the beetroot, which forms one of the farmer's crops, and made so cheaply that it may be used not only for the farmer's agricultural operations where motor-power can be so successfully employed, but also for pumping water for irrigation purposes.

UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS.

The wants of primitive man, beyond the satisfaction of hunger and thirst, seem to have been easily supplied. The wants and necessities of civilised man grow with the progress of the race. The catalogues of the various articles supplied by such Universal Providers as Whiteley, the Army and Navy, or Harrod's (Brompton Road, London) are wonderful and bewildering in the variety of articles offered, and eclipse, in number at least, any Eastern bazaar that ever existed. Harrod's list forms a volume of over one thousand three hundred pages, every page making an appeal to our needs, or tempting us with the luxuries and superfluities of life. One can order a tombstone or a library; arrange for a box at a theatre or accident assurance; for a funeral, cremation, or embalming; as well as Sunday's dinner. The thousand-and-one useful things are there, with beverages, eatables, clothing, furniture, and some things with names that require explanation, like kyl-kol, lypsyl, luxette, and zox. The small dealer does not like this huge agglomeration under one management, and now and again gets starved out; but such emporiums are a creation of our time, meet a public want, and have come to stay.

HOW TO TELL BAD COIN.

A correspondent sends this statement made by the foreman of the jury at the trial of a coining case at the Old Bailey recently. He said, 'If the authorities will accept a suggestion from twelve business men who have, during the year, to deal with considerable amounts of silver coin, there is a most simple way to detect a base coin immediately. It is by taking the suspected coin between the forefinger and thumb of the left hand, and with a good coin held between the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, sharply to rub the "grained" edges of the coins together, when the metal of the spurious coin will almost at once shave off; and we think it is one that the public ought to be made aware of.' The foreman added that he had written to three Chancellors of the Exchequer pointing out to them that they should not deprive the public of this simple test by continuing to issue crown and threepenny pieces without 'grained' edges. The Common Serjeant, after making a personal test, said that he quite agreed with the suggestion of the jury that its usefulness ought to be known.

NATURE'S EMBRACE.

Across the valley, mountain-girt, a peak
Of regal pose, whose snowy brow is tinged
Incarnadine at blush of dawn, and fringed
At eve by lingering kiss with saffron streak,
Till, plunged in night, he looms with stoic mien,
Musing through space with lucent spheres serene.

A shimmering mere his shy nocturnal queen,
Clasping with glistening arms his giant girth,
Till, kiss'd at dewy dawn, her morning mirth
Mirrors his majesty in silver sheen,
Where smiles his rugged visage, flecks of gold
The airy thoughts that cross his forehead cold.

FITZGERALD LANE.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.
4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

CAPTAIN KENT'S COMMISSION.*

By W. Victor Cook.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'SIGNAL for a pilot,' ordered Captain Kent.

While the ensign fluttered to the mast-head he looked long and rather anxiously through his glass at a distant expanse of flat islands pierced with navigable channels. In the month of March 1862 mariners coming from a four months' voyage did not know what might be going forward in the port of Charleston, South Carolina.

'Well, captain, and what do you think?'

The sailor looked round, and met a questioning gaze from deep-brown eyes. He measured six feet of wiry Kentucky manhood, but the brown eyes were not so far below his own that he need bend his head. In the face of the beautiful girl who spoke, the rich tints of health were softened by a certain languor that hinted at tropical climes.

'You don't think it promises well,' she said. 'You need not tell me. And I am so sick of this old ship of yours!' She turned and leaned on the rail, watching the distant land.

Captain Kent shrugged his shoulders, though the quick blood sprang to his cheeks. Four months with those brown eyes could scarce pass without leaving some trace in the emotions of a sailor not yet in his thirtieth year. He glanced aloft at the bellying canvas that had brought the bark *Sebastian* through four months of riotous ocean from far Colombo.

'Tell me, do you think the port is open?' said the young lady imperiously.

'Frankly, Miss Maddison, I don't. It looks like a blockade. There is no shipping about, and no sign of a pilot-cutter; and, if I am not mistaken, that fellow bearing down on us yonder is a Federal cruiser.'

'But we're under the British flag,' the lady objected.

'But we've got American tongues in our heads, and I guess the British flag won't help us any if the Federals hold up the *Sebastian*.'

'What do you advise?'

'I would say, run for St John. We can't afford to be boarded.'

'I would give ten thousand dollars to be able to land. Are you afraid to try?' There was scornful impatience in the girl's tone.

The big Kentuckian's eyes flashed a moment, but his reply was in a steady voice, though his drawl lengthened: 'No, I guess I ain't afraid, Miss Maddison. Only, I tell you, you will lose your fortune if the Federals catch us. We can't give the slip to a fast frigate in our present trim, with her sides all covered with barnacles. It is your venture, and what you order I will stand to. But it is my duty to warn you, and I say, put to sea again before it is too late.'

'And I say, land me right here, Captain Kent,' said she. 'Ah! what is that?'

A white puff rose in the bows of the oncoming frigate, and a dull boom came across the water.

'That means "Heave to, or we'll smash you,"' said Captain Kent, setting his teeth hard.

'Put about,' ordered the proud beauty.

Captain Kent cried an order to the man at the wheel, another to his mate; and as a second puff came from the frigate, and a shot churned into the water a hundred yards ahead, the *Sebastian* swung into stays and ran back in her tracks.

In quick succession three more shots boomed from the frigate. A splinter from the third stretched the steersman bleeding on the poop. Captain Kent sprang to the wheel, and held the bark on her course.

* The sailing-ship *Emily St Pierre* was actually recaptured from the Federalist navy during the Civil War under circumstances very similar—eliminating the purely romantic incidents—to those set forth in this romance.

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'They are walking up to us. In a few minutes they will sink us, Miss Maddison,' he drawled.

The lady still leaned on the rail. Her glance travelled from the ship astern to the groaning seaman on the deck. Then she looked the skipper steadily in the eyes. A sixth shot struck the water close alongside, smothering the decks of the bark with spray.

'Heave to,' she said.

A quarter of an hour later an officer in uniform boarded the *Sebastian*, while his men lay on their oars in their boat.

'Lieutenant Munroe, sir, Federal flagship *Florida*,' he said curtly as he returned the bow of Captain Kent. 'Your papers, sir.'

The captain of the *Sebastian* showed his ship's papers, which the officer examined attentively on the deck of the bark. The lady drew near, watching the process somewhat scornfully. The lieutenant gazed up at her more than once with unrestrained admiration.

'Who is the lady?' he demanded at last.

'The lady is my wife, sir.' The question had been anticipated, and the answer arranged with the consent of his passenger; but Captain Kent's tan deepened as he said the word.

The officer bowed low. 'Captain, allow me to offer you my congratulations,' he said. 'We will search the ship, beginning with your cabin.'

'As you please.'

Lieutenant Munroe folded the papers and returned them.

'Bark *Sebastian*, eight hundred and eighty-four tons, alleged to hail from Liverpool; managing owners, Stoner, Holmtree, & Co.; from Calcutta and Colombo for Charleston with gunny-bags,' he repeated with more than a suspicion of incredulity. Stepping to the side, he gave an order to his boat's crew, who rowed round to the stern of the *Sebastian*. Then he followed Captain Kent.

'Nice, safe cargo, gunny-bags,' he commented as they entered the hold. 'No fear of rolling loose and breaking a hole in her side—eh, captain? Ah! what's all this?' He stopped opposite a row of small barrels.

'Saltpetre,' said Captain Kent.

'I do not find it written in the bond,' said the lieutenant. He ostentatiously lighted a cigar in close proximity to one of the barrels, watching his companion out of the corner of his eye. But the tall skipper of the *Sebastian* regarded the proceeding with an air of complete indifference.

'What does this blue chalk-mark mean?' asked the lieutenant, pointing with the red end of his cigar to a sign on one of the barrels.

'Eh?' said Captain Kent. 'Purified charcoal.'

'Guess we'll have a look at some of that charcoal,' said the lieutenant.

He prised up the top of the barrel and held the light close. For perhaps half a minute he stood staring into the little barrel. Then, still speechless, he looked in the face of Captain Kent, and back again into the barrel. At last he found his voice again, and spoke slowly in a tone almost awe-struck.

'What do you figure that your—purified charcoal is worth, captain?'

'Two and a half million dollars,' answered Captain Kent. 'It is the private property of—my wife.'

'Ah!' The lieutenant put his hand gingerly into the barrel, but Captain Kent grasped his arm.

'Sir!'

'I guess you are right, captain,' said the officer. 'Close up your charcoal-box.'

The remaining examination was quickly over, and the two returned on deck.

'I must take you aboard the *Florida* with me,' said the lieutenant.

'Sir,' said Captain Kent, 'as master of a British ship, trading in lawful goods, I demand, if the port is blocked, permission from your Admiral to proceed to St John, New Brunswick. By what right under the law of nations do you detain me?'

'I must refer you to my superiors, captain. As for my right, it rests on the *Florida's* guns.'

Captain Kent shrugged, and gave the order to anchor. Then he accompanied the lieutenant to his boat.

For two hours he waited under guard on the upper deck of the Federal flagship. The distant boom of cannon came at intervals over the water from the low, wooded shore. At last Lieutenant Munroe returned up the companion, and approaching him, bowed stiffly.

'I am to inform you, captain, that the Admiral has decided to seize your vessel.'

'Upon what grounds?'

'Upon the grounds, first, that she carries contraband of war—to wit, a hundred barrels of gunpowder; secondly, that her British registration is not *bona fide*, that many things marked Charleston have been found on board, and that the name Charleston has been scraped off her stern.'

'I protest'——

'I am further to inform you that the *Sebastian* is ordered to Philadelphia under my command, and that you are invited to take passage thither in her.'

'As a prisoner?'

Lieutenant Munroe spread out his hands.

'At least you will allow my wife to land with her property?'

'I regret that that is not possible.'

'Does your Federal navy, then, make war on women?'

'Women who travel the high seas in a Confederate ship with two and a half million dollars of jewellery, in company with a hundred barrels of gunpowder, and married to a Kentucky skipper with a drawl as long as a lead-line!' said the lieutenant dryly. 'Confess, captain, that the lady is not your wife.'

Captain Kent sized up his man with a search-

ing look. The officer, who had a strong, square jaw and steady gray eyes, impressed him not unfavourably.

'As I am to be your prisoner, I will admit that she is not,' he said.

'Two and a half million dollars,' the lieutenant remarked reflectively, 'would be of great assistance just now to the Confederate army. I think, captain, it would be safer for the young lady not to risk losing it at Charleston. The Admiral is of the same opinion.'

Captain Kent said no more, but vowed in his soul that not a cent of the wealth should find its way into Federal coffers. He was relieved to know that the lieutenant had mentioned the matter of the jewels to the Admiral, as not only did it prove that he was a man of honour, but the fact that he had been trusted by his Admiral to carry the captured vessel to Philadelphia showed him to be one upon whose integrity his superiors relied. Captain Kent realised that he had to deal with a man who would not prove easy to trifle with, and as they rowed back to the bark his brain was busy with many devices.

Miss Maddison stood watching by the rail as they climbed aboard again. Her dark eyes turned expectantly upon the lieutenant as he approached her, bowing low.

'Madam, it is my unpleasant duty to say that for the moment you are a prisoner. I have been entrusted to convey this ship to Philadelphia, where an inquiry will be held by the proper authorities. In the meantime, I beg that, so far as I can be of service to you, you will command me.'

The girl inclined her head in haughty submission, and darted at the Kentuckian a glance of angry accusation.

'I understand perfectly,' said she to the lieutenant.

The ship's company of the *Sebastian* was transferred to the frigate, and Lieutenant Munroe, with a mate and a prize crew of twelve seamen, took charge. Besides the prisoners, only the steward (an Irish lad) and the cook (a fat German) were left of the bark's equipment.

In an hour from the taking over of the prize the anchor was weighed and the *Sebastian* flew northward. Captain Kent, standing solitary astern, watched the low islands of the Carolina shore die into horizon mists. The bright-green wake of the bark stretched steadily away to the southward behind her, straight as a line. In a week she would be a prize in Philadelphia harbour. Gripping the rail with both hands so hard that the skin showed white with the strain, Captain Kent swore deeply within himself that he would never set foot in that city alive.

(*To be continued.*)

LITERATURE AND POLITICS.

ONE of the most interesting features of the new Parliament is the number of literary personages it contains. The previous Parliament possessed some half-dozen at the most; to-day the House of Commons contains at least a dozen writers of established reputation. It is always a moot question whether the literary worker is well advised in seeking parliamentary distinction. Dickens resisted the temptation from the first, and Thackeray was satisfied with his unsuccessful contest at Oxford. There are those who contend that the great author cannot be at the same time the great politician. The antithesis may be variously set down. It may, for example, be argued that the writer and the speaker use gifts that are nearly always mutually exclusive; and there is much to support such a contention. Of course, literary men have always existed in the House of Commons; but, with two possible exceptions, it may be doubted if ever the same individual achieved the highest distinction both as statesman and man of letters. Those exceptions are the profound Burke and the brilliant Earl of Beaconsfield, the two attaining coequal eminence in both spheres.

Nevertheless, literature has always been worthily represented in the British Houses of Parliament, and never more so than in recent times; one has only to recall the names of Rosebery, Balfour, Morley, Bryce, Gladstone, Wyndham, Dilke, O'Connor, Parker, &c., to realise how worthily. Mr Morley in his monograph on Burke says: 'The story is told that in the time when Burke was still at peace with the Dissenters he visited Priestley; and after seeing his library and his laboratory, and hearing how his host's hours were given to experiment and meditation, he exclaimed that such a life must make him the happiest and most to be envied of men. It must sometimes have occurred to Burke to wonder whether he had made the right choice when he locked away the fragments of his *History* and plunged into the torment of party and Parliament.' Mr Morley's comment was probably the unconscious confession of his own secret heart. Mr George Wyndham's connection with letters is not perhaps so widely known, although he is passionately devoted to literature. He has written verse—which has not yet been printed—and prose, of which his best-known work is his introduction to North's *Plutarch*, published in the Tudor translations. It is a finished and scholarly performance, lucidly written, with a great charm of style and a thorough mastery of the subject. Mr Wyndham is also an authority upon Shakespeare, and has edited an

edition of the Sonnets. His writing, like his oratory, is prone to purple patches, and yet hides the secret of most felicitous phrasing. His description of the Liberal Opposition in the last Parliament as a 'piebald party with a patchwork programme' was an almost inspired taunt.

In the new House of Commons the list of writers can be considerably lengthened. At least six or seven authors of repute rose on the crest of the Liberal victory at the late election, and now find a place in the 'mother of Parliaments.'

Of these, Mr Hilaire Belloc—most delightful of *causeurs*—is perhaps the most interesting. He enjoys the distinction of having been called one of the 'three cleverest young men in London,' Max Beerbohm and G. K. Chesterton completing the happy triumvirate. Mr Belloc—whose mother was a well-known writer (*née* Bessie Rayner Parkes) and a descendant of Dr Priestley—was educated at the Edward Oratory School, Edgbaston, and afterwards won a first-class in the Honours History Schools at Balliol. Before taking up literature he served as a driver in the Eighth Regiment of French Artillery at Toul, Meurthe-et-Moselle. Led by his love of history and his French blood, he, as a result of his first studies, produced some charming volumes of biography dealing with leading actors in that world-drama the French Revolution. Since then he has earned distinction in various branches of literature. His book called *The Path to Rome*, descriptive of long tramps to the Eternal City, is full of hilarious humour. It abounds, too, in beautiful pen-vignettes drawn by the quiet eye that sees below the surface of things and takes in everywhere the glories of the world and of life. One of the most pleasing things about the literary work of Mr Belloc is its fertility in the unexpected. From history to poetry and from poetry to travel he flashes like an intermittent star. It was inevitable that his versatile and roving pen should sooner or later turn to fiction, and his first novel, *Mr Burden*, created quite a furor in the ranks of the reviewers. No one was quite sure what the book was intended to teach, but the reader is lifted on a ground-swell of humour that defies criticism. His last book, *Esto Perpetua*, a collection of Algerian studies and impressions, is a book of ideas made alive. Mr Belloc's best style—and he seldom falls below it—is characterised by that purity and sense of form which gives the writer an assured place among men of letters. His parliamentary career promises to be no less successful. His début in the House revealed unsuspected resources—a tongue of silver in addition to a pen of gold.

Mr Alfred Ed. Woodley Mason is another literary recruit to legislation. He is a novelist pure and simple. His first book, *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, published in 1896, has been followed at regular intervals by quite a galaxy of novels all written in the same vein of pure, idiomatic English. His most famous are *The Four Feathers* and *The Truants*, the former being an extremely brilliant psychological study. In *Parson Kelly* he collaborated with Mr Andrew Lang. Mr Mason's reputation has been enhanced by almost every succeeding book, until now his literary admirers must be very much larger than the population which he represents in Parliament. His interest in politics was not suspected until quite recently; and his first speech surprised his most intimate friends by developing a splendid platform style. During the first session in Parliament he managed to catch the Speaker's eye, and his maiden speech in the House was delivered without the least betrayal of that nervous tremor with which maiden speeches are traditionally associated. It was a perfect triumph of coolness, and showed facile adaptation to parliamentary usages. Mr Mason is only forty-one years of age, so that the future promises a rich harvest of honour and success.

Mr Herbert Paul was a political force long before he entered Parliament. He was an old *Saturday Reviewer* in the days of that journal's terrible strength, and wrote brilliant leaders for the *Daily News*. At Oxford he was president of the Union. His *History of Modern England*, beginning with the downfall of Sir Robert Peel in 1846, was one of the notable books of 1904. Reviewing the work, Mr G. W. E. Russell said: 'Whatever else this book does or fails to do, it establishes Mr Paul. Henceforward people may like or dislike him, enjoy his sarcasm or flinch from it, admire his style or condemn it, share his political theories or denounce them as compact of prejudice and illusion; but they can scarcely deny that he is one of the eminent men of the day. Ever since he got his brilliant First at Oxford he has been known as a "promising" man; he has now fulfilled his promise.' Mr Paul's latest undertaking was a Life of Froude. He brings to St Stephen's great historic erudition, wide grasp of politics, and a keen intellect, with a ghoulish greed of epigram. He has the secret of putting sarcasm into the smallest measures. This terseness of tongue adds to the strength of concentration and secures him against counter-attacks. It is easy to criticise a speech and to tear holes in diffuse sentences; but to hurt an epigram is almost as difficult as to kill a microbe. Smallness is at once its strength and its security. If Mr Paul continues to develop this faculty in the future as in the past his political epitaph may read, 'Epigrammatist to the Liberal Party.'

Mr Charles F. G. Masterman, literary editor of the *Daily News*, is another journalistic celebrity who appears in Parliament for the first time. A High Churchman in religion and a Radical in politics, Mr Masterman combines in his writings all the charm of his complex personality. Day by day and week by week his wise and facile pen illumines the pages of the *Daily News*. Essays on social subjects, reviews of books, critiques on men and movements, follow one another in inexhaustible flow. Those of us who open our newspapers with

an appreciation of more than mere news, who love the streaks of silver and veins of gold lying between the arid rocks of controversy, will rejoice that so many of Mr Masterman's contributions will be delivered from the ephemeral fate of journalism and produced in permanent book-form. Already one or two such volumes have been published: *In Peril of Change*, a collection of engaging essays; and that striking book, *From the Abyss*.

Few men in the House of Commons have a more intimate acquaintance with both literature and politics than Mr J. M. Robertson, the member for Tyneside. For years this gentleman has fought both with pen and tongue for the rights of Freethought and Democracy. A disciple of the late Charles Bradlaugh, he has dedicated his life to the rationalistic spirit of the age. After Mr Bradlaugh's death he edited the *National Reformer*, and his presence is familiar in every Secular Hall throughout the four kingdoms. Yet he has found time in the intervals of iconoclastic propaganda for serious literary work. In 1891 he contributed a book called *Modern Humanists* to the Social Science Series, containing brilliant sociological studies of Carlyle, Mill, Ruskin, Spencer, &c., which the *Times* reviewed in terms of exceptional praise. Several more massive volumes are catalogued under his name. Mr Robertson has also written several books for the non-academic home-student: such are his *Letters on Reasoning*, *What to Read*, and *Courses of Study*. The latter is specially suited for public libraries, and should be a boon to all who tread the bewildering labyrinth of modern bibliography. Mr Robertson's militant nature is likely to be as aggressive in the House of Commons as it has been in the cause of Freethought. Already he has crossed swords with Mr Chamberlain, and proved himself a formidable antagonist.

Mr Augustine Birrell is perhaps the most distinguished man of letters who finds a place in Parliament for the first time. He has not as yet attempted any great work, but all his productions are pure gold. He is last in the line of English essayists. All lovers of books will remember his *Hazlitt* in the English Men of Letters Series, his *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, and his little books of essays under the title of *Obiter Dicta*. He has also edited *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, and written innumerable articles on men, women, and books.

Mr Winston Churchill's Life of his father has raised his reputation as a man of letters to the highest level. Few biographies were ever anticipated with more eagerness, and few received with more favour. Written in a style conspicuously clear and occasionally brilliant, it combines in nice proportions the filial attitude of a son with the just impartiality of a biographer. Written also to vindicate an erratic but much-misunderstood character, the book glows with such sincerity of conviction, such plausible and persistent reasoning, as to mark its composition a work of faith and a labour of love. There are those, not a few, who confuse the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies with the clever American author of *The Crisis*, *Richard Carvel*, and *Coniston*. It would be hazardous to set limits to the young statesman's versatility, but so far Mr Churchill has not ventured into the field of fiction. He has written several graphic and descriptive books on South Africa, the outcome of his experiences as correspondent during the war. Some of his best work is to be found in these books of travel and adventure. The following gives an example of his epistolary style: 'I looked at the stars. Orion shone brightly. Scarcely a year ago he had guided me, when lost in the desert, to the banks of the Nile. He had given me water. Now he should lead me to freedom. The elation and excitement of the previous night had burned out. I found no comfort in any of the philosophical ideas which some men parade in their hours of ease and strength and safety. They seemed only fair-weather friends. I realised with awful force that no exercise of my own feeble wit and strength could save me from my enemies, and that without the assistance of that High Power which interferes more often than we are always prone to admit in the eternal sequence of causes and effects I could never succeed. I prayed long and earnestly for help and guidance. My prayer, as it seems to me, was swiftly and wonderfully answered.' It was this extract from Mr Churchill's correspondence that led one of the most distinguished of living journalists to declare, 'That man is destined to be the leader of the Liberal party'—a pregnant prophecy that seems to hold the promise of sure fulfilment.

Sir Gilbert Parker is perhaps the most popular novelist in the House of Commons. Few readers of fiction have not succumbed to the fascination of his *Seats of the Mighty* and other historical novels. Sir Gilbert is a Canadian by birth, and, like many other writers of the day, served his apprenticeship to journalism. For some time he was associate-editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, Australia. His first book, *Pierre and His People*, was published in 1892. Since then his prolific pen has written innumerable tales of heroism and adventure. He is most at home among the heroes and adventurers of the great Elizabethan days. As a writer of the short story he is an acknowledged master. Sir Gilbert Parker is a much-travelled man, given to exploring out-of-the-way places in the Far East and among the islands of the Pacific. His love of politics came late, for he did not display parliamentary ambitions until 1900. Since then he has represented Gravesend in the House of Commons, and few men can represent a constituency with greater dignity and ability.

A striking feature of the new Parliament is the number of journalists elected. Journalism is a recognised stepping-stone to the higher branches of literature, and in many cases these gentlemen of the press are also distinguished and well-known

authors. There is, for example, Mr T. P. O'Connor. Mr O'Connor entered Parliament as member for Galway in 1880, and has lived a strenuous life in the midst of nearly all the great political movements of the last twenty years; yet he has found time to edit newspapers, write books, lecture, and contribute countless articles to the world of magazinedom. His first venture in literature was a Life of Lord Beaconsfield, a subject that seized his imagination one day as he sat reading in the British Museum. The book is still valuable as an incisive and brilliantly destructive criticism of the great idol of Tory Democracy. Mr O'Connor is understood to be contemplating writing the book over again, having formed in maturer years a much higher opinion of Beaconsfield's literary power than in the period of his impassioned but callow youth. Mr O'Connor has also chronicled the history of the Parnell movement and of Gladstone's House of Commons, books which contain masterly sketches of parliamentary life. His pen is drawn to the dramatic, the romantic, and the world-moving epochs of the past, but it is never found to attempt a task beyond its power.

Other well-known journalists and littérateurs in the House include Mr Harold Cox, ex-secretary of the Cobden Club, and formerly descriptive parliamentary reporter for the *Daily Graphic;* Dr T. J. Macnamara, editor of the *Schoolmaster;* Mr Philip Whitwell Wilson, assistant-editor of the *Daily News;* Mr L. G. Chiozza Money, writer on economics; Mr Rudolph Lehmann of *Punch;* and others. The presence of so many industrious and able pens in the House of Commons should do something to arrest that decay of parliamentary prestige over which there is occasional lamentation. The master of the written word is not always master of the word spoken (as in the case of the great Gibbon, whose political career was ingloriously mute); but at least we may look for the large, wise, and gracious leading, the soul of sweet reasonableness, and the sense of inviolate dignity to maintain the best traditions of a noble and venerable succession.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

By George Frederick Turner.

CHAPTER XXI.

OUTSIDE, the stars were shining in the cloudless heavens, and a half-moon had turned the snow of the Klauigberg to polished silver. The great courtyard was impressively silent and absolutely devoid of vehicles, and the lamps of the bronze statuary no longer illuminated it. I wrapped my coat closely round me, for the cold was intense. Was it possible to reach the Brun-varad before the Grand Duke's sleigh? That was the question I asked myself as I stood surveying the magic spectacle of the winter night. I would try, of course; but had I the slightest chance of success? The sleigh had a good start of me, and I could hardly travel over the snow-encumbered roads as rapidly as a horse-drawn vehicle. I looked round in something like despair, and I noticed that on my left something blotted out a long rectangle of the starry heavens. It was the wooden crow's nest, the lookout tower of the Kastel-run, and the realisation sent a spasm of hope thrilling through me.

If I could find a toboggan I could yet reach the Brun-varad by the Kastel-run and be there before the Grand Duke's sleigh. In an instant I was at the base of the watch-tower, and a minute later had burst in the flimsy door of the toboggan store-room. There was an abundance of machines to choose from, and I hastily selected a 'skeleton,' like my own, with a sliding seat. I dragged it breathlessly out and set it at the head of the track, and as I did so the chilling thought struck me that I had no rakes. I paused. I had once asked the governess, who knew as much about the Kastel-run as any living being, if any one had ever made the descent of that dangerous course without rakes, and her answer had been a scornful denial. Then, because I felt fear stealing into my soul, and I knew that delay meant utter annihilation of my courage, I hardened my heart and cast myself on to the borrowed sledge. As I did so I heard the contact-wire snap, and I realised that the timing apparatus had been set for the ladies' race on the following day. I was off, and at first I did not feel the need of my rakes, for one usually devoted the first few hundred yards of the course to developing speed as rapidly as possible, reserving the use of the iron toe-spikes for the big corners. Nevertheless I kept the toes of my snow-boots well pressed down on the track, anxious above all things to offer every obstacle to a too tremendous and uncontrollable rapidity. Moreover, I did not ride well forward as in racing, but worked the sliding seat back as far as possible; and, travelling thus, I progressed at first at considerably less than my usual speed. I was in a hurry, Heaven knows; but if ever there was a case of more haste less speed, it was on that moonlit, rakeless ride down the Kastel toboggan-run.

Gradually, and in spite of all my precautions, the speed of my sledge increased, and as my iron runners skimmed down the frictionless path and the icy night-air beat on my forehead I felt a tightening about my heart that was half fear, half an awful exhilaration.

Swifter and swifter grew the speed; louder and louder shrieked the wind in my deafened ears. The marvellous beauty of the night was felt rather than seen; but as I went up the bank of the first corner I caught a momentary glimpse of the moonlit snows of the Nonnensee, and wondered, almost without fear, whether I was not destined soon to make their close acquaintance. I thought of Herr Schneider's almost blasphemously expressed desire for a death-leap over Jonathan, with its swooning fall merging, after an infinity of unending seconds, into the annihilation that knows no waking. I had attributed his utterance to the morbid excitement of an unstable brain; and yet, as I sped at that fearful velocity under the starlit heavens, I looked death in the face rather as a sporting opponent in a game than a dread enemy without chivalry and without compassion. I would do all in my power to steer my humming craft to a safe conclusion; but if, as seemed probable, I failed—well, I asked no better termination to my career than that endless plunge over the white precipice that walled the Nonnensee.

The first few bends I negotiated with the ease of a skilled tobogganer; down the straight I tore, and then in a twinkling David gleamed blue-green before me in the moonlight. Fiercely I pressed down the unarmoured, ineffectual toes of my snow-boots on to the glassy track; fiercely I pushed back the movable seat of my toboggan to the utmost capacity of its slide, and, setting my teeth, dashed at the all-familiar rampart. I took it early in the bend, as was right, but my unchecked speed took me far too high—far higher than I had ever been before—and I felt that my prospects of safely rounding David were scanty in the extreme. In a flash I was off Jonathan, and the crucial point of the descent was upon me. I forced myself back on my machine to the uttermost possible inch, and stuck out my legs to the left as far as I could possibly stretch them. Higher and higher I rose on that steep, curving wall, half-way up, three-quarters, higher, higher, till my outside runner was within a foot of the clear-cut summit, and I lugged at the head of my toboggan with every ounce of energy that my muscles could command. Higher still I rose, despite my frantic efforts, till an inch of gleaming ice alone stood between me and destruction. With fascinated eyes I watched the narrow band between my uppermost runner and the sky, and so thin was that saving rim of ice that the moonlight shone through it as clearly as through a pane of glass. For a fraction of a second it seemed to narrow, and then, merciful heavens! it grew rapidly wider and wider again, and I knew, with a singing heart, that the almost impossible had been achieved, that the Kastel-run had been negotiated by a rakeless rider!

'Thank God!' I breathed, for I realised that there was plenty of the run yet to be traversed. The remaining part furnished a succession of straights and easy curves quite without terrors for the scientific tobogganer.

Suddenly, in the midst of my self-congratulations, a sound broke through the roaring in my ears which had more alarm for me than the prospect of flying over the summit of Jonathan. I heard the tinkling of a sleigh-bell, and a second later I saw the lights of a pair-horse sleigh advancing rapidly through the pine-woods in the direction of Weissheim. If there is one thing paralysing to the brain of a tobogganer, it is the prospect of something crossing his track; and, in spite of the great precautions habitually employed when the Kastel-run was open, I never passed that crossing of the Riefinsdorf road without a slight stab of anxiety lest some over-hasty driver should disregard the danger-signal and block my lightning course. And now there was no danger-signal hoisted; nor, had there been, was the Grand Duke the man to regard it, under the present circumstances, for an instant. Even had I been wearing rakes I could no more have stopped my flight than one can recall a shell from a fired cannon; but as it was, I was powerless even to check my speed in the faintest degree. The rounding of David had been dangerous, but there some slight scope had been offered to my skill, my nerve, my physical strength. Here I was in the hands of fate, powerless to affect the issue, incapable even of guessing whether I should pass in front of or behind the sleigh, or whether—— I know the anxiety of those few seconds almost turned my brain.

Fiercely the coachman whipped his galloping horses, and my strained eyes saw the muffled forms of the two Schattenbergs and two red points of light which told me they were smoking. Then I shut my eyes, for it seemed that I must dash right into them, and in that moment of supreme agony I prayed that my death might not be altogether useless, that the collision might so shatter and disable the conspirators that the night's treason might be utterly confounded and brought to naught.

When I opened my eyes again I knew that I had missed the sleigh, that it had crossed the track a fraction of a second before me, that the tail-end of its iron-shod runner had passed within a foot of my devoted head. Half-dazed, I swung round the next bend—the Dog's Leg, as they call it—and a moment later I had passed the winning-post and was dashing up the steep incline which terminates the run. Mechanically I pressed down my toes on to the track again to check my course; but the speed with which my toboggan leapt up the hill told me the futility of doing so. In the ordinary way the sharp rise in the course and a vigorous application of rakes just sufficed to bring one's craft to a standstill at the summit of Buffer Hill; but I realised, with a fresh accession of alarm, that the process of descending the Kastel-run without rakes had yet to reach its safe accomplishment.

Up the sharp, straight hill I bounded; over the low snow-bank at the end I dashed, flying into space as a stone that is hurled over a precipice. What

would be my fate I had not the faintest idea, for the possibility of overshooting Buffer Hill had never before entered into my calculations.

For an eternity I seemed skimming through endless realms of icy air; then there came a sudden ploughing through deep snow, and then cessation. Breathless, shaken, dazed, I lay motionless, but clinging still to my faithful toboggan. I had not the faintest idea whether I was fatally, seriously, or only slightly injured, though I feared the worst. Slowly I dragged myself to my feet and looked around me. I was in a wide field of deep snow, and there, full sixty paces from me, was the miniature eminence of Buffer Hill. I knew exactly where I was: I was in the Palace garden, and to gain an entrance to the Brun-varad, had to wade through many yards of exceedingly deep snow. My efforts, though of necessity slow, reassured me completely on the subject of my own unimpaired vitality. My breath was short, but my limbs were uninjured; and, determined at all costs to anticipate the conspiring Grand Duke, I struggled manfully to the firm road leading to the Brun-varad. Once on hard-rolled snow, I ran as swiftly as my shortened breath would permit on to the great entrance in the Waffenthurm.

There were sentinels in the charcoal-warmed sentry-boxes; and as I approached they looked at each other an instant, and then there was an ominous click, and they stepped out to bar my way.

'Good-evening,' I said affably. 'His Royal Highness the Grand Duke Fritz bade me tell you he would be here in five minutes. I am going into the Palace; but you must let no one else enter before His Highness's arrival.'

That the men were hand-in-glove with the enemy was patent, but my assured manner carried the day, as I expected; and, with a 'God be with your Excellency,' they stepped back into the friendly warmth of their shelters.

The great doorway yielded to my pressure; and, taking one final glance round before entering, I listened. The faint sound of sleigh-bells tinkled in my ears. In five minutes the Grand Duke *would* be here.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW CHINESE RAILWAY.

WHILE the great mass of the Chinese people is still unaffected to any appreciable degree by the influences at work for change in the Far East set in motion by Japan, it is an undoubted fact that the merchant classes of China have awakened to a knowledge of the immense benefits derivable from a proper development of the natural resources of their country. A striking illustration of this fact is to be seen in the work now being undertaken for the extension of the railway system throughout the land. Hitherto railway construction in China has been initiated and carried out by European concessionaires in the face of every obstacle that a corrupt mandarinate and an ignorant, superstitious populace have thought fit to create for the purpose of preventing and hampering such enterprise. But now the era has dawned for the work to be done under Chinese auspices, and the principle is being enunciated that the numerous concessions already granted to foreigners must revert in course of time to the Chinese Government. When it is remembered that there are only about three thousand miles of railway open in the territories known as the Chinese Empire, which has an area of nearly two million miles, and which embraces a population of over four hundred million people, it will be recognised what an illimitable field is there for railway constructive enterprise.

The most important line of railway now rapidly nearing its completion in China, excluding that built by Russia in Manchuria, is the as yet unfinished one from Peking to Canton, and the history of its evolution is of both great political and commercial interest. The concession for the construction of the first stage of the line, from Peking to Wuchang, was given to a syndicate composed of French and Belgian capitalists. Once they had secured the concession, the members of the syndicate commenced to organise their plans for the work of construction with a promptitude and thoroughness of attention to detail sadly lacking in not a few instances on the part of British companies in China engaged in similar undertakings. Progress was slow owing to the extraordinary difficulties met with in the country selected for the route, and to the long time it took for the arrival of the fresh assistance so often needed from Europe to meet unexpected requirements. By the end of last year the line was ready for a limited amount of traffic to be borne upon it, and its future success assured as the chief artery of communication between the provinces of North China. It is seven hundred miles in length, and constitutes a notable addition to the engineering achievements accomplished by the combination of foreign skill and capital in the Middle Kingdom. Its terminus, Wuchang, is a busy town situated on the west bank of the Yang-tsze River. On the other side of the Yang-tsze is the large and flourishing city of Hankow, destined one day to rival, if not to surpass, Shanghai as a commercial centre.

The steady and successful progress made by the European continental syndicate in linking together Peking and Wuchang had no counterpart in the task undertaken by the America-China Development Company to establish railway communication

between Canton and Hankow. The distance between these two cities is eight hundred and fifty miles, and the track marked out for the railway stretched across land admirably adapted for construction purposes. During the first few months of its working the enterprise was boomed in a characteristically American manner. A double-tracked branch-line was opened from Shekwaitong, a town on the southern side of the Shu-kiang river, opposite Canton, to Fatshan, fourteen miles away. This line was soon afterwards extended by a single track to Samshui, or Three Rivers, the total length of it from Shekwaitong being thirty-two miles. When ready it was immediately opened to traffic, and paid exceedingly well, the Chinese by their patronage of it showing that they know how to appreciate quick methods of travel, even though the spirits of the dead in their graves may be disturbed by the 'fire devils' of the Western barbarians. The rolling-stock in use on this branch-line consisted of two large Baldwin eighty-ton locomotives, six small tank-engines originally used on the New York overhead railway before its electrification, several cars imported direct from the United States, and a number of carriages crudely constructed in the neighbourhood. Such was the humble beginning of a railway which will in the not distant future bring Hong-kong within comparatively easy reach of London by an overland journey of surpassing interest.

Matters came to a standstill upon the completion of the branch-line. Disputes arose between the members of the managerial and engineering staffs of the company, and some of the engineers left the service. To fill the places left vacant untrained and incompetent men were hastily engaged, the natural result being bad and faulty workmanship, which will have to be all done over again. About this time, in the mid part of the year 1904, the company sold a lot of shares in Europe. This action evoked strenuous protest from the Chinese Government, which declared the sale of the shares to be a deliberate breach of the agreement made between the native authorities and the company. Fear of a possible increase of French influence in Southern China no doubt inspired the governmental protest, as most of the shares sold went to French and Belgian subjects. But in spite of the action taken in the matter a Belgian engineer was sent to Canton, and he practically took charge there of affairs connected with the railway, considerable friction arising in consequence between him and the American employés of the company. It appeared likely from the trend of events that, as upon so many former occasions, the Chinese Government would not follow up their protest with energetic action, and that Europeans would eventually have full control of the concession rights and privileges.

It was now that the strength of the Chinese business class showed itself. In every city and town in South China an agitation, supported by the viceregal authorities, was started against the company. The Chinese demanded that if the railway were proceeded with the shares secretly purchased by European capital should revert either to the company or to Chinese purchasers. The newly appointed European shareholders flatly refused to part with their interests, and matters were for a time at a deadlock. Determined that their wishes should be enforced, the Chinese continued their agitation so vigorously that the authorities finally threatened the company with a cancellation of the concession. The prolonged negotiations which ensued between them and the company ended in a demand being made by the shareholders through their representatives for the sum of seven hundred thousand pounds for a retrocession of their rights to the Chinese. An agreement embodying these terms was eventually drawn up and signed by both parties. Two hundred thousand pounds of this sum represented the value of the rails and rolling-stock on the branch-line from Shekwaitong to Samshui, and the remainder compensation money.

Unable to find the necessary funds themselves either to pay off the company or to create an adequate working capital for going on with the construction of the railway, the Chinese were compelled to raise a foreign loan.

From the Hong-kong Government, the Viceroy of Nanking, Chang Chih Tung, who was appointed by the central power at Peking to deal with the whole matter of the railway, secured four million five hundred thousand pounds for ten years at an interest of 4½ per cent. a year, the security being the opium revenue of the three provinces through which the railway will pass. Various opinions have been expressed as to the competence of the Chinese to carry on the work of constructing the railway, official dilatoriness and dishonesty being feared in connection with the administration of the work. But Chang Chih Tung is an able, progressive viceroy, animated by a sincere desire for the good of his countrymen, and he may be trusted to see that the railway is built as speedily and efficiently as possible within the next four years.

The whole railway from Canton to Peking should be in full working order in five years' time, playing a part in the development of the richest and most densely populated provinces in the Chinese Empire, which cannot fail to be of incalculable importance to the world.

In connection with the main line of the railway, a branch is in course of preparation to Canton from Kowloon, the thriving and prosperous British possession separated from Hong-kong by the harbour.

THE INITIATION OF JOHN FORESTER.

By Captain P. L. Oliphant.

IN the British army there are regiments and regiments—a fact which is sometimes overlooked by the arm-chair tax-payer, who is inclined to reckon the whole of the land-forces of the Crown under a common and not very complimentary denominator. He has curious delusions concerning the army, has the arm-chair tax-payer. He is convinced that the soldier is an unskilled workman. It is necessary for him to believe this in order that his conscience may be acquitted for paying him the noble sum of one and sixpence a day. Besides, a rooted conviction as to the unskilfulness of military service helps him to enjoy himself at the music hall, where he can shout with the loudest concerning the bravery and patriotism which fire his breast, with no misgivings as to his incapacity for rendering any service to his country in the hour of her need.

Another delusion which he cherishes is that all officers' messes are abodes of luxury and vice; that orgies, accompanied by nameless rites, are nightly held within the unhallowed walls of the officers' quarters. He has heard dark stories of young novices being subjected to mediæval forms of torture, of vast sums of money lost and won at the card-tables, of bottomless potations of champagne and whisky for which he is convinced that he (the tax-payer) defrays the cost. When, by chance, some such story leaks out, he likes to read all about it in the newspapers, under heavy headlines, with the words 'Military Scandal' in the largest possible type. It is the only satisfaction which he gets for paying a shilling in the pound income-tax and fivepence on his tea.

Of course all officers are grossly ignorant of their duties, and know nothing of the science of war. But he cannot explain why it is that one-and-sixpenny unskilled labourers should require such prodigious science to instruct them. Perhaps he does not think that they do require it. Perhaps he thinks that ninety-five pounds per annum is an excessive sum to pay to their instructors and leaders. Perhaps he does not think at all, but only grumbles. There appears to be no incentive to him to do anything else.

But that one regiment should differ from another in its tone and quality is not a matter to which he has given a moment's consideration. He knows that when war breaks out certain regiments are more frequently mentioned in the columns of his daily paper than others. He attributes this—and often rightly—to the fact that their heads are covered by bearskins or their legs by kilts. A scuttle-shaped helmet and trousers have nothing of distinction. They are not picturesque. It is not worth while to dilate upon the virtues of the commonplace. They must be taken for granted, whilst the enthusiastic reporter expatiates on the glories of the fancy corps. One can imagine that in primeval days the feathered warriors were delineated upon bones and stones in preference to their naked companions-in-arms, and there is generally something to be said for the feathered warriors.

In the British army of to-day there are regiments of various grades. There are the regiments of great traditions, which strive to live up to their traditions; there are regiments of great traditions, which are content to live upon their traditions; there are regiments of no traditions, which are striving to make traditions; and there are regiments of no traditions, which have no desire for traditions. The latter category are the 'grabbies' of the army.

The regiment which is known colloquially as the 'Thrusters' belongs to this class. They christened themselves the 'Thrusters' in sheer despair of attracting attention in any other way. It is an ancient regiment. 'Malplaquet' and 'Oudenarde' are inscribed upon its silken colours; but after the fatigue of Marlborough's wars the Thrusters took a rest from active service for a hundred and fifty years. Their subsequent engagements consisted of a few frontier campaigns in India and the inevitable 'South Africa, 1900.' But it is not recorded on their colours that once they were scattered by a band of charging, fanatical Ghazis, or that the number of the prisoners taken from their ranks by the Boers during their visit to South Africa in 1900 was considerably in advance of the average of other corps, and that is saying a good deal. These are things which are never mentioned in polite circles, and consequently the arm-chair tax-payer knows nothing of them; but the army knows, even if it be silent out of consideration for the feelings of the Thrusters.

But, since every community must have its standard, the Thrusters had ideals of their own. The embodiment of their ideal of the British officer was summed up in the identity of Captain Brabazon-Hurst. He was to the Thrusters the sealed pattern of what an officer should be, and to every youngster who obtained a commission in the regiment Brabazon-Hurst was pointed out as the model of military perfection.

Captain Brabazon-Hurst was tall and 'of military appearance;' he wore aggressively well-cut clothes and drooping moustaches. In conversation he was epigrammatic, though his epigrams were frequently borrowed. Nevertheless, he was computed a wit amongst his brother officers, and he was the originator of various regimental maxims which passed into the creed of the Thrusters. It was Brabazon-Hurst who said, 'Never discourage the adjutant by performing any duty that he could conceivably

perform for you;' 'Life in the army is one gigantic struggle for leave;' 'There is no show which will not run itself at a pinch, and the necessary pressure can always be supplied by the orderly officer.' His social aphorisms carried even greater weight, and every young officer was expected to act up to the precepts of Brabazon-Hurst in matters which should have concerned his private life alone. As a man of the world Brabazon-Hurst exhibited the same pitiful limitations that prescribed his military outlook. All women were either dull or complaisant; all men who took a different view of life from himself were 'bounders.' Rank is possibly only the guinea-stamp, but in this respect he was a philatelist. He was given to talking of hunting, shooting, and polo, and of the chances of the favourites in the classic races. It was rumoured that once he had kept his hunters in Leicestershire, and lost five thousand pounds over La Flèche in the Derby. It was positively known that he played polo when his battalion was in India, and it was whispered by his seniors that he played very badly. But not even the seniors ventured to question the right of Brabazon-Hurst to lay down the law, military and social, to be observed by the Thrusters.

So when Gentleman Cadet John Forester joined the regiment from Sandhurst, he was quietly recommended to take Brabazon-Hurst as his model, to walk in his footsteps, and to become a great and gallant Thruster. Unfortunately, John Forester had views of his own which did not coincide with those of Brabazon-Hurst, and, in consequence, he soon felt himself out of touch with his surroundings. He could not understand why he should be expected to ignore the half-hundred boys who comprised the command which had been nominally entrusted to him in order that he might perform various duties for his brother officers which were totally unconnected with the welfare of his half-company. Nor could he understand why the adjutant should concern himself with the interior economy of his company, and be perpetually interfering in matters which Forester regarded as outside the scope of an adjutant's many duties.

Forester had an aggravating manner of doing things in his own way, quite irrespective of the traditions of the Thrusters. He would return from parade or from his barrack-rooms with unconcealed annoyance at the slackness and dirt which were in evidence on every side, but which met with no rebuke from his seniors. He was discouraged and disappointed. He had expected so much of the regiment to which he was gazetted. His only anxiety had been lest he should be considered not good enough for the Thrusters; but he had no longer any fears on that account. The subalterns, who at first had looked upon Forester's keenness as the evanescent ardour of inexperience, and had taken full advantage of it, began at last to regard the new-comer with suspicion. What right had he to air his superior views to the Thrusters? Clearly Forester must be sat upon!

The senior subaltern, having gauged the feeling of the younger officers in the matter, consulted Brabazon-Hurst as to the means which should be adopted to bring Forester to a proper sense of his duties as a Thruster. Brabazon-Hurst deprecated any appeal to physical force, for he knew that if once trial by combat were established in the regiment his influence would begin to wane. Besides, the rough-and-tumble of a subalterns' court-martial was undignified, and ruined the fit of overalls and jackets. He counselled the senior subaltern that disapproval of the behaviour of young Forester should be shown by social ostracism; and if that had not the desired effect, then he would take the matter in hand himself, and speak to the boy about his conduct.

So John Forester was sent to Coventry. When he entered the anteroom the subalterns withdrew themselves into a group at the far end, as though they feared contamination. At dinner the chairs on either side of him were left vacant for latecomers; and when they were finally taken, their occupants refrained from speaking to him throughout the meal. They never asked him to play cards or billiards. They only spoke to him when they were compelled to do so.

Forester was only a boy of twenty, and he felt his position keenly. He wondered what he had done to earn the ill-will of his brother officers, who a few weeks before had been only too anxious to let him do all their work for them. He went through the list of the subalterns by name, and tried to discover in what way he had offended each and all of them. So far as he knew, none of them had any personal feelings against him. He could not recall any expression of animosity towards himself made by any one of them individually, and yet collectively they treated him as a pariah. Then a curious fact presented itself to his mind. The dozen names which he had conned over represented one man only—the subaltern Thruster. Davis, Edwards, Poynter, and the rest of them were simply so many *aliases* of a type. They had no individuality. Their ideals and actions were controlled by a hide-bound tradition. Their very thoughts were moulded for them, and found expression in identically inelegant terms. They followed the same pursuits, went to the same tailor, drank the same drinks, shirked their duties with equal ardour. They were, one and all, the outcome of a system which had ground the natural dispositions and originality out of them and left them Thrusters.

John Forester realised with a shudder why it was that his brother officers banned him. He too was expected to submit himself to the system and become a Thruster. He was required to sink his individuality in order that he might arrive at the dead-level of Thrusterdom. At the sacrifice of his initiative and personality he would be reinstated in the good graces of his comrades-in-arms. In time he would pass through the ranks of the subalterns and become a captain. If he paid due

attention to the ethics of Thrusterdom he might hope one day to become such a man as Brabazon-Hurst, who was admittedly the fancy-man of the regiment. Then he would drivel down to the fatuous imbecility of Morgan and Paul, the two majors, whose professional outlook was circumscribed by the barrack-square and the canteen accounts; until, finally, he arrived at the proud distinction of commanding a battalion of the Thrusters, with the knowledge that his position was purely nominal and 'for ceremonial purposes,' and that the system and the fancy-man still dominated Thrusterdom.

The worst of it all was that they were perfectly satisfied with themselves. Never once had he heard any criticism of the system. They had perfect faith in their methods, and bowed down cheerfully to the opinions of the fancy-man. They aspired to nothing above Thrusterdom. Their misfortunes in the field they glibly attributed to bad luck or bad generalship. The unfavourable reports of inspecting officers were put down to personal animosity or stupidity. That they were the worst shooting regiment in the garrison was due to the rotten recruits who were sent to them. The inability of the battalion to march twenty miles in marching order without 20 per cent. of 'casualties' was the fault of the boots, the weather, the roads, or anything except the officers of the Thrusters. John Forester began to understand it all at last, and why it was that the Thrusters so cordially detested the Scouts, who occupied the barracks opposite. For the Scouts never seemed to suffer from adverse conditions. 'They had all the luck,' said the Thrusters, 'and gave themselves airs as though there were no other regiment in the army.' Forester had heard them abused individually and collectively by his brother officers for everything that was in them, from the colour of their coats to the record of their achievements in the field. And yet he had not failed to notice that their lines were always spotlessly clean, that their appearance on parade and on the march was infinitely superior to anything that the Thrusters could show, and that their officers seemed to be very good fellows in private life.

Forester heaved a sigh, regretting that the fates had not decreed that he should be gazetted to the Scouts instead of the Thrusters. Then a bugle-call reminded him that it was the officers' dinner-hour, and that he must once more face the ordeal of the mess-room, with the row of stolid, disapproving faces and the silence of unconcealed displeasure. But when he entered the anteroom he was conscious that the shrinking sensation which of late he had experienced in the presence of his brother officers had disappeared. To-night he regarded the men who drew away from him or suddenly became interested in the prints on the wall as interesting sociological phenomena. Here were a dozen men who had no free-will or ideas of their own. They were simply the hypnotic subjects of a system. By suggestion they were impelled, one and all, to regard him with aversion; though, had they been able to exercise their own judgment, not one of them would have disliked him.

Brabazon-Hurst was the last to enter, and Forester's interest became intensified, realising that this man was the medium through whose power the system was operative. Forester no longer regarded him with antipathy, only with curiosity; and when Brabazon-Hurst exclaimed, 'Now then, boys, come along to the trough,' and led the way into the mess-room, it seemed quite natural that all should follow him without a word. There was some manœuvring for places at the dinner-table to avoid sitting next to Forester; but they arranged themselves at last, and the meal began.

There was no need for Forester to talk to his neighbours, since neither of them would condescend to speak to him; he had, therefore, ample opportunity of listening to the conversation of Brabazon-Hurst, who was sitting opposite to him. The fancy-man was at the top of his form. He talked of Lord Rattleshot's grouse-moor in Scotland, where he had killed his share of the bag in August. He enumerated the distinguished company which had been present. He hinted that the Lady Griselda showed signs of wishing to add the names of Brabazon-Hurst to her illustrious title. He mentioned that Strachan and Muirton of the Scots Guards ('the Earl of Muirton, you know') were of the party, and what capital fellows they were, and how he wished they were both in the Thrusters! And what a fine regiment the Scots Guards were! There is this about all 'grabbies,' that however vehemently they may hate and denounce the Scouts and other good regiments with which they are thrown in contact, they look upon the Guards with awe and veneration, as a thing apart from the common army, to whose standard they would not venture to aspire.

Forester listened abstractedly. It seemed that he was merely a spectator of events, and had no part in the show which the mess-room of the Thrusters presented to him. Was it comedy or tragedy? He could not say. He was conscious only of Brabazon-Hurst's discourse and of the pitiful anxiety which some of the younger officers displayed to join in and attract the great man's attention to themselves. From social matters the conversation drifted into the discussion of other regiments, and, as a matter of course, the Scouts came in for violent abuse, which was led by Brabazon-Hurst and echoed vociferously by the rest of the company. To Forester it all seemed as inevitable as the prayers and responses in church. Brabazon-Hurst put forward his sublime ideas, and the congregation joined in with 'Amen' at suitable intervals. To interrupt or raise a doubt would have caused as great a sensation as the presence of a Kensitite at a ritualistic service. But as Forester watched the proceedings an overwhelming desire seized him to try the experiment. The diffidence which had

hitherto possessed him in the presence of his brother officers had completely vanished. He no longer shrank from making his sentiments known to them. They had ostracised him because he could not subscribe to their opinions. He would let them know that he was not to be dragooned into the acceptance of Thrusterdom. So Forester awaited an opening, and it was not long before Brabazon-Hurst gave him one.

'They simply exist by cheap swagger,' said the fancy-man, speaking of the Scouts. 'It is all *dekna ke waste* [for show], as we used to say in India—eye service and advertisement.'

'And yet they marched the twenty miles into Luxford camp without losing a man from the ranks, whilst we had seventy who fell out,' said Forester quietly. 'I was in the rear-guard myself, so I know.'

Forester's intervention was received in dead silence. Nobody had asked his opinion. That he should venture to give tongue to his heresies before the assembled officers of the regiment, and in defiance of the bann which they had placed upon him, positively stupefied them all. The men on either side of him edged their chairs away nervously, as if to dissociate themselves from his views. The others looked anxiously towards Brabazon-Hurst for a vindication of the honour of the regiment and for the suppression of John Forester. Brabazon-Hurst tried to rise to the occasion; but the damning fact which Forester had so tactlessly adduced could not be controverted, and he had of necessity to fall back on the well-worn expedient of abuse. He read Forester a severe lecture on talking about a subject of which he knew nothing, and ended by saying that it was a pity Forester had not joined the Scouts since he had such an admiration for them —the Thrusters could very well spare him.

The spirits of the Thrusters revived as Brabazon-Hurst drew to his peroration. They looked at Forester as though they expected to see him sink beneath the table. But when he remarked, quite coolly, that he was entirely in agreement with Brabazon-Hurst that he would have done better to join the Scouts, they were thrown once more into consternation. One of his neighbours whispered, 'Shut up, you young fool!' as though he expected such profane language to draw down upon the mess the vengeance of all departed Thrusters. Brabazon-Hurst pushed back his chair with an exclamation of fury and left the room. The rest, as a matter of course, followed him. Forester was the last to leave.

When he entered the anteroom he found that its only occupants were Major Morgan and the two senior captains. The others had all adjourned to the billiard-room, and it was evident that a solemn convocation had been called in that apartment to consider the case of John Forester. Morgan and the two captains were engrossed in the papers and affected not to notice him, and Forester picked up a book and sat down to await developments.

Meanwhile a consultation was in progress in the billiard-room. Feeling ran high, and the majority was in favour of personal castigation with a billiard-cue, to be laid on until the delinquent acknowledged the Thrusters to be the best regiment in the service. Men of no minds are crude in their methods; but Brabazon-Hurst knew the temper of John Forester too well to sanction personal violence. He foresaw that trouble would come of it, and that the worst trouble would not be for John Forester. He easily persuaded the others to leave the matter in his hands, and despatched an escort of two subalterns to bring Forester before him.

The sentence which Brabazon-Hurst passed upon him was in accordance with the best precedents of comic opera. He was resolved to make the punishment fit the crime, and therefore he decreed that Forester should be taken at his word, and that he should go to the Scouts that very night. The escort was ordered to march him across the barrack-square to the officers' mess of the Scouts, and to see that he entered the anteroom where they were assembled.

The brilliant suggestion of Brabazon-Hurst was hailed with delight by the Thrusters. It was a stroke of genius worthy of their fancy-man, for not only would it bring humiliation upon Forester, but it would also annoy the Scouts; and if they showed their resentment by violence to Forester, so much the better.

So Forester fell in between Edwards and Poynter and was marched across the square, whilst the remaining Thrusters followed at a safe distance to watch events. Forester was seen to enter the mess-quarters, and the escort withdrew discreetly. Then they waited in silence, expecting to see Forester forcibly ejected, and determined to give him a warm reception on his return. But time went on, and Forester did not come out. After an hour they got tired of waiting and retired sheepishly to their own mess. The thing had not come off, and they were bewildered. Brabazon-Hurst made some excuse to go to bed, and the rest soon followed his example.

None of the Thrusters ever knew what happened to Forester when he entered the mess of the Scouts, for Forester never referred to the episode again. But a month later he was transferred to the Scouts in the *Gazette*, and crossed the barrack-square for good. And now the colonel of the Scouts is never weary of telling Brabazon-Hurst and any other Thruster whom he happens to meet what an excellent young fellow Forester is, and how grateful he is to them for sending him to the Scouts.

ROMANCE OF A GREAT ENGLISH LAKE.

By W. H. Bernard Saunders.

AFTER an existence of hundreds, if not thousands, of years as one of the largest lakes in England, Whittlesea Mere disappeared fifty years ago. It was a magnificent inland sea of fresh water, covering an area of sixteen hundred acres, having its ports, its vessels, its fishermen, its fowlers, its reedmen, and nurturing various industries and callings; and although it is only half a century since its waters were curling and washing its shores, bordering on Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire, to-day it is difficult to distinguish its exact position. Where it once was are now flourishing farmsteads. The surface of the water, dotted with its various trading and pleasure boats, would be just about where the tops of the chimneys of the few houses that have been built in the bed of the mere now stand.

Its disappearance was due to Mr Wells of Holme, whose estate bordered on the lake, and to whom the lake belonged; and while he was president of the Royal Agricultural Society of England he conceived the idea of draining off the waters and adding fifteen or sixteen hundred acres of land, or thereabouts, to his estate, for the lake was six miles long and three miles broad in some parts.

The mere was a source of wealth to various townships and villages which stood on its shores, especially Ramsey, Holme, Yaxley, Stilton, and Farcet. Travellers on the York road, a few miles before entering Lincolnshire on their way to the north, could on a clear day, near Stilton, get a glimpse of the mere like that of the sea in the distance. Although it was called Whittlesea Mere, its nearest point to that Cambridgeshire town was four or five miles away.

But there were very hazy notions abroad as to its exact geographical position; for, while its waters washed up to the highlands of Huntingdonshire on one side, they skirted Cambridgeshire on the other. Yet an old rhyme still remembered in the locality says:

> Yaxley Still Mill,
> Glatton Round Hill,
> And Whittlesea Mere
> Are the three great wonders of Huntingdonshire.

Yaxley stands on an abrupt hill overlooking the mere, and so does Norman Cross (a little farther on), where the French prisoners were incarcerated during the Napoleonic wars. To-day, however, these places look down upon broad acres of agricultural land instead of upon the waters of the lake. But the mere was often supposed to be in Lincolnshire, although its nearest point to that county would probably be eight or ten miles away. Sir Walter Scott was under this impression, for in *Woodstock* he makes Roger Wildrake come from 'Squattlesea Mere, in the moist county of Lincoln.'

The history of Whittlesea Mere has yet to be written, and when it is it will be found to be a romantic story. There is abundant material for such a work in the memories and stories of old residents who still live in the townships and villages of the district; and it is from the lips of these that the stories and incidents in this article have been chiefly gathered.

For several years the scheme for emptying the mere of its water had been in progress, but it was not until the summer of 1851 that all the preparations were complete. The bank was cut at a prearranged point, and the water went swirling and rushing down the river Ouse to the sea. In a few hours the mere had disappeared.

The event had been talked about for several years, and on the day of the disappearance of the waters crowds of people from all parts of the surrounding country gathered to witness the death-throes of a venerable friend.

The scene immediately following the disappearance of the waters was a remarkable one. For miles, as far as the eye could see, there was a vast expanse of blackest mud, with here and there small pools in which fish of all sizes floundered and eels wriggled.

The sons and daughters of the country-folk around tied planks of wood to their feet and trailed across the mud collecting the fish at the risk of their lives. There were gruesome stories told of some of these people having mysteriously disappeared, and of a trespassing horse having gone down as in a quicksand; but the missing people came to life again, full of strange experiences and hair-breadth escapes. And when the blood-red sun sank to rest behind the Huntingdonshire and Northamptonshire uplands in the distance there were still tons of fish left for the morrow.

Then the bed of the lake was left for Mother Nature to perfect the work that had been commenced. The summer sun poured its burning rays on the mud-flat, and the autumn winds blew across it, and all to such good purpose that within a few months parts of the sea of mud had dried sufficiently for dikes to be made and roads marked out, and even various boundaries of farms to be arranged. In some cases the actual terms of letting these farms had been agreed upon, when a series of heavy rainstorms came, and the adjoining rivers becoming swollen, their waters pressed with such force against the artificial barrier that had been erected to keep them out that the bank gave way, and in a few hours Whittlesea Mere was itself again.

A huge steam-pump which had been erected in the event of such an emergency was set to work, the broken bank was repaired, and in three weeks the mere had once more disappeared. As the mud dried great cracks and fissures appeared, and for some time the mud would not allow the weight of a man to trespass upon it; and even when boards were strapped to the feet it was a matter of difficulty and danger to walk upon it. For a year or two it would not bear a horse.

The first year that any crops grew on the rich soil of the bed of the mere they were enormous. An aged man, Mr Siggee, who is still living at Whittlesea, helped to reap the first crop of oats; and not only was the straw of extraordinary length and thickness, but after cutting the crop the difficulty was to get the sheaves to stand on the same area of land on which they had grown.

Innumerable curiosities besides fish were found in the mud. One was a glass chandelier, which when lighted with candles represented the west front of Peterborough Cathedral. It had evidently been lost from some vessel which was crossing the mere. But the most valuable discovery was that made by Mr Joseph Coles, a farmer who is still living at Yaxley. He was a youth of about eighteen when the mere was drained; and, fixing boards upon his feet, he traversed the great expanse of mud from motives of curiosity. Great pewter dishes and jars were observed lying in the mud, some having curious figures carved upon them. He saw, lying quite to view, and not embedded in the silt at all, a beautiful censer; and another explorer saw close to it a navicula, or incense-boat. These had evidently been lost in pre-Reformation days from some vessel crossing the mere, which was a great waterway between the Benedictine abbeys of Peterborough and Ramsey. When young Coles first picked up the censer he thought it was a curious and ancient lamp. He carried it home, washed it, and tested it to see of what metal it was made. He found it to be solid silver plated with gold. The mere had been drained only a few days when he found it. A curious old pitcher was lying close to it, but this he did not remove. Young Coles and his father took the censer to Lord Northampton, because they knew it was something of considerable value, though what they did not know. Lord Northampton arranged to give them twenty pounds for it. In the meantime his lordship, in writing to Mr Wells, spoke of the curious find; whereupon Mr Wells, as lord of the manor, claimed it, and gave young Coles twenty-five pounds for finding it. Mr Wells then handed it to the British Museum on loan, where it remained for some years; but at the sale of Mr Wells's effects a good many years afterwards it was purchased by Lord Carysfort for eleven hundred pounds. He also bought at the same sale the incense-boat, which young Coles thought to be a snuff-box, for nine hundred pounds. Both of these articles are still at Lord Carysfort's seat, Elton Hall.

That these things were lost from some distressed vessel in crossing the mere there can be little doubt; for Mr Coles, who is now seventy-three years of age, says that sailing on the mere, as he remembers it, was often a very serious matter, for storms would lash the water into formidable waves, and boats would be wrecked. People who crossed the mere in boats as passengers were often seasick, as if they had been sailing on the sea. But the violent nature of these storms does not rest only on the testimony of old residents, for Holland says: 'The lake does sometimes, in calms and faire weather, sodainely rise tempestuously, as it were into violent earthquakes, to the damage of the poore fishermen, by reason, as some thinke, of evaporations breaking violently out of the bowels of the earthe.'

The mere was a source of livelihood to large numbers of persons in the neighbourhood. There were boat-yards for building and repairing the boats, many of them being of a special kind, very much like the river barges of to-day, but lighter for easy sailing. Women in the villages were employed in making and repairing nets for the fishermen, and the fowlers sent the wild-fowl—consisting of wild geese, plovers, mallard, widgeon, teal, and many others—by stage-wagon to London and other markets. The plovers' eggs, which were collected in great numbers, were also sent to London in the same way. The reeds which grew on the margin of the lake were despatched to all parts of the country, wagon-loads being sent even into Scotland. They were used for thatching houses principally, and there are numerous old houses in the towns and villages in the vicinity of the mere which are still thatched with the reeds that were cut from the mere fifty, seventy, or a hundred years ago; and many an ancient tenement in the Midlands and north of England probably still remains covered with the old Whittlesea Mere thatch.

Stories are told of the sailing qualities of the various vessels that were well known on the mere. Their names are still remembered. Amongst them were the *Monarch*, the *Lady of the Lake*, and the *Champion*. Regattas were held on the lake between these and other vessels, when bands of music played on board some of the craft, and thousands of people assembled. On one of these occasions, it is said, there were two thousand on the mere, and upwards of fifty small and large craft, well rigged, and having captains, lieutenants, and minor officers.

The margin of the mere was infested with adders and ring-snakes. The latter are still abundant in the district, but the adders have disappeared. The mere-folk believed that however much a snake or adder might be mutilated, and however much the semblance of death might be upon it, no snake or adder ever really died until the sun had set. An old resident relates that on one occasion a boy,

within a space of about twenty yards on the fringe of the lake, attacked and killed nineteen snakes, which he threaded on a stick, and in this way carried them home. The adders were practically exterminated by Mr Wells, the lord of the manor, offering twopence for every one presented. On one occasion a Stilton man went to a straw wall where there was a hen's nest containing eggs, but he did not notice that there was an adder amongst the eggs. The snake bit his hand, and he was at once attended by a surgeon; and although he became very ill, he survived. Adders are now rarely met with in the district.

The mere in winter-time was perhaps more interesting than in summer. It was often covered with a sheet of ice as transparent as glass. The ice would split during the frost, and would make a noise that could be heard for miles away. The mere-folks said it was caused by the wind being forced under the ice by the lapping waves where the water was not frozen over, and then bursting the ice to get free. The surface of the mere on these occasions was covered with sledges and skaters.

Earl Fitzwilliam, whose home at Milton was only a few miles away, would frequently visit the mere at such times, and the mere-folk would take his carriage off its wheels and fix a pair of sledge-skates upon it, when half-a-dozen or more young stalwarts, with the long skates known as Whittlesea runners on their feet, would draw his lordship at a rapid pace over the frozen surface of the lake. Crowds of people, varying in number from six thousand to ten thousand, would congregate on the ice at such times. On one occasion a fight or disturbance took place, when a thousand people congregated in a mass without fear of the ice giving way.

All the mere-folk owned sledges, and when the lake was frozen over, the reed-cutters put on their skates, locally made—some of them with bone blades instead of steel—and took a sledge instead of a boat. Skating, they drew the sledge after them by means of a rope. They cut their reeds, loaded their sledges, and then skating again, drew their sledges home, and were able to draw large and heavy loads in this way with comparative ease.

One of the most extraordinary results of the draining of the mere has been the shrinking of the land which formed its bed, and of the adjacent fenland, for on the north and east sides it was all fenland. When the waters were drawn off an iron pillar about a foot in diameter was driven through the peat into the underlying bed of gault so that the head of the post was level with the top of the soil as it then was. This post may now be seen standing clearly out of the ground ten or twelve feet high. The land has shrunk to that extent—that is, for several miles in extent the whole district is ten feet lower than it was at that time. Ten years after the disappearance of the waters the land had shrunk or gone down five feet, and fifteen years later it had gone down eight feet.

Ever since that memorable Sunday in 1851 which sent the waters of centuries eddying out of the mere until the land at the bottom appeared there has been a constant fight between engineering science and Nature to prevent the mere from coming into existence once more. The shrinking of the bed of the mere has made this more difficult still, for it has so deepened the basin that the old drains that were cut to draw the water away have become unable to do their work, and in 1892 a new pumping-engine of great power, costing three thousand five hundred pounds, was erected to pump the water into a forty-foot canal which empties into the river Ouse and so into the sea. The first pump, or part of it, used at the draining of the mere may now be seen in South Kensington Museum, labelled 'Appold's Pump, with which Whittlesea Mere was drained.' That pump lasted until 1877, when it was replaced by another. It is only, therefore, at a great cost that the war against Nature is maintained, and that Whittlesea Mere is prevented from reasserting itself.

FOR MOTHER.

I chose a gift for mother: rich gold and rarest gem.
The beauty in her kindly eyes looked down and humbled them;
And had they been God's golden stars close-woven in a crown,
They might have lost their lustre still when those dear eyes looked down.

I twined a wreath for mother: the best of summer flowers,
White lilies and white roses, the pride of garden bowers.
Their petals were no purer than her white hands pure and sweet,
And the flowers were only fitted as a pathway for her feet.

Then I wrote a song for mother: there was love in every line,
And never rang such music yet in any song of mine;
But the words were all unworthy, though the words were good and true,
So I left the song unfinished, and I tore the page in two.

And the richest I could fashion, and the fairest I could twine,
Was fit for no man's mother, and so much less fit for mine!
But I trust at last, in heaven, God will wreathe her with His light,
And the angels sing the verses that will praise her worth aright.

Will. H. Ogilvie.

Ames, Iowa.

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THE SERVANT QUESTION AGAIN.

By KATHARINE BURRILL, Author of *The Amateur Cook*, &c.

ONCE upon a time I contemplated writing an article 'To the Immortal Memory of Elizabeth Brownrigg'! At the moment I was smarting under various wrongs, and fully as indignant of mien as that 'British Warrior Queen' whom in 'the glow of early' youth we ignorantly hailed as Boadicea, but now in the 'dull decay' of age call more correctly and respectfully Boudicaa. Perhaps there may be those who know not the notorious Elizabeth. If there is any one who has never heard of the famous—or, to be more accurate, *infamous*—Mrs Brownrigg, who

> **Engaged with Satan, to his will resigned,**
> **She learned his great command, 'to act unkind,'**

he (or she) will find an engaging account of her life and crimes in *Twelve Bad Women*, published by Fisher Unwin. Augustine Birrell, in one of his recent essays, refers to the book as an extremely depressing record of feminine evil-doing. Mr Birrell seemed somewhat surprised at the downfall of the wrong-doer; but perhaps, like Gilbert, he fancies 'Virtue is only triumphant in theatrical performances,' and only on the stage does 'the boiling oil' await the villain—in the wings. All these female villains came to a bad end; they never flourished on the proceeds of crime; black-garbéd Nemesis pursued them with the relentless pursuit of a detective in an old-fashioned Adelphi melodrama. If they escaped the gallows—this was rare—they could not escape the milder joys of transportation; and indeed, in reading their melancholy histories, you cannot but remark that, putting it at the very lowest, it *pays* better to remain in the straight paths of goodness and moral rectitude. Amidst this galaxy of feminine malefactors, Elizabeth Brownrigg shines 'a bright particular star.' Justly execrated as she was in her day and generation, we cannot but feel she received her deserts when she was ignominiously carried to Tyburn, driven through a wildly yelling mob whose furious imprecations terrified her considerably more than the thought of her crimes. A terrible woman Mrs Brownrigg, and —'nane the waur o' a hangin'!' And yet—and yet—there have been days when I have thought of Elizabeth with complacency, if not affection; days when, gazing Marius-like at the ruins of a dinner-service, or explaining a blackened grate and icy-cold room to an important guest whom we 'delighted to honour,' I have wondered if, after all, Tyburn Tree was not an excessive punishment for merely beating a maid-servant. True, Mrs B. carried her beatings too far, and, with fiendish cruelty, chose her victims from among unfortunate orphan children; but, well, there *have* been times when the rope's-end smiled upon me, and the Brownriggian strap, followed by cellar-incarceration, appealed strongly to my outraged feelings. Mercifully, these moments of extreme irritation are rare; so, after all, I do not think I shall try to whitewash Elizabeth B., or advocate sticks and whips and immersions in tubs of freezing water as fitting punishments for recalcitrant Mary Anns. Modern Mary Ann would very soon invoke the protective iron hand of the Law if she saw a mistress armed with a rolling-pin or producing a pair of taws. Far different from the hapless little victims of the strenuous Mrs Brownrigg, Modern Mary Ann knows very well how to take care of herself; and yet I feel I must say something for her, and try to prove she is not quite so black as she is painted, and that *all* the fault does not lie at the pantry or kitchen door. Alas! I sadly fear a great deal of the fault lies upstairs in My Lady's Chamber, where My Lady has so many charming and interesting pursuits that she has no time for Mary Ann.

I read with much interest the article of an anonymous writer in the March number of *Chambers's Journal;* and, among many other excellent views and theories, *she*—I suppose the cloak of anonymity shrouds a female form—strongly advocates the employment of lady-servants. All that the writer says is remarkably well put, and has much truth in it; but—what an unpleasant little word 'but' is!—I hardly think lady-servants would solve all our domestic difficulties. Anonyma very justly says lady-servants would be a great boon to

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lonely old couples and to single ladies; but—again that little word—the world is broad and wide, and, either fortunately or unfortunately, not entirely composed of kindly, considerate elderly couples softly treading the quiet byways of life, or of gentlewomen living alone, to whom 'neat-handed Phyllis' in the dining-room, charming Chloe among the pots and pans, and buxom Hebe with broom and bucket would give not only comfort and freedom from worry, but the delightful companionship of three happy, hard-working daughters of the house. I can imagine the situation being quite idyllic for both mistress and maid; but—that terrible 'but' once more!—would not such places be difficult to find? I fear the poor lady-servant might suffer much misery before she discovered a really happy home. Of course I understand the word lady-servant means a gentlewoman by birth and education, who, through various circumstances or causes, finds she has to work for her living. It is somewhat unfortunate that the word 'lady' has become a very elastic and misleading term; like charity, it covers a multitude of—most remarkable people. The charwoman who obligingly washes your front-door steps for her breakfast and a small honorarium refers to her 'lady friends;' the girl who calls for the 'weekly wash' talks of 'me and another young lady.' Personally, if it pleases them, and gives them any satisfaction, I see no reason why they should not call themselves ladies. As Mr Squeers would say, there is no Act of Parliament against it; and if the maiden of the soap and tub is as little like our idea of a gentlewoman as Nicholas Nickleby found the Squeerian abode unlike a baronial hall—well, that may perhaps be merely our misfortune for having different ideas. In the case of lady-servants, I fancy your real gentlewoman would not be very insistent over her patent of gentility; she would be quite content to be—a good servant.

Many ladies would make excellent handmaidens—there can be little doubt of that; but there seem to me very many difficulties in the way of their employment in ordinary town-households. To begin with, would they be physically strong enough to cope with coal? There may be 'little solid pleasure in keeping serving-men;' but with a 'serving-man' of an able-bodied kind on the premises you can ring for coal, and yet more coal, with perfect equanimity. It always gives me a pang to think of maids struggling up from an area cellar with a heavy load of coal; with a gentlewoman-parlourmaid I should certainly have to carry my own coal, for I could not bear to think of the poor dear panting up the kitchen stairs—always dark and precipitous—with a load of coal to keep my unworthy body fairly warm. I say fairly—it is impossible to be quite warm. As for the Master of the House, what man worthy of the name likes to see a woman carrying coal, or portmanteaus, or heavy dressing-bags? If the Master feels unhappy over Jane and Sarah, who may perhaps have been brought up to lift and carry weights, his life would be a perfect burden thinking of Chloe and Lesbia, who have *not* been used to it, and have only taken to it through the sheer necessity of earning their daily bread. Before we have lady-servants we must have properly constructed houses. Think of Ann Kipps' remarks when she and her Artie went house-hunting.

'They build these 'ouses as though girls wasn't 'uman beings. There's kitching stairs to go up, Artie!' Ann would say. 'Some poor girl's got to go up and down and up and down, and be tired out, jest because they 'aven't the sense to leave enough space to give their steps a proper rise; and no water upstairs anywhere—every drop got to be carried! It's 'ouses like this wear girls out.'

Then comes Ann's final and awful indictment: '*It's 'aving 'ouses built by men, I believe, makes all the work and trouble!*'

I believe Ann Kipps is right. You have only to do a little house-hunting with a male relative to realise how very little men really know of the workings of a house; they are quite keen about the public rooms, and what they call 'a good wide hall' (I think they like to feel *spacious* when they enter their own abode); but kitchen, scullery, larders, and cupboards never enter their heads. Left to themselves, they would cheerfully take a house for a series of years that had no pantry and no hot water. I was glad to read what Anonyma says of the servants' rooms; for, whether for little Mary Ann or gently born Chloe, they *ought* to be bright and cheerful and comfortable. The other day I heard of some new London flats only recently built, with every possible luxury, decoration, and improvement; but the maids' room (constructed for two unfortunate women to sleep in) had ship's bunks against either wall, and between the bunks there was only space enough for one person to stand at a time. Surely in these days such a state of things is disgraceful. If a mistress cares so little for the welfare of her dependants, why should she expect *them* to be absolutely and entirely devoted to her interests? The hireling *may* flee because she is an hireling. I don't blame her for fleeing precipitously from a bunk-bed in a room the size of a box; but there is always the hireling who is worthy of her hire. The good hireling is well worth every comfort and consideration, and if the standard of service is to be maintained it can only be done by treating servants fairly and well. There is nothing lowering or derogatory about the words 'I serve;' far from it. Are not the words '*Ich dien*' the motto surmounted by the plumed feathers of our Prince of Wales? Who can forget blind John of Bohemia, who, though a king, proudly bore the 'I serve' upon his crest?

Stevenson in *Random Memories* tells us how persistently his attention was fixed by the figure of Hackston of Rathillet seated silent upon his horse, his cloak held about his mouth, while the tragedy of Magus Moor was pitilessly and horribly enacted at his feet. It was the folded cloak hiding the possibly

expressive mouth—ever a tell-tale feature—that arrested the great romancer's attention. Does he not hold out to us glorious visions of 'incomplete romances about Hackston'? Alas! they merely 'lumbered the drawers of my youth,' and we are the disappointed losers.

In childhood's lessoned-hour John of Bohemia's blindness attracts our wandering, date-ridden minds as something nearly akin to Hackston's cloak. We are sorry for John; there seems something mean about slaying a man who could not see. 'Tis almost a blot upon the character of the dashing Black Prince, though we are fascinated by his gallant assumption of the three waving feathers. Perfectly vague as to the date of the Battle of Creçy, I cannot forget how the blind king was led into battle, his bridle interlaced with those of his attendant knights. A pathetic and heroic figure, he was a magnificent subject for chalk-drawings in our chalky and artistic youth. Does any child use chalks nowadays? Or have sixpenny boxes of coloured chalks become a thing of the past, as obsolete (so we are constantly told) as good and faithful servants? I am inclined to think that if there are few good maids, there are also far fewer good, comfortable places. It is nobody's fault, but merely the changed times, and perhaps an inevitable result of progress and new ideas. Nothing stands still; and yet the mistresses of households expect to find cooks and parlourmaids as contented and old-fashioned and easily pleased as they were forty or fifty years ago, when four pounds a year (and a wincey gown) was considered a handsome wage—a wage for which they worked early and late, a wage for which they would rise 'up in the morning early' to wash blankets and beat carpets. You might as well expect one of our popular modern novelists to be contented and happy with that munificent sum of five pounds Milton received for *Paradise Lost*.

The times have changed, and all we can do is to make the best of it. From the novelist's point of view, of course, things have greatly changed for the better! The old-fashioned servant was no scholar; having no desire to read, she spent her time, when not actually about her duties, sewing or knitting either for herself or for the benefit of the household. Now that she has learned 'The Pleasures of Literature and the Solace of Books,' we can hardly blame her if in her moments of leisure she picks up an enthralling novel, and in consequence of such lettered-idleness buys her stockings and has her print 'wrappers' made in a shop. In the old days she *had* to make her own clothes, because there was no one else to make them; she had to knit her 'two purl, two plain' hose, for the woven stockings at tenpence a pair did not exist. In a great many instances she stayed for years in the same place because there would have been great difficulty in leaving it; locomotion was very different then from what it is now, and people of *all* classes were not in the habit of tearing about the country or having perpetual changes.

In early childhood I remember being quite horrified by a Lammermuir shepherd's wife asking me what the sea was like. She lived twelve miles from it, and yet had never once seen the blue waves breaking on the shore nor the distant sails of a passing vessel. When in later years she paid a visit to Edinburgh—an Edinburgh that knew not cable-cars or motors—she was bewildered and dumfounded by the wonder of the traffic. When she was prevailed upon to have a cup of tea with us, she electrified us all by pausing on the threshold of the door and remarking with much solemnity, 'Hech, Sirs! Hech, Mem! I feel juist like the Queen o' Sheby veesitin' Soalomon in a' his gloary'! Anything less like the Eastern Queen I certainly never saw, nor is there much Solomonic glory about the ordinary Edinburgh house. We are told 'there is no darkness but ignorance.' Well, we have swept away the ignorance of the 'gudewife' from the Lammermuirs; and her descendants are not likely to have remained indifferent to the call of the Sea, nor do they compare themselves to Biblical Queens when they take a cheap trip to Edinburgh. We have the light and yet we are not satisfied. We want all the good points of the fine old-fashioned days of unlettered ignorance and all the pleasant things of the modern up-to-date enlightenment. My Lady still wishes to find the hard-working blanket-washer at four pounds per annum, totally forgetting that all round prices and things and wages have altered.

I suppose the smallest wage possible is the ten pounds or twelve pounds given to a kitchen-maid or 'tweeny-maid'—that unfortunate victim who is neither 'fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring,' but the drudge of the housemaid and the turnspit of the cook. I take it that the modern ten pounds really is not any more than the five pounds of fifty years ago; therefore we cannot call the wages so very excessive. True, you will only get a beginner for a small wage; but why not take the young, strong country girl and train her? Shall I tell you why? Because the modern mistress is not going to be troubled to teach her. In the article I have already referred to mention is made of *trained* lady-servants, and, of course, if trained *lady*-servants are required, I suppose trained ordinary handmaidens are considered even more necessary. Now, who trained the good, faithful Peggottys of a bygone generation? Their mistress of course, and she is the proper person to do it. But remember, 'there is no darkness but ignorance;' modern enlightenment tells us women were indeed plunged in a dark and hopeless ignorance in those long-ago days that are considered *domestically* so halcyon and peaceful. Is it necessary to be ignorant to know how to look after a house? Of course it is nothing of the sort, and it does not say much for our modern education if we cannot keep our houses better than our great-grandmothers, who

are popularly supposed to have had no education at all!

You women of to-day, who fear so much
The women of the future, showing how
The dangers of her course are such and such—
What are you now?

Mothers and wives and housekeepers, forsooth!
Great names, you cry; full scope to rule and please!
Room for wise age and energetic youth!
But are you these?

Housekeepers! Do you then, like those of yore,
Keep house with power and pride, with grace and ease?
No, you keep servants only! What is more,
You don't keep these!

To-day the modern housekeeper is *too busy* with other things to look after her house at all. Well, that may all be for the benefit of the human race, and generations yet unborn may rise to bless the day when women were so busy in the world that they had no time to attend to their homes. Only, they must *not* blame the servants if their homes are neglected, the meals (if they ever eat any in the house!) ill-cooked and ill-served. Woman's (how nice of me to give her that large capital 'W'!) place in the world may be one of infinitely greater importance than that of mother, wife, and housekeeper—I do not *quite* see what she is going to do that could be better than doing her own work (this work has no large 'W'), but then I am dreadfully old-fashioned and ignorant; but until she pays some attention to her household more than a perfunctory dinner-ordering for three minutes in the morning, I much fear she will still cry aloud and in vain for good servants. I have already mentioned King Solomon in this little paper, and I am sure no one is going to dispute with me if I say he was ever considered a very wise man. Solomon has placed it upon record that the price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies; if we take the trouble to read of this virtuous woman we find that in addition to being a very good housekeeper she was also possessed of brains. 'She considereth a field, and buyeth it;' your ignorant woman does not know how to acquire property. She was not so busy that she neglected her own personal appearance or her clothes, for are we not told she wore 'silk and purple'? She knew how to advance her husband's interests. As for her children, did they not arise and call her Blessed? I do not think we shall improve *much* upon King Solomon's ideal woman; and let us remember with all she had to do she yet 'looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the Bread of Idleness.'

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER XXII.

MY first impulse on entering the Palace was to bolt the door. As I was about to do so my eyes fell on a sleepy, corpulent figure rising perfunctorily, at my entrance, from the depths of a comfortable arm-chair. It was the major-domo Bomcke, whose duty it doubtless was to see that the last guest was home before making the Palace secure for the night.

He gaped audibly, and was about to shoot the great bolts with which the *Siegersthor* was furnished when I addressed him.

'Herr Bomcke?'

'Yes, Mr Saunders.'

'Where is His Majesty?'

'His Majesty has retired.'

'And who is the officer on guard?'

'Captain von Odenheimer. He is going his rounds.'

'Herr Bomcke,' I said severely, 'are you a loyal servant of the King?'

The major-domo's sleepy countenance displayed considerable mystification at my question; but for answer he drew himself up to a posture of superb dignity and placed his fat right hand on his dress-waistcoat.

'Because,' I pursued, 'I have reason to believe that an attempt will be made to-night on the King's person. The Grand Duke may be here at any moment.'

'The Grand Duke!'

I never saw a man so robbed of his attributes as was the major-domo in that revealing moment of dismayed astonishment. His dignity, his pomposity, his presence, were gone in a twinkling, and there was surprisingly little left—merely a quivering, spineless, barely articulate jelly of a man. Nevertheless, his collapse proved that he, at any rate, was not a party to the treachery, and I hesitated no longer in giving him my orders.

'Bolt the door thoroughly, Herr Bomcke,' I said, 'and then go and warn Captain von Odenheimer of the impending attack. He is a capable man, and will do everything in his power to make the place secure.'

Then, without further delay, I mounted the stairs in the direction of the King's bedchamber.

The Schattenbergs' motives in kidnapping me were doubly clear now. Not only did they wish to remove a possibly dangerous adversary from the scene of their activities, but they knew that until I had returned to the Palace the gate would be left unbarred, or at any rate that some one would readily open it to an expected summons. Outside the King's door I halted a moment in some trepidation. Then I knocked softly—there was no answer. Again I knocked—more vigorously this time—and

almost immediately the door was flung open, and for the second time that night I found myself looking straight down the barrel of a revolver.

It was the King who had opened the door, and his thick, stiff hair was matted with the disorder consequent on slumber. Over his sleeping-suit he had donned a flowery dressing-gown, and his appearance was sufficiently comic to bring a smile to my face. Nevertheless, there was no answering smile on the King's countenance as he recognised me; neither did he pay me the compliment of lowering his revolver.

'What do you want?' he asked brusquely.

'It is I—Saunders.'

'I know. What do you want?'

'If your Majesty will kindly lower your revolver I will explain.'

He looked at me doubtfully for a moment, and then did as I had requested.

'I beg your pardon,' he said. 'I am very sleepy.'

In as few words as possible I explained the situation to him, and the fact that the conspirators might be there at any moment.

'And you escaped from their net and tobogganed here in order to warn me?' he said.

'Without rakes,' I added, with more than a touch of pride.

The King tossed back his head with a gesture which meant much. He was wide enough awake now; and, though his outward composure was remarkable, I read the light of battle in his brightening eyes.

'Let me think,' he said, passing his hand through his matted locks. 'You told Bomcke to fasten the door. Good! Let us take up our position at a window overlooking the *Siegersthor*, and fire on them as they arrive.'

The plan was simple, and might perhaps have been effective had circumstances permitted the carrying of it out. As a matter of fact the King's scheme was barely formulated when the sound of voices reached our ears from below. The King seized me by the wrist and dragged me to the head of the staircase. Next he switched off a light which shone above our heads, and together we cautiously descended a half-flight of stairs till the hall came within range of our vision. Then we waited, gazing silently at the strange scene which met our eyes. The hall contained a group of some half-dozen officers in full uniform, and in the centre was the Grand Duke and his son Max. The former was addressing the throng in deep, low tones, emphasising his remarks with grandiose flourishings of a drawn sword. Of his speech we could catch but occasional phrases, but it was evidently a species of patriotic incitement to murder, with a high-spirited eulogy of his own House and person. I wondered how they had obtained entrance, and concluded that the redoubtable Herr Bomcke had been too paralysed by my alarming information to perform his all-important duty of bolting the *Siegersthor*. This view was borne out by a glimpse of the major-domo's prostrate body, propped limply against a marble pedestal in a corner of the apartment, a streak of crimson staining his otherwise colourless face.

After a few moments the Grand Duke's oration came to an end, and a murmur of approval or allegiance rose from the surrounding officers. It was clear that, since they had obtained a foothold in the Palace, secrecy and silence were no longer essential to their scheme.

'They wish to lure me down there and pot me,' whispered the King in my ear. '*Pas si bête!* I am going to have one shot at dear Fritz, and then I shall bolt for the *Schweigenkammer*. I want you to rouse Meyer and tell him to get some loyal troops from Weissheim.

'What about Odenheimer and his quarter-company?' I asked.

'If Odenheimer and his quarter-company were true to their salt they would be down there wiping my cousin's blood off their bayonets. No, there are few men in the world I can trust, and Meyer is one of them. When I fire, run to his bedroom.'

I watched my royal companion take deliberate aim; and then, as his steady finger pressed back the trigger and the clear report rang through the building, I turned and dashed up the stairs in search of the Commander-in-Chief. A muttered '*Höllens glück*' from His Majesty, who followed close on my heels, told me that the shot had missed. I glanced hastily backwards, and perceived that the pack had recovered from their surprise and were pursuing us with murderous intent. On I dashed, and as I gained the landing which led to General Meyer's room I heard the King stumble over his long dressing-gown and sprawl full length along the stairs. In a second I was by his side again and had slipped out the revolver I had taken from the Mariencastel. Our opponents were still a full flight below us, but in that momentary halt I was recognised.

'Saunders!' I heard Max cry, with a shout of anger and astonishment, and a second later a revolver-bullet ripped up the pine panelling at the level of my head.

'Upwards,' cried the King, who had recovered himself with surprising quickness, and we continued our rapid flight up the easy steps of the Palace stairway. At the next landing we separated, I darting down a corridor to the left in the direction of General Meyer's apartments, the King mounting a further flight *en route* for the *Schweigenkammer*. I had traversed but half the distance to the General's rooms when it became evident to me that I was no longer pursued. The reckless crew, who had staked their all on the successful issue of their plot, had wisely concentrated their energies on the main object of their desires—the capture or death of the royal quarry. For the life of me I found it impossible to carry out the King's behest of rousing Meyer without first learning for certain whether he had reached in safety the friendly shelter of the

silent room. As noiselessly as possible I retraced my steps down the passage, mounted the steps after the pursuing throng, and then peered cautiously down the corridor out of which the *Schweigenkammer* opened. A glance told me that the King had won his harbour of refuge, for the body of conspirators were gathered outside making noisy and desperate efforts to break through the door. I smiled, for I knew the thickness of that sound-deadening portal; and, realising that King Karl was at least temporarily secure, I hastened to complete my mission of summoning the Commander-in-Chief. I found his room unlocked, and, without waiting for an answer to my knock, I burst in. I had expected to find the General in bed, but he was sitting half-dressed in his arm-chair, holding in his hand a small bunch of pinks and gazing with an expression of ludicrous rapture at a full-length photograph of Mrs Van Troeber which adorned his dressing-table. It was several seconds before he managed to transfer his glance to myself.

'General,' I said hastily, 'there is a plot against the King. The Grand Duke and Max are in the Palace with half-a-dozen other conspirators, and they are besieging the King in the *Schweigenkammer*.'

I expected to see him dash out of his chair with an oath, but he remained seated as he was, his long legs stretched luxuriously before him, a smile on his inscrutable face, a model of contemptuous impassivity.

'In the *Schweigenkammer!*' he repeated slowly. 'It will take them some time to break through that door.'

'Doubtless,' I said, irritated by his untimely calm. 'And we must be thankful that we are given that time in which to act. His Majesty bade me tell you to summon loyal troops from Weissheim.'

'Loyal troops from Weissheim! Did His Majesty specify any particular battalion?'

'No.'

'Loyal troops, my dear Saunders, are not a plentiful commodity just at present, nor is Weissheim the most favourable spot in which to search for them. If I went round to the barracks now I should probably be shot. What is Von Odenheimer doing?'

'He is doing nothing—which speaks for itself.'

'He has not put in an appearance?' continued General Meyer. 'I am surprised;' and he shrugged his shoulders significantly, fixing his gaze once more on Mrs Van Troeber's portrait.

I became aware that my temper was rising violently, but with an effort I held myself in.

'General Meyer,' I said calmly, 'have you any suggestion to make with regard to securing the King's preservation?'

'Beautiful creature!' he muttered to himself, still gazing at his divinity's presentment.

'I beg your pardon,' he continued, turning dreamily to me. 'Have I any suggestion to make? Of course I have. If you wish to be by the King's side in the hour of danger, it is possible to fulfil your most creditable desire. It is necessary first to mount the staircase to the story above the *Schweigenkammer*. Open the corridor window, and you can climb on to a small tiled roof of a comparatively easy pitch. If you can manage to crawl down this you will find that the right-hand corner of the eaves is furnished with a rainwater-pipe, and by means of this a descent may be made to the level of the *Schweigenkammer* window. It needs a little spring to reach the sill, but the masonry is rough-hewn, and one can do wonders if one's heart is in one's work.'

'Good,' I said enthusiastically; 'we will try it.'

'We?' echoed the General sarcastically. 'My dear Saunders, I am neither a monkey nor a steeplejack.'

'No,' I retorted hotly; 'merely a coward, it seems.'

My companion sniffed his bunch of pinks with an expression of infinite rapture. 'A coward and a Jew,' he said softly. 'It does not need a brilliant intelligence to perceive that.'

'Man alive!' I cried in amazement at his self-contemning admission, 'haven't you the pluck of a mouse?'

Again he shrugged his shoulders indolently.

'I detest violence,' he said simply, 'and I value my skin at an absurdly high price. Before I met Mrs Van Troeber I had an exaggerated detestation of facing death; and now,' he continued, gazing fondly again at the photograph, 'I am very much in love with life.'

'A love that breeds cowardice is an ignoble passion,' I retorted contemptuously. 'Do you know what the King said of you?'

He shook his head slowly with a smile of indifference.

'He said,' I went on, "There are few men in the world I can trust: Meyer is one of them."'

In a second my companion was sitting bolt upright in his chair gazing at me with piercing eyes.

'He said that?'

'He did,' I replied.

A moment later he had sunk back again to his original position of exaggerated listlessness.

'No, my good Saunders,' he said dryly, 'it won't do. Your plan to rouse my ardour was well meant, but a shade—ingenuous.'

'In other words,' I cried wrathfully, 'I am a liar!'

'Will you swear he used those words?'

'I swear it as I hope for salvation.'

'Swear it on your honour.'

'I swear it on my honour!'

Slowly and deliberately, as if weighing every ounce of his decision, the Commander-in-Chief of the Grimland army rose from his seat. His face was calm and inscrutable as ever, but his right hand, which he held out to me, was trembling with excitement or fear.

'Saunders,' he said hoarsely, 'we must save the

King. Worm your way into the *Schweigenkammer*, and I will do my best to worm out loyalty from Weissheim. Believe me, mine is not the least dangerous task of the two.'

I took his hand in mine and looked him full in the eyes. He met my gaze with the shadow of a smile, and then turned his head away.

'I would give untold gold for your temperament,' he said. 'Go, my good friend; go and prosper. You will need all your excellent nerve to reach the *Schweigenkammer;* but the luck of the square-chinned men will be with you.' And as he turned to put on his big military overcoat I left him.

(To be continued.)

THE MEDIEVAL REPUBLIC OF ANDORRA.

By Oliver Grey.

THE Central and Western Pyrenees have been thoroughly modernised by the French tourists and water-drinkers who flood the pleasant spas in July and August, or the British residents who ascend from their settlements at Pau and Biarritz to breathe the cooler atmosphere of the mountains. But the Eastern Pyrenees, the French and Spanish Cerdagne, have hardly as yet come under the influence of new ideas; while there are places to be found on the high frontier which have altered little in appearance, manners, and customs for the last five centuries. The tourist who visits Le Vernet, with its up-to-date Casino, spacious hotels, and well-kept public gardens, where frost is unknown and the abundant flora of the Mediterranean flourishes, steps as it were from the twentieth into the sixteenth century as he passes up the valley of the Tet and by Montlouis to Bourg-Madame, the last French village at this particular point.

Montlouis has a reputation of its own. It is the highest garrisoned fortress in the Republic, and its ancient gates have never been opened to an enemy; though its defences are no longer the picturesque tree-grown bastions and ponderous portcullis-gate, but skilfully concealed glacis and rampart, constructed upon the best modern principles against long-range artillery. The statue of a forgotten soldier adorns the homely little *place*—a General Dagobert, of whose exploits the guide-books are silent. But, save for the diligence traffic, conducted for the most part with vehicles which must have been old before the Third Empire, Montlouis offers but little excitement to the 'numerous Spanish visitors' who, on the authority of *Baedeker*, come thither to cool in the summer months.

From the Col de la Perche, a few miles west, the whole character of the country changes. The mountains have completely lost their Mediterranean character; the almond-orchards and barren wastes of Roussillon give place to maize-fields and coppices of beech and hazel. To cross from Bourg-Madame by the Sègre Bridge is at once to exchange everything that is French for all that is Spanish—the air of a free country, busy and contented, for a land of stagnation and picturesque decay. Puycerda, ringed by terraces of crumbling walls thrown up against invading Carlists, is nothing if not typical of the Peninsula, with its lofty balconies and close-shuttered windows, narrow, silent streets, and windowless cathedral church. The pervading priest, moreover, recalls significantly the familiar saying upon the lips of every Catalan, '*Muy catolicos, muy pobres;*' and were cleanliness really next to godliness, Puycerda should be the fairest city in Spain—which, alas! it is not. Even the glory of its prince-bishops has passed away. Its abbey is a stable, and all that can be marked for progress in the town is rather the result of accident than design; for, since the loss of Cuba, the huge barracks in which were collected the unfortunate conscripts for overseas service have been converted into a school of arts and sciences!

From Bourg-Madame the oldest existing republic in the world may best be entered. Within a few miles the French and Spanish frontiers run counter with that of Andorra, not only the remotest state in Europe, but also the most inaccessible. For which reason it has been left to govern itself in its own way since the days of its emancipation, attributed by Andorrans to Charlemagne, but placed in French history some five centuries later. Some years ago entry from either the Spanish or the French side was absolutely forbidden to all travellers alike. Ousted from happy hunting-grounds elsewhere, a foreign syndicate was supposed to be contemplating the conversion of this immemorial abode of peace into a sort of Baden-Baden or Monte Carlo. For a long period, therefore, the passes were watched by French and Spanish gendarmes, and all persons, suspicious and otherwise, turned back. Personal experience of Andorra, however, is conclusive that no such invasion is possible under existing conditions, any more than in past days the way was open for an enemy. For there is not a continuous road in the whole of its twenty-eight square miles, and to reach the capital, Andorra 'la Vieja,' it is necessary to ride or to march over mountain barriers of not less than seven to eight thousand feet in all directions save one. Napoleon himself never essayed the task. Probably he did not consider the country worth fighting for as an appanage of empire, preferring, as he said, to preserve it as 'a political curiosity'—an opinion satisfactory enough from the antiquarian point of view, but hardly applauded by travellers upon the villainous stony mule-tracks which take the place of the splendid *routes nationales* originally designed

and commenced by the imperial road-maker elsewhere throughout the Pyrenees.

From Bourg-Madame to Porte, or from Ax to L'Hospitalet, the two villages east and west, whence paths converge upon the Porte de Saldeu, the gate to the inhabited valleys of Andorra, it is a case of riding or walking. In point of speed the pedestrian may reckon upon the advantage, while the state of these mountain paths at all times of the year makes mule or horse a doubtful enjoyment. But whether the approach be made from Porte, by the Col de Puymorens—in July a garden of rhododendrons and scented alpine herbs—or from L'Hospitalet, there is nothing to denote the passage from one Republic to the other. For, as Andorra levies no Customs dues, she possesses neither gendarmes, frontier guards, nor *douane* of any sort, and all are free to enter as they please; though an exit, especially on the Spanish side, is less easily accomplished, since as a halfway house and storage for smugglers it is obvious that Andorra is admirably situated, and the neighbouring powers take their precautions accordingly against the abuse of a trade which is 'free' in every sense of the word. Neither export nor import duties are charged upon commodities; it is open for the whole world of pedlars and *commis voyageurs* to push their wares among the population.

In other respects, too, the state of Andorra resembles the principality of Monte Carlo: there are no taxes, much less rates, levied on the common people. Andorra pays something less than forty pounds per annum to France on the one hand, and a smaller sum to the Prince-Bishop of Urgel on the other, the fixed price of guaranteed liberty as determined by treaty some three hundred years ago. The tribute implies further advantages. As there are no police, so there is no accommodation for convicts, the prison pointed out to me in the capital consisting of a tumble-down hovel in a corner of the 'great' square, whose sole inmates for many years have been bats and spiders. When, therefore, the infrequent necessity arises of incarcerating offenders, they are remitted to France to serve their term at Perpignan, in which region also resides the agent-general for Andorra, by whom such transfers and other affairs of State are transacted. But whereas criminals of the first instance are rare, their punishment is proportionately a weighty matter. When the judge has come to the conclusion that he ought to deal severely, he summons his learned brethren, who name a commission to review the proceedings, and it rests with them to confirm, to increase, or to mitigate the proposed sentence. If they are not unanimous, the matter is referred to the judges again; and if they fail to agree there is a judge of appeal; and from him, again, it seems, the final decision is left either to the Archbishop of Urgel or to the court in Paris. However, in a land where there is no money to speak of, lawyers are few and far between, and these elaborate precautions for 'fitting the punishment to the crime' are little more than ornamental.

On great occasions Andorra is represented abroad diplomatically. For instance, at the jubilee of the late Queen Victoria some difficulty was occasioned in the Lord Chamberlain's office by the appearance of a representative therefrom, who, by seniority of his Government, should have preceded France and Switzerland alike. Among his own people to-day he is something of a celebrity; nor has he forgotten the kindness of the merchant-prince requested by the British Government to look after his comforts. For the Andorran does not travel; nor does he, like the Spaniard, swell the number of those who seek to nationalise themselves Frenchmen whenever poverty pinches or political conspiracy has made their own country too hot for them.

The burden of the tribute and of the other moderate expenditure is met by ground-rents paid by the chief land-cultivators, but more especially by the foreign proprietors in whose hands is the grazing of the mountain pastures. Of the former there are but few, and it is certainly remarkable that scarcely any fruit is grown within the Republic; in all the house and cabin gardens not so much as a currant-tree finding space—an omission the more to be wondered at after one has passed through the great fruit-producing region of the Pyrénées-Orientales, and seeing that the soil is not only extremely fertile and well watered, but so rich in natural minerals as to ensure a profuse and profitable harvest of tobacco. As it is, this plant provides the sole export crop, and for its manufacture a factory has been built recently, which also enjoys the proud distinction of being the only home of organised industry within Andorra. The quality of the leaf is by no means bad; and a good trade is done in cigarettes, which possess a 'bouquet' more like the best full-flavoured Spanish brands than the coarser 'caporal' of France, and such of it as crosses the frontier goes south.

At Escaldas, the village nearest to Andorra, there is, however, another industry. In that pretty spot, situated upon a veritable volcano of thermal springs, a race of weavers has carried on its business from time immemorial, the craft being handed from father to son, and pursued with considerable skill, though modern appliances are unknown and the hand-loom is still employed. The freedom of the frontier, however, has rendered production unremunerative, for the local weavers cannot compete with the imported cheap materials and woollens. And just as the introduction of cheap French materials is killing the cloth industry, so the denudation of the mountains by systematic destruction of the forests without replanting has in like manner made it impossible to work the primitive foundries of agricultural implements, and must presently compel the people to look abroad for fuel. It seems, therefore, that French influences will sooner or later assert themselves, wake up the dormant energies of the country, and develop those mineral resources which it is known to possess, since it is improbable that Catalonia, the most progressive province of Spain, could ever compete with the enterprise of

the French merchant and *commis voyageur*, who have got the lion's share of even such trade as there is.

Returning from Andorra, and just below the Port de Saldeu, I encountered a gay cavalcade of mules ridden by sturdy fellows whose red Phrygian caps of liberty, white shirts, and blue overalls gave a touch of colour to the monotonous hillside. Each mule, as well as its rider, carried an enormous iron cauldron, destined for service in the making of cheeses. They were all of French manufacture, the iron-mines in the Eastern Pyrenees, at all events, being so thoroughly worked that Vernet-les-Bains contemplates a funicular railway up Mont Canigou, the isolated outpost of the chain, from the summit of which, confronted by the glimmering sapphire of the Mediterranean, on a glorious July morning, I had surveyed the world from Barcelona in the south to Montpellier in the north.

The same lack of enterprise and dread of foreign influence is everywhere demonstrated. Fruit-trees are grown only in tiny plots where there might be abundant orchards. Ordino is proud of its apples; St Julio rejoices in a few chestnut-trees; the vine is grown sparingly in the lower reaches of the Valira, but the grapes are too poor even for *vin ordinaire*, and kept exclusively for table purposes as raisins. Yet I have been assured by Spanish cultivators cognisant of the country and its possibilities that this virgin soil would bear abundant increase, notwithstanding the rigorous winter. But they were equally convinced that no Andorran will ever be induced either to propagate fruit-trees or replant his pine-woods unless he thinks it can be done with native material. Occupied almost entirely with his beasts, and cultivating the pastures only with a view to their winter upkeep, he is, however, if self-contained, a very happy member of the human race. In Spain, that land of proverbial sayings, 'to play the Andorran' means to hold your tongue and observe extreme caution; but among themselves, judging by what I saw and heard, this shyness and reserve is completely thrown off. I was duly informed, also, that not always is it quiet in Andorra, but that were I visiting the country on the occasion of some of the not infrequent holidays I should see sights and hear songs not inferior to what I might encounter in Spain.

As a matter of fact, my sole experience of music across the frontier, so far, had had little in common with the tinkling of guitars and the clash of the tambourine beloved of Spanish country-folk. Wandering in the ancient and beautiful streets of Puycerda, I had listened spell-bound to the voice of a woman singing Gounod's 'Ave Maria' behind a green-shuttered window. Nor was I alone as audience, for close beside me stood a young man wearing the red Catalan cap, with tears running down his cheeks, and he finally gave vent to his feelings in a long-drawn, scarcely articulate '*Brava!*' I noticed, too, that all through the French Cerdagne the people—more especially the men—had fine musical voices; and I remember how, throughout a long and dusty diligence-drive, one amiable performer, who looked the typical brigand of the opera, melted our souls with exquisite selections from a repertoire ranging from high mass to low comedy. Such of the Andorrans as I heard singing in the fields to their cattle and their sheep appeared to take much simple pleasure in their performances; but though I was told that Arcadian pipes were still in vogue, I encountered no shepherd leading his goats to pasture with a *musette*, as I have seen, and am told is not unusual still, in the hardly more modernised Cévennes.

On holidays, after the celebration of mass, there is open-air dancing when the season allows. Moreover, Andorra enjoys a carnival when all the Catholic world is similarly engaged, with processions and lotteries in which the prizes are fat porkers. At this festival, also, it is the custom for the young people to do their courting, which proceeds rather after the Spanish fashion, the lover loitering beneath his lady's window, from which, if his suit be acceptable, she presently lowers her favours, not in the shape of a red rose or other pretty token, but in the truly bucolic form of a string of sausages or other rural dainty! This, therefore, is called the *festa del casumen*, or 'feast of windows.' At Easter, too, at which is celebrated the *festa dels ous*, the customary eggs are exchanged; while in the autumn the hunter's moon is welcomed with the *festa de la osse*, when a man dressed in a bear's skin is introduced, attacking a pair of lovers, and is finally beaten off in triumph by the bold marksmen of the mountains. These *feste* are of great antiquity, but it is not so long since the bear was a real danger to the Andorran homestead instead of being a fugitive in the remotest mountains. Now game, like every other natural product in Andorra, becomes 'small by degrees and beautifully less,' and under existing methods of capture it seems that the streams which water its fertile valleys are also likely to be despoiled of their trout, abundant though the supply has been, as elsewhere throughout the region of the Pyrenees.

I saw no fishing with the rod in progress; though it is possible that, as it was the time of the hay-harvest, the trout were allowed a respite from the wholesale destruction which native methods imply. But in a Spanish book of tours published in Barcelona I came across the following suggestive account of the manner in which these waters are devastated: 'The fisherman procures a supply of cuca, the narcotic with the alkaloid of which we are familiar in cocaine. A few grains of it are mixed with earth, and a number of worms introduced, who devour the mixture greedily. The worms are then thrown into the stream where the water runs swift among the rocks, and the fish, taking the bait readily, are picked up as they float down in a state of intoxication, "which lasts about an hour."' But sometimes even more deadly methods are adopted, the cuca being mixed with vinegar and oxide of copper.

As to their comforts, a Spartan simplicity pervades the Andorran household; they have neither arts nor crafts, and many of the simplest 'luxuries' are quite unknown. And as for the inns, for dirt and squalidity they are more than a match for the *posada* of southern Andalusia, though a good word may be said for the one 'hotel' in Andorra, which, if primitive, at all events is clean, the bedrooms being provided with a basin and jug about the size of a pudding-bowl and teapot, and an apology for a looking-glass—though I saw no other mirror in Andorra, and this one, unless I am very much mistaken, was made of tin or some other polished metal, which may have served Helen of Troy to set her tresses in array, but would allow no modern to indulge in the luxury of a shave. As on the frontier, the plan of most of these houses of call appeared to be a kitchen, parlour, and dining-room all in one, shared indiscriminately by man, beast, and feathered fowl, to say nothing of vermin. The cuisine, as might be expected under such circumstances, is neither characteristic nor appetising. Baking is only done once a week, and it would require a pickaxe to break up the enormous boulders of bread presented to the wayfarer who happens to arrive after the second day; while the very driest of dried hams constitutes the *pièce de résistance* of every meal.

At the Hôtel Calounes, as everywhere else, it is the custom for all sorts and conditions of men to partake of the evening meal together. A more democratic assembly it would be difficult to collect. My guide, a Frenchman, sat opposite me with a cowherd; the head of the table was taken by a small tradesman; my neighbour was a French gentleman, who regaled me with thrilling tales of his 'night experiences' in the rooms above; and the rest of us—nine o'clock being the hour of the evening meal—were made up of a Spanish priest from Urgel and a couple of nondescripts who, I fancy, were interested in the contraband business, and received attention proportionate to their importance as men of affairs. The cooking was not first class, but it was tolerable, and a ten hours' walk had provided sauce sufficient; the trout aforesaid making a welcome alternative to the weird lumps of fat pork, swimming in hot water and garlic, which opened the banquet. The native cheese, too, is by no means unpalatable, rather resembling that known in southern France as *bris*.

But I was most interested in the quality and manner of serving the wine, which tasted strongly of the classical leathern skins in which it is imported. Throughout Andorra, as in Catalonia, a glass vessel without a handle, and having a double spout, is placed upon the table. One spout serves to pour the wine, and is of the ordinary calibre; the other, long and tapering to a point, is patronised by all true Catalans, and it requires some dexterity to spurt the liquid into the mouth at the orthodox distance, the lips of the drinker, by courtesy, never touching the conduit.

The language spoken by all Andorrans is a highland dialect of Catalan, quite unintelligible to the educated Spaniard, much more so to the casual traveller who is master of French alone, and as carefully guarded and preserved as everything else in this most conservative of republics. And how difficult of access are its records is exemplified, perhaps, nowhere more conspicuously than in the little homely building which is dignified by the name of 'The Palace.' Not many Englishmen have described Andorra in print; of recent years I can only find Mr Harold Spender's account of the country, which forms a chapter in his interesting *Through the High Pyrenees*. But he gives an amusing account of the archives box, which requires half-a-dozen keys to open it; and though it hangs in the Palace 'plain for all folks to see,' the simultaneous attendance of the head-men of each parish whose official papers are contained therein is necessary, since only by their united efforts, and by no single key, can the chest be opened. It is not surprising, therefore, that all attempts on the part of casual visitors to determine the antiquity and to throw documentary light on the details of the constitution have, so far, proved a signal failure. Nor was I more successful on a much simpler quest. My guide was sure that no flag of Andorra existed, but that the people were in the habit of planting 'trees of liberty' here, there, and everywhere as outward manifestations of the national spirit. But Mr Spender, apparently, was privileged to see the banner unfurled—red, yellow, and blue in horizontal stripes, a judicious blend of French and Spanish colours, surcharged with a crown, emblematic of the sovereignty of the people.

The Spanish writer, however, who has described Andorra *como el caracol* has summed up this remarkable community of peasants in as many words. The snail moves slowly, and protrudes its head from its shell only when there is no danger abroad. Andorra certainly progresses with medieval deliberation, and at the slightest indication of foreign curiosity and enterprise retires to shelter itself behind an impenetrable wall of reticence. Whether it will be lured eventually from an attitude so strikingly opposed to twentieth-century notions remains to be seen. A railway will presently be driven through the Pyrenees, connecting Toulouse and western France directly with Barcelona. The surveys are complete and the work is already begun. As the line will pass within a few hours' walk of the Porte de Saldeu, it seems impossible that the hermit Republic should be able to remain in cloistered stagnation with the great progressive world of commerce humming at its gates. For the French Government of to-day, unlike the great Napoleon, regards the maintenance of 'political curiosities' upon the borders of France with disfavour, however interesting and entertaining they may be to tourists and others in search of the original.

CAPTAIN KENT'S COMMISSION.

CHAPTER II.

THE first gray of dawn was making thin the darkness in Captain Kent's room. He stooped by the door, listening. Three sharp, clear strokes sounded on the ship's bell—half-past five o'clock. He cautiously undid the door and stepped out into the cabin. When he had waited there in the gloom alone for a few minutes, two other stealthy figures joined him.

'Ready?' said Captain Kent.

'Ay, sir.'

'Dennis, Fritz, you 'll not go back on me, lads?'

'Divil an inch, sir!' said the young steward, a long, thin limb of a boy, with a shock of red hair sticking out like an aureole round his rough blue cap.

'I vill not forsake you, captain, for sure,' said the stout German cook, who had a double chin.

'Remember, there 's a thousand dollars apiece for you, boys, if we pull through. Shake hands, all.'

The three conspirators gripped hands.

'The mate is asleep in his room,' said Captain Kent. 'Come quietly.'

They crept to the door of the mate's room, which was unlocked, and the Kentuckian glided noiselessly within. The new mate lay snoring in his bunk. Captain Kent silently passed out his revolvers and sword; then he admitted the others, and together they gagged and bound the sleeping man before he could utter a sound.

Then the captain drew from his breast-pocket a note, and gave it to the cook. 'Take it to Miss Maddison's cabin,' he told him, 'and see that she reads it right there; then go back to the galley and hang around till I want you.—Dennis, bring in the coffee at six sharp, and loiter in the cabin as I told you till we come. All right?'

'All right, sir.'

Captain Kent drew out a chart as the men left to execute his orders, and spread it open on the cabin table. Then he mounted on deck. In the pale light of the dawn, the bark was labouring in a heavy sea. Kent buttoned up his jacket, and nodded a gruff good-morning to Lieutenant Munroe, who was pacing the deck alone.

'Couldn't sleep,' he complained.

Down in her cabin, Miss Maddison sat on the edge of her bunk with a flushed face, her fine hair tumbled about her head, reading the message with which the cook had startled her from sleep.

'DEAR MADAM'—it ran—'Do not be alarmed at anything you may hear, and do not stir from your cabin till eight o'clock. We are trying to win back the ship. If it happens that you do not see me again, do not think too hardly of me. I have promised Dennis and Fritz a thousand dollars each if we succeed. They are plucky fellows, and if I am not in at the finish I know you will see that they do not fail of their pay. You may trust them.—I am, your most devoted servant, RICHARD KENT.'

Rhoda Maddison, as she finished the hastily written note, coloured more deeply. A thrill of pride went through her. This was the man who, though no hint of the thing had passed his lips, was in love with her. She repeated his name—Richard Kent—Richard. A sudden rush of emotion assailed her, a fierce desire to be with those three who were facing a whole ship's company, who at this very moment, it might be, were going to their death in her service. Two of them staked their lives for dollars; but one, Richard Kent, was throwing his on the table for love alone. She began to dress hurriedly.

Meanwhile the Kentuckian and the lieutenant paced the deck together.

'We ought to have cleared Hatteras in the night,' said Captain Kent, gazing to leeward at the long flat spit of the Cape. 'What with currents and fogs, navigation is devilish tricky hereabouts.'

'We 're all right,' answered the lieutenant a little stiffly.

'Let her go a bit free, sir,' said the other. 'You are too close to the Cape by a good half-mile. I tell you, and I know.'

'We have plenty of offing,' the officer answered. Nevertheless, he turned to the helmsman. 'How 's her head?' he asked.

'Nor'-east and by east, sir.'

'Keep her so.—I tell you it is right, Captain Kent.'

The Kentuckian shrugged his shoulders, thrusting his hands into his pockets with the air of a man who feels that good advice is being thrown away.

'Very well, if you say so. I 'm not responsible now; but I guess I have navigated these waters five times to your once, Mr Munroe, and I tell you, if you want to clear Hatteras, another two points east will do no harm. I shouldn't like to see the old barkie on the banks, after all the seas she has carried me through. If you don't believe me, believe the chart. I left it open on the cabin table. Guess the coffee is about on the way too.'

Had the tall skipper been a few inches shorter, his anxious sidelong glance at the lieutenant must have caught the latter's eye. Casually he turned and led the way to the cabin, and his heart beat quick as he heard the Federalist follow in his steps.

Inside the deckhouse there was a passage of some five yards from the deck to the cabin, with a door

at either end. Stepping aside to let the ship's new commander enter first, Captain Kent stooped at the outer door as he followed in and picked up an iron belaying-pin which he had laid ready. The lieutenant went to the cabin, where the chart lay on the table and the steward was setting out the coffee.

'Sir!' cried the captain, and the navy officer turned suddenly.

Kent stood within a yard of him, his arm raised, the heavy iron pin in his hand. He spoke quickly, in a low, hard tone:

'The *Sebastian* shall never go to Philadelphia!'

The lieutenant's hand flew to his belt; but before he could draw his pistol or Captain Kent bring down the pin the lanky steward had twined his sinewy arms round him from behind, and the two rolled on the cabin floor together. The lieutenant strove to shout; but the Irish lad had him at a disadvantage, and well-nigh crushed him in his grip, so that only a half-choked cry escaped him. In another moment Captain Kent was upon him, and he was gagged and bound, and flung into a berth. The skipper and the steward were still panting from the struggle when Miss Maddison entered the cabin. Her cheeks were aglow, and in her proud, dark eyes excitement sparkled.

'What can I do?' she demanded. 'I can shoot, and I am not afraid.' With a movement of a jewelled hand she brushed back her hair—which she had coiled hastily—from her eyes, and stood before them like a queen.

'We have to tackle the crew yet, Miss Maddison,' said Kent. 'There are only three of us. Will you stay and guard the prisoners? There may be more.' He took the lieutenant's revolver from his belt as he spoke. The girl put out her hand for it, and he gave it to her, after looking carefully to the charging of it. 'We rely on you, Miss Maddison,' he said, and left her guarding the man with whom, only the day before, she had been playing at love to pique him. Calling to the cook as they returned on deck, Captain Kent dropped the belaying-pin again inside the passage.

'It's the game of bluff now for our lives, lads,' said he, looking cautiously to discover the whereabouts of the watch. 'Dennis, go aft with the lead-line towards the lazaret-hatch, and stand by to give me a hand.—Fritz—you are a good man to stop a gap with—get for'ard by the men's quarters, and the first son-of-a-gun that comes out, choke him quietly. Keep out of sight of the lookout. Give me your pistol; you won't need to shoot.'

The big German handed over the weapon and went to his post. Captain Kent put the revolver under his coat and followed the steward aft.

The deck-fittings of the *Sebastian* were of the usual American type. The crew were berthed in a fore-deckhouse, and the captain's and officers' quarters were in a half-raised deckhouse aft. Abaft the house was the wheel, with the lazaret-hatch close alongside it. The steersman could not see the main-deck forward of the house. Captain Kent boldly hailed the three men of the watch.

'Get a coil of rope from the lazaret, boys! Lieutenant Munroe's orders. Hustle!' he cried.

The men jumped down without a word; they had seen Kent in daily converse with their officer, and his tone had the natural ring of command.

'Dennis, quick!' he hissed.

In another moment the lazaret-hatch was clapped down on the three prisoners. The startled steersman let go the wheel, and in the twinkling of an eye the Kentuckian faced him with his revolver.

'Say a word, or move, and you're a corpse!—Dennis, tie him up.'

They gagged the unresisting man, and made him fast with the lead-line.

'Dennis, can you steer?' asked Captain Kent.

'Not to swear by, sir,' said the Irishman, with a grin.

'Never mind. She'd better rip out her topmasts than take us all to be shot in Philadelphia jail. Stand guard over the lazaret while I talk to the lookout.'

He went forward and hailed the man, who came readily enough.

'See here, sonny,' said Kent, 'I have the ship. Will you help to navigate her to England?'

The fellow stared at him, comprehension dawning slowly upon him.

'No,' he said stoutly. 'I guess I'm an American.—Watch ahoy! All hands on deck!' he sang out lustily.

But at the same moment the big skipper lunged with his fist and felled him to the deck.

'Hold the door for thirty seconds, Fritz!' Seizing the stunned lookout by the collar of his jersey, he hauled him at a run to the cabin door, and breathlessly thrust him within. He caught a glimpse of the beautiful jailer sitting, revolver in hand, by the lieutenant's bunk. 'If he stirs, shoot!' cried Captain Kent, pointing to the new arrival. Then he rushed back.

The watch below had come out leisurely, suspecting nothing. The first lay on his back on the deck; the second was struggling with the fat cook as Captain Kent came up; and he saw a third, knife in hand, rushing out on Fritz. The captain's pistol cracked in the nick of time, and the third man dropped, badly hit in the shoulder. At the same moment the fat German tripped up his man and rolled on top of him.

Five minutes later, the rest of the crew having surrendered at discretion and been locked in the deckhouse, Richard Kent returned to the cabin. Miss Maddison sat covering the lookout with her revolver. The man was standing against the wall of the cabin, his left arm stretched out straight like a railway signal, the other hanging limply by his side.

The girl, without moving or taking her eyes from the lookout, asked, 'How is it, captain?'

'The ship is ours, Miss Maddison. You'——

'Then secure that man, please. I am afraid his arm is broken. He would get out his knife, and I had to shoot.'

'Surrender, sonny,' said Kent, wiping the perspiration from his brow with the back of his hand. 'It's our game.'

'All right, captain. I surrender, but I won't help you.'

'Guess you ain't much use with a broken arm anyway, sonny,' said Kent serenely. He called the cook from the deck.

'Put this gentleman with the rest, Fritz. But handle him carefully. He's hurt.'

Then he turned to the girl, and, to his surprise, found her in tears, her head buried in her arms. So sudden a change in the proud beauty alarmed him for a moment. But at the sound of his voice she stood up and faced him, rosy red with blushes.

'I beg your pardon,' she said. 'You see, I am only a woman, and fighting is not in my line. Are you sure we have the ship?'

'Sure.'

'And only an hour ago we were prisoners! Captain Kent, I think I have misjudged a brave man.'

The Kentuckian coloured in his turn. 'We have been very fortunate,' he said. 'Nothing else could have saved us. I want to ask you whether you would like me to try to run the gauntlet of the Federal ships along the coast or make straight across to England. If I might advise, I should say cross to England. We are too short-handed to risk being sighted by an enemy's ship. With the provisions which Munroe brought aboard at Charleston we could undertake the voyage. If we are overhauled again your fortune is lost.'

'And you three will hang?'

'Sure.'

'Take me to England, please.'

(To be continued.)

A GREAT ARTIST AT WORK.

THERE is a certain fascination in watching a great artist at work developing an idea or impression which came to him by study or casual suggestion, and which, like the good seed falling on prepared soil, bears fruit, in the case of the author or artist, in the great poem or picture. However much talent and ability the artist may possess, there goes to its development and expression strenuous and persevering labour, guided by that mysterious power called genius, which stamps it 'a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.' A historical scene, fine landscape, or beautiful face may awaken latent power, stimulate fancy and imagination, and, seen through the artist's peculiar individuality, be lifted from a commonplace level and glorified with the light that never was on land or sea.

Tennyson, that great artist in words, in a few minutes after reading that expression in a Crimean letter, 'Some one had blundered,' had the whole scene of the Charge of the Light Brigade flashed before his mind's eye, and penned his poem on that subject. The same poet showed his wisdom in taking nature similes direct from his own observation. At Fowey, in Cornwall, he jotted this down: 'A cow drinking from a trough on the hillside. The netted beams of light play on the wrinkles on her throat.' Good illustrations, stored in a tenacious memory, took their place in his poems when required. 'The Northern Farmer,' old style, was wholly conjectured from the dying words of a bailiff, reported to him, 'God A'mighty little knows what He's about, a-taking me. An' Squire will be so mad an' all!' The poem on the same individual, new style, was founded on the saying of a rich farmer, 'When I canters my 'orse along the ramper [highway] I 'ears proputty, proputty, proputty;' and so the reader hears the legs of the horse cantering through the poem, keeping time to the very materialistic thoughts of the farmer.

Ruskin has said that the greatest thing a human soul ever does is to see something, and tell what it saw in a plain way. 'To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion all in one.' No artist of the nineteenth century had this gift of seeing in greater perfection, or had more power to make his vision plain and understood, than the late Sir John Millais. He has been called the most accurate observer of nature in the world, one who knew so perfectly what he had to say, and said it in 'strong, simple, and unaffected fashion.' It was said that he could come back from a walk and sketch an exact likeness of almost any one he had met. It was like him to tell a young aspirant, 'The thing that does not tell is muddle. *Clear, direct work is what always tells.*' A president of the Royal Academy said he had never seen a line of Millais's out of drawing. When a face or figure did not please him, his method was to 'alter and alter for ever up to the last moment, and it was not until he could not see how to do any more that he would let his picture go.' Scamped work was his abhorrence. Unless he thought he could put his best work into a subject he left it alone. When a first-rate man did second-class work he might remark, 'Another poor devil gone wrong for the sake of a few sovereigns.' It was Millais who financed and encouraged Holman Hunt while doing his first great, successful picture, 'The Light of the World;' and Hunt said once to him, 'You have really a faculty for painting, such

as perhaps no other man ever had, certainly such as none since Titian possessed.' In estimating his work, Cosmo Monkhouse said he was one of the greatest painters of the nineteenth century, and that he did more than any other of his generation to infuse a new and healthy life into British art. 'He painted what he saw with a force and truth which have been seldom excelled, and his intense love of nature and of his kind filled his work with life and poetry.' Where he fell short was in inventive power for intricate composition.

Like Tennyson, Millais went to life and nature for his models and inspiration. His advice to a young artist was to paint what he saw immediately around him. 'What,' he said, 'can be more beautiful than an English girl, an English child, or a landscape? Nothing like painting one's surroundings and time. I believe that, and now practise what I preach.' Mr Stacey Marks once wrote to him: 'In you I recognise always the painter of human nature and common-sense, the man of wide sympathies, who can invest man with his dignity, woman with her loveliness, and childhood with an unaffected grace quite its own.'

Let us take an example of two great artists 'making themselves.' In the autumn and winter of 1851 Millais, Holman Hunt, and Charles Collins were all hard at work upon different pictures at a Surrey farmhouse. The pictures of Hunt and Millais, when finished, established a growing reputation; Charles Collins, brother of Wilkie Collins, fell away, drifted into literature, and afterwards published *A Cruise upon Wheels*, a clever travel-book, and died young. Sometimes, for accompaniment, these artist-folk had squalling children; and for dinner, for days running, chops, peas, potatoes, and gooseberry-tart. Millais was painting the backgrounds of his afterwards famous 'Ophelia' and 'Huguenot,' which were executed with pre-Raphaelite skill, care, and minuteness. Hunt worked at his 'Hireling' and his afterwards famous 'Light of the World,' bought by Mr Combe of the Clarendon Press, Oxford, and bequeathed to Keble College. Hunt might be seen on moonlight nights cheerfully painting by a lantern, from some contorted apple-tree trunks, 'washed with the phosphor light of a perfect moon, the shadows of the branches stained upon the sward.' It was Millais who financed and encouraged Hunt, as we have said, while painting 'The Light of the World,' else he might have lost heart and become a farmer with an uncle.

The marvellous background of 'Ophelia,' now in the Tate Gallery, was painted near Kingston, where the Ewell flows into the Thames. There, seated under some willows by a hay-field, the artist painted the flowers and water-weeds in bloom. 'I sit,' said Millais, 'tailor-fashion under an umbrella throwing a shadow scarcely bigger than a halfpenny, for eleven hours, with a child's mug within reach to satisfy my thirst at the running stream.' He was tormented by the wind, by sand-flies, by the swans, who disturbed the water-weeds, and by the farmer, who looked upon him as a trespasser; and 'certainly the painting of a picture under such circumstances should be a greater punishment to a murderer than hanging.' The background of 'The Huguenot' was taken from an ivy-covered garden wall, which was painted with great care, as were also the weeds and nasturtiums. Strange to say, this picture was sold to a dealer for one hundred and fifty pounds, and the artist had to wait for his money. The dealer made some thousands by it. One wet day, when outdoor work was impossible, Millais played a prank upon the landlady by painting a picture on a lately painted and varnished cupboard door. The rage of the farmer's wife was great at the spoiling of a good piece of furniture, and was only appeased by the vicar's wife exchanging an Indian shawl for this cupboard door. For recreation Millais read Tennyson, chopped wood, or pelted down the remaining apples from the orchard trees.

The male figure in 'The Huguenot' was painted from his friend General Lempriere. The beautiful Miss Ryan sat as model for the lady; she married an ostler, and her after-story was sad. Miss Siddal, who became Mrs D. G. Rossetti, was the model for 'Ophelia.' She was a milliner, tall, slender, with coppery hair and bright, consumptive complexion. In order to get the proper set of Ophelia's garments in water, Miss Siddal had to lie in a large bath filled with water kept at an even temperature by lamps below. The lamps went out one day while the artist was engrossed in painting, and Miss Siddal contracted a severe cold, and Millais had to pay a doctor's bill. The female figure in 'The Order of Release' (1853) was painted from Mrs Ruskin. 'Autumn Leaves,' painted at Annat Lodge, Bowerswell, Perth, Ruskin considered to be by far Millais's most poetical work up till that time. The background of 'Sir Isumbras at the Ford' (1857) was painted in a fortnight, from Bridge of Earn, taking in the range of the Ochils, with the tower of Elcho Castle, six miles below Perth. There was a great battle to get the horse to stand as model in the stable-yard at Annat Lodge. Millais worked away out of doors in winter, in frost and snow, and sometimes in east and north wind, at this picture, which when finished was denounced by the art-critics, but purchased by Charles Reade. 'Apple Blossoms,' begun in 1858, was four years on the way. The central figure is Sir Thomas Moncreiffe's daughter Georgiana, afterwards Lady Dudley; Sophie and Alice Gray, the painter's sisters-in-law, also appear in the picture. While painting this picture out of doors the bees would settle on the apple-blossom on the canvas—surely a triumph for pre-Raphaelitism. After the 'Vale of Rest' (1859) his treatment became broader and freer. This subject was suggested by the site of the monastery at Loch Awe. The garden terrace, hedge, and trees are from Bowerswell; the churchyard from Kinnoull, Perth. While working in Kinnoull churchyard some good Samaritan brought the artist refreshments, looking upon him as a broken-down member of the profession who had betaken himself

to paint tombstones! He painted, and repainted, for some seven weeks at one of the female figures whose form would not come right. His wife, to break the spell, stole the picture and locked it up in the wine-cellar. It came forth fresh; Millais saw what was wrong, and remedied it at once. Mr Spielmann thought 'The Vale of Rest,' with the figures of two nuns at the open grave, one of the greatest and most impressive pictures ever painted in England, where the sentiment is not mawkish nor the tragedy melodramatic. It was bought for seven hundred pounds, re-sold to Mr Tate for three thousand pounds, and is now in the Tate Gallery. The castle and wall in 'The Love of James the First of Scotland' was painted from the ruins of Balhousie Castle, which overlooks the North Inch, Perth. The model for the lady was Miss Eyre of Kingston. 'The Black Brunswicker' was painted from a private soldier in the Life Guards, a very handsome fellow, who clasped a lay-figure when in the studio; the lady who was model for the figure embracing him in the picture leant on the bosom of a man of wood.

With increased popularity came increased prices. For instance, 'The Minuet' was sold for four thousand five hundred guineas, while his early picture, 'Christ in the House of His Parents,' went to a dealer for one hundred and fifty pounds; but lately five thousand pounds, we believe, was offered for it. The Chantrey Fund Trustees purchased 'Speak, Speak' (1895) for two thousand pounds.

With a strong appreciation of beauty in women and children, he had a keen eye for suitable models, and made many happy hits. His own family and some of his friends sat for many different characters. The happy discovery of Miss Beatrice Buckstone meant six thousand pounds at least to the artist when the various pictures for which she sat were completed. These were 'Cinderella,' 'Caller Herrin',' 'Sweetest Eyes were ever Seen.' She had an almost perfect face in form and colour, with golden hair, big blue eyes, and long black lashes. A daughter of Mr Scott Russell sat for the British maiden in 'Boadicea,' and the background was painted at Truro, in Cornwall. 'Cherry Ripe' had an amazing popularity; when reproduced as a *Graphic* supplement some six hundred thousand were sold. The model was Miss Edie Ramage, niece of Mr Thomas, editor of the *Graphic*. 'Bubbles,' painted from his grandson Willie James, was equally popular. 'My First Sermon' was taken from his daughter Effie, when a child of five; two years later she sat for 'My Second Sermon,' and both were painted in the old church at Kingston-on-Thames. In two days Millais made an oil copy of this, working incessantly from morning till night. Miss Alice Gray, his sister-in-law, now Mrs Stibbard, sat for 'Swallow, Swallow, flying South.' For the famous and popular 'North-West Passage' (1874), Captain Trelawny, the friend of Byron and Shelley, sat for the male figure. Usually the painter caught the children at a certain moment when at their very best. His own boys, Everett and George, figure in 'The Boyhood of Raleigh.' Mrs Lehmann said of the portrait of her daughter, 'When I look at that picture I am looking at my child.'

His first successful landscape, 'Chill October' (1870), now the property of Lord Armstrong, was the precursor of a series of fine pictures of scenes in and around his holiday haunts on the Tay at Murthly and neighbourhood. A hard worker, he was a firm believer in the necessity of an annual holiday, and so the swirling salmon-pools of the Tay or the grouse-moor found him sport every autumn. The score or so of landscapes closing with 'Halcyon Weather' in 1892 were labours of love and the holiday-task of a busy professional man. The stained-glass window in Kinnoull Parish Church, Perth, with fourteen designs of the Parables, by Millais, was given to the Kinnoull Church by his father-in-law, Mr George Gray of Bowerswell. 'Chill October,' which hangs in the drawing-room at Cragside, Rothbury, Lord Armstrong's Northumbrian mansion, beside Millais's 'Jephthah's Daughter,' has been very little at home recently. It was at the Glasgow Exhibition, then at Leeds, and was next sent to the St Louis Exhibition. By an explosion of gas in Baron Marochetti's house, London, the fine picture of 'The Woman looking for the Lost Piece of Money' was sent through the window, frame and all, and totally destroyed. Millais was tenant of Newmill, on the Tay, in 1892, when 'Halcyon Weather' was completed. The house was gutted by fire during the night, and but for the alarm given by a water-spaniel the consequences might have been serious to the inmates. This painting was amongst the items that were saved.

The special exhibitions of the works of Millais, and the excellent *Life and Letters* of the artist by his son John G. Millais, of which a cheap one-volume edition was recently issued by Messrs Methuen, afford abundant evidence, if any evidence were needed, of his marvellous versatility and ceaseless industry. At Bowerswell, Perth, the former home of Lady Millais, now the residence of her brother, Mr George Gray, are the fine portrait by G. F. Watts (1871), and a copy of the portrait of himself done in 1880 for the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, considered one of the most satisfactory portraits of the artist. This is balanced by one of Lady Millais; while Miss Mary Millais appears as 'The Last Rose of Summer.' 'Halcyon Weather,' taken from a mill-dam at Newmill, near Perth, is there also, with many of those marvellous pencil drawings which, like the sketch Millais made of Dickens after death, awaken the wonder of the beholder. The book illustrations by Millais (1857–64) placed him in the front rank of woodcut designers. At his own request, they were engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Of Moxon's *Tennyson*, which contains some of his designs, ten thousand copies were printed at the hand-press. Between 1857 and 1864 the fine series of woodcuts for the Parables was

executed. There are proof engravings of all his best works at Bowerswell, and the Gothic design for a window done for John Ruskin while taking hints from him in architectural drawing.

As we have mentioned Holman Hunt, it would seem worth noting that, encouraged by Mr Charles Booth, author of *Life and Labour of the People in London*, fifty years after his first triumph he painted a replica of his 'Light of the World' on a somewhat larger scale, which is to be sent round the world on exhibition. It has been on view at the rooms of the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street, London. Ruskin said of the first picture, now at Keble College, that it was the most perfect instance of expressional purpose with technical power which the world had yet produced. Long afterwards Hunt confided to W. Bell Scott that he painted this picture as a confession of his own faith, as by Divine command, and not simply as a good subject. The same artist saw him at work in a house in Chelsea after his return from the country farmhouse in Surrey. He had an elaborate arrangement of screens and curtains for the dark effect, and there was a lay-figure with a lighted lantern. Hunt painted by daylight in a farther part of the room, and peeped into the gloom through a hole. Thus he had much walking backwards and forwards, as Millais also had in his later studio work. An omnibus groom, taking his horses home at one o'clock in the morning, used to see him working at an open window when there was real moonlight. The success of the picture when exhibited was immediate and immense. The fine replica of this picture done for Charles Booth, after being exhibited in London, was sent to Australia, and will also go to Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa. Its wanderings completed, it may be offered as a gift to the nation.

Millais once said that the pre-Raphaelites had but one idea, to present on canvas what they saw in nature. Amongst the seven members of the brotherhood, it was Millais and Holman Hunt working together in complete sympathy that made the movement a power and a success. Millais's later method was to set his model and canvas near together and retire many paces from the canvas, and to go up again and lay on a touch or two. Gradually the painted figure and the model grew so much alike that the one might be taken for the other. Nearly every touch of his later landscapes was done in the open air. In his studio at Palace Gate, which was forty feet long by twenty-five feet wide, a visitor pictured him thus: 'He has a great palette on his left thumb, and in his left hand a sheaf of brushes; in his right hand he holds the short briar-pipe which has just left his lips. His dress is a white linen jacket. . . . The cool north light falls on his high brow and shapely, chiselled features, and, as he steps forward, on such a figure as we English have come to associate rather with field-sports and high farming than with the fine arts.'

During the last twenty-five years of his life Millais added to his reputation by his portraits and landscapes. Tennyson and Gladstone were among the successful portraits. People who sat for their portraits were amazed at the concentration and rapidity with which he worked, always in a 'whirlwind of a hurry,' full of energy and vitality. Mr Gladstone, who sat three times, felt the ordeal most enjoyable because of the way the painter threw himself heart and soul into the work. He experienced to the full the joy of successful work, and the rapidity of the execution amazed all who saw it. In youth he might allow people to talk or read to him while at work, but latterly he seldom allowed any one to come near him. A big looking-glass reflecting his work enabled him to see at once any defect in drawing. In early pictures he made sketches, later rough sketches in charcoal, on the canvas. For subject-pictures he drew a few lines to indicate the broad features of the composition. For portraits there was no drawing; he began at the head, and would secure a likeness in two sittings of an hour each. Great care was taken with the finish of the paintings, and unless he was thoroughly satisfied the head would be painted out and done again until perfection was reached.

In appearance and manner he was handsome, bluff, and hearty, but less like a painter than a successful business man or English country gentleman. His manner was boisterous like a schoolboy's, his voice loud and ringing, and the eye keen and observant. Never at school after ten years of age, he would say to a young artist, 'You will never get on unless you go through the mill as I did. . . . I have had a happy life on the whole, but my youth was very unhappy. I had to work hard, illustrating and doing portraits and all sorts of improving work, to help at home, ever since I was a lad, and my early pictures received nothing but abuse.' Sir John and Lady Millais both died within a few years of one another. Sir John rests in St Paul's Cathedral, London.

AN EVENING SONNET.

The lamp, beside the little bridge which spans
The railway line, burns red against the sky,
Even with semblance of Mar's warlike eye
When all the sleeping silences it scans;
Above the sea, the gentle breeze which fans
The daylight hours is slumbering on high
With folded pinions; peaceful all things lie,
Earth giving ear to young Spring's fairest plans.

Blue is the evening air, and blue the hills,
Which, distant, melt between the sky and sea;
And a soft mist the far horizon fills
With that same tender tint which tenderly
Fills all the world to-night; its beauty thrills,
Vaguely, all hearts which may responsive be.

New Zealand. CLARA SINGER POYNTER.

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SIXTH SERIES.

AN AMERICAN IN GERMANY.

I REMEMBER reading, when I was a lad, Tom Hood's unique and humorous account of his trip down the Rhine. He was often in terrible straits even to obtain the necessaries of life owing to the fact that he did not know how to express himself in the German language. When he wished an egg, the poor man would clap his sides as a hen flaps its wings, and after cackling like a barnyard fowl he managed to communicate his desire to the hotel waiter, when, lo! a cooked egg would in due time appear; if he thirsted, and desired a cooling draught of milk, the unfortunate man was obliged to 'moo' after the fashion of a patient, sober-eyed cow; and what surprised him above all was the astounding fact that all the little children talked so volubly in the German language, while he, a man of mature age, could only make his desires known by the ridiculous gestures of a pantomime.

I suffered in the manner mentioned above when I first came into this land of singular customs. After a residence of nearly three years I now find myself moving about with a considerable degree of intelligence, and I feel pretty positive that I shall never starve in consequence of not knowing how to ask for bread and water through the perplexing medium of the German language.

I cannot but smile when I think of my unfortunate experience soon after my arrival in this strange land. We had left the steamer at Flushing, on our journey to Dresden, when, at eight o'clock on a Saturday night, we came to a full stop at the pretty little town of Röderau, twenty miles north of Dresden. From conversation with a passenger, I understood that our stay would last five minutes, so I alighted from the carriage and walked leisurely to a lunch-counter and purchased a *Semmel mit Schinken* and a glass of Münich beer. A moment later the bell rang, the whistle shrieked, and the passengers rushed for their seats. I quickly dropped my *Schinken* and ran to the carriage, which was the very last of a very long train.

Now, among the very many laws of Germany, there is one rigidly enforced law that no traveller shall enter a railway carriage in motion. It makes no difference how slowly the train may be moving; the law must be obeyed. I frantically endeavoured to jump into my carriage, and succeeded in gaining the wide step. There stood erect the huge fiend of a Teuton guard glaring and shrieking, '*Nein, nein!*' As I clung for dear life to the railing he actually pushed me off, and I verily believe that uncouth individual would have calmly beheld me ground to death beneath the trucks rather than 'one jot or tittle of the law should perish.' To struggle was useless. Away the train flew into the night, and I felt as desolate as Robinson Crusoe when the wild waves had flung him almost lifeless on the sands of the lonely isle in the Pacific. People glared at me by the lantern-light as I vainly endeavoured to speak in an unknown tongue. I seemed like a bit of flotsam and jetsam which had drifted ashore from a shipwreck. In some distant lands, in the olden days, sailors thrown ashore by the waves were quickly put to death by superstitious natives. I almost feared this same fate might be meted out to me.

Fortunately, however, I discovered a telegraph office near by, and at once sent off a wire to the 'Bristol' in Dresden. Shortly afterwards a Napoleonic-looking individual, covered with brass buttons, polished epaulettes, and wreaths of blue braid, his right hand grasping the hilt of a sword, accosted me, and I was made aware that I was 'wanted' at headquarters. Arriving there, I was confronted by my wire, which I supposed had by that time been delivered in Dresden.

The chief inquisitor in that chamber of torments could not decipher the word 'wife' in my wire. Alas! my education had been sadly neglected. For the life of me I did not know that *Frau* was the German word for 'wife.' My explanations and protestations seemed lost upon the stern-faced official; his buttons seemed to stand up and tremble with rage, and after a long inquisitorial examination of my personal appearance, and considerable running about the office and smothered

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confabulations by minor officials, and a good deal of hurried writing by a long, thin clerk seated upon a long-legged, dilapidated stool, the chief of police of Röderau approached me solemnly, and, pronouncing some long sentences filled with long German words, cordially shook my hand. He had found an innocent person instead of an Anarchist or political enemy, as was perhaps first supposed. I felt that peculiar delight which thrills a condemned man when suddenly reprieved.

But my troubles were not all at an end, for I was shortly after approached by a weedy, carroty individual, a young man who afterwards developed wonderful powers of suction, and drank in an hour more beer than I had ever seen in my whole life. He accosted me in very bad French, and finally, by means of broken English, indifferent French, and ridiculous gestures, we caught glimpses of a mutual understanding.

I signified a desire for a sort of 'German-before-breakfast book,' and my companion produced from the restaurant in the Röderau railway station a conversational volume badly battered and torn. I seized the little book as a drowning man grasps at a straw. All that I could find, however, was the complete conjugation of the familiar German verb *lieben*, to love.

The man who wrote that book should be kept in solitary confinement for life. The changes which he rang with that little, inoffensive verb were wonderful to behold. I turned page after page in vain, hoping to discover a word signifying 'I hunger' or 'I thirst,' for I hungered and thirsted while others about me were feasting. I desired food and drink (my companion seemed easily satisfied with his beer and tobacco); but though I sought for expressions to convey my desires, I found naught but 'I shall love,' 'I had loved,' 'I shall or will love,' 'Love thou.' In vain I searched for the variations of the verb 'to eat.' I dashed the gruesome Mormon book of love upon the floor and became desperate. By humiliating and ridiculous signs I at last obtained food; and my complacent Mentor, who in vain endeavoured to fill himself with beer at the expense of my willing purse, gave me some interesting facts about Röderau. He informed me that its population was ten thousand, and no one spoke the English language. What chiefly delighted me was the fact that a railway train would arrive from Berlin at eleven in the evening, *en route* for Dresden. When the train arrived I eagerly jumped in and made my exit from Röderau.

At one o'clock A.M. I arrived at Dresden, for I had been travelling in an omnibus train, which of all the slow trains in Germany is the slowest, and that is the style in which I crawled into Dresden in the early hours of a foggy Sunday morning.

I have often passed through Röderau since, and it was with difficulty I refrained from smiling as I looked out upon that little railway station where I experienced my first serious lesson of German customs. To the reader I can give the same good advice that Hood prescribed to his friends:

> Never go to France [Germany]
> Unless you know the lingo;
> For if you do, like me,
> You'll repent, by Jingo!

Such bowing, saluting, and air-scraping as one sees here in Germany! To a visitor just over from England this does seem ridiculous. When a German meets a friend in the street, up goes his hand, off goes his hat, and a foreigner stands astounded to witness the interchange of ceremonies. To look up the long Pragerstrasse and behold the hats in air while their owners are bowing and scraping on the pavement is indeed a singular sight. When one enters a railway carriage or street car or omnibus one always salutes those already seated. This same custom obtains in hotels, beer-gardens, and in all places where people most do congregate. Peasants meeting you on the high-road outside the city always salute you with '*guten Tag*;' every house-servant, the first thing in the morning, greets you with '*Morgen*' or '*guten Tag*,' to which a similar greeting is returned.

Saxon-German is not pure German, and there is great rivalry between the professors at Hanover and Dresden. Each thinks his own pronunciation the best possible to be afforded the pupils. This is a question of long standing, and probably will never be satisfactorily settled.

The manners and customs which I have carefully noticed here have greatly interested me, and to describe even a tithe of them would be a difficult matter.

Schools commence at seven o'clock, with a recess at one o'clock; then they are in session from two to four o'clock. Every scholar wears a distinctive cap; and by a variation of certain colours, by a sort of arithmetical combination or permutation, an infinite variety of caps are produced. The lads are worked very hard, and not too well fed. The result is that they are pale and very anæmic, and many wear glasses owing to the dreadful German script, which tries the eyesight, for the books are held quite near the eyes. On account of this evil the eyesight of nearly every child in the German Empire is greatly impaired.

Outdoor sports are not so popular as in England, and that is why the physique of the German lad is far and away behind that of the young Briton.

A word as to the opera. Its rendering in Dresden is simply a thing of lasting beauty; it is more than this—it is perfect. It commences at 6.30 P.M. and the curtain drops at 10.30, with two pauses of fifteen minutes. Wagner's masterpieces begin at six and close at eleven. The theatre closes before eleven, and Germans retire early and rise early.

Shops (chemists and dealers of all sorts) close at nine o'clock; a minute's delay causes a fine, which

is sure to be collected promptly. Houses must be closed at ten o'clock, or rather the outer door must be double-locked, or a fine is sure to be exacted. This protects the resident from thieves. I have never known of a thief entering a Dresden residence, as all householders keep the law strictly. Houses are well heated in Dresden by means of lofty porcelain-tiled stoves, rather funereal to behold, as they remind one of white marble tombstones; but they heat very nicely, and at an expense of about one mark (one shilling) per diem.

Laws are endless, and so are the fines; in fact, nearly everything is forbidden in this strange but interesting land except the air we breathe. For free Englishmen it is a hard task to obey carefully the very many regulations which are observed in Germany, and the result is that one is daily running up against petty fines, which in the German Empire amount to millions of marks annually!

Then there is the income-tax, which is estimated according to the rent a person pays. If his rent is one hundred pounds he is taxed 4 per cent. on four hundred pounds, which it is thought he is sure to pay out in a year—that is, he is supposed to spend four times his rent annually—and this gives much annoyance to the English and Americans who live in Dresden. The English-speaking residents who live here number about three thousand; but among these, of course, there are many living in hotels and *pensions* who are exempt. Income-tax is only levied upon the householders. There are no slums in Dresden. Strange to say, the poorer classes live in basements and attics, while the better classes live in the same tenements, in the *parterres* and the three *étages* below the attics. The poor are well clad, and at their windows are pretty but cheap white curtains and flowering plants, and an idea of poverty is not at all in evidence from the surroundings. No idle persons are to be seen at street corners, and I have never seen a ragged person in this fine city. No unemployed people are to be seen, as every man, woman, and child is busy; and although wages are low, no one seems to be poor—which is a singular fact, as Dresden is a fair-sized city of a little over five hundred thousand inhabitants. All seem contented and happy, and poor Germans can exist upon very simple food, and upon astonishingly little of it.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER XXII.—*continued.*

WITHOUT a moment's delay I mounted the Palace stairs, and as I reached the corridor leading to the *Schweigenkammer* I saw that the enemy were still battering the massive door with ineffectual violence. Unperceived myself, I dashed up another flight to the floor above, and hastened to fling open the casements of the passage window. The half-moon was giving ample light, and the inrush of piercing air helped to nerve me for my dangerous climb. I noticed with dismay that the penthouse roof which it was necessary to descend was far steeper than I had anticipated, but I was still wearing my rubber-soled *Goutie*, as they called our snow-boots, and I managed with the greatest care to creep down to the edge of the red-tiled slope. Had not the roof been cleared of snow my task would have been an easy one, though in that case I might have had difficulty in distinguishing the real eaves from a treacherous snow-cornice. As it was, I lay at full length on my face and peered over the edge at the dizzy abyss into which a false step would land me. At the extreme right was the big leaden top of a rainwater-pipe, and grasping the lip firmly with both hands, I swung myself clear. For a moment I hung wriggling in space, and then my legs found the metal stem, and I began my cautious descent as a sailor swarms down a rope. As soon as my feet were level with the bottom of the *Schweigenkammer* window I halted. I could not by stretching out my right leg to the uttermost so much as touch the projecting sill. I could not possibly retrace my steps, while to continue my descent was to land myself once more outside the Brun-varad. As General Meyer had said, the masonry was rough and irregular, and squeezing my right foot between two blocks of stone, I threw my body towards the window, and succeeded in grasping the top of the green shutters which were fastened back flat against the wall. For a full minute I hung there, conscious that the chief danger was past, but incapable of taking the final steps which would land me in the comparative security of the *Schweigenkammer*.

My heart beat heavily, almost audibly, and I hung there between heaven and earth in a condition that was mental blankness rather than acute fear. My nerve had failed me. Distasteful as is the memory, humiliating as is the recital, I must admit the truth—namely, that for the moment I had ceased to be an efficient, self-controlling mortal. What restored my normal balance was neither shame nor desperation—still less, I fear, a revived anxiety for the King's safety—but the purely selfish and not unreasonable fear that the King would discover my presence outside his window, and, taking me for an enemy, empty his revolver into my defenceless body. The idea acted on me like a spur. Heedless of my dangerous position and the paralysing height at which I was operating, I swung my body to and fro

till I had developed sufficient impetus, and then, letting go with both hands, hurled myself against the window. My feet landed on the sill; one hand grasped frantically at the stone mullion of the window; the other, bursting through a pane of glass, clung, torn and bleeding, to a wooden sash-bar. The crash of breaking glass brought the King instantly to the window. He recognised me at once, and the astonished expression of his face is a thing I can remember with a smile to this day. In a second he had opened the casement and dragged me inside, and, to my bewilderment and dismay, kissed me warmly on both cheeks.

'Forgive me,' he said, smiling at my embarrassment. 'To-night my English proclivities are forgotten. I am a Grimlander.'

Then he took his handkerchief from his pocket and proceeded, skilfully and almost tenderly, to bind up my lacerated hand. The traitors were thundering at the door, but though the massive oak shook on its immense hinges, there seemed little immediate prospect of its yielding to their blows.

'Have you despatched Meyer to Weissheim?' asked the King at the top of his voice so as to make himself heard above the uproar.

'Yes, sire,' I shouted back.

'Good! I knew that he at any rate would not fail me. I suppose it was he, too, who told you how you could scramble down here.'

'It was, sire.'

'He knows the Palace like his glove, this wise old Jew. He will not fail, I feel confident, to fetch us the necessary help from Weissheim. However, let me tell you my plan of campaign in case the wolves break through before succour arrives. Briefly it is this: The moment that the door shows signs of giving way we descend into the chamber below by means of the *Zauber-tisch*. It might be possible to escape that way through the dark corridor; but it is probable that the Grand Duke, who also knows his Brun-varad, has posted some one there to block our egress. Anyway, the risk is too great, and we should be safer in the lower room than being hunted about the Palace like vermin.'

'Have you secured the entrance to the chamber?' I broke in.

'I have already made a descent and locked and bolted the door, which is as strong as this one. It remains for us now to extinguish our lights, so that their inrush, if it takes place, will be in confusion.'

My companion proceeded to switch off all the lights with the exception of the one immediately over our heads, and mounting a chair, he unscrewed the glass bulbs one by one and tossed them carelessly into a corner. I followed his example, and the noise of exploding glass and the ceaseless thunderings on the door produced the illusion of a heavy battlefield. Conversation under the circumstances was impossible; and when we had destroyed all the lamps save one, the King proceeded cautiously towards the door with a view to examining its stability. As he did so the hammerings ceased, and we looked at each other with hopeful eyes, believing that the moment of relief was at hand. A second later a loud explosion took place, a stream of thick smoke issued from underneath the door, and the lower hinge was wrenched violently from the woodwork. Our pursuers, finding the door too stout to be forced by ordinary violence, had emptied the powder from their cartridges, and setting a mine, had endeavoured to blow up that most substantial piece of joinery. In a twinkling the King had scrambled on to the circular table, and motioned me to follow him. I did so, and together we gazed anxiously at the shaken portal. The enemy redoubled the violence of their blows, and it was patent that a few moments more and the stout framework would no longer stand between us and our foes.

'We must fall back on our second line of defence,' said His Majesty; and so saying, he leaned deliberately forward and put his hand inside the grinning boar's head over the mantelpiece. Instantly the table began to sink beneath us, and as it did so the King raised his revolver and fired at the remaining electric light over our heads. The darkness that followed was comparative only, for the moonlight streamed through the open window and filled the ancient chamber with a soft, illusive half-light and soft, ghostly shadows. On the other hand, the nether chamber to which we descended was totally dark, with the exception of the *Zauber-tisch* itself, on to which a silver radiance fell through the circular aperture in the floor above. As soon as we had stepped safely on to the floor, the King groped his way to the door, and tried it to make sure that it was securely fastened. As he was returning a crash from above told us that the *Schweigenkammer* door had at length yielded to prolonged violence, and simultaneously we heard the rush of armed men, a jangling of sabres, a confused chorus of oaths and cries, amongst which I distinguished the deep voices of the two Schattenbergs.

'Where the devil are they?' cried one.

'Lights, lights!' cried another; and then, to my amazement, a black object crashed down through the ceiling-opening, and lay sprawling and struggling on the faintly moonlit surface of the *Zauber-tisch*.

'The Grand Duke!' I cried, recognising the fierce features and swarthy beard of the arch-conspirator; and before I had time to recover from my surprise there was a crack and a flash, and the Grand Duke's scheming brain had ceased to dream of principalities and powers.

'Exit Schweinhund der Grosse,' said the King callously. 'Heaven send some of the lesser pig-dogs into our trap!'

My spirits sank appreciably at his words, for I realised that the man whom I had risked so much to help, whose friend I had proudly called myself,

was as fiercely bloodthirsty, as brutal almost, as the treacherous officers who were hungering for our blood. As he himself had said, to-night his English proclivities were forgotten and the Grimlander was predominant. Possibly circumstances excused the undesirable transformation.

My thoughts were interrupted by another flash—from above this time—and I knew that for the second time in my life I had been fired on. The fact that the *Zauber-tisch* was lowered had now become apparent to our pursuers, whose eyes had accustomed themselves to the stinted light of the moonbeams, and kneeling down by the edge of the aperture, they fired hap-hazard at us rapidly and in all directions. The darkness which shrouded us was broken by the repeated flashes of their revolvers, and our position was rendered too exciting to be pleasant. Seizing me by the shoulder, the King dragged me across the room, and a moment later we were standing in security within a deep recess of the great stone fireplace. The satisfaction of being under cover was considerable, and after a little more desultory firing the fusillade ceased. Believing that our antagonists were about to descend into our chamber and attack us at close quarters, we both peered out from our shelter. A lantern—procured I know not how or where—was being lowered through the hole, and holding the end of the string to which it was secured, and peering into the scantily illuminated depths of our chamber, was Max himself. It was a rash thing to do, if a characteristic one, and I hastened to cover his lantern-lit face with a revolver. To have killed him would have been easy, but the very easiness of the task made it impossible. Changing my aim, I fired at the lantern, and, with a crash of breaking glass, the flame went out. In the darkness that followed I heard Max curse us with loud and sustained profanity.

'Why didn't you fire at the man?' asked the King impatiently. 'It was a simple shot.'

'Too simple,' I retorted curtly.

'*Pulver und Blei!*' he cried angrily, 'can't you try to be a Grimlander? This is not sport, but a matter of life and death—and more. I would shoot my own mother to-night if she were on the wrong side.'

I did not answer, for I felt instinctively that argument would be wasted, reproof resented. I thought of the Princess Mathilde, who had, as far as her intentions were concerned, spared me, and I was glad that I had not her brother's blood upon my hands.

(*To be continued.*)

TRANSVAAL TREASURE-HUNTS.

By Douglas Blackburn.

STORIES and vague legends of the existence of hidden treasure have never failed to exercise a potent fascination upon some natures, and the well-established fact that there is no record of an organised treasure-hunt proving successful has little or no deterrent effect upon those infected with the mania.

South Africa, or at least the Transvaal, has within the past decade been the scene of many of these fruitless quests; though it must be admitted that the clues and evidence that have supplied the original incentive are a little more tangible and credible than many that have lured men to disaster.

Since the early days of the Barberton goldfields, there have been about twenty known and probably as many more secret expeditions undertaken for the purpose of verifying the six treasure-stories which are believed by some to await confirmation. The first and the oldest is the legend that amid the fastnesses of the rugged, fever-haunted borders of the Limpopo River, which forms the northern boundary of the Transvaal, are many hoards of pure unwrought gold which are supposed to represent the illicit gains of the slaves, or otherwise of those mysterious and elusive 'ancients' who unquestionably worked the gold in that region at some remote period which the archæologists cannot agree to fix. In the early eighties several discoveries of such treasure were made by prospectors from the Barberton district, and the official records of the first Mining Commissioner contain entries of such finds, duly registered according to the Transvaal Gold Law. In every case the gold was found under circumstances which made it highly probable that it had been secreted by human agency, for in most cases it was covered by stones bearing marks and even inscriptions. One of these stones is said to have been covered with characters which the only educated man then in the camp declared to be Phœnician; but, unfortunately, before this interesting and suggestive theory could be verified, the tablet was utilised by a local mason, who built it horizontally into the wall of the Government office he was erecting, so that what might have proved a valuable source of enlightenment as to the original gold-seekers of the supposed Land of Ophir has been reserved for future antiquaries to rediscover and interpret.

A famous Barberton character in those days was a reckless adventurer known as 'Charlie the Reefer,' who at frequent intervals astonished the camp by returning from one of his long and solitary prospecting trips with a hatful of gold nuggets of a size and richness never since equalled in that region. He steadfastly refused to register or reveal the source of his discovery, and successfully defeated the many attempts to follow and track him to his

treasure-house. He brought in several thousand pounds' worth of gold before finally disappearing. When loquacious with liquor Charlie would hint mysteriously at having come upon treasures 'laid up for him by others'—which was interpreted to mean that he had discovered the workings of the 'ancients.' But whether he had, or whether it was merely a cumbersome joke intended to imply that he had robbed some one, the hint was sufficient to give life to the old legends of Phœnician treasure, and a number of men have since his day wandered in quest of Charlie's secret hoard, and several have never been heard of since.

Another treasure-legend has its home in the north-east of the Transvaal: the story of the Magato diamonds. Magato was a potent chief of a tribe which in the early days of Kimberley supplied many natives to work in the mines there. This was long before the compound system and the strict law against illicit diamond buying came into force. Every Kafir probably returned to his kraal with one or more valuable stones as a present for his chief. There are credible stories told by white men who declare that they have seen a 'bucket of diamonds' in the possession of Magato, and certainly there seems no just reason for disbelieving the oft-told tale of how the chief promised a certain white man a quart of diamonds if he could succeed in 'running' through for him a Gatling gun. The attempt was made, and but for the alertness of the Portuguese officials on the east coast might have succeeded. Be that as it may, there were many who believed in the existence of those diamonds, and among them the then executive of the late Transvaal Government; for on the death of Magato in 1897 a commando was sent against the tribe. Magato's son and successor, 'Mpfeu, fled with his followers over the Zambesi, while the victorious Boers spent some weeks searching for the treasure. Now and then a native turns up at a camp or *dorp* and offers to supply the missing clue; but so far the fate of these diamonds is as uncertain as that of 'Mpfeu himself, and supplies material for many theories and conjectures which now and then result in the formation of a small search-party.

The recent disquiet in Swaziland has revived locally the stories that have long and often been told of a wondrous diamondiferous piece of ground in that country, which the late chief Umbandine made it death for his people to trespass upon. He was fearful that he would lose his country if the secret of such vast treasure leaked out. Many efforts have been made to find the spot, but Swaziland being a strictly reserved native location, prospecting has so far been rigorously prevented. It is openly stated in the Transvaal that this diamond-mine is the objective of the present efforts on the part of certain agitators to get the country thrown open. A few years ago a Transvaal official received severe injuries whilst on a mission to Swaziland. It was suggested that he had abused his position by organising a private prospecting tour, but was detected by the natives. Although he was crippled for life, the Transvaal Government took no steps to avenge the outrage on its duly accredited representative.

About twelve years ago a very ancient Kafir appeared at Pretoria and made energetic efforts to obtain a private audience of Paul Kruger. He was refused, but prosecuted his mission so persistently that he was imprisoned for making a disturbance. To a sympathetic official, who was curious to know the motive for such insistence, the native told his story. He was, he said, the last survivor of a small tribe that had been absorbed into others. He was the son of the chief Induna or head-man of the last chief of the tribe, and, as such, was the sole custodian of a king's secret which now by right belonged to Paul Kruger. Feeling that he had not long to live, he wished to hand it over to the President, but he would not reveal it to any one but him. The secret was the whereabouts of a cave whence the dead chief procured the supplies of gold that formed his treasury. The old man's story was conveyed to Kruger, who authorised the late General Joubert to verify it; but the old Kafir refused to impart his knowledge to any but the President, and neither threats nor blandishments moved him. He disappeared from Pretoria, carrying his secret away intact. The official mentioned followed up the matter a few years later, and, acting on what he believed to be clues, explored a cave in the Krugersdorp district, but with no result beyond a narrow escape of losing his life.

Since the late Boer war a new phase of treasure-hunting has been in vogue. Some one started a rumour that ere his departure from the Transvaal the late President had a quantity of bar-gold, variously estimated at a value ranging from one to several millions, conveyed up-country and buried. The story received so much credence that the British Government at Pretoria has provided special permits and police assistance to various persons who professed to be able to guide a search-party to the hiding-place. The tragic story of the murder of one of the searchers by his partner—who was duly hanged for the crime—will be remembered. So late as December last a well-equipped party left for the supposed scene of the hide, which, oddly enough, is in the same district as that explored by the hunters after the Magato diamonds and the old Kafir's cave. Faith in the existence of the Kruger millions is dying before the searchlight of history and official inquiries; but up till a year ago it was easy to form a syndicate to explore the district on no stronger testimony than the unsupported assertion of some wily Boer that he had been told all the details by a friend who had assisted in burying the treasure, but who had been killed during the war.

The degree of gullibility that even intelligent and educated men can attain when excited by treasure-mania was amusingly illustrated by a well-known instance. A young Boer from the district supposed to contain the treasure called upon a doctor near

Johannesburg, and told a strange story. He said that one night while riding to the farm of a relative he saw lights in a wooded kloof or gorge, and reconnoitring cautiously, he saw a party of men removing boxes from a wagon and burying them. Carefully noting the spot, he got away unobserved, and returned next day, when he unearthed a box, which, on being broken open, he found to contain bars of gold and quantities of Kruger sovereigns minted on one side only. In confirmation of the story he produced three discs of gold which appeared to have been struck on one side with an imperfect die. His object in calling on the doctor was to borrow fifty pounds in order to procure a wagon and oxen to remove the treasure. He was asked why he did not bring away the portable coins and thus make himself independent of outside financial aid. His explanation was ingenuous. He feared to bring more lest he might be found with them upon him! The doctor accepted this as satisfactory, and advanced the sum asked for. Is it necessary to add that neither bar-gold nor half-minted coins have yet rewarded his faith in Boer honesty?

It is estimated that over ten thousand pounds have been expended by the various search-parties that have undertaken the search for the Kruger millions. How much has been wasted by the numerous parties who have kept their plans secret can only be guessed.

CAPTAIN KENT'S COMMISSION.

CHAPTER III.

ONCE again the bark *Sebastian* turned her head to the ocean. It was no light task that Kent had taken in hand, to carry an eight hundred ton ship over three thousand miles of green water with the aid of only two men on whom he could depend, neither of whom was a seaman. Four of the prisoners, rather than endure a month's confinement, volunteered to help to navigate; but, even so, with the rest, including the officers, to be guarded, and the wounded men to be tended, the captain grew pinched and worn with the strain as the days wore slowly by. One thing alone sustained him: the few short minutes of each day which he passed in the cabin, snatching a hasty mouthful of food in the company of the girl whom he secretly adored. He looked forward to those minutes with a thirsty anticipation; they nerved him daily to endure the unremitting labour, the lack of sleep, the tense mental strain of holding his mastery of the ship and of the sea. He strove earnestly to hide his weariness from the girl; but since the recapture of the ship she had become unusually observant, and with dismay she remarked how increasingly haggard he grew, how his hands trembled as he ate his food, how his memory played him false, causing him to wander sometimes in the midst of telling her some anecdote with which he sought to amuse her. When she looked at his eyes, from which the life had gone, and saw how tired they were, and how they burned feverishly in dark rings, she could have cried. But most of all her heart went out to him when at some unconscious gentleness of her own the fire and animation returned for a moment to his face, as though answering to a powerful stimulant.

One morning, when Kent came below for his breakfast, he looked so worn-out that, almost against her will, she asked him if anything was wrong.

'Nothing wrong, Miss Maddison. If we can manage another five hundred miles we shall lift the Irish coast. I think we shall have a little bit of a blow soon, but don't mind that.'

After breakfast she took an opportunity to check this statement by Fritz. She had insisted—clean in the face of the skipper's orders—on constituting herself cook's mate in view of the terribly short-handed state of the ship. There were so many occasions on which the big German could be more profitably engaged than at the ranges in the galley; and, though the heat of the galley had made her faint at first, the girl had pluckily stuck to her task. In these days the big German's portly body was encircled by a belt in which a couple of revolvers were stuck, giving him an air of piratical abandon. In case of emergency, the belt was worn outside his cook's apron.

'How's the glass, Fritz?' asked Rhoda, mixing the materials for a 'spotted dog.'

'Glass is tropping—fery quick,' he answered.

'Will there be a gale?'

'*Sapristi!* I guess so, Miss Mattison. Fery difficult with so few men. Skipper is gone aloft to reef. I hope skipper don't preak down. Guess Captain Kent is a tarnation prave man, Miss Mattison.'

This was an unusually long speech from the cook, and seemed to portend grave matters. Indeed, when the 'spotted dog' was set to boil, and Rhoda went on deck, Captain Kent was still aloft. The reef-tackles had been led to the capstan, and he was toiling to put in the reefs and get the bark under easy canvas. One of the released prisoners was at the wheel, and the rest were busy about. Dennis, belted and armed like the cook, was patrolling the deck, which was never left unguarded for a minute. Overhead, a rack of torn, dark clouds raced across the sky, and the sea far and near was flecked with the tossing manes of the wild white-horses. The bark was heeling over, rushing through the water at a great rate, and throwing up showers of salt spray from her plunging bows.

Only just in time the ship was made ready. The tempest howled down on them out of the blackened firmament.

'Go below!'

Rhoda turned as the Kentuckian shouted in her ear through the infernal din of the storm. His face was grim and stern as she had never seen it, and the rebellion that was in her heart died away before the look in his eyes. He took her by the arm and led her to the cabin. She could not have crossed the deck had he not done so, for, all in a few minutes, the bark had settled to rearing and plunging like a restive horse, and the decks were slippery with spindrift and the wash of the seas. In the passageway, ere he shut the door upon her, the captain shouted again, 'Don't be afraid; but stay below.'

For ten dreadful hours Rhoda Maddison bravely played the woman's trying part, and waited. Once Fritz, shining in wet oilskins and blowing like a vast seal, brought her something to eat, and, rubbing the brine from his wind-reddened eyes, bade her be of good cheer.

'How is the captain?'

'Fery goot, Miss Mattison. *Lieber Gott!* that is a man for you.' And Fritz was gone again, panting as when he came, and leaving a trail of sea-water on the cabin floor.

But the gale had been too sudden and fierce to endure long. In the dusk of evening Kent staggered into the cabin and flung himself in a seat. The girl persuaded him to eat the food which she had not been able to touch, and he drank deep from a flask of spirits.

'I must go on deck again,' he said. 'The gale is over, but the tiller is carried away, and the steersman went with it. We must rig a jury-tiller at once.'

It was morning before she saw him again. The little band had been working all night, but the jury-tiller was fixed, and the bark, under easy sail, was running before a quiet westerly breeze.

Coming out of her room, where during the night she had passed a few hours of restless slumber, Rhoda found the tall form of the skipper stretched senseless on the cabin floor. A sudden terror clutched at her heart. She threw herself on her knees beside him. His face was white and bloodless, and his head, from which his cap had rolled back on the floor, was heavy and lifeless. The girl glanced wildly about her. 'Captain Kent—Richard! Richard!' she cried, stroking his cheek with her hand in the vain hope of seeing him open his eyes. She laid her hand on his clothes—he had discarded his oilskins—and found them drenched and cold. She felt his heart, and when it beat faintly under her touch the sudden rush of feeling blinded her with tears. She ran up on deck. The Irish lad was in charge, looking weary and hollow-eyed after the night's exertion. She went to him, striving to bear herself calmly before the men.

'Dennis,' she said quietly so that the rest might not hear her, 'the captain has fainted in the cabin. Send the watch below, all except the steersman, and give me one of your pistols; and do you and Fritz go and undress him and lay him in his bunk. Then come back and relieve me, and I will nurse him. If he does not rest he will die.'

'Sure and that's true for you, miss,' said Dennis. 'By good luck they're all below except the look-out, and afther last night they will not be afther turning out before they're called. Come and I'll inthroduce you to the steersman.'

They went to the man at the wheel. 'See here, Jake,' said Dennis, 'this lady is Miss Maddison, and she's going to be so kind as to relieve me for a short spell. The skipper's orders are that you are to keep the ship before the wind, and if you move from the wheel, or if Mr Dan up yonder comes two paces this side of the foremast, Miss Maddison is going to empty her pistol into your back hair. Savvy?'

'Savvy, Mr Mate,' said the man, with a grin. 'I'm not taking any more fighting this journey.'

By-and-by the Irishman returned. 'He's come round, miss, and we've sent him off to sleep like a new-born lamb,' he reported.

For twenty-four hours the exhausted captain slept without stirring, while the two faithful men took watch and watch about on deck, and Rhoda alternately cooked in the galley and sat by the captain's bunk, and the bark *Sebastian* ran homewards before the brave westerly breezes.

A week later she lay snugly at anchor in the brown waters of the Mersey, and the town of Liverpool was electrified with the story of her voyage. But her big captain, though he knew he had done that which would keep him in ships and fame for the rest of his days, was heavy at heart, for the last seven days had been such that he would have given more than all the fame that he had won to have them over again; and the moment was come to say good-bye. He stood holding his late 'commander's' hand in his, and for some moments neither found words. In her demeanour there was something strangely appealing. She waited, but he did not speak. Then he saw tears come into her eyes.

'It's very hard to say good-bye, Miss Maddison,' he said at last.

She gave him a swift glance. She had never seemed so beautiful to him.

'I shall never forget our voyage,' he said, crushing down an imperious sudden longing to take her in his arms.

'Nor I either, Captain Kent,' said she in a low voice, quietly withdrawing her hand. 'I want to tell you how much I thank you for—your bravery and—and devotion, and—I should like to give you something to remind you of it always, if you don't mind.'

'I need no reminder,' said Captain Kent. Then he saw the tears gather more thickly in her dark

eyes, and added impulsively, 'There is only one thing I would ever want.'

'Yes?'

'But—I daren't ask for it.'

He was looking straight in her eyes now, and as she returned the gaze the colour sprang to her cheeks and a light came into her face. She smiled and answered, 'Of course, if you won't ask for it I can't give it to you. But I should wish to give you something—something you would really like.'

'Give me yourself!' he cried passionately; and before he knew that he meant to, he had her fast locked in his arms.

'It seems that you have taken me already,' she said, and hid her burning face on his shoulder.

THE END.

IN THE HAUNTS OF 'THE WOLF OF BADENOCH.'

'IT'S a far cry to Loch Awe,' but farther still to Badenoch. When already the nineteenth century begins to feel like history, to hark back to the fourteenth seems a veritable leap into the darkness of the past. Yet a dip into pages of ancient records is not wholly uninteresting. To visit the silent monuments of former days; to stand where other feet once trod—the feet of those who helped to make their country's history; to look upon the hills and glens where stirring deeds were done in an age that held human life cheap: all this tends to bring before the mind's eye a thrilling drama long since played to the bitter end, and helps to make the dead past live.

Some men have monuments erected to their memory by a grateful generation; others rear their own. Now, it cannot be said that the 'Wolf of Badenoch' was a kindly personage. His memorial, in so far as it abides, was set up mainly by his own hands. Time's relentless finger has been surely wiping it out. 'Tis hard to decipher the writing. Perhaps that is well. Yet so great was the dread inspired by his lawless, autocratic behaviour that he cut his name deep into the memory of a turbulent age, so that for generations afterwards its very mention was enough to provoke a sense of horror.

Not without cause was he nicknamed 'Wolf of Badenoch.' We are living in an age of haste and press. A nine days' wonder ceases to be of interest on the tenth day—something else replaces it. Back a few centuries it was different. As in a quiet district the echoes of any great tragedy reverberate for long and only die reluctantly away into silence, so in centuries gone by the name and fame of those who towered above the crowd, whether as heroes or as ruffians, were cherished into many generations.

Hard by Kingussie, the capital of Badenoch, the visitor can scarcely avoid seeing a conspicuous mass of roofless walls on a grassy knoll back some little distance from the present banks of the Spey River. Those ruins are called by courtesy Ruthven 'Castle,' and gazing upon them from a distance, one has no difficulty about accepting the title. At closer quarters, however, it is easy to appreciate their other, truer name, Ruthven 'Barracks.'

Throughout the Highlands of Scotland are the remains of many an old-world castle or keep. Where, one may ask, can be found any with so little architectural beauty? Here, indeed, distance lends enchantment to the view. On closer inspection the so-called 'castle' proves singularly devoid of those features which usually characterise the masonry of an earlier age. Gaunt gables stab the sky; torn walls suggest the rough usage of battle and siege; but not a single trace of decoration can be discovered. The only things of beauty about the spot are its site and surroundings, and the pigeons and jackdaws which perch unafraid on the tottering stonework or flit in and out among the roofless walls.

Nearness spells disillusion. The Ruthven Barracks are only a castle at a distance. They are certainly a ruin, and an unpicturesque one at the best; nevertheless, they borrow a certain reputation from the fact that they occupy the very spot where once the chief residence of the 'Wolf of Badenoch' stood. The mound which raises them above the level of the neighbouring strath is, so the legend goes, artificial. One hesitates to discredit an interesting legend if its probability is reasonable. This one, however, is hard to accept. Along the Spey valley are several similar knolls, the work of Nature's hand, not man's. Why, then, should the 'Wolf' have gone to the trouble of piling up an enormous hillock as a site for his den when he had his choice of others ready made within convenient distance? If the mound is artificial, the only conclusion possible is that nothing but sheer devilry must have led to its erection. One can admit that the raised peninsula which connects this sealess island in the valley with the adjacent rising ground may be of human construction. There are, however, too many similar mounds within sight of the place to make it credible that the 'Wolf' preferred a heap of human making to one of the gifts of the river.

The stranger learns with a sense of relief the full story of the ruins still extant. They are not the actual castle of the 'Wolf.' It had been destroyed before they reared their barn-like walls upon its site. They are Jacob to his Esau, supplanting a former building which could scarcely have been plainer, and likely was much more picturesque. They only date from the eighteenth century, having formed the headquarters of the soldiery who in the days of the Jacobite troubles policed that section of the northern kingdom. Hun-

dreds of years before the House of Hanover had been heard of in Scotland the castle of the 'Wolf' stood there.

To-day the 'Wolf of Badenoch' is only a memory. Yet the mere fact that his name survives five centuries after his lifetime is eloquent testimony to his character. Who was he? This is no record of his life, which has been given to the world already. The tale of his deeds is too long for narration in a magazine article. Enough to mention one or two incidents of his career. In 1371 a son of the Scottish king was created Lord of Badenoch. It is sometimes convenient to send a troublesome member of a family into the outskirts of empire, as much for the relief of the household as for the benefit of that particular member. This Alexander Stuart, in whose veins ran some of the blood that later warmed the heart of the darling of the Jacobites, was veritably a wild man even in a fierce and strenuous age.

Then, as now, Badenoch must have been a sportsman's paradise. Altogether apart from occasional raids upon his neighbours, the 'Wolf' must have found a hunting-ground quite to his liking at his very door. The Spey sweeping past the castle provided fishing. In the wide moorlands adjoining, the crowing of grouse often disturbed the silence. All around were mighty hills, the home of the red-deer. What is to-day a stretch of separate deer-forests was then one single forest, and the 'Wolf' could make his own game-laws.

His nickname indicates his nature. Can we blame him overmuch? Might is still so frequently right in our later age of civilisation that we must be more or less than human not to sympathise with this prince of the blood-royal sent into the far north for his sins. It was the day of the strong arm. One makes no apology for him. One notes, however, that, like many other mortals, this wild man had his own thorn in the flesh. With Achilles he might complain that he had one vulnerable spot. His trouble was the power and wealth of the Church whose goods he envied but whose censure he dreaded. With the Bishop of Moray he carried on a good-going feud, and seems to have made free with certain lands in which the Church claimed an interest, while he lived in dread of excommunication. It must have been sorely against the grain that he admitted at last that the Cross is mightier than the Sword; for, as the story goes, after raiding and destroying much valuable Church property he was compelled to make his peace with the ecclesiastical powers and do penance at Perth.

This remarkable man, who, like a certain famous smith, fought for his own hand, finally passed away near the end of the fourteenth century. They buried him in Dunkeld Cathedral, where to the present day his tomb may be seen by the curious. It was an unsympathetic and a decidedly unæsthetic Government which erected the barracks—whose grim walls, loopholed all round for musketry, still attest their lack of beauty—upon the site of a dwelling of such interest.

One might linger, did space permit, over the stirring events, the tempests of battle, and the varied drama of peace and war enacted round that unpretentious knoll in the Spey valley. One historical scene may be referred to. Here it was that after the tragedy of Culloden Moor the clansmen were bidden by Prince Charlie to submit to the inevitable, disperse to their homes, and abandon a lost cause.

With wisdom characteristic of his species, the 'Wolf' possessed more than one den. Persecuted in one haunt, he was always able to flee to another. Ruthven Castle might be his chief headquarters, but farther down the valley of the Spey he had other lairs. Of these one was on Loch-an-Eilean, a dozen miles off; another at Lochindorb, beyond Grantown-on-Spey.

Fortunately, the House of Hanover spared the castle on Loch-an-Eilean from the fate which overtook Ruthven Castle. To this day the ruins on the islet stand like a pathetic tombstone in memory of a man notorious rather than famous in the history of the northern Highlands. The loch lies within easy reach of Aviemore Station on the Highland Railway. All round about stretches the famous Rothiemurchus forest, a wonderful expanse of woodland reaching for miles along the country-side. Behind the loch, range beyond range, the Cairngorm Mountains climb up into the sky. Hills rise up steeply on both sides, while the pine-woods creep down to the very margin of the lake. A little way out from the verge stands the solitary island which gives the loch its name, and there the 'Wolf' had built himself a second dwelling.

The choice of site was prudent. Here, in an age which had yet to discover the virtues of gunpowder, the prowling Lord of Badenoch could lie secure all girded round with water, to snarl triumphantly or vindictively at his foes. To-day, the loch and island enjoy a certain distinction as being one of the few spots in Scotland where the osprey still builds its nest each year and hatches out its young. Five hundred years back a creature much fiercer than the osprey had *his* nest on the little island; and the ruins of the castle witness in grim silence to the man who harried the district round about at his own sweet will, and sowed fear in the hearts of men.

Even to-day, when motor-cars bear the visitor in noise and hurry over ground once trodden by the paws of the remorseless 'Wolf,' one can recall, when standing by the shores of Loch-an-Eilean, something of the spirit of a century long dead and all but forgotten. The woodlands creeping down to meet the waters of the lake, the solemn hills which girdle it round and keep jealous watch upon the ruined castle, the roaring of the stags in rutting-time, the hawk hovering above its victim, the croak of a raven far out of sight overhead, and over all 'the boundless blue of heaven': these and other signs

remind the visitor privileged to penetrate that sylvan temple of the elemental basis deep down beneath our modern civilisation. Here one feels that Nature must, in the long-run, prove victor over man. From far off the scream of the passing locomotive breaking the silence seems to insult the spirit of the place; Nature responds to the challenge in the hoarse bellowing of a stag on the hill-side summoning his rivals to mortal combat; while the mountain-tops find their reflection on the unruffled face of the osprey's home. In such surroundings one is compelled to realise that man's vaunted strides in progress are petty enough in the face of the great mother of us all.

Where better could the 'Wolf' have enjoyed greater freedom? On those wood-clad hills he could chase the red-deer when the spirit moved him; in those mystic waters he must have sought trout less wily then than now. Here, if there was a streak of something nobler than wolf in his being, he must have felt elevated and soothed by the grandeur and peace that brood over the spot, and may still be enjoyed by those who visit Loch-an-Eilean and imbibe the spirit of the place.

THE STORY OF TOKOLMÉ.

By Louis Becke.

EARLY one morning towards the close of the American Civil War, some native hunters, who were accompanied by a white man, were out on the mountain-tops of the island of Ponapé in quest of wild-boar. The sun was but half-an-hour high, and the white man and his companions, as they emerged from the deep, darkened aisles of the silent forest into a small, cleared space on the summit of a spur, saw displayed before them one of the loveliest panoramas in the universe. For, of all the many beautiful island gems which lie upon the blue bosom of the North Pacific, there is none that exceeds in beauty and fertility the Isle of Ascension—or, as it is more generally called, Ponapé—the largest and loftiest of the Caroline Group.

Three thousand feet below them the hunters could see for many miles the trend of the coast, north and south. Within the wavering line of roaring white surf which marked the barrier-reef lay the quiet green waters of the narrow lagoon encompassing the whole of Ponapé, studded with many small islands—some rocky and precipitous, some so low-lying and so thickly palm-clad that they seemed, with their girdles of shining beach, to be but floating gardens of verdure so soft and ephemeral that even the gentle breath of the rising trade-wind would cause them to vanish like some desert mirage.

To the southward was the small, land-locked harbour of Roān Kiti, whose gleaming waters were as yet undisturbed by the faintest ripple, and the six American whaleships which floated on its placid bosom lay so still and quiet that one could have thought them to be abandoned by their crews were it not that some of them began to loose and dry sails, for it had rained heavily during the night. All these ships were whalers from either New Bedford or New London, and they had put into the little harbour to wood and water, and to give their sea-worn crews a fortnight's rest, ere they sailed northward, away from the bright isles of the Pacific to the cold wintry seas of the Siberian coast and the Kurile Islands, where they would cruise for 'bowhead' whales before returning home to America.

The white man laid down his gun, sat upon a boulder of stone, and looked around him. He was pleased at the view of sea and verdant shore far below, and pleased, too, at the prospect of a day's good sport; for everywhere on their way up to the mountains he and his companions had seen the tracks of many a wild-boar, and here, on the summit of this spur, they meant to rest a while before descending into a deep valley on the eastern side of the island, where they knew they would find the wild-pigs feeding along the banks of a mountain stream which debouched into Roān Kiti harbour, four miles away.

'How is this place named, and how came it to be clear of the forest trees?' he asked one of his native companions, a stalwart young man, whose naked, smooth, and red-brown skin from neck to waist showed by its tattooing that he was of chiefly lineage.

'Tokolmé, it is called,' he replied deferentially. 'It was once a place of great strength, a fortress made here in the mountains in the olden time—in the old days, long before white men came to Ponapé. See, all around us, half-buried in the ground, are some of the blocks of stone that were carried up from the face of the mountain which overlooks Metalanien.' He pointed to several huge basaltic prisms lying near. 'These stones were the lower course of the fort; the upper part was of wood—great forest trees cut down and squared into lengths of two fathoms. And it is because of the cutting down of those trees, which were very old and took many hundred years to grow, that the place where we now sit, and all around us, is so clear. For the blood of many hundreds of men has sunk into it; and because it was the blood of innocent people, there is now nothing that will grow upon it.'

'Tell me of it, Rū,' said the white man; and Rū told the tale.

. . . . . .

'In those days there were but two great chiefs of Ponapé. Now there are seven. One was Lirou, who ruled all this part of the land, and who dwelt

at Roān Kiti with two thousand people; and the other was Roka, king of all the northern coast and ruler of many villages.

'Here in Tokolmé lived three hundred and two score people, who owed allegiance neither to Lirou nor Roka, for their ancestors had come to Ponapé from Yap, an island far to the westward. After many years of fighting they made peace with Lirou's father, who gave them this piece of country as a free gift and without tribute, and many of their young men and women intermarried with ours, for the language and customs of Yap are akin to those of Ponapé.

'Soon after peace was made, and Tolan, chief of the strangers, built the village and made plantations. He died; and, as he left no son, his daughter Leā became chieftainess, although she was but fourteen years of age.

'Lirou, who was a haughty, overbearing young man, sent presents and asked her in marriage, and great was his anger when she refused, saying that she had no desire to leave her people now that her father was dead.

'"See," he said to his father—"see the insult put upon thee and me by these proud ones of Yap. Thou hast given them fair lands with running water and great forest trees, and this girl refuses to marry me."

'The old chief sought in vain to sooth him. "Wait for another year," he said, "and it may be that she will be of a different mind. And already thou hast two wives. Why seek another?"

'"Because it is my will," replied Lirou fiercely; and he went away nursing his wrath.

'Soon there arose a quarrel between Lirou's father and Roka, king of the northern country, and a great battle was fought in canoes on the lagoon. Lirou's father, with many hundreds of his people, was slain, and the rest fled to Roān Kiti, pursued by King Roka, who burnt the town. Then Lirou—who, now that his father was killed, was chief—sued for peace, and promised Roka a yearly tribute of three thousand plates of turtle-shell and five new canoes. So Roka, being satisfied, sailed away, and there was peace.

'Lirou and his people began, with heavy hearts, to rebuild the town. After the council-house was finished Lirou told them to cease work, and called together his head-men and spoke.

'"Why should we labour to build more houses here?" he said. "See, this is my mind. Only for one year shall I pay this heavy tribute to Roka. Then shall I defy him."

'The head-men were silent.

'Lirou laughed. "Have no fear. I am no boaster. But we cannot fight him here in Roān Kiti, which is open to the sea; and never can we make it a strong fort, for here we have no *falat*,* nor yet any great forest-trees. But at Tokolmé are many thousands of the great stones and mighty trees in plenty. Ah! my father was a foolish man to give such a place to people who fought against us. Are we fools, to build here another weak town and let Roka bear the more heavily upon us? Answer me!"

'"What wouldst thou have, O chief?" asked one of the head-men.

'"I would have Tokolmé. It is mine inheritance. There can we make a strong fort, and from there shall we have entrance to the sea by the river. Are we to let these dogs from Yap deny us?"

'"Let us ask them to give us, as an act of friendship, all the trees and all the *falat* we desire," said one of the head-men.

'Lirou laughed scornfully. "And we to toil for years in carrying the trees and stones from Tokolmé, a league away. Bah! Let us fall upon them as they sleep, and spare no one."

'"Nay, nay," said a sub-chief named Kol, who had taken one of the Yap girls to wife; "that is an evil thought and foul treachery. We are at peace with them. I, for one, will have no part in such wickedness." And others said the same; but some were with Lirou.

'Then, after many angry words had been spoken—some for fair dealing and some for murder—Lirou said to the chief Kol and two others, "Go to the girl Leā and her head-men with presents, and say this: 'We of Roān Kiti are like to be hard pressed by Roka when the time comes for the payment of our tribute. If we yield it not, then are we all dead men. So give back to us Tokolmé, and take from us Roān Kiti, where ye may for ever dwell in peace, for Roka hath no ill-will against ye.'"

'So Kol and two other chiefs, with many slaves bearing presents, went to Tokolmé. But before they set out, Kol sent secretly a messenger to Leā, with these words: "Though I shall presently come to thee with fair words from Lirou, I bid thee and all thy people take heed and beware of what thou doest, and keep good watch by night, for Lirou hath an evil mind."

'This message was given to Leā, and her head-men rewarded the messenger, and then held counsel together, and told Leā what answer she should give.

'This was the answer that she gave to Kol, speaking smilingly, and yet with dignity:

'"Say to the chief Lirou that I thank him for the rich presents he hath sent me, and that I would that I could yield to his wish and give unto him this tract of country that his father gave to mine, so that he might build a strong place of refuge against the king Roka. But it cannot be, for we too fear Roka. And we are but a few, and some day it might happen that he would fall upon us and sweep us away as a dead leaf is swept from the branch of a young tree by the strong breath of the storm."

'So Kol returned to Lirou and gave him the

* *Falat* is the native name for the huge prisms of basalt with which the mysterious and cyclopean walls, canals, vaults, and forts are constructed on the island of Ponapé.

answer of Leā, and then Lirou and those of his head-men who meant ill to Leā and her people met together in secret, and plotted their destruction.

'And again Kol, who loved the Yap girl he had married, sent a message to Leā, warning her to beware of treachery. And then it was that the Yap people began to build a strong fort, and at night kept a good watch.

'Then Lirou again sent messengers, asking that Leā would let him cut down a score of the great trees. And Leā sent answer to him, "Thou art welcome. Cut down one score—or ten score. I give them freely." This did she for the sake of peace and goodwill, though she and her people knew that Lirou meant harm. But whilst a hundred of Lirou's men were cutting the trees, the Yap people worked at their fort from dawn to dark, and Lirou's heart was black with rage, for these men of Yap are cunning fort-builders, and he saw that when it was finished it could never be taken by assault. But he and his chiefs continued to speak fair words, and sent presents to Leā and her people, and she sent back presents in return. Then again Lirou besought her to become his wife, saying that such an alliance would strengthen the friendship between his people and hers; but Leā again refused him, though with pleasant words. And Lirou said, with a smooth face, "Forgive me. I shall pester thee no more, for I see that thou dost not care for me."

'When two months had passed, two score of great trees had been felled and cut into lengths of five fathoms each and then squared. These were to be the main timbers of the outer wall of Lirou's fort—so he said. But he did not mean to have them carried away, for now he and his chiefs had completed their plans to destroy the people of Yap, and this cutting of the trees was but a subterfuge, designed to throw Leā and her advisers off their guard.

'One day Lirou and his chiefs, dressed in very gay attire, came into Tokolmé, each carrying in his hand a tame ring-dove, which is a token of peace and amity, and desired speech of Leā. She came forth, and ordered fine mats trimmed with scarlet parrots' feathers to be spread for them upon the ground, and received them as honoured guests.

'"We come," said Lirou, lifting her hand to his forehead, "to beg thee and all thy people to come to a great feast that will be ready to-morrow to celebrate the carrying away of the wood thou hast so generously given unto me."

'"It is well," said Leā gently. "I thank thee. We shall come."

'Little did Leā and her people know that during the night, as it rained heavily, some of Lirou's warriors had hidden clubs and spears and axes of stone near where the logs lay and where the feast was to be given. They were hidden under a great heap of chips and shavings that came from the fallen trees.

'At dawn on the day of the feast three hundred of Lirou's men, all dressed very gaily, marched past Tokolmé, carrying no arms, but bearing baskets of food. They were going, they said, with presents to King Roka, to tell him that Lirou would hold faithfully to his promise of tribute.

'"But why," asked the men of Yap, "do ye go to-day, which is the day of the feast?"

'"Because the heart of Lirou is glad, and he desires peace with all men—even Roka. And whilst he and others of our people remain to feast with you men of Yap and make merriment, we, the tribute-messengers, go unto Roka with words of goodwill."

'Now, these words were lies, for when the three hundred men had marched a quarter of a league past Tokolmé, they halted at a place in the forest where they had arms concealed. Then they awaited for a certain signal from Lirou, who had said, "When thou hearest the sound of a conch-shell at the beginning of the feast, march quickly back and form a circle around us and the people of Yap, but let not one of ye be seen. Then, when there comes a second blast, rush in, and see that no one escapes. Spare no one but the girl Leā."

'When the sun was a little high, Lirou and all his people—men, women, and children—came and made ready the feast. On each of the squared logs was spread out baked hogs, fowls, pigeons, turtle, and fish, and all manner of fruits in abundance; and then also there were placed in the centre of the clearing twenty stone mortars for making kava.

'When all was ready, Leā and her people were bidden to come, and they all came out of the fort dressed very gaily and singing, as is customary for guests to do. And Lirou stepped out from among his people, and took Leā by the hand, and seated her on a fine mat in the place of honour; and as she sat with Lirou beside her, a man blew a loud, long blast upon a conch-shell, and the feast began.'

'But how was it, Rū,' asked the white man, who had listened with keen interest to the tale, 'that the chief Kol and others who possessed good hearts did not warn Leā of all this treachery?'

'Ah! I forgot to tell thee that. Lirou was as cunning as he was cruel, and ten days before the giving of the feast he had sent away Kol and some others whom he knew were well disposed to the people of Yap. He sent them to the islands of Pakin, ten leagues from Ponapé, and desired them to catch turtle for him. But with them he sent a trusty man, whom he took into his confidence, and said, "Tell Rairik, chief of Pakin, to make some pretext and prevent Kol from returning to Ponapé for a full moon; and say also that if he yields not to my wish, I shall destroy him and his people."'

'Ah,' said the white man, with a smile, 'Lirou was a Napoleon.'

'Who was he?'

'Oh, a great Franki chief, who was as lying and as treacherous and cruel and merciless as Lirou. Some day I will tell thee of him. Now, about the feast.'

'Ah! the feast. After a little while Lirou, whilst the people ate, said softly to Leā, "Wilt thou not honour me and be my wife? I promise thee that I shall send away my other wives, and thou alone shalt rule my house and me."

'Leā was displeased, and her eyes flashed with anger as she drew away from him; and then Lirou seized her by the wrist and threw up his left hand.

'A long, loud blast sounded from the conch, and then Lirou's men, who were feasting, sprang to the great heap of chips and seized their weapons. And then began a cruel slaughter; for what could three hundred unarmed people do against so many? But yet some of the men of Yap fought most bravely, and tearing clubs or short stabbing-spears from their treacherous enemies, they killed over two score of Lirou's people.

'As Leā beheld the murdering of her kith and kin, she cried piteously to Lirou to at least spare the women and children; but he laughed and bade her be silent. Some of the women and children tried to escape to the fort, but they were met by the men who had been in ambush and slain ruthlessly.

'When all was over, the bodies were taken to a high cliff and cast down into a valley below. Then Lirou and his men entered the fort and made great rejoicing over their victory.

'Leā sat on a mat with her face in her hands, dumb with grief, and Lirou bade her go to her sleeping-place, telling her to rest, and that he would have speech with her later on, when he was in the mood. She obeyed, and when she was unobserved she picked up a short, broad-bladed dagger of obsidian and hid it in her girdle, and then lay down and pretended to sleep. But through the cane lattice-work of her sleeping-place she watched Lirou.

'After Lirou had viewed the fort outside and inside, he sent a man to Leā, bidding her come to him.

'She rose and came slowly to him, with her head bent, and stood before him. Then suddenly she sprang at him and thrust the dagger into his heart. He fell, and died quickly.

'Then Leā leapt over a part of the stone wall where it was low and ran towards the river, pursued by some of Lirou's men. But she was fleet of foot, swam the river, and escaped into the jungle and rested a while. Then she passed out of the jungle into the rough mountain country, and that night she reached King Roka's town.

'Roka made her very welcome, and was filled with anger when she told her story.

'"I will quickly punish these cruel murderers," he said. "As for thee, Leā, make this thy home, and dwell with us."

'Roka gathered together his fighting-men. Half he sent to Roān Kiti by water, and half he himself led across the mountains. They fell upon Lirou's people at night and slew nearly half of the men, and drove all the rest into the mountains, where they remained for many months, broken and hunted men.

'That is the story of Tokolmé.'

A KING OF HORSEMEN.

By 'THORMANBY,' Author of *Kings of the Hunting-Field; Kings of the Rod, Rifle, and Gun*; &c.

TO how many thousands did Andrew Ducrow, the subject of this sketch—'The Napoleon of the Arena,' 'The Colossus of Equestrians,' 'The King of Acrobats,' as his various admirers dubbed him—afford boundless pleasure in the days when the octogenarians of the present were children! For thirty years he held undisputed sway over the 'equestrian drama,' of which he may justly be termed the inventor, and of which he was assuredly the brightest ornament; for no one has ever approached his brilliant and daring feats of horsemanship, and I doubt whether the world has ever seen, or ever will see, such a marvellous combination of grace and strength as this extraordinary man presented. His muscular power he inherited from his father, a native of Bruges, who was known as 'The Flemish Hercules.' The son, Andrew, was born at the Nag's Head Inn, Southwark, in the year 1793, and from the time he could walk was educated as an acrobat. But that was the extent of his education, for he was never able to write even his own name, and could only just spell out one of his own posters. Old Ducrow was a disciplinarian of the sternest type, and the unfortunate son had a very rough time of it in his childhood. At the age of seven he was an adept at vaulting, tumbling, dancing on the tight-rope, balancing, riding, fencing, and boxing, and his proficiency in all these accomplishments excited the wonder and admiration of George III., before whom the infant prodigy exhibited his skill at a fête given at Frogmore.

In 1808, when he was fifteen years of age, young Ducrow was chief equestrian and rope-dancer at Astley's, enjoying a salary of ten pounds a week. About two years later he introduced that serious acting upon horseback for which he afterwards became so famous. His first Continental tour was an extraordinary success, and at once gave him a European renown. Kings and queens, dukes and duchesses, Parisian critics and simple countryfolk, were alike enchanted with the grace, agility, dexterity, courage, and clever pantomimic performances of the English

horseman. His style was pronounced original, his daring unequalled. He was the first to introduce into the ring an equestrian pageant or entrée, and nothing like his performances upon six barebacked steeds—as in his famous scene the 'Courier of St Petersburg'—had ever been witnessed before. All the clever feats of juggling which an ordinary juggler performs standing on a stationary stage Ducrow went through on horseback and at full gallop. The marvellously rapid transformations of character and costume of the cleverest quick-change artists were equalled, if not excelled, by Ducrow on 'the bare back of a flying steed.' Nature had gifted him with a splendid physique. He stood five feet eight inches in height, was of fair complexion, with handsome features, and a figure of exquisitely symmetrical proportions. So lithe and graceful was his appearance that no one would have guessed how muscular he was and what prodigious strength he possessed. Nor was Ducrow less wonderful as a contortionist; he could twist his shapely limbs into the strangest forms, and some of the most eminent anatomists of the day made a special study of his grotesque and amazing contortions. His courage and nerve were superb, as the following anecdote proves:

In the summer of 1838 Van Amburgh appeared at Astley's Amphitheatre with his wild animals. It was their first introduction to an English audience. Ducrow, who had been the sole manager of Astley's since the year 1825, had invented and arranged, as a tribute to Her Majesty, a sort of allegorical tableau. It consisted of a platform raised upon men's shoulders, surmounted by a white charger bearing a female supposed to represent the Queen; at her feet was Britannia, surrounded by a number of appropriate emblems. This exhibition, which was hailed as a fresh proof of his taste and ingenuity as a manager, produced a great effect, and was rapturously applauded.

Ducrow's benefit was announced. A thought struck him.

'Van Amburgh,' said he, 'how well your largest lion would look on the platform by the side of Britannia!'

'I calculate he would,' replied the American.

A rehearsal was called—the lion's rehearsal. All was prepared. Nero, a fine, shaggy old veteran, one of the largest lions ever exhibited, was brought from his cage and led by Van Amburgh on to the platform.

'Be careful, men, how you lift,' said he; 'be careful! If the lion feels the platform shake or slope he will perhaps take fright and make a start. Now, lift!'

The men did lift, but not all *together*. As Van Amburgh anticipated, so it happened. The lion, who was crouching, rose; the men beneath became alarmed, down went the platform on one side, and off leaped the lion! A simultaneous rush took place, and in one moment the stage was cleared; Ducrow alone remained where he was standing, fixed and immovable. Van Amburgh pursued the animal, which skulked into the darkest corner it could find, and, with the assistance of the keeper, he restored it to its cage. Ducrow was asked why he had not run.

'Because,' said he, 'it was safer to stand quite still. A lion is like a bully: if you are afraid of him, he will attack you; if you boldly face him, he will not molest you.'

Ducrow, no doubt, was right; but how many men would have had the courage and presence of mind to carry the theory into practice?

As a manager, Ducrow showed an excellent and even refined taste in his production of spectacles, but he had a profound contempt for the literary and intellectual accessories of the drama. His motto was 'Cut the dialect [meaning dialogue] and get to the 'osses.' At rehearsal one morning, after listening attentively to a long dialogue, or 'dialect,' as he invariably called it, between the leading actors in his company, Campbell and Gomersal, he suddenly cried out, 'Stop, gentlemen; there seems a great many words to very little purpose. Hold hard! Wait one minute.' Then he considered for a moment. 'I have it,' he exclaimed. 'Now, Gomersal, you say so and so; Campbell says, "No, I won't;" you say, "Obstinate Englishman, then you die!" There, that answers the end of all these long speeches. The audience will understand the matter better, and *the poor 'osses won't catch cold.*'

Ducrow was often rough in his speech at rehearsals, and not very sensitive to the feelings of actors and actresses; but he asked no member of his company to perform any feat which he was not prepared to essay himself. At Astley's he lived in the private house adjoining the theatre, and would often come upon the stage in his dressing-gown and slippers to supervise the preparations for the evening's performance. On one occasion a certain foreigner, who had a very exalted opinion of his own importance and ability, was engaged to perform upon the tight-rope. It had been announced on the bills that he would ascend on the rope from the stage to the gallery. The rope was fixed in the morning for practice. Monsieur appeared, felt the rope, tried its tension, found fault with this, altered that; one thing was not quite right, another entirely wrong. In fact, the Frenchman seemed decidedly disinclined to attempt the task. Ducrow was standing by in his dressing-gown and slippers. His patience became exhausted.

'I say, mounseer, that appears a very difficult job,' said he.

'*Mais oui*,' was the reply, accompanied with an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

'Well, let's see if Andrew can do it,' was the quick retort; and with the word, loosely attired and encumbered as he was, Ducrow was on the rope, and in one minute more was in the gallery and back down the rope on to the stage. The Frenchman looked aghast; nor did Ducrow's parting observation tend to soothe his ruffled feelings.

'There's a good deal of humbug about you, mounseer. *That's* the way to do it.'

But monsieur's dignity was offended and his vanity wounded by having the shine taken out of him by his manager *in slippers*, and he there and then threw up his engagement.

On the 8th of July 1841 Astley's Amphitheatre was totally destroyed by a fire which broke out at five o'clock in the morning. Ducrow and his family narrowly escaped with their lives. The whole of the valuable stud perished in the flames, and the loss was estimated at twenty thousand pounds. Ducrow never got over this blow; he believed himself to be irretrievably ruined, his mind gave way, and he died in the York Road, Lambeth, a few months later, on the 27th of January 1842. He had been twice married: first to Miss Griffith, a lady rider of rare accomplishments and remarkable beauty; and, secondly, to Miss Woolford, long a popular and distinguished equestrienne at Astley's, who survived him. In his will he left directions that eight hundred pounds should be expended on a monument to his memory in Kensal Green, and that the interest on two hundred pounds invested in the Funds should be annually spent in the purchase of flowers to adorn this mausoleum. And there you may see the monument to this day, a glaring proof of the innate vulgarity and vanity of a man whose whole life was devoted to display. The curious-looking Egyptian structure bears this fulsome inscription, written, it is said, by his widow:

'Within this tomb, erected by genius for the reception of its own remains, are deposited those of Andrew Ducrow, whose death deprived the arts and sciences of an eminent professor and liberal patron, his family of an affectionate husband and father, and the world of an upright man.'

The most eloquent and enthusiastic tribute to Ducrow's marvellous horsemanship is that paid by Christopher North in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. He puts the following glowing eulogy into the mouth of the 'Shepherd':

'Yon's a beautifu' sicht, sir—at ance music, dancin', statuary, paintin', and poetry! The creturs aneath him soon cease to seem horses, as they accelerate round the circus, wi' a motion a' their ain, unlike to that o' ony ither four-footed quadrupeds on the face o' this earth, mair gracefu' in their easy swiftness than the flight of Arabian coursers ower the desert. . . . As if inspired, possessed by some spirit, over whom the laws o' attraction and gravity ha'e nae control, he dallies wi' danger, and bears a charmed life. . . . Wha the deevil was Castor, that the ancients made a god o' for his horsemanship—a god o' and a star—in comparison wi' yon Ducraw? A silly thocht is a Centaur—a man and a horse in ane—in which the dominion o' the man is lost, and the superior incorpsed wi' the inferior natur'! Ducraw "rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm." And oh, sir! how saftly, gently, tenderly, and like the deein' awa' o' fast fairy music in a dream, is the subsidin' o' the motion o' a' the creturs aneath his feet, his ain gestures, and his ain attitudes, and his ain actions, a' correspondin' and congenial wi' the ebbin' flicht; even like some great master o' music wha diena leave aff when the soun' is at its heicht, but gradually leads on the sowls o' the listeners to a far profounder hush o' silence than reigned even before he woke to ecstasy his livin' lyre.'

ON THE SEASHORE.

WERE I a painter, and would paint the sea
A symbol of perpetual unrest,
I would not paint it as it shows to me
By storm and wind distress'd.

For then I say, 'The violence of storm
And mighty wind is working all this harm.
Let me but wait. The sea will change its form;
To-morrow 'twill be calm.'

But I would show it on a summer day,
As I have seen it sleep beneath the sun,
Within the arms of some protecting bay,
As if its strife were done.

And it must be as now for evermore,
Serenely held within that loving belt,
Bringing the lonely watcher on the shore
A peace which can be felt.

For oft as I have paced, alone, the beach
On such a day, or lain upon the sand,
I've heard one wave, far as the ear could reach,
Pass sighing up the land.

A little, little wave, 'tis true, but *long*—
Long as of sea and shore the meeting line—
With voice enough to bring the unchang'd song
From the sea's heart to mine.

And though no breaker to the eye may show,
Nor storm-betok'ning wavelet with white crest,
Yet, when it rests the most, the most I know
The sea can never rest.

And I have found it is the same with life!
Not in the deepest trial it has brought,
Nor sharpest pain, has its essential strife
Dawned on my inner thought.

But in those intervals of healing rest,
Wherein I seem to follow my own will,
I ask, 'What is this striving in my breast
That lets it not be still?'

Not in the days when sorrows crowding rife
Fill us with present grief and future fears
It is, but in the very calm of life
That life's unrest appears.

What balm is there? Though like the restless sea
Must ever be the soul's internal strife,
One saving aspiration comes to me,
Calm watcher over my own soul to be,
Upon the shores of life.

L. A. RAWLINGS.

OSAKA, JAPAN.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

GOLF OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

By F. KINLOCH.

FIFTY years ago golf was a pastime known only to a favoured few even in Scotland. To-day it is an absorbing business, with its branches extending all over the world.

Delving into the back numbers of *Chambers's Journal*, we can get a glimpse at first-hand of golf as played, mainly at St Andrews, in the fifties and sixties; and as the golfer, accustomed to the constant *Sturm und Drang* of twentieth-century championships and tournaments, reads, a kind of longing comes over him for the days when there were few golfers in the land, when the game was played in peace for its own sake, and when 'foursomes were more usually played than singles on long links like St Andrews' ('The Golf Tournament,' *Chambers's Journal*, 1858).

There are four articles which may be reread with much pleasure and interest. The first of these appeared on September 4, 1858, and deals mainly with the great tournament of that year, the forerunner, indeed, of the present Amateur Championship. These articles have one feature in common, in that they assume that the world in general is ignorant of the game of golf, and they consequently begin with a dissertation on the playing of the game. Thus, in the particular article before us, an illustration is given of two average golfers, Jones and Brown, playing the first two holes at St Andrews. We read how the first hole is halved without incident in five. How at the second, one player carries the bunker fifty yards off the tee with a 'swingeing' shot. But his opponent, not being so fortunate, has to take his sand-iron; with great skill he extricates his ball and then gets a raker away with his long spoon. The first player, Brown, now finds his ball lying in a hollow, so he has to take his short spoon, and fails to make much of it. Eventually they lie alike before approaching; and Jones, being a hundred yards from the hole, with a bunker to cross, takes his cleek and lands near the hole; while Brown, using his baffy-spoon to loft over some whin-bushes, misses the shot and loses the hole. It is all quaint, old-world golf such as our fathers, at least those who played, delighted in.

Then follows the description of the two tournaments of 1857 and 1858, both promoted by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, and played at St Andrews. In 1857 the various clubs were invited to send two selected players to St Andrews. A series of foursomes ensued on the 'knocking out' principle, matches of thirty holes (a curious number) being played. Eventually Blackheath won, first blood to an English club; but we may have a shrewd suspicion that that prince of old-time golfers, George Glennie, was the hero of that team.

The next year conditions were changed, and the tournament was fought out on much the same lines as it is to-day. Fourteen couples started, and the final came to be between a representative of Leven, and the late Mr Robert Chambers—presumably the writer of the article, judging from the modesty with which he cloaks the doings of the winner and the praise given to the loser. The match was an exciting one—all even and one to play. It was won by Mr Chambers by a single putt on the last green.

There were no other tournaments after this till the Royal Liverpool Golf Club set the ball rolling again at Hoylake in 1885.

The next article (August 6, 1859) is a pleasant, gossipy one all about the beauties of St Andrews, the initiation of a scoffer, reminiscences at first-hand of Hugh Philp the Chippendale of golf-club making (almost, indeed, might one call him the Straduarius, for varnish such as he put on the heads of his masterpieces is not made now). One also reads of mammoth drivers, including the tradition that a Mr Messieux, a French teacher, once drove a feather-ball from the Hole o' Cross at St Andrews into Hell Bunker, a distance of three hundred and eight yards—no mean feat even with the present-day rubber cores.

The third article, 'Golf as Imported' (January 10, 1863) is a story in fine Scots vernacular of a round played at Blackheath; while the last of the

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series, November 10, 1877, is a review of the late Mr Robert Clark's great book, *Golf: a Royal and Ancient Game*, the first edition of which (with fifty copies on large paper, and most beautifully got up) was published in 1875. Here is a book redolent of old-time golf, written or rather compiled by a man who loved his subject. The history of the game in Scotland is traced through bygone centuries by extracts from statutes, wherein, *inter alia*, it is ordained (*circa* 1451) that 'the gowff shall be utterly cryit doon' in order that the lieges shall devote themselves to archery; by extracts from ancient club minutes, from private diaries of golfers (some of whom seemed to spend large sums in wagers on their games); even from the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer in the year 1503, two items of which read:

Feb. 4th, 1503.—*Item*, to the King to play at the Gowff with the Erle of Bothuile ..... xlij *s.*
Item, To Golf Clubbis and Ballis to the King, that he play it with ..... ix *s.*

All the humorous golfing poems and stories that had appeared are collected, among which one may read with especial delight 'The Golfer at Home,' by H. J. M., which appeared first in the *Cornhill Magazine* of August 1867. No better account of a real old-fashioned foursome has ever been written. The partnership of the long driver with the feeble driver but good putter against a wild driver and a steady player, and the various incidents of their round at St Andrews, including, it must be confessed, certain ungallant remarks by one of the players as to the presence of ladies on the links—*O tempora! O mores!*—are depicted with that delightful dry humour which those who are privileged to know the author so greatly appreciate in private life.

Most interesting is an obituary notice of Allan Robertson, who was never beaten in a big match, taken from the *Dundee Advertiser* of 1859. In a prophetic mood the writer exclaims, 'A new era is about to dawn in the golfing world. The old stars are paling; when will others arise?' Many stars have risen and run their orbit since those words were penned, and a new era has indeed dawned; yet who shall say with certainty that the golfers of to-day are better than their forebears? Ponder, golfers, for a moment on the conditions under which Allan Robertson played. The course at St Andrews was narrow, unkempt; a wall of whin on one side, on the other the railway, more whins, or hopeless bent; in the middle stretched the bunkers we still know; the fairway to the ninth hole was a narrow path through heather; the putting-greens were little bigger than a tablecloth, never cut, for there were no mowing-machines; there were no made teeing-grounds (the ball by the rules was to be teed within four yards of the hole), no tins in the holes, and the sand for the tee was brought, as a rule, from the bottom of the hole, which sometimes got so deep that the caddie's arm could scarce reach the bottom. And yet Allan Robertson in 1858 went round in seventy-nine strokes! His motto was caution, never a risk, and never a mistake. Thus he would rather reach a hole for certain in three than peril himself by trying to get home in two. At the Heathery Hole, coming in, for instance, he would, even with a following wind, take three shots with his short spoon. How would he have fared to-day? How would he have compared with the twentieth-century driving giants?

But while Clark's book is interesting and diverting, it is not, from the point of view of the golfer, instructive. You may search its pages in vain for a hint how to play a shot; the author gives away none of the secrets which made him nearly *primus inter pares*. Indeed, prior to Sir Walter Simpson's book, which deals mostly with the science of the game (published 1887), there was only one manual of instruction—namely, *Golfing*, by Robert Chambers (1863). To this day this little book is a good guide to the game; but how sparse is the space devoted to instruction! It is confined to four pages and two illustrations. Now, in a book by H. Vardon (1905), *The Complete Golfer*, there are no fewer than one hundred and sixty pages and fifty photographs giving that great golfer's views and hints as to how to hold the club, how to stand, how to avoid pulling and slicing, how to pull and slice at will—in a nutshell, how to become as good a golfer as the author.

How golf has changed in the last fifty years! Not only the shapes but the very names of the clubs are different. Here is the list as given in *Golfing*: Play-club, long, mid, and short spoon, baffy-spoon, cutty, cleek, sand-iron, track-iron, and putter. Compare this list with that of Vardon's: Play-club, brassie, driving-cleek, approaching cleek, driving-mashie, mid-iron, pitching mashie, niblick, putter. Out of the whole list there are only three the same—play-club, cleek, and putter. As a matter of fact, the track-iron was the primitive name for the niblick. When the latter name came generally into use does not appear, nor is the etymology of the term clear; but it may interest some readers to know that the tradition runs that the club was originally devised in order to get out of the ruts of the roads running down to the beach across the first hole at North Berwick. In the days when North Berwick was a seven-hole course, that hole was a very long hole, the tee being at the far east end of the links, and the hole, as it is now, on Point Garry. No fewer than three roads, all with ruts sometimes over a foot deep, had to be crossed; and as the rule was strictly enforced that the ball must be played or the hole given up, the ingenuity of some ancient golfer devised the first niblick, which was shaped like a teaspoon. From that club the present serviceable weapon is directly descended. Still, on the subject of old clubs, one notices almost with regret that the old spoons are gone, and with them the grace with which they were wielded. Who that saw him can forget the accuracy and

grace with which Sir Robert Hay 'baffed' his approaches up to the hole? Golf is now all force, cunningly concealed though it may be.

So much for the golf of the past, as illustrated by the articles and books mentioned. Let us turn to the golf of the present, and consider briefly the book (already alluded to) by one who, with all due deference to the present champion, is looked on by many as the greatest golfer of his age, if not, indeed, the greatest golfer that has ever lived—Harry Vardon. This book may be said to reflect the spirit of latter-day golf, in that its main purpose is not to amuse but to instruct; the game is treated from first to last most seriously, and evidently the assumption is that the reader will study the lessons it contains in order that he may improve his golf. A few pages are given to the author's early life, and a few more—far too few, for they are entrancingly interesting—to his rise from obscurity to fame. We learn the inmost feelings of the man whose first championship is within his grasp. Knowing as he does that he has to hole the last hole in four to win, and in five to tie, there is a mental struggle between boldness and caution. Shall he risk all and go for the guarding bunker, or play the canny game? Eventually an outside agency decides the crucial point. He notices an old friend frantically beckoning safety. He plays short, and ties with that most formidable opponent J. H. Taylor. Safety proved the best horse, for Vardon won the tie and the championship, and then, when the last putt had been holed, to quote his words, 'for the first time in my life as a golfer I felt some emotion. It seemed as if my feet had taken root on the eighteenth green, for I don't think I moved for several minutes.' From that time till ill-health came upon him, his was a triumphant progress modestly told; and it will be the wish of every golfer that he may completely recover his health and treat us to some more of those wonderful exhibitions of golf.

Vardon thinks the most important event in his life was his great match with Willie Park. At any rate, it set the seal on his fame as a golfer. *À propos* of these big money-matches, it is easy to see he does not quite approve of them. He thinks that professionals do not care to peril the money they work so hard for on a single match, and further argues that such matches tend to create ill-feeling between the players. We do not quite follow his reasoning. Professionals rarely find their own money in a big match, and there is no reason in this world why a genuine sporting match should lead to any bitterness. Since Vardon wrote, a great international foursome has been played, enormous interest was taken in the match, which was witnessed by thousands, who got a grand exhibition of golf as played by the four best players thoroughly stretched out. The best players won, and all who saw the play look back on the match with great pleasure, and hope some time in the future to see a similar one—perhaps, if they are Scotsmen, with a pious prayer that the result may be different. That match did nothing but good, and from what was noticed at the Open Championship this year, when Vardon and Taylor were the first to congratulate Braid, it would not seem that old friendships had been interfered with.

Into the technical part of the book, wherein Vardon pours out with prodigal hand the secrets of his craft, it would be impossible, even if desirable, to enter closely; but a few points may be noted. In the first place, while the instructions are by way of being for beginners, there are innumerable and most valuable hints to the golfer of riper years. But herein lurks a most serious and insidious danger, especially if the golfer has a settled style of his own. Often has the wail been heard on the links, 'I was reading that book of Vardon's last night, and it has put me clean off my game.' Therefore, O Golfer! do not try to copy the Vardon swing at the expense of that style which, faulty though it may be, is yet part and parcel of your game. What is true of the swing is also true in a modified way of the grip. The 'Vardon grip' is now almost universally used by the leading players. Briefly, it consists in the right hand overlapping the left, the contention being that thus both hands feel and act as one. That there is an enormous advantage in this grip to those who have certain physical qualities cannot be gainsaid; but, *pace* Vardon, who would insist on this grip to the exclusion altogether of the old-fashioned manner of holding the club with the hands not touching, we are rather inclined to agree with Braid, who in a little book called *The Golf Guide* (published by Messrs Spalding) says, 'Excellent as are the advantages of this way [the overlapping] of holding the club, there are some players in whose case it would be mere folly and waste of time trying to cultivate it. . . . What is absolutely essential is that the player should have for this grip very strong fingers, probably a little above the average in length. *With fingers of medium strength good results cannot be achieved with the overlapping grip.*' If the golfer, then, will take care not to attempt to remodel his style, and will carefully consider the size and power of his hands and fingers before playing tricks with his grip, he may read Vardon's lessons and study the many snapshots of that great performer in various golfing attitudes not only with interest but also with great profit. Specially sound is Vardon's theory of the approach-shot; and the maxim he is always insisting on, 'Never play a full shot with a mashie when you can get the same distance with a half-iron,' should be laid to heart. There are many fancy shots described, amongst which probably the most valuable to acquire, though very difficult, is the push-shot with the cleek. Any one who saw the professionals at Muirfield in this year's championship will recognise this stroke, which was a favourite one. How it is accomplished is not for the writer to explain;

but the result as described by Vardon may be quoted: 'The ball is sent forward with a low trajectory until it overhangs the green, then down it comes close to the pin.'

Vardon believes that the reason for most bad putting is to be found in the stance of the player, and suggests that when any one is 'off' his putting he should keep on changing his stance on the chance of dropping into the right one. This advice seems likely to lead to very complete unsettlement of one's putting, and the more probable reason for an off-day or days on the putting-green is that eye and hand are not working together. The technical part of the book concludes with a chapter on 'fancy putting,' which brings out some interesting theories; it will probably, however, be best for the average golfer if they remain as such.

Every word in the chapter on 'general hints,' should be read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested. A few of them may be taken at random: 'Don't play too much golf if you want to get on in the game.' 'When you have made a really good shot bring yourself up sharply to find out how you did it.' 'Don't praise your own good shots.' 'Always make a point of trying to play the first hole as well as any hole you have ever played. The favourite saying of some players, "I never try to win the first hole," is the most foolish thing ever said in connection with golf.' 'Don't say nasty things about your opponent's good shots.' 'Never hurry when playing a match or medal round.' 'Be careful you always stand on the right side of the tee when your opponent is preparing to drive.' 'Do not get into the habit of counting your strokes from the beginning of a round in the hope that each time you may be able to beat your record.' 'Obtain a thorough knowledge of the rules of the game, always play strictly according to them, and adhere rigidly to the etiquette of golf.' 'If you are playing golf in the afternoon do not lunch too heavily.' 'When playing in a foursome, never forget you have a partner.' 'Keep your eye on the *side* of the ball.' 'Always fill in every hole that you may make in a bunker.' 'Never try your shots over again when there are other players behind you.'

One is glad to note that the author regrets that the old-fashioned foursome has been superseded so greatly by the four-ball match, for which he very rightly has hardly a good word. The only time it is worth playing is when all the players are equally matched and really good, and even then he does not think it a good form of golf. Would that every golfer would agree with him on this point! Indeed, it would be a very good thing if an 'Anti-Four-ball Match Society' were started.

There are two other chapters in *The Complete Golfer* which deserve attention. The first of these contains a short criticism of the various first-class links, including, of course, the championship courses. Probably alone among the leading golfers Vardon puts Sandwich at the head of them. It would be out of place in this article to enter into a disquisition on the merits and demerits of Sandwich; but that even the members of the Royal St George's are not all satisfied with the course as it stands at present is evidenced by the fact that an alternative course, by which the outgoing portion of the course has been materially lengthened, has been mapped out and it is possible may be in play before another championship is played there. Prestwick comes next, and due praise is meted out to what is probably the best two-shot hole in the world, the far-famed Alps. Hoylake is damned with faint praise, and of Muirfield it is said that the golf is better than it looks. It is, however, when we come to Vardon's remarks about St Andrews that our faith in him as a critic is somewhat shaken. He complains that the bunkers are badly placed in that they are generally the length of a good long, straight drive. All kind of complaints have been heard about the St Andrews bunkers; that they are too small, too hidden, too near the holes, and that the ball has a most amazing habit of kicking into them; but so far as the writer knows this is the first time that they have been accused of catching a long, straight drive. To any one who does not know the course vistas of long bunkers of the steeplechase genus right across the fairway must naturally arise from reading Vardon's remarks. The truth is that St Andrews course has now got so wide that it is difficult to know the real line to the hole. The seventeenth or Road Hole at St Andrews gets some very hard words; but, after all, why should there not be some hole where a little head-work and placing of the ball is necessary, even in these days when so much is sacrificed to long driving? Most of the other links are dismissed with a very few words, except the links in Islay (Machrie). All who appreciate that splendid course will be delighted to know that Vardon classes it as one fit for any championship. Mount Zion, the third hole, he considers the hardest hole he has ever played, and to quote his own words, 'I never did a hole better than when I halved that hole with Taylor in four.'

In 1900 Vardon had a triumphant tour in America, which is well described. Space will not permit us to deal with his reminiscences; but his views on American golf are alarming. He compares it to the amateur golf of the old country very much to the latter's discredit, and he thinks Mr Travis is merely the advance-guard of the American host, thus his call to the young amateurs is 'practice, practice, practice! Make a really serious business of the game, otherwise woe betide you when you meet the Yankee cohorts.'

And as we close the book it is borne in upon us that constant practice is the keynote of modern golf. The man who is determined to get to the top of the tree must practice his shots for hours at a time just like a billiard-player. But are we not tending to lose sight of the fact that golf, after all, is a game, not a business? Do we get as much pleasure out of it as the past generation? Let us take a glimpse of life at St Andrews in the holiday season, even as

late as the seventies. There were no numbers or starting-box; you strolled down to the tee after a well-digested breakfast about half-past ten, certain not only of getting off within ten minutes but of getting round comfortably before lunch, though there might perhaps be a wait of ten minutes or so at one of the short holes. While you played your single, you and your opponent probably hatched some robbery against two others in the afternoon; for in those days it was almost *de règle* to play a single in the morning and a foursome in the afternoon. At lunch you casually propose this foursome to the intended victims, who jump at it (it is just what they have been planning themselves); there results a keen match, which is halved, and you come in at peace with the world in time for a nice quiet rubber of whist in first-class company. Contrast this peaceful picture with the tale of a day in August on the classic links in the present year of grace. Overnight you and three others have each put in a card in the vain hope of getting a number between nine o'clock and half-past eleven. One of you gets a number at eleven-forty, the others being lost in the supernumerary list. There ensues an acrimonious discussion whether to take the number and not be in till nearly three o'clock, with the possibility of not finishing the second round in light, or to get up 'in the middle of the night,' be down at the tee before nine, and trust to the tender mercies of the starter to get away. Ultimately, three out of the four being young and energetic, and the fourth loath to lose his rubber of bridge, it is settled to be down 'at nine *sharp*, mind.' Next morning three out of the four turn up, and one, bearding the autocrat of the starting-box, has a favourable audience. 'Ye can have nine-fifteen,' says that magnate. Splendid! A vision of a round over before midday, decent time for lunch, and another round before tea, rises before your eyes. But nine-fifteen arrives and No. 4 is not yet here. You send his caddie round to pull him out of bed, and start without him. After all the bustle and fuss, the tee-shots are missed, so there is no chance of a glorious second over the burn. Who is in front? A beginner and his two children aged twelve and ten, and in front of them again are two middle-aged females carrying their own clubs and incapable of hitting the ball more than thirty yards. Five couples are waiting on the tee at the second hole, where the sluggard joins the party. Finding out the state of matters, he exclaims, 'Another three hours and a half job! I shall go back to bed; it's the best place here!' However, very shame makes him struggle on, and you ultimately get in about half-past twelve, after a poor match, in which (it was, of course, a four-baller) one man has played decently and the other three vilely, you have barely half an hour for lunch before you go through the same performance again. Then, if a card-player, there follows bridge in a hot, crowded room, with a partner you have never seen before, who for all you know may, and probably does, revoke twice in the same rubber. What a fascination the game must have when, even under these circumstances, in the dark winter days, you look back to your holiday with pleasant recollections.

Still, it is more pleasurable to play the game in peace and quiet, and to do this in the holiday season means that you must either belong to a club with a private green or become a temporary member thereof. That, again, entails a very considerable extra expense. Time was, especially in England, when the stranger was welcomed with open arms, the club and course being made free to him; nay, if perchance he happened to be a member of the Royal and Ancient it was deemed an honour for the club to have sheltered him and for the course to have felt the weight of his clubs. Nowadays, truth to tell, private clubs do not in many cases want strangers; they have too many members of their own. Thus some clubs in England put prohibitive charges on strangers, five shillings a day being quite common, while the exorbitant charge of half a sovereign is not unknown. In every way golf has become more expensive—subscriptions, clubs, balls, caddies, and lunches, especially the two latter items. Following out this train of thought one might moralise to any extent on the luxury of the present age even in games; but this article has been unduly prolonged, and its theme is golf, that glorious game which has come down to us from the dim ages, and which by its wondrous charm unites rich and poor, old and young, duffer and champion into one common brotherhood.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THERE are moments in the lives of the least self-conscious of us when we are forced to look into ourselves and to ask whether our emotions, admittedly strong, are pleasurable or the reverse. I know that as I stood in the friendly recess of that ancient fireplace, silently waiting in the darkness for the next movement of our enemies, I inquired doubtfully as to the nature of my own mental sensations. On the one hand there was the excitement of partaking in a remarkable adventure, of playing a fairly important part in a drama of European importance. On the other, there was the unpleasant conviction that I had interfered in a wolfish quarrel wherein I had no real part; while the blood and suffering which were trivial and everyday matters to my opponents and fellow-fighter were repugnant and chilling to a

peacefully brought-up Londoner like myself. The conclusion of my introspective effort was that I had been enjoying myself famously till I had begun to think, and that now I was very much the reverse of happy. Moreover, it is trying to the nerves to wait in pitchy darkness for the schemes of a ruthless and bloodthirsty enemy to develop at their leisure, and I kept my eyes strained on the moonlit ceiling-gap, expecting every instant to see the luminous circle blackened by human forms leaping down to join issue with us in a lightless fray.

'Time is on our side,' said the King confidently in my ear.

'Time and a Jew,' I said. 'I hope Meyer's nerve won't fail him.'

'You wrong him to suggest such a thing,' retorted my companion. 'He owes his exalted position entirely to my personal favour, and he will not fail me in the hour of need. Hush! what's that?'

There was a tread of hurried feet, and the disquieting silence maintained since the extinguishing of Max's lantern was broken with sudden violence. The relieving-party was at hand! There was no mistaking the meaning of those rousing revolver shots, the clashing of steel, the oaths, cries, stumblings, and unmanning groans. The heavy pounding of feet shook the ceiling over our heads, dislodging the plaster from the venerable joists; and as the noise of the conflict swelled fiercer and louder I felt the King's grasp tighten on my arm.

'Our place is up there,' he said sternly.

I disagreed with him totally, but had not the moral courage to say so.

To obtrude ourselves into that desperate mêlée was to court disaster alike from friend and foe.

'Mount the table!' said the King imperatively, and in silence I obeyed him. A moment later he was by my side.

'Where is the lever?' he cried, groping in the darkness.

I had not the faintest idea, and said so.

'Strange,' he muttered. 'I could have sworn it ought to be here.'

'Where?'

'Here, projecting from the wall at the height of my head.'

'Perhaps a stray shot struck it,' I hazarded.

My idea seemed plausible, and an instant later my companion was on the floor groping in search of the broken handle.

A little cry told me that he had found it, that my thoughtless guess had hit the truth. I was relieved, for it meant that the fury-shaken *Schweigenkammer* was inaccessible to us. It is one thing to issue in a fair fight; it is quite another to emerge slowly from the floor into the centre of a desperate conflict, the easy victim of the first enemy who sets his eyes on you.

The King took his place again at my side, a prey to disappointment and unconcealed agitation.

Gradually the sounds above our head diminished. There came one final pistol-shot; then all was still.

A voice called down to us, General Meyer's voice: 'Your Majesty!'

'Yes.'

'The enemy are satisfactorily accounted for. It is quite safe to come up. I have sent for lights.'

'Thank you, Meyer,' replied the King. 'If you will kindly press the lever in the boar's mouth we will ascend. The lower lever has met with an accident, otherwise we should not have remained down here.'

Slowly the *Zauber-tisch* mounted again towards its original position; and if our reappearance on the scene bore any analogy to the clown's entry in pantomime, the sight that met our gaze as our heads emerged above the floor-line swept all flippant imaginings from my brain. Some one had fetched some candles, and by their flickering light I saw that the floor was covered thick with dead and dying men. Of our late adversaries not one remained alive, and I noticed with horror a fearfully gashed head that had once been Max's.

We waited for the top of the *Zauber-tisch* to reach the level of the floor before stepping off, but when about a foot below it stopped abruptly; and, fearing some breakdown of the machinery, the King and I stepped up hastily on to the floor of the *Schweigenkammer*.

Looking down, I saw with disgust that the leg of the Grand Duke's body, which still lay on the table's surface, was protruding over the edge and causing the unexpected stoppage in our ascent.

General Meyer saluted us, pale but smiling, his sword wet with the blood of the King's enemies, his cheeks crimson with his own.

'They are all dead, sire,' he said simply.

'And our side?'

'Lieutenant Aufermann of the Guides is no more, and Captain Traun-Nelidoff, I regret to say, is *in extremis*. Zuos is suffering from a bullet in the thigh, whilst I myself have a trifling scratch on my right cheek.'

'It becomes you marvellously well. Who else has helped to-night?'

'Schneider is here,' replied the General, and at his words the detective stepped forward and favoured us with a profound bow. He was dressed in evening-dress and an old student's smoking-cap, and he held a revolver in one hand and a sword in the other. 'He fought most valiantly,' continued Meyer. 'He it was who brought down Max when that excitable young gentleman was engaged in the amusing process of slicing his Commander-in-Chief's face.'

'I struck him from behind,' broke in the detective hurriedly. 'I was a good swordsman in my youth, and my blow nearly clove his skull in twain.'

'So I see,' said the King coldly, a shadow of disgust on his gloomy features. 'Well, Meyer, you sha'n't regret this night's work, nor you, Schneider, nor Zuos, and the others. But it is too soon to talk of rewards yet. Where is Father Bernhard?'

'I will go and fetch him,' I said, for if ever there was work for a priest it was within the blood-splashed walls of that stricken chamber.

As I went I wondered if the other denizens of that huge but scantily inhabited Palace had been roused by the prodigious noise of the night's conflict. That the Queen must have known that trouble was in progress was certain, though with what hopes and anxieties she awaited the issue it was impossible to say.

My thoughts wandered rather to Miss Anchester, and when I reflected that she slept in the children's wing, right at the other extremity of the building, I considered it quite likely that the sounds of firing had failed to break her deep and healthy slumbers.

When I reached Father Bernhard's room I found it empty. The windows, as always, were wide open and the room bitterly cold. The bed, though now unoccupied, had evidently been slept in. That its late occupant had been roused by the hammerings on the *Schweigenkammer* door was not surprising, seeing that his room also was situated in the Waffenthurm. The question was, what steps had he taken on being roused? His loyalty was beyond doubt and his combative instincts more than suspected, and I should not have been surprised had he been found among our deliverers settling accounts with his old enemy. In vain I wandered down the passage, calling him by name.

Retracing my steps, I looked in various rooms where he might possibly have been, but without success. In despair I descended into the hall; and, looking round, my eyes lighted on the unfortunate Herr Bomcke still propped up in his corner in a position of inanimate collapse. I approached with charitable intent, and as I did so he groaned feebly and regarded me with a bloodshot and unutterably gloomy eye. He had apparently been struck roughly on the head, and his shirt-front and coat were discoloured and sticky from an ugly scalp-wound. A brief examination showed me that he was no longer bleeding and that his condition was not such as to cause anxiety.

'The fierceness of man! The fierceness of man!' he muttered. 'O Lord, is it possible that such things can be?'

'Cheer up, Bomcke,' I said, smiling at his somewhat incoherent pathos. 'His Majesty is quite safe.'

'I am glad to hear it,' he said solemnly. 'I have served his Majesty, as a man of peace, five-and-twenty years come next *Messzeit*. To think that I should live to be struck on the head by a boy with the butt of a revolver.'

'Max did it then? Well, Max is dead.'

'And his Royal Highness the Grand Duke?'

'Is dead also.'

'God be thanked! O Lord, thou art avenged by thy servant.'

'Bomcke,' I said severely, 'you are becoming religious, and it does not suit you at all. Talking of religion, do you know where Father Bernhard is?'

He shook his dilapidated head and moaned a negative.

I turned away to resume my search, and there, within ten paces of me, and enveloped in a long black overcoat, stood the object of my quest.

He was standing perfectly motionless beside one of the squat Doric pillars which support the staircase-landing, and his habitually severe countenance was sterner than ever.

'What do you want?' he asked brusquely in his deep tones.

'Your presence is required in the *Schweigenkammer*—immediately,' I said.

'Why?'

'There has been an attempt on the King's life'——

'I know. Why do they want me?'

'There has been trouble—fighting. Men have been wounded, even to death, and they need a priest's offices.'

Father Bernhard laughed gloomily.

'Let them get a priest then,' he said. 'I am one no more. It is no longer Father Bernhard who speaks with you, but Bernhard the apostate. Do I make myself clear?'

'Not in the least.'

'Listen then. I was roused from my sleep by furious bangings and the sounds of excited voices. I robed myself hastily and descended the stairs, and, passing the corridor which leads to the *Schweigenkammer*, I saw the Grand Duke, his son, and others trying to break down the door. The true condition of affairs was at once manifest to me, and as I went in search of arms and assistance I thanked my God, for I thought it possible I might be killed, that I might die fighting for my King and honour, and be delivered from the power of the Evil One. Unfortunately, Abaddon was in the ascendant, Abaddon and his trusty attendant Aschmedai. I went to find loyal men, and I found—God help me!—I found a disloyal woman.'

'The Queen?'

He bowed assent.

'Well?' I said.

'Must I go on? Must I humiliate myself utterly? She bade me let events take their course. She told me not to interfere with a quarrel which God would decide in the best way. To my shame, I obeyed her. Together, hand-in-hand, we awaited the issue of the conflict, and when we learned that the King was rescued we determined to take the only course open to traitors—flight!'

In spite of the terrible emotion which dominated the self-condemned priest there was a stern tranquillity in his demeanour which argued a finality of resolve which I should assail in vain.

For some reason his lapse angered me.

'Father Bernhard,' I said as calmly as I could, 'you're a damned fool.'

'Ay,' he said, 'you could not speak truer words. A fool damned and irredeemable.'

'I wasn't thinking of your soul,' I said irritably.

'I'm sick of souls. The Queen thinks she has a soul, whereas she is little better than'——

But Father Bernhard was holding up a warning hand, and a second later the object of my smothered rebuke was also standing before me. Doubtless she had been accompanying her guilty lover when I chanced upon the scene, and in a rare moment of shame had concealed herself behind the priest's tall form and the thick stem of the Doric column.

Her face was extraordinarily pale and her eye blazed with anger and excitement.

'Kill him,' she said breathlessly, pointing to me.

'I shall not harm him unless he tries to stop us,' replied the priest.

'Stop you?' I repeated.

'Yes,' cried the Queen excitedly. 'We are leaving this wretched, snowbound country, this mouldering Palace, this icy land of tyranny and unbelief. Do you think it would be safe for me here with my frenzied husband when he discovers that it was I who drugged Odenheimer and the guard. I hear that not a man of the conspirators is left alive. Do you think that he would spare me, who loathe him and have schemed against him—ay, and will scheme against him till my last breath?'

'His Majesty would not raise his hand against a woman,' I protested, 'still less against his wife.'

She laughed hysterically.

'He would shoot me where I stood,' she cried, 'or rather he would confine me in the shaft of the *Zauber-tisch* to let me perish of starvation.'

'Nonsense,' I said soothingly, for I felt it was my duty to strive to avert a domestic tragedy. 'The King is neither a butcher nor a maniac. My influence with him is strong just now, for I have been of great service to him; and if you remain I will guarantee that no violence is offered you.'

It was the priest who replied.

'The die is cast,' he said solemnly. 'I have so sinned in thought and word that to sin in deed is hardly to darken the pitchy blackness of my soul.'

'Souls again!' I cried angrily; 'and what about her Majesty's soul?'

'My soul is white before God,' said the Queen, fervently raising a plump arm heavenwards. 'I am not acting rashly nor without much consideration and prayerful thought. I know now that to remain longer with a blood-guilty atheist would be the true sin.'

'Whilst elopement with a renegade priest would be a true virtue?'

Her eyes blazed hatred at me.

'Brutal Englishman!' she cried spittingly. 'Like all your countrymen, you have the spirit of a pig. Know this, that God can forgive all things, purify all things, and that His mightiest instrument is love.'

I turned away in despair. If it was futile to argue with a patriotic woman, to do so with a religionary pervert was a still greater waste of breath. Assuredly, fate had never thrown a stranger, worse-assorted couple together than that faithless priest and faithless wife. The former thought the devil ministered personally to his pleasures, the latter that her Creator did so.

'May I ask where you propose going?' I inquired, more to gain time than from a desire for information.

'The Grand Duke's sleigh is still standing at the door,' said Father Bernhard. 'It will take us as far as Kurdeburg, where we take the early train to Vienna. It is useless trying to pursue us, for our horses are fleet, and at the Grand Duke's orders the telegraph-wires have been cut in all directions.'

'Useless if you once leave the Brun-varad.'

'You will not prevent us doing that,' said the priest sternly, producing a revolver. 'That is the Queen's present to me, my wedding-present; and if I do not wish to kill you with it, it is because I like you personally, not because murder is a sin.'

'I too have a present, though not I fear a wedding one,' I said, tapping my breast-pocket where the Schattenbergs' revolver lay; 'but I have seen too much blood spilt to-night to wish to see the colour of it again. Go, if you must go, and may your good friends Abaddon and Aschmedai give you some compensation for the death-pangs of your soul. Who knows that, when they have done with you, the good angels of Common Sense and Honest Work may not turn you once again into a normal, healthy minded mortal.'

He passed his hand across his brow and regarded me with a strained look that had little comprehension in it.

'Don't talk like that,' he said, 'or you will convert me. I don't want to be converted. I can face the prospect of hell, but not the agony of retracing my downward steps.—Come, your Majesty, let us depart.'

I stepped aside and bowed, keeping my eyes on the Queen's pale face. She looked fixedly at me with an intensity of expression which I was incapable of analysing, and then favoured me with a scarcely perceptible inclination of her head. Then, as she neared the door, leaning on her companion's arm, she looked back; something fluttered to the floor—a carnation!

I heard a muttered '*Gedächtniss*,' and the door closed behind them. There was a jingling of sleigh-bells, and the wretched creature and her priestly paramour were off on their wild night's drive to shame and ignominy.

I picked up her worthless token, and advancing to the open fireplace, wherein a dying fire still feebly burned, thrust it into the heart of the glowing embers. Then I hastened to mount the stairs again to inform his Majesty of this latest happening to his fortunes.

As I entered the *Schweigenkammer* the King anticipated my speech.

'You are too late, Saunders; the gallant Traun-Nelidoff is no more.'

'May I have a word with you alone, in private, sire?'

'Certainly, only it shall not be in the *Schweigenkammer*.—Meyer, I leave you in command. Do all that is necessary, and remember that the Brunvarad is under martial-law.—Gentlemen, I wish you good-night.'

Putting his hand on my shoulder, the King led me from the room.

'You could not find Father Bernhard?' he asked.

'I found him and the Queen,' I replied. 'They are now in the Grand Duke's sleigh *en route* for Kurdsburg.'

'Fled!'

'Eloped. There is passion on the one side and something rather lower on the other. Do you know that her Majesty caused von Odenheimer and his men to be drugged?'

'Meyer told me they had been drugged, and I suspected whose handiwork it was. Anyway, she is gone, that is the main thing. My luck has turned with a vengeance.'

'You are glad?'

'I am in heaven. As a bachelor, you cannot appreciate my sensations of relief. Come into my study and we will drink to their *bon voyage*.'

(To be continued.)

THE AUSTRALIAN RABBIT-TRAPPER.

THE newest Australian industry is that of rabbit-trapping. The rabbit-trapper exists in every country where there are rabbits, no doubt; but his class outside of Australia is small and his operations limited. In Australia he begins to rank as one of the great primary wealth-producers. The value of rabbit exports has come to exceed that of butter; and if the industry be not arrested there is likelihood that it will continue to expand till a rivalry with wool is set up. Over four million pairs of rabbits have been exported in one year; and year by year, as facilities for export are increased and the business becomes better understood, the volume grows. The local consumption is not so great as the export, on account of the prejudice many Australians have against the rabbit as an article of food; but the prejudice is breaking down, and the local demand is a constantly increasing one.

Few who see Australian rabbits hawked through a large city have any idea of the wild, free life of the rabbit-trapper on the far-back Australian plains, or of the profitable nature of the enterprise when capably pursued. Only small capital is required; skill, industry, and method do the rest.

Strike a tent or—as it is called—a camp near sundown. The men have returned from setting the traps, and are free for tea-drinking and killing time. Their day's work has begun, and from now till sunrise it is work and rest, work and rest, hour by hour. Sometimes a camp provides luxuries—tinned salmon, pickles, and preserved fruits; but generally Attic tastes prevail, and damper and salt-beef, washed down with black tea, fill the bill.

In ordinary country a man keeps seventy traps in hand, and in good country as many as a hundred. Eighty make a fair demand on most men, while in cases thirty or forty traps give a man a good night's exercise. There is great variation in the humour of both men and rabbits. The trap resembles a large rat-trap. The ground is cut away about a foot and a quarter long, and six inches deep, and wide enough to take the trap. The place is chosen because signs have been discovered of rabbits having made a run along it. When set, the trap is lightly covered with soil, so as to hide the ironwork. Trap after trap is so put down until the night's battlefield is laid out. The distance between the traps varies with their number and the character of the warren. With a large number they are placed only five or six yards apart, but with thirty traps or so the distance may be twenty or thirty yards apart. At the tent referred to the men were resting. They await the time for their first catch.

Just as the sun goes down off they start, each man along his own line. The man who sets the trap takes delivery of its contents. Sometimes the traps are found just as set. Something has alarmed the colony and a new run is struck out. Rabbits are heard scampering in all directions but the one desired. Ordinarily, however, a trap here and there holds a victim by the leg. The little prisoner squeals and tugs, but if the trap be in good order and properly fastened the tugging is in vain. The trapper goes along the march, bagging the victims and resetting the traps till all are examined. He repeats this march every couple of hours, and coming on daylight counts his gains in couples. He is well satisfied with fifty pairs, and moderately pleased with twenty; but shifts when only a dozen or so pairs reward him.

His mates are working assiduously all the time; and although they keep separate tallies and prepare separately the lots for market the returns make a common fund, and the principle of division is share and share alike. The mere catching is not all. The animals have to be killed, bled, and paunched. That part of the work needs care and skill, as the livers and kidneys must be left in the carcass. And then the grading and packing have to be looked to.

Trappers doing at all well, and working near, own or hire a horse and trap and carry the produce of their night's work to the nearest railway; otherwise some speculator sends a horse and wagon round the camps every morning and does the cartage at so much per pair. A halfpenny or a penny a pair

meets this demand. From the railways the rabbits are sent into the city for local consumption or are consigned to freezing-works, where they are prepared for export. Were the supply of rabbits constant in one locality it would, of course, be advisable to establish refrigerating works in the vicinity; but the efforts of Government and private individuals to eradicate the pest prevent the contemplation of a permanent industry. Nevertheless, a few large refrigerating establishments have sprung into existence in the interior. In one the rabbits are frozen, packed, and branded, and made ready for export. That proprietary spends fully ten thousand pounds a year in buying from the trappers.

The trapper's work generally ends when he delivers his bags at the railway. It is about the same to him whether his rabbits are sent to the refrigerator and are carried abroad or are consumed in the cities. His returns per pair move from twopence to threepence, but sometimes sink to a penny. Exporting firms give an average of twopence-halfpenny; but although rabbits sell retail in the cities for sixpence or eightpence per pair the intermediate expenses are numerous. When everything is counted an industrious trapper on fairly prolific country makes about six pounds per week over expenses, in indifferent country he may average two pounds ten shillings or less; but with millions of acres to choose a camp from, and tens of millions of rabbits to wage war on, there is no reason why he should long confine himself to a poor locality. The land is his for the picking. If he shows he means work the pastoral lessee welcomes him and the farmer accepts him as a friend. Wood and water are his without the trouble of asking, and no rent-collector visits him; no taskmaster determines his hours of work; the rabbits and himself are alone concerned in his sleeping or waking.

Of the known means to keep rabbits down the trapper is certainly the most widely approved. His methods are intelligible and the work of his hands visible. The direct effects of the use of poisons prejudice against using the animal as food; the indirect effects create alarm. Even with phosphorus, which, if not eaten, oxidises into a harmless compound and ceases to be poisonous, there is a disquieting fear. The inoculation of the rabbit with a contagious disease is also met with pronounced popular distrust. So far as purely scientific methods have been tried they have failed. The growth of a great trapping industry raises, however, the question as to what effect an industry so widely extended may have on the suppression of rabbits. Some see in it an incentive to the cultivation of the rabbit. The vested interests in rabbit exportation in Victoria and New South Wales alone represent over two hundred thousand pounds per annum, giving employment to between five thousand and seven thousand men. What will be the state of things when trapping is better understood and more fully embraced by the people? Will it not be held that rabbits should be propagated? The question is serious, but for the present and some time to come it need not disturb the trapper.

THE MASTER'S HAND.

By A. N. Innes.

IT was a proud day for Marcel Seraigne when, with his arm in that of his brother Maurice, he entered the Château de Vanot. It was a day that he had dreamed of when but a child upon his mother's lap, a 'castle in the air' of his boyhood, a fact that he, a man of thirty, could hardly realise.

The Château de Vanot, a relic of the sixteenth century, stood on a vine-clad hill overlooking the Loire. Though small, it was in good repair, and for generations it had been the pride of the family that gave its name to the castle and the village that nestled between the hill and the river beneath it. But the closing decades of the nineteenth century, that had but played their part in mellowing the building itself, had dealt hardly with the owners. Old Comte Louis de Vanot had been none too fortunate in his speculations; he had narrowly escaped ruin in the Panamá affair, and though towards the close of his life his ventures had been more successful, it was to an inheritance much impoverished that his son succeeded.

Nor was Comte Louis the grandson any wiser in his generation than his fathers. Though speculation was not one of his weaknesses, its place was taken by tastes even more ruinous. The chance of bettering their worldly position had always hovered over the elder Vanots' schemes; the follies of the young man could only end in certain bankruptcy. With an income more than sufficient to maintain him in a crack regiment of cuirassiers, with a name that gave him the entrée to the best houses in France, Louis de Vanot was not content. Nothing would satisfy him but to vie with the richest officer in the cavalry in his manner of living, to hold his own in the most fashionable society of the cosmopolitan capital. To meet the drain upon his resources one by one the family estates had been sold, till with the Count's twenty-fifth birthday the home of his fathers was placed upon the market to satisfy his creditors' demands.

So the Château de Vanot was sold beneath the auctioneer's hammer, with all that it contained, and was bought by Marcel Seraigne, a cousin of the spendthrift Count, and a prosperous wine-grower of Tours.

It was a heavy blow to Louis de Vanot. The

very fact that a relative, one of the commercial class that he despised, had acquired the property added gall to his bitter cup. Rather would he have had the castle pass to some utter stranger, to some Norman farmer, to some mineowner from the East, to any one but a bourgeois of the neighbourhood and one whose constant boast it was that the blood of the old seigneurs ran in his veins.

Only once, as a child, had Marcel entered that gray old pile beside the Loire, six months before his mother died. With the shadow of death upon her, Madame Seraigne had made her last appeal to her father, the old Count, imploring forgiveness for her fault of wedding the man of her heart, of dragging the name of De Vanot in the dust in her love for the *vigneron* Seraigne. With her son she had sought the proud old gambler in the home of her youth, and had been accorded pardon; but as for her husband and her child, they had never been recognised as members of the family, and with Madame Seraigne's death had passed out of the minds of the Comtes de Vanot.

Truth to tell, the bourgeois father and son bore no ill-will to their noble relatives. Had not the house of Vanot given the one a faithful wife, the other the fondest of mothers? Could race do more, be it never so proudly sprung? So in the intervals of business the Seraignes sung the praises of their disdainful kin, rehearsed their lineage, recited their honours, their services on field and in council, and bored their humbler relations with their knowledge of the history of the lords of Vanot.

Marcel Seraigne's delight in his new possession was not unmixed with a certain sense of awe. Though the blood of the old lords ran in his veins he could but call to mind his father's lowly birth. It seemed all but desecration that he should tread those panelled halls, should sit in the shadow of those great gray buttresses as owner of all from dungeon to turret, together with the old memories that compassed each time-worn stone.

Very proud, very happy, a trifle oppressed was the new possessor. Every hour that he could spare from his office in Tours he spent at Vanot. How he longed all the week for Saturday, when the train would carry him and his brother Maurice away to spend a Sunday in the old-world gardens or in the long gallery with the pictures of those Vanots, his own ancestors, staring him, the bourgeois, out of countenance.

Comtes de Vanot in mail and casque, Comtes de Vanot in lace and ruffles, Comtes de Vanot in curling wigs and perukes, ay, and Comtesses fair and plain, pensive or smiling, with their faces speaking of good deeds or ill, fair lives or foul, great desires, sordid longings, or lack of thought whatsoever.

One portrait there was in particular that he could never feel quite at ease with. There was such life in the dark eyes, on the firmly set lips, the high brow, and the square, shaven chin, such vigour stamped on each feature; painter, sitter, and portrait, each must have been worthy of each. The original was Henri de Vanot—the bourgeois knew each picture and its history—the intimate of the great Louis in his youth, the gallant courtier, the reckless soldier, the wielder of those famous rapiers displayed in a case in the inner hall, rapiers that had played a winning part in many a duel ere the eighteenth century was born. Next him, from out another picture, smiled his wife Marie, a wife as good as she was fair and as fair as her husband was gallant. A notable pair these had been in France in their day. Notable portraits were theirs hanging on walls that had heard their laughter and their love.

It was on journeys to and fro between Tours and Vanot that Marcel Seraigne met Mademoiselle Henriette Vanot. This lady was a daughter to a Monsieur Vanot, a distant relative of the noble house. He lived at Étances, some five miles from the château, and a slight service rendered by Marcel to father and daughter had led to an acquaintance that was fast ripening into intimacy. This Monsieur Jean Vanot had been the legal adviser of the late Count, and of late his wits had been on the rack to extricate Comte Louis from the slough of ruin in which he was sinking. With a successful provincial attorney's business he combined the calling of a vine-grower, and it was no small solace to Seraigne that a bearer of the name should be engaged in the despised commerce.

Jean Vanot, unlike the elder branch of the family, had prospered; indeed, he had thought of bidding for the château himself; but, unlike Seraigne, he took but little interest in the past, still less in the bygone glories of the house of which he was a cadet; the follies of more recent years kept the lawyer's hands full enough. As a matter of fact, he had dropped the aristocratic 'de,' and was well content to be blessed with a sufficiency of this world's goods and the love of his only daughter Henriette.

This young lady—far from sharing in her father's indifference to her noble kinsmen and their history, was proud of her relation to the family—when but a girl had often visited at the château, and, arrived at maturer years, had met the young Count in Parisian society, and on her return to Étances had expressed approval of the brilliant young officer of cuirassiers, an approval that her father, possessed of a deeper insight into the young man's character and affairs, refrained from endorsing. Nor was Louis de Vanot, it seemed, insensible to the charms of Mademoiselle Henriette. Taking advantage of his relationship, distant though it was, and of the fact that his family was among the lawyer's oldest clients, he had called not infrequently at Étances when in the Tours district, and had kept up a correspondence with the lady, a correspondence which her father, though he did not forbid it, did not welcome.

So old Jean Vanot was glad enough when Marcel Seraigne took up his residence at the château. At

first his daughter had been inclined to look askance at the vine-grower. She hinted that he was but a *nouveau riche*, an interloper in the halls of his betters. But when her father assured her that he was a blood-relation of the De Vanots, and proud of the house as was she herself, her opinion altered somewhat. As far as appearance went, the fastidious young lady insisted that he could not compare with his soldier-cousin, who was typical of the *beau sabreur*. Marcel Seraigne was short, his chest was narrow, he stooped as he walked, and his dark eyes—the sole redeeming features of a face that was plainness itself—were hidden behind spectacles.

Yet for all that Henriette was a frequent visitor with her father at Vanot; she was beginning to realise that Marcel was an enthusiast, that his heart was aglow with the deeds of those ancestors that stared him out of countenance from his own walls, and moreover that his spectacled eyes were not oblivious of her own very evident charms. The lips that could tell her of the deeds of the dead De Vanots, of Count Henry's sword-play, of his wife's great beauty, could also whisper of other matters beside, could point a compliment anent another's charms.

Now it fell out one Sunday afternoon, when old Jean Vanot was asleep in the inner hall, that Henriette and her host walked after luncheon upon the grassy rampart that overlooked road and river. What they said the honeysuckle that festooned the buttresses alone could tell; but so deep were they in conversation, so engrossed with their own affairs, that they were oblivious of three horsemen trotting upon the road beneath, and it was only when the travellers turned in beneath the gateway that the pair looked up.

The horsemen dismounted, and one of them, a tall, well-set-up figure in a gray coat, breeches, and gaiters of English workmanship, strode across the lawn to where Marcel and his guest were seated.

They both rose, and Seraigne, hat in hand, advanced to meet his guest, of whose identity he was as yet uncertain. But the owner of the castle might have been but a lay figure or invisible as the spirits of the dead Vanots for the notice this well-dressed stranger took of him. He brushed his elbow as he passed him by, and bowed to Mademoiselle Henriette.

'I'm delighted to meet you, mademoiselle,' said he, taking the lady's hand in his, 'though I little thought to find you here. Pray permit me to escort you home, a walk through the Étances woods is really delightful; and I must introduce my friends, Monsieur Saint Moret and Doctor de Breux.'

She hesitated a moment, her fair cheeks had coloured.

'I'm afraid I really cannot, Monsieur le Comte; you see I am Monsieur Seraigne's guest. You know your cousin, I think?'

Following her eyes with his, the soldier turned. His glance was disdainful, his tones insolent.

'So that is Monsieur Seraigne,' said he, staring the embarrassed owner of the château out of countenance. 'I scarcely remember whether we have met before.'

'Let me offer you some refreshment, Monsieur le Comte,' stammered Marcel—he had not seen his cousin since he had joined his regiment, nor would he have known him—'some wine and some soda-water?'

The younger man laughed carelessly. 'Oh no, I think not,' said he, turning his back on Seraigne, 'your own local wine, I dare say.—Mademoiselle, I wish I could offer you some of the champagne that my father kept in his cellars in old times.'

Now Marcel Seraigne was a man of peace, but his cousin's studied affront had stung him to the quick.

'The red wines of Vanot are famous now as ever,' said he hotly; 'but if you wish for champagne it is at your service.'

'At so many thousand francs the hundred dozen, I suppose, Monsieur Wine-Merchant. Château Vanot doubtless you call it.'

Marcel's blood was aflame, though his cheeks were pale as ashes.

'Sir, you disgrace your name. I have offered you the castle's hospitality, and since you refuse it, as the castle's owner I must ask you to leave Mademoiselle Vanot and me.'

The other turned, his eyes ablaze.

'Nay, that I won't for any upstart in France. I have ridden here in search of this lady, nor will I leave at your bidding, owner of Vanot though you may be.'

Marcel glanced at the girl as she sat upon the low stone coping. Very fair she was, small, with light golden hair, blue eyes, a fresh complexion, and full red lips that had parted in astonishment at this sudden quarrel. She looked from one to the other, from the upstanding soldier to the small spectacled figure that fronted him, from the man of war to the man of peace, the one coolly insolent, the other trembling with passion.

With quivering lips and with a glance at Marcel Seraigne and the Comte's two friends, she spoke, 'I ask you to leave us, Comte de Vanot.'

An evil light flashed up in the soldier's eyes—dark piercing eyes were the one feature that the cousins shared in common—and he cried, 'Nay, Henriette, though you ask me I will not go till'——

On what condition Comte Louis de Vanot would have quitted the house of his fathers the lady heard not. Marcel Seraigne had flung himself upon him. Backward reeled the soldier before the slighter man's attack, and staggered against the wall.

'You dog!' he gasped, 'you low-born bourgeois upstart! You prate of the honour of the house and "strike a Vanot beneath his own towers."'

It was the girl that answered him. 'Monsieur le

Comte, does a Vanot insult one of his blood? For shame, sir, to force a quarrel upon your host, on one who has not suffered the home of our race to pass into alien hands.'

At her reproof the soldier lost his head.

'Would that any one but that upstart had profited by my ruin. A Vanot, madame? Were he a Vanot he would do otherwise than hide behind a woman's skirt.'

Then calmly spoke the castle's owner:

'I am of thy blood, Comte Louis, as you know well, and while there is a drop of that blood in my body I will fight for the honour of our house that is so strangely dishonoured in you.'

In vain old Jean Vanot, who had been roused by the angry voices, showed them of their folly.

The Vanot blood was up—each cousin had his share thereof—and the younger men made no effort to back the lawyer in his efforts to mend the quarrel.

'The choice of old Comte Henri's blades shall be yours,' cried Marcel; 'the most valued heirloom of your house. They lie in the inner hall. You have your friends,' added he, bowing to Saint Moret and De Breux. 'Maurice my brother will be my second. In half an hour we will await you upon the lower lawn.'

He turned from the intruders, but Mademoiselle Vanot was at his side in a moment. Her anger had vanished, and tears stood in her eyes.

'Oh don't, Marcel,' she pleaded, her hand upon his arm; 'oh don't, for my sake. The Count is a swordsman, and you are not.'

But the man checked her, smiling in her tearful face.

'But for thy sake I must, Henriette; for the honour of our house.'

So, all out of heart, mademoiselle sought her father's side, while the bourgeois made straight for the picture-gallery. With a hollow laugh, he threw himself into a chair, and for perhaps the last time glanced round the chamber at those portraits he loved so well.

Now, as ever, their eyes were fixed on his. Did they know, those great ones of the house, that another of their blood was like to join them that day in the kingdom of shadows. He did not fear; he did not hope. He had been insulted, and by right of the Vanot blood that was his, for the sake of his honour outraged before a woman, he would fight. But he had no illusions concerning the issue. What match was he for this cousin of his, the expert swordsman? A few passes, a weak parry, and all would be over, and another of the race would be at rest with his fathers. And in the silence of that room, alive with memories of the past, warm grew the bourgeois heart. Enough that for a season he had lived in the ancient pile that these soldier-spirits must haunt. His only regret was on Henriette's account; for her sake alone he could have wished for life now that he knew that she loved him, that she had guessed that a heart not unworthy a Vanot lay hid beneath the commonplace exterior.

'Marcel,' cried his brother, rousing him from his day-dreams with a touch upon the arm, 'we shall be late. It is almost five. You have been sleeping.'

'Not sleeping, Maurice, dreaming perhaps,' said the other springing from his chair, and arm in arm they stepped out upon the terrace, from which a few stone steps led down to the lower lawn, a stretch of velvet turf flanked by walls of yew two centuries old.

Saint Moret greeted them, and at once began talking in a low voice to the younger brother. Louis de Vanot stood at the farther end of the lawn with Doctor de Breux, who was rolling back the sleeves of his shirt.

Marcel threw off his coat with a last glance towards terrace and château that were bathed in the glow of sunset.

But who was that on the terrace, that tall upstanding figure that was now upon the topmost step? Such a strange dress, too, and such a distinguished-looking man! Seraigne wiped his glasses, and terrace and château became one indistinct blur.

'What is it, brother?' asked Maurice gravely, stepping to Marcel's side.

'I thought—— Oh, I don't know,' stammered the elder man. 'At least, who knows? But I am ready; so are the others, I see.'

He gripped his brother's hand, and in another moment was facing his scowling opponent.

Steel rang on steel, and all but that glittering point and the handsome, menacing face behind it was forgotten. The first few passes told him that his life lay in his cousin's hand, a hand that seemed loath for a while at least to assert its undoubted superiority. Height and reach as well as skill were with the soldier, and to add to his disadvantage it seemed to Seraigne that his right hand was playing him tricks. It felt numb; the muscles, too, of his arm, were affected, were acting spasmodically, irresponsibly, were almost beyond his control. Was it fear? He was not afraid. Was it some sudden seizure? He felt as though some one was hampering his movements, was paralysing his efforts, feeble though they were.

Yes, he was sure of it. A mighty grip was upon his arm. Fleshless sinews it seemed were tightening about his hand, were pressing it close upon the rapier's hilt, and a force other than his own was controlling him, was prompting each lunge, directing each parry. Sensation was already dying in his right arm, and little by little a feeling of intense cold was overspreading his whole frame.

Was he wounded, was he dying indeed, was all over? Had De Vanot already made an end of him? But no, there was his cousin before him, his lips set, a flush on his face. He caught a sidelong glimpse of his brother and the fiercely curled moustaches of Saint Moret. And, lapped though he seemed in an icy shroud, his heart was aglow,

beating fiercely with a lust of victory, strung with a yearning to pierce his opponent's guard.

'For the honour of the house,' he gasped, filled with a strange elation at so long withstanding the other's attack; and, as if in response to words that were all but inaudible, he fancied that as a breath from afar there fell on his ear an answering whisper, 'For the honour of our house.'

Alack, for Seraigne, his glasses were becoming blurred, moisture was condensing upon them, his sight grew dim and was playing him sad tricks. He fancied that a yellow sleeve was about his arm, that a ruffle of lace was at his wrist, that a misty shadow was compassing him. Yet for all that he was fighting with renewed vigour. The soldier was giving ground before him—before him the bourgeois vine-grower! And then he saw his cousin's face grow pale, his eyes dilate, for an instant his point fell, and in that instant the strange grip upon his wrist tightened, and as every nerve seemed dominated by a force mightier than his own, he lunged and slipped through his opponent's guard.

It was but a touch, but backward staggered De Vanot, his blade dropped from his grasp, and with a cry he fell prone on the turf at Marcel's feet.

The seconds hurried up.

'He has swooned,' said Doctor de Breux, surprise in his tones, as he tore the Count's shirt open at the collar. 'The wound's but a scratch, a pin-prick. Heart-failure, I should say, has played its part in our poor friend's defeat. But I congratulate you, Monsieur Seraigne, both on your swordsmanship and on incurring no responsibility for your cousin's mishap.—Gentlemen, will you help me to carry the Count to the château? I have good hopes of soon restoring him to consciousness.'

On the Sunday following, when Louis de Vanot was far away in Paris, they stood in the picture-gallery, Marcel and Henriette. Her arm was about his neck, and tears stood in her eyes.

'Oh Marcel,' whispered she, 'I am so happy, for, oh, I was so afraid! And I am proud, Marcel, proud of one who is indeed of the Vanot blood, who is worthy of these about us.'

She pointed to the portraits that decked the walls.

And Seraigne, glancing upward with radiant, spectacled features, met the gaze of those bright eyes of Comte Henri de Vanot, the great swordsman of the yellow doublet and creamy ruffles.

'Sweetheart,' he answered softly, his gaze on that masterful face, 'mayhap I am worthy of them. Heaven grant I am worthy of thee.'

IN THE MIDNIGHT WOODS.

TRAVELLERS tell us of the horrors of the African jungle at midnight, but few people cast a thought upon what our own English woods are like when the mantle of night settles upon them. The sylvan glades, so attractive and beautiful by day, are a new world, and that a world of fear and mystery, at night. Their impenetrable blackness and their silence are weird, but the silence is broken by sounds so strange that no one hears them at any other time. In spite of the blackness of the midnight woods, for it is often impossible to see more than a foot in advance, the intruder feels and knows that he is in the midst of a strange world of life—of animals, of birds, and of insects that haunt the night-woods, and are never seen by the light of day.

It is given to few people to have personal experience of the midnight woods. Poachers and gamekeepers are really the only classes who are in any way familiar with them.

One night a poacher, a member of a gang, got detached from his party, and as he cautiously pressed his way through the blackness of the wood he felt that something was tracking him. At first his suspicions were that a gamekeeper or watcher was shadowing him. Every effort to shake off his pursuer failed. Once he turned quickly back on his own path for a short distance, but encountered no one. He could not see six inches ahead of him, and every time he tried to penetrate the darkness he failed to detect anything. Still, he knew he was being followed silently but closely. At length he came to an opening or clearing in the wood. Here, if anything, there was a little more light. He crossed the clearing walking backwards. The darkness seemed to move here and there, but he could see nothing. Suddenly, close beside him, he saw two blazing little lights. They were eyes of some animal. He again pressed forward, not relishing an encounter with such an unknown foe, and eagerly sought to gain the outskirts of the wood or meet other members of the gang; but his pursuer was at his heels. Again and again as he looked over his shoulder he saw those gleaming, blazing orbs. Then he stopped, and suddenly swinging his gun round swiftly and violently, he struck something. An unearthly yelling broke the stillness of the midnight woods, which re-echoed with the howlings of an animal as it retreated. What it was the poacher never knew.

A still more alarming experience befell another poacher. It was a stormy night, rain was falling, and the wind was howling and soughing dismally through the wood, when in breaking out of some brushwood into a clearing he stumbled against an object, and saw before him in the indistinct light the face and body of a corpse; and before he was aware of it his hand had pressed the cold and

clammy face which at once receded into the darkness. Then it came upon him silently and swiftly, and with a cry of terror he stepped back. Again it receded into the darkness, but only for an instant, when it once more came swooping upon him. It glided silently, with an awful and weird movement as though it had no legs. He could see that the sockets of the eyes were tenantless as the fearsome thing came first towards him and then went from him. He was paralysed and speechless with terror when he observed a dark line above the spectre's head, and saw that it was a rope suspending the body by the neck to a tree. The forward and receding movement of the body had been caused by his hand having moved it as it hung suspended, and sent it swinging backwards and forwards. He hastily summoned the other members of the gang, and it then became clear that the body must have been hanging there for some weeks, as it was badly decomposed. The poachers dispersed and gave information to a constable of what they had seen. It was ascertained that the body was that of a suicide.

One night a gamekeeper was patrolling a wood, when he was struck by the rather frequent bleat of a deer that he supposed had strayed into the wood from the adjacent park. But it was repeated a good many times, and in different keys, so that it would seem that there were several such stray animals in the wood. He became suspicious, and, concealing himself, he discovered that the bleating proceeded from a band of poachers. The snapping of twigs gave notice to the poachers of the presence of some one in the wood, and they had this prearranged signal among themselves. One of them afterwards explained that each member of the gang while in the woods is lost to the sight of his companions, yet it is desirable that they should keep together. At times they hear the breaking of sticks under the feet of poachers, gamekeepers, or animals, and the switching of the underwood or rustling of dead leaves. For aught they knew, these might be evidences of the presence of a gamekeeper or watcher. Then the poacher cried *baa* as much like a sheep or deer as he was able. If the noise were caused by another member of the gang he responded in the same way. If, however, there was no reply, the poacher prudently sheered off as quickly and as silently as he could. The poachers' signal was selected with a view to misleading a gamekeeper or watcher, who, hearing the evidences of movement in the wood, followed by the well-counterfeited bleat of a sheep or deer, was thrown off his guard, supposing the noise to be due to one or more of these animals having strayed into the wood, which is by no means an unusual event.

Nothing is more common than for gangs of poachers to encounter gamekeepers in the midnight woods; but what chance has a single-handed gamekeeper against a gang of armed poachers? The keeper who meets a gang of poachers sheers off just as quickly as the poachers, but for a different purpose. Finding poachers are in the wood, he retires to seek the aid of other keepers or watchers. If he is not perceived by the poachers, and succeeds in getting his assistants together quickly, the poachers are pursued, and that is when the poaching affrays occur, which are not infrequently attended by bloodshed. On the other hand, if the poachers are aware that they have been seen by the keeper they melt away; and, scattering themselves, are miles from the spot as quickly as possible.

One poacher who had a bad record in Northamptonshire, and was known by the name of Gaff, was full of resource under such circumstances, and had many expedients for throwing pursuing gamekeepers off his track. The keepers would sometimes follow the trail of a poacher almost like Indian hunters; and Gaff, knowing this, would use his coat to step upon in places where a tell-tale footprint would indicate to those in pursuit the course he had taken. At other times he would for a short distance make tracks in a certain direction and then head off at right angles. Gaff was exceedingly bold and daring. He often led his gang in the woods right up to within a few yards of a keeper's house, so that their presence would be detected by the keeper's dog, which would set up a furious barking. Without heeding this, Gaff would lay his nets as though the keeper's house and dog were miles away. Under his direction, too, one of the gang would be left beside the nets, close to the keeper's house, with the dog barking all the time, and the man dare not leave his post. A poacher was once seated in this way watching his nets when he became aware of some animal devoting more than a pleasant attention to him. It was too dark to see what it was, and he was so near the keeper's house he did not care to move. He was not long in doubt, however, as to the identity of his visitor, for he saw a rat run up his leg. He remained quite still, and the rat sprang on to his arm, ran on to his shoulder, and travelled round his neck. Still the poacher never flinched, and the rat finally disappeared, with several companions, into the darkness.

On another occasion a gamekeeper's watcher was lying concealed near a rabbit-warren in a wood, on the lookout for poachers, when he had an alarming experience. He was lying in the brushwood when he became aware of the presence of a large animal close to his face. His first impression was that it was a fox; but as it came closer to him he saw that its body was of even greater bulk though it had shorter legs, and that it was nothing less than a badger, the largest and not the least fierce of the woodfolk. The man felt it go to his feet and then begin to slowly creep up his body. He had heard that its cousins of the weasel tribe often made for the throats of those they attacked, and stealthily it crept towards his neck. He thought his best policy was to feign death. He held his breath, and felt the brute's cold nose press against his chin. At this point he could control himself no longer, but with

a swift movement of his hand he succeeded in seizing it by the skin at the back of its neck and held it from him. Its strength, however, was enormous. It tried to bite his hand, and used its claws to such purpose that the sleeves and other parts of his coat were torn to ribbons, and his arm was streaming with blood. As violently as he could, he dashed the animal from him to the ground, and was gratified to see it disappear down one of the large holes of the rabbit-warren.

About two o'clock one morning a gang of poachers were in the centre of a wood when a dispute arose among two or three of them. Argument waxed warm, voices were raised in reckless disregard of gamekeepers or watchers, and any reminder as to the possibility of the presence of one of these was met by an oath. There was, in fact, a regular row. Poachers say this is by no means unusual.

A poacher had a fine scare one night. By arrangement with the leader of the gang he was left to watch some nets that had been set in a dense part of a wood. Suddenly he was alarmed by an unearthly noise close to him. It was unlike anything he had ever heard in his life before. He was familiar with every cry of the woodfolk by day or night, but he had never heard such a noise as this. It was close to him, and yet the darkness was so intense that it was impossible to attempt to see anything; it was a piercing, thrilling, penetrating, jarring noise; it was all round him too, above him, below him, in front of him, at the back and beside him, so that if he were to attempt to fly he did not know in which direction to turn, and he might run into the very thing itself, whatever it might be. Quite unexpectedly the noise stopped, but started again with the same violence and awfulness. The noise was so strong and full that it echoed through the dark woods, and, as the poacher felt, might have been heard miles away. Again it stopped, and then close beside him he heard the soft signal of one of the gang, who the next instant was at his side. The poacher, gasping and trembling with fear, asked his fellow-poacher in a whisper what it was. His companion laughed as he replied, 'Why, mate, 'tis only a night-jar.'

Early one morning a poacher had gone down a hedgerow on the outskirts of a wood to look after the snares that had at an earlier hour been set there, when he came upon a hare which had been caught in a snare and was plunging violently. As the poacher approached, it attacked him fiercely like a savage dog, and to his alarm commenced screaming like a frightened child. A man was ploughing in an adjoining field, but apparently did not understand what was going forward, or prudently would not see.

A poacher once narrowly escaped capture in consequence of his dog bolting after a rabbit through a hedge where snares had been set, and getting caught in one. It immediately set up a howling that might have been heard in the next parish before it could be released. The noise gave the alarm to some keepers and watchers, who bore down on the spot, and the poacher only escaped by plunging at once into the darkness of the wood, and thus eluded pursuit.

Every poacher and gamekeeper knows that the weasel is at once the fiercest and most fearless of the woodfolk. Like the poachers themselves, he hunts for his prey by night more than by day, and if he thinks himself affronted, as sometimes happens, he does not hesitate to attack the gamekeeper. Numerous instances are related of the bloodthirsty little rascal suddenly running up the leg of the intruder with the apparent intention of inflicting injury, and only being beaten off with difficulty.

There is a well-known wood in Huntingdonshire known as Thomson's Thorns. It is a famous fox-cover in the Fitzwilliam Hunt. The thorns under the trees are so matted that it is impossible for a poacher or any one else to get through them. Paths or tracks have been made on the top of them, while poachers crawl on their hands and knees under them. One of these intruders having penetrated one night into the centre of the wood found a clearing where he was able to stand upright. To his surprise he found several articles of a man's clothing, apparently recently left there. Fearing that some crime had been committed, he gave information to the police, and for some time a diligent search was made through the wood, but nothing was ever found to clear up the mystery.

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

It chanced, in the westering waning grace
  Of a golden autumnal day,
That I met a strange, unfamiliar face,
  As I mounted the old stairway.

Time-graven and scored, pale, lustreless eyes,
  A gray-bearded, uncomely elf;
With bitter awakening, swift surprise,
  Lo! I gazed on my mirrored self.

Beholding, I sighed for the hapless fate
  Of my blooming, beautiful wife;
Could love still cherish so sorry a mate,
  Still cling to the ruins of life?

A step on the stair: she stood by my side,
  Enshrined in the mirror's reflex;
Divining my heart, sore with stricken pride,
  She read all its cruel perplex.

And the mirage of years as mist removed,
  Pointing truth's portrayal at last:
That beauty had fled from the face I loved,
  That youth was a joy of the past.

Then I kissed her cheek, smoothed her hair's soft band
  (You may laugh if you will—who cares?),
And like two happy lovers, hand in hand,
  We descended the old oak stairs.

SARA ELIZABETH DISTIN.

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THE YEAR IN A DEER-FOREST.

By C. H. SHARP.

WHEN the Highland train has carried southward the last of the stalking-party from the shooting-lodge, leaving the stolid stalker in possession of the glen, he may be pardoned for thinking he has seen the consummation of his year's work. He may, and as a matter of fact he usually does, chuckle at the thought that there will be no more stereotyped stalks for other nine months; and, although regretting the cessation of tips, he feels a sense of relief that he will no longer have to drain a too arid fancy in search of excuses for the palpable misses of nervous gentlemen. His daily work will now take the form of a sympathetic watchfulness and observation, and there will be few days in the year in which his interest will not have full play within the precincts of the forest.

It is, let us say, the beginning of October. The rutting season is just setting in and will last over a month. During the rest of the year stags and hinds remain separate, the stags keeping in herds on the hillsides and higher parts of the forest, while the hinds frequent the lower and more sheltered parts. Now, however, the herds break up, every stag attempting to form a harem of hinds which he guards most vigilantly from his old comrades. It is not unusual to see a herd of a score of these being thus guarded by one powerful stag, while two or three inferior animals skulk on the outskirts of the drove encouraging defection by every device. It is then that savage warfare is waged among them. They rush at each other in a series of frantic bounds. Crash go their heads with a sound like the report of a score of pistols, and then they proceed to push and jostle each other evidently with the intention of interlocking their antlers. When this has been accomplished they wriggle in a deadly wrestling bout until the weaker neck begins to move round, and then the combatants may be seen motionless, the head of the weaker animal being twisted into an excruciating attitude. In every forest of any size there have been instances of stags having their necks broken in this manner, and what is still more remarkable, dead stags have been found at the foot of precipices as if they had been voluntarily and wittingly thrown over by their opponents in some such tussle of strength. At the close of the rutting season, as may be supposed, the stag is in a very reduced condition, and it is frequently deemed advisable to open a special sanctuary for his benefit, from which all hinds are rigorously excluded. One of the various reasons for keeping them well out of the way is that, as they are in prime condition, they would soon nibble up all the grass in the vicinity of the sanctuary and defeat the object the keeper has in view in making provision for the stag's recuperation. And unless this recovery takes place there will, most probably, be serious trouble at a later period, and the stalker will have to account for an unusually high death-rate among his animals in the spring.

Hinds are in prime condition in November and December and in these months they are thinned out. Of course they are always much in excess of the stags, but they must not be allowed to outnumber them greatly, for a variety of reasons. If a certain proportion has been surpassed then invariably one of two things happens. The stags either begin to desert their ground and to push towards some neighbouring forest, or they become debilitated and suffer in general health. No animal is more fastidious than the red-deer. Let his feeding ground be soiled by his own kind and he resents it keenly; but let the annoyance be caused by another animal, such as the sheep, and nothing short of the insurmountable will prevail on him to continue on that ground. His feed consists of ordinary grass, and he likes to nibble the knotty variety known as deer-grass; but when snow lies heavily on the ground he will not despise heather, and it is a common sight in a forest to see the deer pawing the snow off the ling to enable them to feed. In most inland and elevated forests, hand-feeding has to be resorted to, Indian corn and hay being used; but there is a feeling that it should not be adopted

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unless absolutely necessary, and in some of the longest forests, such as the Duke of Westminster's at Reay in Sutherlandshire, hand-feeding is quite unknown. It is remarkable that it is not during the great snowstorms that deer die off most readily. It is rather during the milder days of April, when the young grass begins to shoot and a surfeit follows the slow starvation of previous months. The reaction is too much for the enfeebled ones, and they readily succumb.

It is during these same spring months that they are molested with the warble—a worm which infests their bodies, living in the flesh below the outer skin. These maggots are most commonly found in the small of the back, are sometimes almost half an inch in length, and as the deer lose in strength they gain and almost force their way through the outer skin. So thin does it become that it ceases to afford sufficient protection against the pelting showers of the mountains, and the animal perishes of cold. Neither frost nor snow is the worst enemy of the deer, but the cold and ceaseless rains of a late spring.

With the month of May the calving season begins. Matrons begin to drop out from the herds of hinds, and to select a secluded nest among the rankest of the heather. The word nest best describes the cavity usually chosen, where the fawn is born and carefully covered up with fog and heather, so that it is almost as difficult to discover the lair of a hind as it is to find a lark's nest. There is a common belief among stalkers that if a fawn of not more than a few days' age be rubbed down with the human hand it will readily follow that person and desert its nest. However that may be, the devotion and affection of a hind for her calf is most remarkable. It is not by any means an unusual sight to see both a calf and a yearling following the patient mother —quite a little family—on the hillside. Her warning bark on the approach of danger (and it is a bark, not a low) is one of the most characteristic sounds in the forest at certain seasons, and has a suggestive ring of primordial feeling in it that is not easily forgotten. To see a hind with a mottled fawn at her foot is to enjoy one of the most charming sights the Highlands of Scotland has to offer.

In the month of May stags cast their horns, and for a time are as nude of head-ornament as the females. They certainly look strange, but not so ludicrous as when one is detected with the one horn off and the other still in place. A yearling stag has merely a stump of a horn, but in his second year he develops an offshoot known as the brow-antler, and it is a stalker's theory that with each casting he goes on adding points till he reaches maturity, and that with the approach of senility the exact reverse sets in, the head becoming poorer with each casting. Horns of fourteen and fifteen points are not uncommon, but the average head carries from eight to ten points. A Royal has twelve points, including the brow-antler and the tip of the horn, and is as a rule considered the most perfectly developed head. It is noteworthy that the number of points on a head seems all but independent of the physique of the animal, for a finely proportioned stag will frequently show a very poor head, and *vice versâ*. The quality, however, of having many points seems to be highly transmissible, for a sire with a fine head usually has progeny showing the same characteristic. It is a difficult matter, on the other hand, to breed animals showing the double quality of a highly developed body and a nicely proportioned head. And both of these are desirable, for when the stag reaches the larder his weight is his main claim to respect. Fourteen stone is now a common weight, and occasionally an animal is grassed that turns the scale at twenty, but that is the exception rather than the rule. Between May and August the stag is getting into condition, and when his new set of horns are completed and 'clear of velvet,' as the stalker says, then the shooting season begins. This occurs, as a rule, about the middle of August.

Every hillman knows that hinds are more alert and watchful than stags, and there is a general impression that their eyesight is keener. When a herd of stags is feeding, it will be observed that almost invariably a hind or two are in the vicinity, and stationed as if actually doing outpost duty; and if the herd takes alarm, the chances are that the hinds sounded the note for retreat. Every stalker knows what liberties can be taken with the eyesight of a stag. Provided his nose and his ears give him no warning, he all but disregards alarms announced by the eye. When a stalking-party approaches him from above, slipping down some steep hillside (perhaps the easiest form of stalk), they may approach to within two hundred yards and be quite visible, when the stag will lift his head and survey the vicinity quite assured—provided always that the party remain rigidly motionless for the time being. When a stag is feeding, and begins to be apprehensive of danger, his ears start to swing backwards and forwards, and presently he may be expected to lift his head. 'Watch the lugs' is a standing precept with stalkers, and is the signal for an immediate halt. The colour of a shooting-party's clothes blends well with that of the hillside, and the stag which sees in the mass rather than in detail is easily deceived. For protection against sudden attack he depends mainly on his power of smelling and of hearing. The distance at which his nose will detect danger varies greatly according to the state of the atmosphere and the force of the wind; but in any kind of weather he may be regarded as safe on the wind-side up to about a mile. His ears are notoriously quick at detecting any short, sharp sound, but frequently fail him when the opposite might be expected, mainly owing to a whimsical self-complacency and assurance which periodically seems to get the better of him. The hind, on the other hand, true to her

sex, is far more vigilant, more suspicious, and more discriminating.

And so from August to August the stalker's life passes on with ever-changing scenes and labours. Those who talk of the monotony of existence among the hills are probably the people who have never experienced life under these conditions, and so imagine a state of matters quite different from reality. It is not all hurricane and snow even in the dead of winter; and when a storm does sweep down upon the hills it brings a change of circumstances, and frequently a pleasant form of variety. Nature is many-sided, and nowhere is this better seen than among the solitary valleys and glens far removed from the bustle of modern life.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER XXIV.

'ARE you going to bed to-night?' asked the King, as I seated myself in one of his comfortable armchairs and watched him mix me a powerful whisky-and-soda.

I consulted my watch. It was ten minutes past six.

'I think so,' I replied. 'There is the Caledonian Medal to be played for.'

His Majesty laughed.

'How our rivals of the curling-rink would rejoice to know of our nerve-shattering experiences to-night. I guarantee Colonel Stuart and the keener Scotchmen were all in bed by ten. Have a cigar?'

'Thanks. Personally, I regard over-training as a great danger. Give me two hours' sleep and a good breakfast, and I am ready for as hard a day's sport as Weissheim can offer me.'

'Bravo! There speaks the Englishman. By the way, Saunders, what reward would you like for this evening's work? I am not going to try and thank you; that is beyond my powers. Would you like to be a baron?'

I shook my head.

'I am a linen-draper and an Englishman,' I replied, 'and my friends of the Portland Club have a keen sense of humour.'

'Why not live out here? I assure you this night's work has settled our dynastic troubles for many a long day.'

'It is impossible, sire. I have my business in London to think of.'

'I thought that was the last thing you ever thought of.'

'To-night my eyes have been opened to the real ties of life. I appreciate the true inwardness of the phrase "cumbering the ground."'

'I am sorry,' said my companion thoughtfully, 'for I love you like a brother, far more than most brothers love each other. You must come out here regularly every year. It will be good for your health and for my peace of mind. Also, I insist on giving you some memento of this evening's work. Money you do not need, but we have a gewgaw called the order of the Black Ostrich. Princes of the Blood and members of reigning houses are alone eligible for the first-class; but I should like to present you with the second-class, set in brilliants, if I may.'

'I should value it enormously, sire, as a token of your personal friendship.'

'Excellent; that is settled then. Meyer must have a barony, Schneider a thousand pounds and a tie-pin, Zuos and the others third-class Black Ostrich and promotion. Saunders, have you ever been in love?'

'If it wasn't so late, sire, I should blush.'

'You have, then, eh? Good. So have I, and the person I was in love with was the Princess Charlotte Zu und von Kreide-Hügelstadt. Unfortunately, I married her, and as Queen and Consort I found her infinitely less attractive than the high-spirited, somewhat flighty Princess I had fixed my youthful fancies on. The fierce light that beats upon a throne seemed to blind all her better qualities and force to an unnatural growth the meaner characteristics of her nature. Love of display, vanity, desire for popularity, extravagance: these were a few of the lesser evils that I saw, with dismay, swelling and growing with alarming aggrandisement. Then she began to develop a temper, and I groaned, for irritability in man is an unbearable fault, in woman it is a damning one. Still, I ground my teeth and bore it, bore it like a most Christian King, for I had chosen her out as my wife, and, as far as in me lay, I was determined that the compact should be loyally maintained. Then, finally, she began to develop a soul. That was fatal; a woman with a soul is a mad cat and a parrot rolled into one, and I learned that marriage-ties may be more burdensome than a convict's chains. On the whole I supported my martyrdom fairly well. She discovered I was unorthodox in my views, and breathed hell-fire on me in the gray hours of the early morning. I tried flippancy as a retaliatory force, but my wife's soul left no room for any sense of humour. She began to loathe me with the loathing of a religious fanatic; and, as is inevitable in such cases, she began to look for spiritual consolation elsewhere. The Archbishop of Weidenbruck, who is as time-serving an old scoundrel as ever donned a cassock, encouraged her in her antagonistic attitude towards me, and she threw herself figuratively, and, for all I know or care, literally, into the arms of the Grand Duke. She played at treason; and, though fear for her

over-massaged skin kept her long from crossing the Rubicon, she dallied with the alluring game till its fascinations ultimately overmastered her. You know her character nearly as well as I do, and if you are a wise man you will blame her as little as I do. A hypertrophied, supersensitive soul is a disease, and has driven more women to deadly sin than want, luxury, or ennui.'

'Heaven help poor old Father Bernhard!' I yawned. 'If your Majesty will excuse me, I will go to bed. I want a clear eye and a steady hand for the medal competition.'

'Good-night then. *Schlafen sie gut.* Personally, I remain awake for the rest of the night, for I have many things to think of.'

Bidding his Majesty good-night, I sought my room; and, casting off my clothes and extinguishing the light, I jumped into bed, wondering if I had ever felt less predisposed for slumber in my life. Then the events of the day blended into a strange, impossible medley, wherein Grand Dukes and tobogganes, fascinating princesses and magic tables moved inconsequently in a halo of revolvers to the strains of *La Lettre de Manon.* I was awakened at 9.30 by the King, who was attired in a suit of pyjamas and his flowery dressing-gown.

'I've just had a bath,' he began. 'Slept well?'

'Like a church, sire. Is there any fresh news?'

'None, except that I have just made Meyer a Baron. He is as happy as a schoolboy; I fancy he is thinking of a certain American widow who was intended by nature to bear a title as well as the treasures of Golconda. We are putting Weissheim under martial-law, and the people will rather like it. If they cannot have a revolution they will have the next best thing. We shall publish shortly our official account of the night's tragedy, and when the populace learn that it was my hand which despatched the Grand Duke their goodwill towards me will increase by leaps and bounds.'

'I thought the Grand Duke was popular,' I objected.

'So he was. But the Grimlander is romantic, and the fact that I have shed blood will be counted unto me for righteousness. Henceforth my position will be an easy and comparatively safe one.'

'I am rejoiced to hear it,' I said, getting out of bed and looking out of the window. The sun was still behind the Klauigberg, and the sky was of the pale-blue which heralded another perfect day.

'How about the children?' I pursued. 'Were they disturbed?'

'No; they slept the sleep of the innocent. So did the Fraülein von Helder and Miss Anchester. Now, hurry up, my dear fellow, and get dressed, for the medal-play begins at 10.30.'

'Do you feel like running up a good score, sire?' I inquired, casting off the warm *duvet.*

'I shall not compete. I have a busy morning before me. By the way, I would rather you did not mention the events of last night to anybody.'

'Naturally, sire.'

'Well, I must go and dress. Good luck attend you on the curling-rink!'

I hastened to perform my toilet, and attacked my usual breakfast of boiled eggs and honey with an even better appetite than usual. As the church clock struck the half-hour, I presented myself at the Pariserhof curling-rink. The attendance was good, the only conspicuous absentee being his Majesty, who sent a message through me that important business prevented him from taking part in the competition. Rumours that there had been troubles of a political nature were prevalent on the ice; but there was nothing unusual in that, and in the strenuous atmosphere of the competition they were soon forgotten.

Modesty and a respect for my reader's patience forbids my going into details of that morning's play. Let it suffice that I could do nothing wrong, that fortune so favoured me that I grew tired of her unfailing blandishments, and at the luncheon interval I had amassed such a score that my ultimate victory was regarded by every one as a moral certainty. As I turned my steps towards the Palace, where lunch awaited me, I saw Miss Anchester and her royal charges preceding me in the same direction. They had evidently been amongst the numerous onlookers, and I rejoiced to think that my remarkable accuracy had been watched by so critical a spectator as the governess. Not without a desire for her congratulations, I hastened to overtake her.

'Good-morning,' she said, in answer to my salutations. 'Have you noticed the Fish?'

'The Fish?'

'The white cloud that hangs about the base of the Klauigberg. It is creeping up the valley. We shall have bad weather.'

I was annoyed, for I had anticipated congratulations, not a disquisition on the weather.

'I do not mind the least,' I answered. 'The principal sporting events of the season are over—or as good as over—and I return to England next week.'

'You are selfish.'

'For returning to England?'

'Good gracious, no! For not minding what the weather is when you are gone.'

'The dry air of Weissheim is conducive to cold-heartedness,' I replied. 'By the way, did you see me curl this morning?'

'We did. You ought to win the medal if you keep your head.'

'I have not the slightest intention of losing it.'

'The medal or your head?'

'I shall lose neither.'

'Your self-confidence is touching.'

'The small amount of confidence deposited in me by others is more than touching.'

Miss Anchester laughed.

'You think we ought to back you more enthusiastically.'

'I do.'

'Why?'

I shrugged my shoulders.

'We are all from the Brun-varad,' I said.

'You are a guest of his Majesty, I a paid dependent.'

'The distinction lacks point,' I said irritably, and for some moments we walked on in silence. As we neared the Palace the governess was the first to speak.

'I should not have said what I did about being a paid dependent,' she said; 'it was an example of a very rare thing—female snobbishness. But I was angry with you. Do you know why?'

'I cannot imagine.'

'I will tell you later. In the meantime, make a good lunch and keep your nerves steady for this afternoon's play. Our good wishes will be with you.'

Wondering vaguely at her cryptic utterances, and concluding that I must have in some way contrived to offend her at the Schattenbergs' ball, I proceeded to carry out her excellent advice on the subject of maintaining nerve-tone.

We sat down four to lunch—the King, Baron Meyer, Schneider, and myself—and I was rather hurt that no one made any inquiries as to my performance on the curling-rink. Very little, indeed, was said at all; but I gathered that Weissheim had been put under martial-law, that the town was full of wild rumours which would shortly be set at rest by a royal proclamation giving a true account of the unsuccessful attempt on the King's person; further, that the general situation, though not devoid of tension and anxiety, was on the whole as satisfactory as could be expected, and gave promise of a calmer and more settled state of feeling.

So much I gathered by piecing together the brief, disjointed remarks which my companions threw out from time to time to each other, and from the air of strenuous but fairly cheerful preoccupation which they all wore. My presence, indeed, was ignored almost to the point of rudeness; and, had not my common-sense told me that these three had been busying themselves on matters of considerably more importance than curling, and that time was necessary before they could descend to the trivialities of sport and pleasure, I might have been offended. As it was, I carried out my scheme of sustaining nerve-tone with silent efficiency and a certain measure of critical amusement.

Finally, I rose, begging to be excused on the ground that my presence was demanded on the ice.

'Certainly, certainly,' said the King, in answer to my request. 'Go, and success attend you! How have you been doing?'

'Very well, sire. Every one regrets that you are unable to take part in the competition.'

'That is very kind of every one. I am afraid our preoccupation has caused you a very dull meal.'

'Not at all, sire; I merely regret that I am unable to be of any use to you in your deliberations.'

'Your work is done, Saunders, and marvellously well done too. Happily, the man of action is no longer required.'

'Merely the man of brains!'

The King laughed good-naturedly.

'I should be sorry to exclude you from that category,' he said. 'But what we are dealing with now is detail. In this detail we want the specially trained faculties of the soldier, the detective, and the Sovereign. The first two rôles are admirably filled, as you know, by our friends here. The last is indifferently filled by myself, but unhappily there is no substitute.'

'Say, rather, "happily," sire. With your permission, I go to uphold the honour of the Brun-varad on the curling-rink.'

On arriving once more on the scene of play, I discovered that rumours and reports had been multiplied and magnified to such an extent that it was believed in some quarters that his Majesty's absence from the ranks of the competitors was due to a dagger-wound in the royal abdomen, in others that the tension between the King and Queen had culminated in an attack of wife-beating of unparalleled ferocity. To such and similar legends I gave the lie unqualified, stating that I had lunched with his Majesty, who was in excellent health, and who was about to give to the world a true account of the incidents from which these wild reports had originated. More I refused to say, and was accordingly somewhat sniffed at as a superior person.

Of the afternoon's play little need be said except that it bore a striking resemblance to the morning's. Inwicks, outwicks, drawings to the tee, chippings of the winner, were feats I performed with astonishing regularity; and had it not been for the extraordinary interest manifested by my rivals, and the consciousness that Miss Anchester's gray eyes were upon me, I should have been bored to death by the unfailing consistency of my good-fortune. As it was, I achieved a score which remains an easy record at Weissheim to this day.

At the conclusion of play I received the congratulations of the curling fraternity with becoming modesty and the commonplace regret that we could not all be winners. Then I turned to where Miss Anchester was sitting with the royal children, and as I did so a great sound of cheering broke on my ears. Instantly it occurred to me that the news of my further success had been communicated to the good Weissheimers, and that the double-winner of the Grimland Derby and Caledonian Medal was about to receive an ovation even more enthusiastic and warm-hearted than that which had been accorded me on the previous afternoon. I approached Miss Anchester and her royal charges, determined at last to receive her congratulations, and wondering whether they would be expressed in the coldest and most formal terms, or whether in a spirit of ironical exaggeration such as she had employed in toasting the winner of the Grimland Derby. I recalled with a smile her supercilious comment

after my first essay on the curling-rink: how she had informed me that with practice and patience I might well attain to the position of a No 2, or even conceivably a No. 3 if there was a dearth of good players on the ice. Now that I had won, hands down, the trophy which most of my opponents would have given ten years of their enthusiastic lives to call their own, I determined to remind her good-humouredly of her words. Louder and nearer grew the sound of the cheering, and I was about to address to her my smiling taunt when suddenly, and to my thinking somewhat rudely, she turned away in the direction of the rousing sounds. I followed her gaze, and a moment later I knew that it was not in my honour that the frosty air was being shaken with hoarse cries. At the head of a great throng stalked the tall, ponderous figure of the King; his head was bare, his brown face wreathed in smiles, and following him, shouting, crying, tossing fur caps and woollen *bérets* high into the air, were the good, excitable folks of Weissheim. Immediately behind him, and at the head of the following throng, were Zuos and General Meyer, and in the crowd itself representatives of every trade or profession in the town. Soldiers, wood-carvers, publicans, leather-workers, masons, and shoemakers vied with each other in doing vociferous honour to their old King and new-found hero. As his Majesty passed the Pariserhof rinks, the curlers, amongst whom the broad fact of the King's danger and escape was now recognised, took up the roaring tribute and joined their wild curling-cries to the deep-throated applause:

'Long live King Karl! *Vivat Majestät! Sehr gut gespielt!*'

Miss Anchester, a gleam of excitement in her gray eyes, mounted the seat she had been occupying, and, flaunting her handkerchief and almost dancing with exhilaration, raised her clear tones in honour of the happy Sovereign.

My trifling humiliation at finding that I was not the real recipient of the cheering disappeared instantaneously in the prevailing atmosphere of enthusiasm, and, waving my cap aloft, I gave vent to a particularly forcible '*Vivat Majestät.*' The King's eyes fell on me, and advancing to me he shook me warmly by the hand.

'How did you get on at the competition?' he asked.

'I won it, sire.'

'Bravo!' he called loudly.—'My friends, Herr Saunders, the winner of the Grimland Derby, has also carried off the Caledonian Medal. Three cheers for Herr Saunders.'

The bathos of the situation seemed to strike the audience, for there was laughter mingled in their cheering; but it was all very good-natured and inspiring, and I doffed my cap repeatedly in acknowledgment.

'Not only that,' pursued the King, around whom the crowd had now gathered as about one of whom a speech was expected; 'it was Mr Saunders who saved my life last night. You have read my official proclamation describing how a friend, escaping from the toils of our enemies in the Marien-kastel, tobogganed at night without rakes down the Kastel-run in order to anticipate the traitors who had already started on their dastardly journey: that was Herr Saunders. [Cheers.] How the same friend clambered down a rainwater-pipe and with the utmost difficulty and at the utmost risk succeeded in scrambling into the *Schweigenkammer* to be beside me in the moment of peril: that was Herr Saunders.'

There was no mistaking the purport of those cheers now, and, as I stood there bareheaded, facing that shouting crowd, I felt the same thrill of perfect joyousness as when, six years before, I had just completed my half-century in the 'varsity match. Applause is an intoxicating thing. It raises one to the level of the gods; for the moment one treads the clouds, one's head is in the stars, the earth becomes a puny sphere supremely dominated by the imperial ego. The cheers of the excitable Weissheimers mounted to my brain, and the genial plaudits of my fellow-countrymen acted on me like strong wine. I reeled, figuratively, with the debauch of acclamation; and then, as the King passed on and the noise of the multitude grew faint, my pulses slowed and the depression of the stale reveller assailed me. I had lived, I had tasted the strongest of life's wine, and I must henceforth drink of water. The reaction was too acute, too sudden to be normal. The exhilarations should have lasted longer, died slower in a healthy spirit, and I almost groaned, for I knew that my spirit was not healthy, but sick of the fever that men call love. I looked round, and of the throng that had been shouting themselves hoarse at the mention of my name scarce one individual remained. The curlers, each disappointed of his secret expectations, had donned their greatcoats and were wending their way back towards the Pariserhof, where the delights of hot chocolate and 'bridge' awaited them. The noisy Weissheimers were still following their tardily appreciated Sovereign, and would doubtless make a patriotic demonstration before the Brun-varad. In that case, fresh cheers might await me did I so choose, for I had but to appear on the balcony of some window for the excitable throng to scream themselves hoarse at the sight. In my present mood nothing would have been more distasteful. Life seemed a raw, unsatisfying thing, and to be forced to smile and smirk and bow to a yelping multitude was beyond the range of the endurable. Vaguely, I desired Miss Anchester's society, but she had gone on ahead, joining herself to the crowd. Perhaps it was as well, I reflected, for in my present mood her usual tone of calm superiority and chilling reproof might have led to verbal reprisals considerably less courteous than my ordinary tolerably uncivil retorts.

An idea struck me. What was happening at the Marien-kastel? How had the Princess borne

the disastrous news of her bereavement? My conscience smote me for not having turned my thoughts that way before. Unwilling to return to the crowd-invested Palace, I determined to wander up to the path that fringed the Kastel-run as far as the Princess's home, and make inquiries as to her condition.

(To be continued.)

THE PASSING OF THE DUEL.

By Alfred Fellows.

PERHAPS no incident of by-gone life in England is of greater interest to the present generation than the duel. The manifest reason is that human nature cannot be masked in the face of such an ordeal; and, short of an encounter with an armed burglar or poacher, no modern English gentleman is likely to pass through a similar test of his character. This test was a possibility to our forefathers from the time they left school till they were sixty, or even older, and still remains a possibility to natives and sojourners in certain neighbouring countries, though the laws of some of them may nominally prohibit it. In these countries public opinion may be, from a humanitarian point of view, behind their code law; but in England public opinion countenances, and no doubt approves, a law so stringent that, in a duel with a fatal issue, not only the principal, but both seconds and all other parties present and aiding, are liable to be indicted for murder. In such a case the death penalty might very likely be commuted; but the survivor, even if only the challenged party, might consider himself lucky if he escaped a long term of penal servitude, and the seconds would also receive heavy punishments. So lately as in the reign of Queen Victoria, an English Peer escaped sentence on this count by a flaw in the indictment; but such a technicality would receive short shrift in the twentieth century.

If an English judge had to pass sentence on a duellist—a duty which seems now only remotely possible—he would lay great stress on the fact that the law of to-day is competent to redress all grievances. In the days when its arm was shorter, there might have been some excuse, if not reason, for a man taking vengeance into his own hands; but now procedure is speedy and simple, the administrators of the law have effectually won the long battle against those who break it, and the punishment fits the crime as nearly as can be expected in a world so imperfect; and by logical conclusion, no possible justification could exist any longer for resort to such barbarism.

From the experience of his own law-abiding and well-ordered life, the judge might speak with all sincerity; but the very phrase used in legal text-books, *damnum absque injuriâ*, indicates that there may be wrongs which the law overlooks, usually for reasons of public policy. Sometimes, also, when the law gives a remedy, there may be a rigid class-prejudice against having recourse to it. A well-born English girl will not, for example, bring an action for breach of promise of marriage; a man's similar reluctance may partly be due to his extremely remote chance of getting damages. Again, as between men, the defendant who pleads the Gaming Act loses caste, though the law justifies him; and he who preserves pheasants must not always exercise his legal rights of shooting foxes and excluding fox-hunters.

In nearly all such cases a question arises concerning that abstract thing called 'honour,' which perhaps may be defined as a certain personal dignity whose loss the law alone cannot repair, an abstract thing for which brave and good men have willingly sacrificed their lives, and in other ways than duelling continue to do so. The captain who would sink with his ship sooner than save himself before crew and passengers, leaves the docks every day, now as formerly.

The very synonym of the duel—an affair of honour—indicated its nature. In the typical case, a man had suffered some injury which he believed the law could redress inadequately, or not at all, and in these circumstances he invoked the ancient custom which, while it might demand his life, left his honour inviolate.

The custom might, indeed, have been supposed to arise from the law's deficiency if history did not show a different origin. In fact, so far from duels being outside the law's pale, they used formerly, either as ordeals to which both parties had to submit, or as direct combats, to be prescribed as a method of settling claims by the law itself; and in England, within the last hundred years, it was laid down by the Lord Chief-Justice that, on an appeal by a relative of a murdered woman, the accused had the right, unless his guilt was manifest, to challenge the appellant to 'battel,' the latter thus staking his own life by his course. This decision may seem incredible; but it was recorded, and an Act of Parliament had forthwith to be passed to rectify the anachronism.

The very interesting history of the duel in relation to the law cannot be entered into here; but a modern observer should find a certain pathos in the ancient methods before he entirely condemns them. For it must always be remembered that the most sincere desire to see justice done does not carry with it the power to weigh evidence; and the ancient law-givers, who had to risk grievous miscarriages, perhaps chose to give the benefit of

their weakness to the stout heart rather than the plausible tongue. Doubtless, too, there was the hope that Providence would not suffer the wrong-doer to prevail, and would regulate the issue accordingly; but grave abuses ultimately taught men that justice must come from themselves, unassisted by miracles. And, as by more scientific treatment of evidence issues of fact could be dealt with better, it was found that the rational method, though mistakes might be made—they are still—was better than the blind one.

Meanwhile, men of the upper classes, who had more time to quarrel and more property to quarrel over than those of the lower, had become accustomed to single combat with their own weapons for settling their differences; and so it came about that, both parties consenting, matters untouched by the law, or which did not admit of its delay, were thus decided.

One obvious inconvenience to statesmen was that the duel *à la mort*—inevitably the usual kind, with heavy swords as weapons—deprived the country of many promising young men; and the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries shows repeated but unsuccessful attempts to check it, especially in France. But its manifest disadvantages have now long since been fully recognised even by the class who practised it, and with the English-speaking races its prohibition is much more than merely nominal. In France, Germany, and Italy officers, and sometimes journalists and statesmen, issue challenges, or are liable to be 'called out' under elaborate codes of honour, and occasionally private citizens will have recourse to this way of settling a dispute. The issue of the modern continental duel is not as a rule fatal, though—Mark Twain's conclusion notwithstanding—there must be danger to life even for the combatants, unless by secret agreement the duel is in the nature of an advertisement for both participants; but it is clear that a number of modern duels are by no means of this nature.

No one can deny that the passing of this custom has many and very obvious advantages. In the old duelling days the good shot or skilful swordsman might be a bully, and to resent his outrageous behaviour as likely as not meant death to the man insulted, while the other ran little or no risk in the encounter. When gentlemen carried swords and frequented taverns, a drunken quarrel about nothing would often have a fatal ending, and even when there was a clear cause of offence, the ancient and obvious difficulty remained that the offender had as good a chance of victory as the offended. Moreover, if a gentleman wished to resent some boorish breach of manners, for which an apology was not forthcoming, there was no half-way house between ignoring the matter and the stake of life for life, for to give the offender a thrashing—again supposing the insulted man was physically able—inevitably provoked a challenge which could not be refused in ordinary circumstances.

No one, therefore, but the most extremely old-fashioned, can regret the change of custom; but to assume that it is all pure gain is to make a very different inference. It may or may not be the case that manners have deteriorated in the absence of the duel. The Englishman of the present day has perhaps less to be ashamed of in this respect than his critics would have us believe. But, with all its barbarism, the duel did supply a want for which modern law has no prescription.

To consider a very simple example, let it be supposed that a gentleman suddenly discovers that his wife and his trusted friend have been false to him. The law gives him the remedy of divorce against the wife and damages against the lover; but it may happen that while he is willing to forgive the mother of his children he is not ready to condone the man's offence. In this case it is true that the law allows him damages without a divorce if he asks for them—a fact which may not generally be known; but this also involves publicity and smirching his wife's and his own name in the mud, and even now it is very widely considered that the injury in question is not one that can be righted by a cheque. A duel was the ancient remedy. But if the injured husband himself was killed the result was outrageous, if neither was hurt it was absurd, and if the adulterer was killed a sort of wild justice was done; but it is felt in modern times that the punishment does not befit the offence in such a case.

In addition to the one discussed, other less grave situations may still arise which the law either does not touch or deals with inadequately. If, for example, the man's friend and his wife in the last case had been innocent of the gravest offence, it might be that the wife had been compromised. Again, perhaps a daughter or a sister may be jilted, or two men may have a quarrel, in the presence of others, of the deplorable kind that is sometimes called a 'vulgar row.' In the first example, resort to the law is practically impossible, and as to the second, the law is not concerned with vulgar abuse, except that the combatants may perhaps be sworn to keep the peace, which does not satisfy a man smarting under revilement. In any such case the duel was certainly a remedy, but it was a very bad one. The average man will resent being called a liar, for instance, but to kill his traducer is, if he has any decent feelings, to inflict a more drastic punishment than the outrage warrants; and, if the latter were a good shot or swordsman, to be killed as well as insulted would be highly unsatisfactory.

In romances and melodrama these situations arise continually, and are dealt with in an easy manner by the villain being either thrashed, horsewhipped, or put in a duck-pond. Unfortunately, the law that physical strength varies directly as the righteousness of a cause has no sort of existence in fact, and until novel-writers and their readers, playwrights and play-goers, acknowledge this, popular fiction and drama will deserve all the hard things said about their foolishness, and worse. Even Mr Kipling him-

self, who did not dare to allow Private Ortheris to vanquish Lieutenant Ouless, is an offender in this respect; and Mr Squeers would surely have cut a better figure against his half-starved usher.

In real life a man cannot thrash or horsewhip another without the thing becoming an undignified scramble, unless he is about three times as strong, when fair-minded spectators would certainly be justified in interfering. The threat to pull a man's nose, if carried out, would probably result in a stupid fist-fight or wrestle, similarly stopped by bystanders; while, if a man beguiled his opponent into an unfrequented place and then fell on him, he would deserve his fate if the latter retaliated by hiring roughs to maltreat him. To sane people, uninfluenced by romance, not a word can be said in favour of the stick, the horsewhip, or the duck-pond. As remedies they are more unfair than the duel.

It thus appears that for definite injuries, recognisable as such by most fair-minded people, a bad remedy has gone, and none remains; and the question arises whether this state of things is incapable of amendment. The usual proposition is for a Court of Honour—some precedents will be found in France and Germany—having jurisdiction as a rule over military men, like the *Tribunal des Maréchaux*, which the late Prince-Consort wished to see imitated in England. But here, of course, immense difficulties arise. The officer is subject to special laws, and can be dismissed from the army without reason given, so that an offence against honour can always be visited on him by this indirect punishment; but a civilian is not so amenable, and if he has committed an offence against the law, cannot usually be punished at all, except by ostracism or his own consent. Then in a Court of Honour there is the great difficulty of taking evidence, finding facts, and enforcing decrees, those unenforceable being worse than useless. For if both parties agreed to be bound by the findings of fact and the judgment, this would either have the effect of a contract or it would not. In the first case, it would resolve itself into a matter of law, and the remedies prescribed would have to be by legal process, which would probably exclude the best; in the second case, the offending party might simply ignore the order of the court with impunity. Moreover, if for the purposes of the court a man admitted an indiscretion from which legal consequences might flow, it is possible that his admissions might be used against him in an action.

If such a court were established, it would thus seem advisable that at first it should only deal with admitted facts or very strong *primâ facie* cases; and as the essence of offences against honour and reputation is publicity, the percentage excluded might very well be a small one. Let it, then, be supposed that such a court could be constituted, and both parties in a quarrel were willing to be bound; and let the case be taken where one man has grossly and inexcusably injured or insulted another, as by running away with his wife. For the reasons given above, a duel with deadly weapons would be out of the question as a proper solution; and the aim being to punish the offender, such a thing as a fight with fists would be almost as undesirable, for as often as not the injured party would be thrashed. A possible solution would be to order the offender to be trounced up and flogged by the other, or otherwise arrange matters so that no harm could befall the innocent person; but apart from the fact that the guilty would never voluntarily submit to a tribunal which could only punish him, most gentlemen would feel that to hit a helpless man in cold blood was worse than receiving money from him as a solace for dishonour.

A certain affair between two doughty professors of the *arme blanche* has seemed to the writer to suggest a solution of the difficulty he propounds. Each was singlestick champion of England, and said so; but as such a title does not admit of the plural number, a difference arose and became acute when the wife of one of them, at her lord's direction, treated his rival as Svengali treated Little Billee—Taffy's interposition, it may be remarked, is one of the few scenes of this sort in fiction which do not offend the sense of fitness. But the question at issue and the private quarrel here admitted of a single settlement. Before a select company each man faced the other, his head protected by a mask, but with no other protection above his waist but a thin zephyr, and in such wise they broke thick sticks over each other's shoulder till one of them—with poetic justice it was he who had made the unpleasant suggestion to his lady above recorded—was driven back, pinned up to the wall, and vanquished. And the victor, who is still living, can be persuaded to tell the tale without much difficulty.

Thus took place a contest, not dangerous to life, but an ordeal which a man would certainly think twice before facing—for the wales showed visibly after each successful stroke—and one, moreover, which could be modified so as to give some advantage to one party. If, for example, husband and co-respondent were directed thus to settle the quarrel between them, the latter might have thinner or shorter sticks, so that, though he might hurt his opponent, he would probably suffer most himself. A fight with boxing-gloves must always be an affair of weights, and a co-respondent with cushions on his hands might, if a big man, laugh at an injured husband, even if the latter were gloveless. Fencing with a *point d'arret* could here be suggested; but the difficulty would be that a long and clumsy scratch would have more effect than a clean hit. The problem is to find something which could be recognised as satisfactory by gentlemen, could take place in a school of arms or similarly suitable place, would not endanger life, would be capable of adjustment according to the righteousness of the respective causes, and perhaps having regard to size and reach (skill ought not to be so discounted), and would yet be an ordeal to both parties: the facing

of sharp, physical pain, and the necessity of ignoring it. If it may be permitted to let imagination run riot for a minute, and to take unwarrantable liberties, a committee might be selected to consider the matter, and the services of Professor Sandow, Captain Alfred Hutton, Mr Eustace Miles, Mr Fry, and a professional boxer be commandeered, with some capable doctor to assist them. Perhaps, also, some professor of *jiu jitsu* would be useful, and these distinguished persons could then safely be left to devise a new and improved 'battel.'

A formal Court of Honour is a thing of which Englishmen have always been shy; but informal references to tactful men of the world, notably to a certain deceased peer, have been frequent. Here, if liberties may again be taken, some rooms in the College of Arms might be annexed, and a few of the heralds and other officials be impressed into the service; but it would have to be made clear to all of them that a 'gentleman' is not exclusively and necessarily one who or whose ancestor has paid them large fees for the privilege of coat-armour. They should have power to order apologies, and, in the last resort, to enjoin the up-to-date duel, which should be carried out under the directions of a committee similar to the one suggested above. Englishmen would have to be shown that the innovation was not ridiculous (for the idea of ridicule frightens them more than anything else), that it was reasonable, and reasonably supplied an obvious want; and public opinion would have to be so educated that a rigid social ostracism like that meted to the cheat at cards would follow 'contempt of court' where its decrees were disregarded. There should also be the equivalent of 'posting' by the court, for which the maximum legal penalty in an action for libel should be a farthing, plaintiff to pay all costs.

In divorce court cases between gentlefolk, where facts were proved, such a duel should be the natural sequence, after proper formalities, even if neither party was anxious for it. The co-respondent's punishment would then fit his offence a little more trimly than it does at present, and it would do no harm to the race if all gentlemen bearing the honourable rank of husband had to keep themselves in fit condition to encounter this possibility. For less serious matters the duel might be made milder, and in all cases the parties would have to bind themselves to pay reasonable court fees. No doubt many improvements would soon be suggested in practice.

If, as our neighbours used to tell us, we are a nation of shopkeepers, critics may consider such suggestions impracticable, and Courts of Honour ridiculous. But so in present circumstances are black eyes, injured husbands, and respectable citizens 'bonneted' by drunken or frolicsome young gentlemen, and persons of the most majestic dignity may, through no fault of their own, be or suffer any one of these things at any time. By the suggestion above being adopted, any man of ordinary physical fitness could ensure his dignity, and the possible price of aches and bruises would not seem to be too great a price to pay for such a privilege.

THE WILL TO BE WELL.

THE medical world has for some years past been paying special attention to what is known as psycho-therapeutics, or the treatment of disorders of health by means of mental impressions suggested to the patient (hypnotism, faith-healing, Christian science, &c.) or voluntarily induced by the patient (auto-suggestion).

This latter portion of the subject has recently obtained considerable popularity among the lay public, as evidenced by magazine and newspaper articles, and even by the publication of a novel which is said to have aroused great interest in our highest circles of society. In the *Contemporary Review* for January 1906, an excellent paper by M. Jean Finot, entitled, 'The Will as a Means of Prolonging Life,' draws fresh attention to one branch of the subject.

It is of the greatest importance that this power of the will, or voluntary auto-suggestion, to subdue diseased sensations and conditions should be advocated by our medical men, and should be practised by us all. The object of this brief paper is not to find any fault with the popular interest and discussion of the subject; on the contrary, it aims at encouraging such interest. However, it has been asserted or implied that this power of the will is of recent recognition, or at least of recent employment; and my more immediate purpose is to show that this is far from being the case.

It has often been remarked that discoveries which have proved of considerable importance at some period of history have been mysteriously neglected and forgotten; until, in course of time, they have been again announced, advertised, and cackled over as something new and strange. Many of our most valuable mechanical and physical devices were apparently known to and used by races of mankind thousands of years ago; their use has been neglected and forgotten by intervening dark ages, and when some comparatively modern investigator reannounces the discovery we become enthusiastic. With regard to many of nature's laws we confer on them patriotically the name of some countryman of our own, and contest hotly the claim of some foreigner; ignorant that the infant whose birth we have announced, and

about whose paternity we are quarrelling, is of hoary antiquity, and that the name of its human father is lost in the mists of time. This reflection, so well recognised in the physical world, applies equally to the domain of psychology. Views, doctrines, and theories have their day and are forgotten; but when they again come into vogue, as they will if there be any truth in them, there is some slight literary interest to be obtained by looking up their previous history as recorded in the literature of the time.

Upon noticing the present interest in the employment of the will, or of voluntary conduct, to materially influence the life and health of each individual, and so to induce happiness and good health in those exercising it, where otherwise misery and disease would be present, I was forcibly reminded of a pamphlet I read over thirty years ago when a student at the University of Bonn. This essay made a strong impression on me at the time, and I endeavoured to make practical use thereof during the years when I was in medical practice, having found its suggestions of value in the conduct of my own life.

A few extracts from the pamphlet may show how parallel are the views there published with those expressed to-day; while the very titles and applications are identical with those of modern essays on the subject.

The pamphlet is entitled, *I. Kant on the Power of the Mind by Simple Determination to Conquer Diseased Sensations;* and on the cover is printed a testimonial from a Prussian Minister of State, stating that but for Kant's essay he would have died long ago. Inside the cover of this pamphlet is the advertisement of a book by a Dr Hartmann, formerly Professor of Medicine at the University of Vienna, entitled, *The Art of Enjoying Life, and thereby Securing and Retaining Health, Beauty, and Strength of Body and Mind.* The pamphlet is in the form of a letter to the celebrated medical editor Hufeland, and was due to Kant's study of a book by Hufeland, the title of which closely resembles that of M. Finot's recent essay in the *Contemporary Review*, being *The Art of Prolonging Human Life.* Hufeland writes an introduction and numerous notes to the essay, so that it may be almost considered the joint production of Kant and Hufeland. In the introduction Hufeland mentions that the essay was the last production of the philosopher's pen, and was written in 1797, when he was seventy-three years of age. Hufeland then adds:

'The life of the body must be subordinate to and governed by each of us if we would lead a true existence; the mental condition must not be subject to the humours, whims, and suggestions of the body. How often are the most obstinate diseases cured by nothing else than joy, enthusiasm, or mental excitement! I do not assert too much when I declare that the great majority of our chronic nervous diseases and so-called spasmodic affections are due to an indolent and passive condition of the mind, the result of a degenerate surrender to bodily sensations and influences.

'Every one knows the power of imagination. No one doubts that there are imaginary diseases, and that multitudes of beings have no other disease than that they imagine themselves diseased. Is it not, then, as possible, and ever so much better, to imagine oneself healthy? And may we not in this way increase and preserve health, just as by the contrary plan we can increase or produce disease?'

Most people have noticed that paying attention to sensations and impressions increases the effect these have on the body; witness the coughing in church at a pause in the sermon. The morbific effects of cold and other agents upon the system are certainly less when the corresponding sensations are not excited or not attended to. It undoubtedly requires a firm and reasonable man—when plagued with sensations for which no cause can be found, or where, if a cause be present, nothing can be gained by thinking about it—to voluntarily banish it from his mind and proceed about his duties unembarrassed thereby, although this is the best way to cure, or render as harmless as possible, the trouble he has or imagines. Kant mentions that he himself almost got to desire death in the condition to which he was brought by thinking about his narrow and flat chest which scarcely allowed room for the functions of his heart and lungs; but, on considering that this feeling of oppression in the chest was only mechanical and could not be altered, he soon got to disregard it; and, while there might be palpitation and panting in the chest, all was calm and cheerful in the head; and this philosopher lived to a ripe old age. Kant writes: 'Even in real diseases we must separate the disease from the feeling of sickness. The latter generally much exceeds the former; indeed, one would not notice the disease itself, which often consists of a locally deranged function of an unimportant region, were it not for the general unpleasant sensations and pains rendering us miserable.' These sensations, however—this action of the disease on the system—are often for the most part under our control. A weak, enervated spirit, with its increased sensitiveness, becomes completely prostrated; a stronger, more resolute one, resists and subdues these sensations.

Every one allows that it is possible to entirely forget one's bodily troubles when anything occurs of a startling or pleasant nature, anything which conducts the mind from itself. Why, then, cannot one's own mental power bring the same result about by its own determined effort? Kant mentions cases in which he and others have done so, to which Hufeland adds: 'It is incredible what a man can effect by the power of a determined will, even in his physical conditions, and similarly by hard necessity which is often the cause of the exercise of this determined will. Most striking is the power of the mind over infectious and epidemic diseases. It is a well-established experience that

those are the least liable to be infected who have good humour and do not fear or grieve over the disorder. But I am myself an example that an infection which has actually taken effect may be removed by cheerful mental excitement.' And so on.

I quote these extracts merely as samples; the whole essay is well worth study. No doubt the views preached and practised by our authors have cropped up in literature at various times since history began; the Stoics taught and practised similar precepts, and Asiatic races for ages have done the same. The recognition of the power of the will and of imagination over definite physical and physiological conditions in the animal body is as old as religion, as old as quackery.

The power of the will in influencing bodily conditions depends on the determinate direction of the attention to or from the sensations or ideas presented to the mind; and, as Dr Carpenter says, this capacity 'depends, first, upon our conviction that we really have such a determining power; and, secondly, upon our habitual use of it.' It has been proved that this attention, however induced, changes the local action of the part; so that, if habitually or repeatedly exercised, it may produce important modifications in its nutrition, probably through the so-called trophic nerves and through the vaso-motor system of nerves which control the capillary circulation of the region concerned. In this way it often happens that a real malady supervenes upon the fancied ailments of those in whom the mind dwells upon its own sensations; while, on the other hand, the strong expectation of benefit will often cure diseases that involve serious organic change. Doubtless, most of us remember where our reading or hearing of some case of illness has caused us to recognise symptoms of severe diseases in ourselves, and where disregard to these sensations, either voluntarily or as result of a medical verdict, has removed all evidences of disorder.

Among the bodily changes more obviously directly resulting from mental influence, especially sudden emotions, may be mentioned fainting, vomiting, change of the colour of the hair, and of the nutrition of other parts, St Vitus's dance, indigestion, important changes in the secretions and excretions, brain-disease, and death itself. On two occasions the writer has seen well-marked jaundice follow in two or three days after the individuals had been plucked at examinations, no other cause than the despondency produced being evident.

Undoubtedly many of the good effects attributed to magnetism, belts, pads, and the nostrums of the day are due to their mental influence; and much of the doctor's cures are due to the same 'expectation' of benefit from the drugs and rules of diet and conduct he recommends. The physician's personality and individual tact, the 'bedside manner' which has been ridiculed, is often of more importance to the patient than all the drugs in his pharmacopœia. The marvellous therapeutic effect of many a placebo astonishes the physician and should cause him thought. One of the worst signs in many diseases is despondency or fear or the lack of a desire to recover; while we are often surprised at the tenacity of life evidenced by the hopeful and by those who have determined not to die. The desirable mental state may be induced or aided by the physician and by others about the patient, and is largely under the patient's own voluntary control.

There may be danger of exaggerating the capacities of this voluntary direction of the will towards the benefit of the economy, and such exaggeration can only cause disappointment. The power differs greatly in different people, and develops marvellously by practice. It is not sufficient to cry 'peace, peace, when there is no peace;' and Shakespeare tells us

> **There was never yet philosopher**
> **That could endure the toothache patiently;**

but in the large class of functional disorders of the nervous system, including the fashionable nervous breakdown and neurasthenia, the first thing is to remove the causes where possible, and improve the habits where necessary, and the next thing is to strengthen the determination to be well. Sleep is largely under the control of the will, and so is pain, as are the various sensations known as symptoms. One method by which the will can act is by switching the attention off from such symptoms by interesting studies or light literature, by music, theatres, cheerful company, and travel, and especially by congenial employment, physical and mental. Ennui, worry, lack of interest and employment are more common causes of nervous breakdown than the unjustly maligned overwork. How rapidly the man ages, and how easily he dies, who has retired from business and not secured employment!

To imitate the child and play at 'let's pretend' is an excellent game. Smile and you will soon feel cheerful, frown and you soon will fret; say and think, 'I am well and happy,' say it firmly and often, and you will excel Mark Tapley as an optimist. 'Laugh, and the world laughs with you.'

Let us recognise the undoubted benefit derived from the mental influence of relics, shrines, faith-healing, Christian science, quacks, and nostrums, and similar stimuli in all ages, and let us determine to have a 'bit on our own.' Recognising the power of voluntary conduct to materially influence happiness and good health, let us determine to be happy and well.

> **It is the mind that maketh good or ill;**
> **That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor.**

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NEW METHOD OF TUNNELLING.

THIS is an age of tube-railways, and tunnels driven beneath the bed of broad rivers have ceased to attract attention as anything wonderful. Everybody knows that these tunnels bored under rivers are principally dependent upon compressed air to keep the water from entering during the process of construction. Pumps are kept constantly at work and air is driven into the bores at a sufficient pressure to counterbalance the weight of water outside and prevent it from entering. In the case of a small tunnel this method works fairly satisfactorily; but in the larger tunnels demanded by modern railway construction immense difficulties have to be faced. The pressure of water percolating through the river-bed varies, of course, in proportion to the depth below the water-surface, and it follows that the pressure upon the lower portions of the boring is far greater than that upon the upper part. The counterbalancing air-pressure from within must necessarily be sufficiently great to set against the greatest water-pressure—that at the bottom of the tunnel; and this pressure is, therefore, much in excess of what is necessary to keep the water from leaking in through the upper walls. As a consequence of using an air-pressure considerably higher than is necessary to balance the weight of water above, 'blow-outs' frequently occur, and the air rushes with explosive force into the river above. Apart from the grave danger of flooding the works through these occasional blow-outs, there is always the effect of compressed air upon the human workers to be considered, and many lives are sacrificed in the making of every subaqueous tunnel because of the distressing effect of the compressed air upon the men who have to work in it. A new method of making large borings without the aid of compressed air is being thoroughly experimented with by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Although at first sight it appears to be a roundabout method of accomplishing the result, it is said that these experiments are justifying the means. Broadly speaking, the new method consists in boring a small pilot-tunnel a few feet in diameter, using the old compressed air process, and then by means of a refrigerating system freezing the mud around it so that it can be worked in the solid state. Within the small pilot-tunnel a large number of refrigerating tubes is placed, and for a long time freezing mixture is forced through the tubes from a refrigerating station on the shore. This refrigerating is kept in constant operation for several months, and all around the pilot-tunnel a core of freezing sand and mud is gradually increasing in diameter. When this congealed mass has reached the necessary radial distance all around the original boring the freezing can be stopped and the tunnellers may enter with safety and proceed to enlarge the tunnel to the required diameter without any fear of the intrusion of water from without.

BRAKE-HORSE-POWER.

Exactly what is meant by 'brake-horse-power' is very frequently not in the least understood even by the owners and users of engines of various kinds. The brake-horse-power of an engine is ascertained by attaching to the flywheel or shaft a slipping brake and measuring the pull upon this brake; which pull, calculated in conjunction with the speed of rotation and size of the wheel to which the brake is applied, gives the relative power of the engine under test. The method is difficult of application and contains many possibilities of error. An ingenious and remarkably simple device known as the 'Sellers' dynamometer' is described in a recent issue of the *English Mechanic*, and it is said to give very reliable results. It consists simply of a long lever designed so that its fulcrum rests upon the floor and its short end presses against the underside of the flywheel of the engine. Upon the upper surface of the lever is a brake-block to press upon the flywheel. The brake-block is mounted on four tiny wheels as though it were a small truck in itself, and connected to one end of a spring balance of which the other end is attached to the body of the lever. The method of using this device is as simple as the machine itself. When it is placed in position so that the flywheel is in contact with the brake-block, a suitable weight is placed on the longer end of the lever and shifted from place to place until the most suitable position is found. The rotating flywheel pulls the brake-block away from the spring balance, which accurately measures the stress. It is simply sufficient to multiply the reading on the balance by the speed of the periphery of the wheel in feet per minute, and divide the result by thirty-three thousand to find the brake-horse-power of the engine. It is believed that a special compact form of this device is to be placed on the market for the use of owners of motor-cars. Doubtless some interesting results may be expected when the figures given by the manufacturers of the cars can be checked by the purchasers.

MOTOR-DRIVEN COMBINED ROAD-SWEEPER AND WATERING-CART.

The rapidly increasing use of fast motor-cars has made the dust nuisance so intolerable that any appliance designed for its abatement deserves consideration. Messrs D. Stewart & Company (Ltd.), of Glasgow, have recently submitted to the Corporation cleansing department a combined watering-cart and road-sweeping machine which, we understand, is doing excellent work. An ordinary Stewart-Thorneycroft thirty horse-power steam

lorry-chassis is fitted at the rear with a rotating brush driven through bevel-gearing from the first motion-shaft of the engine, the intermediate shaft being arranged to swivel, so that the brush may be raised or lowered as desired. A galvanised water-tank capable of holding one thousand gallons is mounted on the rear half of the chassis, and the water is conveyed by means of pipes to two sprinklers placed one on each side of the front of the vehicle. These sprinklers are controlled by valves, and with full water-supply cover a width of roadway twenty-two feet wide. The operations of watering and sweeping can be carried on simultaneously or separately, and machines of this description will, no doubt, be found more useful than the horse-drawn vehicles at present in use.

A BALLOON RAILWAY.

Something new in the nature of mountain railroads is the subject of an invention by Herr Balduaner, an engineer of Salzburg. Among the mountains in the neighbourhood of that place, experiments are being tried which are said to justify the belief on the part of the inventor that his patent will supersede all the incline cable-roads at present in existence. The railroad is laid up the sides of the steepest mountains in places where no ordinary cableway could go without the use of numerous tunnels and cuttings. The ascensional force is furnished by a gas-balloon, which hauls the car upwards along the track to the summit. Arrived there, the car is loaded with water, by the weight of which it is able to descend again, dragging the balloon down with it. It appears from the description that the car is actually suspended from the balloon, the cable passing through its centre to a trolley attached to the track, whereby the speed is controlled.

PROTECTING WOOD AGAINST WHITE ANTS.

Some time ago reference was made in these columns to a new process for rendering wood impervious to the attacks of white ants or termites which ordinarily will destroy any woodwork, from domestic timber to railroad sleepers. The new process has been exploited by the Powell Wood Process Syndicate, who are now exhibiting a piece of confirmatory evidence of a very conclusive character. Two pieces of ordinary yellow deal—yellow deal is considered a toothsome morsel which no healthy-minded white ant would refuse—were the subject of a very interesting experiment. One piece was treated in London by this new process, and was afterwards bolted to the other, which was left in its natural condition. The pieces were then forwarded to the Curator of the Government Botanical Gardens at Singapore, and laid by him—still bolted together—in a place where termites most do congregate. In a little while the untreated portion of the compound block was almost demolished, while its sophisticated fellow remained untouched. They were returned to London before the former had quite disappeared, and they form a splendid testimonial to the efficacy of the protective process. The solution with which the wood is treated is absolutely odourless and quite unobjectionable from every point of view—except that of the white ant.

HOME-MADE FISHING-NETS.

At one time a knowledge of the art of netting was an essential part of the fisherman's education. Among the many vicissitudes in the lives of those who go down to the sea in ships for the purpose of snaring its edible inhabitants, trouble with the nets must find a prominent place. The result of many weeks, perhaps months, of labour may be destroyed in a single night. The nets are a costly item in the fisherman's outfit, for though, nowadays, he no longer makes them himself in preparation for the short fishing-season, he has to pay out a considerable portion of his scanty earnings to the manufacturer who prepares them for him. About sixty years ago, the invention of a netting machine by one Paterson wrought a great change in the fisherman's life, for hand-netting went out of vogue, and the tedious work came to be better accomplished by machinery. Now there is news of another invention which may have the effect of reversing the state of things and bringing the net-making back to the huts of the fishermen. A Norwegian of the name of Lie has patented a little instrument about the size of a domestic sewing-machine which performs all the complex operations of tying the true hand-made knot in a single turn of a handle. One turn makes one mesh, until a whole row is made, and then the row of meshes is slipped from the machine, and a fresh one formed upon it. The size of mesh is adjustable like the length of the stitch in a sewing-machine, so that every fisherman may satisfy his own particular whims and fancies in this respect. The long months between the fishing-seasons may now be profitably spent—as in years gone by—in making good nets in preparation for the days of labour; and as time in these circumstances is of less account than money, the toiler should be able to afford a larger supply, and therefore be dependent less upon the chances of his trade.

FERRO-CONCRETE.

Reinforced concrete, which is being used in building construction to such an enormous extent in America, is steadily making its way on this side of the Atlantic also. One of the most recent, and at the same time, most remarkable examples is to be found in the new goods station of the North-Eastern Railway at Newcastle. The structure is built entirely of Hennebique ferro-concrete, without a single joint; practically the whole immense station is a huge monolith. The steel embedded within the concrete is absolutely protected from all atmospheric action, and is probably indestructible. It gives to the concrete just that tensile strength which in itself the latter does not possess, while the concrete provides those other elements of strength

wherein the steel is lacking. In this building, the first floor, which measures nearly two hundred yards wide by more than twice as long, is calculated to carry a shifting load estimated at something like twenty thousand tons. This floor forms the high-level goods station, and is provided with railway lines for six goods trains, as well as turntables, capstans, and all the other machinery which goes to complete a modern station. The vibration of moving trains and working machinery, added to the immense dead-weight of the load, will provide a test for this method of construction than which there could hardly be anything more severe.

ELECTRO-PEAT FUEL.

An interesting account of the new factory at Kilberry, Ireland, and a résumé of the process of conversion of peat into marketable fuel is given in a recent issue of the *World's Work*. Peat is normally so saturated with moisture that its valuable fuel-properties to a great extent are nullified. Moreover, it does not suffice to extract the moisture by compression, trituration, or other mechanical means, for the fuel so treated immediately begins to reabsorb moisture from the atmosphere, and soon returns almost to its original state. But by the Bessey process in use at this factory the character of the peat is quite changed in regard to its water-absorbing properties, while its excellent qualifications as a fuel remains unaltered. The process, which throughout is a very simple one, consists essentially in the passing of an electric current through the moist and mashed-up peat. The electricity produces a certain chemical change which has the effect of causing the peat to dry and harden into a substance very like coal, to which indeed it is said to be in many respects superior. First a huge power-grab on a floating pontoon digs into the watery peat deposit and lifts it out a ton at a time and dumps it into electric tramway trucks, whereby it is brought to the factory. Next it is taken by a belt-conveyer and dropped into a water-extractor, which presses and crushes most of the moisture out of it. Then it falls into the electrifier, where it is subjected to a current of over a hundred ampères at two hundred and fifty volts pressure for some twenty minutes. A second hydro-extractor is now brought to bear upon it, and the remaining water is removed, after which it goes to a kneading-machine, and then to the moulder which reduces it to its final shape of briquettes. These briquettes are conveyed to storage-sheds to dry and harden under the influence of the chemicals which have been released by the action of the electricity. Here they remain for ten or twenty days while they contract and harden until their texture is like that of coal. Electro-peat fuel is said to be applicable to all the uses of coal. It burns briskly and well in the domestic hearth or kitchener, without smoke or soot, and it leaves no cinder or clinker, and but little ash. It takes less room than coal, stacks more easily, and improves rather than otherwise by keeping. Good gas for lighting purposes can be made from it, and it behaves well in the gas-producers for power purposes which are coming so rapidly to the front. Lastly, it is much cheaper than coal; and in view of the rapidly approaching exhaustion of the world's coal-deposits it will be very welcome as a substitute if all that is claimed for it be true.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Those who in the early days of wireless telegraphy confidently prophesied the quick demise of telegraphic cables and wires are still a very long way from that justification which prophets so seldom receive. For though in its decade of active existence much has been done to free the new system from the reproach that its messages are incapable of direction into any given channels, very much more still remains to be done before a wireless communication will have that privacy and freedom from interference which a cablegram possesses. But it has come to pass that the very fault which constitutes its greatest weakness from the ordinary telegraphic point of view is a valuable virtue in another direction. A ship in distress sends a message for help out over the waters, knowing nothing as to who may pick it up. All other vessels in the vicinity which are equipped with the apparatus will get that message, and probably some will be able to help. Again, the latest meteorological observations and deductions, with forecasts of storms to be expected, are sent out at random, as it were, from various stations. All ships within some hundreds of miles receive the warnings and reissue them on their own account, to be picked up in turn by vessels beyond the range of the original message, and so in a short time the warnings are flashed all over the navigable seas, and something is added to the safety of thousands, perhaps millions, of people, which some may think is even better than the secret transmission of information regarding the prices of stocks and shares.

POSITIVE DIFFERENTIAL GEAR FOR MOTOR VEHICLES.

Liability to side-slip, which causes so many accidents with motor vehicles, is accentuated by the action of the differential gear which enables the rear or driving wheels to rotate simultaneously at different speeds. This is essential for turning purposes; but it is obvious that if the rear wheels were rigidly fixed to a solid axle they would materially resist sudden deviations from a straight course, such as happen with side-slips. Two Glasgow gentlemen, Messrs Reid and Rickie, well known for their improvements in locomotives, have patented and practically tested an improvement on the ordinary differential gear which gives the effect of a solid rear axle as long as the steering-gear is set for a straight course. A slight motion of the steering-wheel in either direction, however, frees the outer radius rear-wheel, while the inner radius wheel is still kept in rigid connection with the driving-shaft. The apparatus

consists of two locking devices engaging either side of the rotatable differential gear-case, which slide on keys or projections on the two portions of the axle or shaft. The locking apparatus is operated by a simple arrangement of cams and rods worked from a lever on the steering spindle. No separate mental or physical effort is required for manipulation, the movements of the steering-wheel doing all that is necessary.

SALMON FISHING.

Mr W. Earl Hodgson has published a companion volume to his *Trout Fishing* entitled *Salmon Fishing* (A. & C. Black), which may well awaken the story-telling gift in the experienced or inexperienced angler and carry him in imagination to the river-banks to fight his battles over again. The frontis-piece, 'Salmon Fishing on the Dee,' is copied from a picture by Mr Joseph Farquharson, A.R.A., while there are twenty full-page illustrations, including the gorgeous model set of seventy-four varieties of salmon-flies by Mr P. D. Malloch, of Perth, repro-duced in their actual colours, from the huge Nicholson to the Lilliputian Dusty Miller. The author discusses the peculiarities and appetite of salmon, and concludes that this fish does eat in fresh water, and that when he rises he usually means to eat. The craft of catching salmon by rod and line is dealt with, and there is an account of salmon rivers and lakes in the United Kingdom, and relatively what they are worth to the angler, as well as some that are overseas. Trout-flies seem more uniform in type than those for salmon, which are of endless variety of tinsel, feathers, and fur. The section which deals with the question as to whether salmon are declining in our rivers and lochs is of great interest and importance, and evidence is given on the point. In regard to their propagation, Mr Michie, the King's agent at Balmoral, is not in favour of artificial rearing of young salmon, and thinks spawning fish should be left undisturbed in their natural spawning beds. Quite as entertaining a volume might be made of poachers' methods—of netting, sniggling, burning the water, with accompanying escapes, fines, im-prisonments. It would be quite a revelation if done to the life. Some very law-abiding members of society could supply interesting reminiscences. The water bailiff's story and that of the poacher might be made complementary.

ARE SAFES FIREPROOF?

After the great San Francisco fire it was found that a large proportion of the so-called fireproof safes and vaults had failed to stand the test, that their contents were destroyed, and in some cases their owners were ruined. Few safes could, of course, come through such an ordeal with their contents intact. In salving them care was taken to dig the safes out of the smouldering ruins at once, and cool them by covering with sand or swathing in wet blankets. In cases where the safes remained amongst hot ashes the contents were transformed into charcoal. An article in the *Magazine of Commerce* gives the comments of various British manufacturers on this state of matters, some of whom are of opinion that this result has been largely owing to the use of cheap and unreliable safes. Few, if any of them, seem to have been of British manufacture. The American idea of filling chambers of safes with infusorial earth or asbestos is condemned as sure to cook the contents of the safe in the hour of severe trial. Not a fireproof but a steam-generating and moisture-evolving com-position keeps the inside cool, and would dry into a non-conducting material and keep heat from the contents for a longer period. Most of the large safe manufacturers in England understand this, and so are ahead of American makers.

IMPROVED VARIETY OF RHUBARB.

Luther Burbank the famous California plant-propagator has produced a new variety of rhubarb which he thus describes: It is a variety which produces luscious, juicy stalks perpetually through-out the year, and which do not have the rank, strong taste, or, as some express it, ground-flavour which we naturally associate with the older rhu-barbs. In place of this is a mild but pronounced fruity flavour very much resembling strawberries or raspberries; so much so, that when this rhubarb is once tasted no one ever cares to taste the old kinds. Being perpetual, it produces a much greater weight of stalks throughout the season than other varieties.

A SPRIG OF WHITE HEATHER.

In a great mountain gully I was nurs'd,
Speckled with random boulders, bleak and barren;
Hidden away beside a rabbit-warren
I watch'd the torrents down their steep banks burst.

Sweet maid, it was your lover found me first,
Trudging toward the ridge of old Ben Bharrain;
And now he sends me with a scent of Arran,
And this shy sonnet which himself hath vers'd.

He thinks my bloom will well with yours compare,
Since you are pure as these white buds of mine;
As among common heather I am rare,
So among women you; and for a sign
That love eternal all his being fills,
I bear a breath from those eternal hills.

A. Y. Campbell.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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SIXTH SERIES.

HOW LALAVOINE WON THE CROSS.

By ANDREW W. ARNOLD.

CHAPTER I.

IN the corner of a leaky cart-shed at Corneza, beneath a lantern suspended from a rafter, Lalavoine, Resler, myself, and a fellow in the Pioneers named Merdon were playing piquet. Around us, regardless of the terrible thunderstorm that was raging without, our troopers in the damp straw were sleeping.

'You fellows can go on playing all night if you like,' said Lalavoine, 'but "the major"* told me to get as much rest as I could, so I am going to roost.'

'Yes, and dream of Catarina,' laughed young Resler.

'I could not dream of any one better. *Parbleu!* why'——

'Her eyebrows, her figure,' I interposed, 'her whole *tout ensemble*, make her the star of'——

But the badinage of our easy-going, good-natured comrade was suddenly stopped by the appearance of an orderly with a lantern, who informed us that the colonel required our presence immediately.

It was certainly hard on Lalavoine, who was half-way up the ladder leading to the loft, for the rain was coming down in sheets. He had had a bad attack of fever, and had only come back to duty two days before. It was during his illness that he had fallen desperately in love with a certain Catarina Gonzalez, who was staying with some relatives in the house where he was taken ill, and who by her tender nursing had, he maintained, brought him back to life. Out of the forty-eight hours that had elapsed since his return, fully twenty-four of them had been spent in singing the praises of this incomparable dark-eyed beauty.

'I am sorry to disturb you, gentlemen,' said the colonel, 'but I have just received very important despatches from Maréchal Lefevre, and I must give you your instructions for to-morrow morning.'

Thereupon he and the *chef d'escadron* proceeded to pin a huge map to the wall.

'We will describe,' he continued, 'an imaginary line from Valcaniz, on the right, on the west, to Alrica on the east. We will divide this into three portions. This country is to be thoroughly reconnoitred by the first three squadrons; the fourth will remain with me.' Then he pointed out more particularly the various districts, the peculiarities of the ground, &c., and the precautions we were to take. 'But,' he concluded, reading from a despatch, 'on no account whatever are you to come in contact with the enemy. However small a body you may see, you are to retreat at once, if possible without being seen yourselves; though it is very unlikely you will see any, as our latest intelligence is that Cuesta is not farther north than La Fontana de la Reina, which is five leagues farther south than you have to go, and he has plenty to do watching De Tessier on his right flank. And, remember, there is to be no pillaging. Commanding officers will now take copies of their districts from this map. Reveille at four to-morrow. Gentlemen, good-night.'

As soon as the chief had left, the first and second majors left their maps to be copied by their respective captains. The third squadron was under Lalavoine. As the latter was tired, I offered to do his work for him, and soon with paper and rulers we were hard at work.

'Now, don't forget, no pillaging; and I shall hope to see you all here in three days,' were the colonel's parting words.

It was a bright, clear morning towards the end of October, and the storm had cleared the air; though as the day went on we soon found that it was destined, in spite of the fresh breeze from the mountains, to be as hot as September in France.

Alphonse Lalavoine was a charming companion, but intensely sentimental; in fact, I never met any one who was less adapted for an officer than he was. He had only joined the service to please his father,

* The surgeon in the French service is usually called 'the major.'

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who from being a drummer-boy at the outbreak of the Revolution had risen to be a General of Brigade. My comrade had not a spark of energy where military matters were concerned, or any ambition to rise in his profession. He had a most lovely voice, which he inherited from his mother, who was an Italian opera-singer, and his great desire was to go on the stage. Young Resler, my sub., was his exact antithesis, for he was full of energy, courage, and resource. He had all the making of a soldier—a trifle impetuous perhaps, as many are at twenty, but he never shirked responsibility; and, above all, he had plenty of imagination. And if his recklessness sometimes got him into an awkward place, by his wits and pluck he always got out of it.

Lalavoine decided to make straight for Alrica, which was the limit on the south-eastern portion of the district we had to cover, then go straight along the southern side, and then work his way back on the western side. We knew all the ground for about five leagues from Corneza to the south, and at first we took things easily. Then we commenced our duties in a more systematic manner. We had about ninety-six men in the squadron. Half of these kept to the chief road, often only a rough track, under Lalavoine; while I and Resler went off on each flank, meeting him at a certain agreed point in the evening. I was well aware, though Lalavoine little knew and cared less, that the ground we had to examine was not the most important; nevertheless, both Resler and I performed our duties in the most thorough way, noting all the streams and fords, the strength of the bridges, &c., the condition of the country, and the supplies we were likely to get from it.

All went well on the first day, and round the fire in the evening Lalavoine talked of his lady-love.

'If ever I get anywhere near Buenaca,' he said, 'I will carry her off. You see if I don't. Ah, my boys,' he added, with a love-sick sigh, 'if she had not been obliged to return to her home I would soon have persuaded the "major" that I should not be fit for duty for a month. "When you come, Alphonse," she said, "I am yours." Those were her last words to me as we parted.'

Both Resler and I fervently hoped that we never should be anywhere near Buenaca, for we had quite enough of Catarina as it was; but we were soon destined to have some more. On the following day, as we approached Alrica, we got into a very woody district, one huge forest of oaks and chestnuts which covered the mountain range before us.

This was just the place for guerillas, and the whole squadron now kept together. It was always well, when these cowardly and crafty rogues were about, to capture any of the natives that one could, to hold as hostages; moreover, it often prevented them from firing if they saw some of their own people among the troops. So, coming across a sleeping swineherd, we made him come along with us. Besides, we thought he might be useful as a guide. He proved, however, to be so dense, and he spoke such a *patois*, that he was not much of an acquisition; but almost immediately afterwards we had a stroke of good luck, for, coming down a very steep bridle (or what the Spaniards call a 'horseshoe') path at right angles to us, we saw a horseman. He would have retreated if he could, but we shouted to him to come forward unless he wished to be shot, and he did so. He was a handsome, well-built fellow, about fifty years of age, and capitally mounted.

'Who are you?' cried Lalavoine.

'I'm the chief steward,' he answered haughtily, 'of the Most Noble Duque de Fuentado y Marrameda, a double grandee of Spain, whose property you are on, and who owns all the land as far as you can see to the west and north.'

We made him also come with us, and we all rode on together, the worthy fellow dilating as we did so on the great power and influence of his master.

It was our intention just to see the little town from the heights, which we learnt was on the other side of the ridge, ere we went under cover of the wood to the west. It was early in the afternoon when one of our videttes came tearing back saying that Alrica was occupied by a battery of Spanish artillery and some dragoons; and to the right, going in a south-easterly direction, was what appeared to be, from their numbers, the whole Spanish army.

I guessed at once what that meant. The Spaniards' intention was evidently to surround De Tessier, otherwise they would never have been so far north. Ever since Baylen, six months before—the only pitched battle they ever won over us French by themselves—they had had a perfect craze for wide, outflanking movements. Wellington always advised them to stick to guerilla warfare, in which they really excelled; but their commanders were too proud and stupid to follow that sage counsel, which indeed was lucky for us.

'*Sapristi!*' exclaimed Lalavoine, aghast at the intelligence, for we had reckoned on Cuesta, in true Spanish fashion, wasting his time for a week or two at Fontana de la Reina. 'Capé,' he said, turning to me with a helpless look on his face, 'what the deuce shall we do?'

'Why, retreat, of course, as we were ordered; but first of all we will go and see for ourselves.'

We left the swineherd with our men, who were ordered to remain where they were, but we took the steward with us. Cautiously we rode to the edge of the wood, having left the Spaniard a little behind with the videttes, and there indeed an extraordinary sight presented itself.

Just beneath us, to the left, in the valley was the pretty little town of Alrica. In the middle of the *plaza* were four guns, the sun shining on them, with their ammunition-wagons behind. The horses had not been taken out, and had their nose-bags on. The chargers belonging to the dragoons were likewise feeding on the shady side. The carbines were all *en faisceau* (stacked) near them. Apart from one sentry who was leaning against the wall of a large inn in the centre of the *plaza* smoking a

cigarette, and another who was talking to a gaudily dressed girl seated on the edge of a well with a fan in her hand, there was not a soldier to be seen, for they had not yet finished their siesta.

Right opposite to us, above the town, was a splendid old castle that we found afterwards belonged to the Marques de Faldurra. The castle was built on what we call *un dos d'âne** which sloped down to the west; and it was at the end of this ridge, on the other side, about a league off, that we saw a large army like a huge snake following a road to the south-east. Under a vast cloud of dust we could see all branches of the service slowly moving.

For my own part I was completely fascinated by the guns at my feet. The sight of them made my mouth water, and yet I was fairly nonplussed. The Spaniards had their own way of doing things; but I could not understand for what earthly reason this little body of artillery and cavalry—for there were not more than fifty of the latter—had gone out of the line. The absence of any infantry, too, was so peculiar.

'Lalavoine, my boy,' I said deliberately as I shut my glass with a snap, 'you have got a chance of getting the Cross now, *parbleu!* and you will never get such a chance again, I will warrant.—Will he, Resler?'

'No, indeed,' said the latter, with kindling eyes. 'They are all asleep, and the guns are there. The place would be ours in ten minutes, and we should be leagues away ere the main body found it out.'

'Do you think I want to be court-martialled?' said Lalavoine. 'Do you remember the colonel's words, "On no account engage the enemy"?'

'But, my dear fellow,' I replied, 'he went on the assumption that they were at Fontana de la Reina. Don't you see that the whole position is changed? Oh, look at those guns! Why, they are waiting for us to take them. *Sacré bleu!* you will never, never get such an opportunity again.'

'Devil take the guns!' said Lalavoine. 'And besides, if we got them, we should probably ride right into a lot more Spaniards who are farther on. There must be more. They could not possibly be there by themselves.'

His lethargy was astounding, and inwardly I swore with rage as I thought of letting such a prize slip.

'Well, anyway,' I said gloomily, 'I suppose I had better take a sketch of the district?'

'Of course,' replied Lalavoine; 'and be quick about it.'

Having finished the sketch, I called to the Spaniard just to give me some particulars. Before I could do so, however, he had caught sight of the guns below us, and his bright black eyes became round with astonishment.

'*Cielo!*' he exclaimed, his face aglow with animation, 'why, that's the young master's battery. Oh yes, I am certain of it. He has often told me of it. Do you see all the horses are chestnuts? And those dragoons! They are the First Dragoons *de sa Majestad el Rey*.'

'What on earth do you mean?' we asked.

'Why, my young master is in the artillery.'

I knew enough of the Spanish service to know that the sons of the nobility usually went into the cavalry, if they entered the service at all, and I told him so.

'I know that,' he replied; 'but my young master *el marques*, he is different from most of them; he loves his profession. He hates your Emperor;' and as he spoke the man looked at me full in the face, and I thought no worse of him for it. 'He hates, I say, your Emperor as much as I do, but he was fascinated by his history. He vowed that he too would go into the artillery, and that he would rise in his profession. Why, he bought those guns with his own money—ay, and the horses too. He has only got four guns at present, but he means to have six.'

'But what's he doing here?'

'Why, I will warrant he's gone up to the castle to see his lady-love, la Señorita Mercedes Faldurra. It's her brother who is in those dragoons. Those two young fellows are great friends; they have evidently got leave to go out of line. The Faldurras own all the land on the other side of the road beneath us. When the war is over the wedding will take place; and, *caramba*, what a wedding it will be!'

The good man would have gone on talking for an hour, but Lalavoine cut him short.

'*Allons!*' he said, 'it's time we were off.'

'Where does that road to the east lead to?' I asked hurriedly of the Spaniard, as our map ended at Alrica, for, alas! I had not been inclined that night to do more than I could help.

'Two leagues farther on is Corta, and there the road branches off to the north-east to Brenzo, and to the right it goes on to Buenaca and Barra.'

'Buenaca!' exclaimed Lalavoine.

'Yes, Buenaca,' replied the steward, quite surprised at the captain's manner.

'Do you know the place well?'

'Of course I know it; but our property is not that way, and I have not been there for many a day. I have enough to do as it is.'

'Do you know any one named Gonzalez? Have you heard of the beauteous Señorita Catarina Gonzalez?'

'I have heard of the family,' he replied in rather a supercilious way; 'but they are not of noble blood. I have heard there is a daughter, but I know nothing of her.'

'*Parbleu!* to think of that,' said Lalavoine. His whole manner changed as if by magic in a moment; such was the power of love. His eyes shone with excitement; he was a different man. '*Ciel*, Capé! we'll have those guns. That girl shall be mine to-night.'

* A military term employed to describe a shelving ridge.

Resler and I exchanged glances.

'That's right,' I said. 'Think how proud she will be of you when you have got the Cross.'

'Once only let us get the guns, I innocently thought, 'then we could see about the rest.'

The road by which we had come descended straight down into the town, coming out nearly opposite to the inn. It was quite impossible for us to use that, as the sentry would have seen us at once. We learnt, however, that there was a narrow path to the left, but it was so steep and narrow that the men could only go in single file, and in any case would have to lead their horses. That would never have done, as it would be necessary to rush the place. Each of us had his plan, but we finally decided that Resler should take sixteen men to the right, leave the horses in the wood, and with a dozen men bar the road which led to the main body of the Spaniards to prevent escape in that direction. Lalavoine and I were to lead the attack on foot with sixty men, leaving the rest with the horses.

(To be continued.)

SHEEP-SHEARING: A PASTORAL SKETCH.

By Major-General W. TWEEDIE, C.S.I.

Annandale for meal and beef,
Carrick for a coo,
Nithsdale for a bonny lass,
And Galloway for woo'.

SEEING that the method of relieving sheep of their summer fleeces is practically the same throughout the United Kingdom, there is no occasion to be too particular as to the site of the 'hill-farm' or exclusively pastoral holding on which the following simple scene of rural life came under notice; but some slight description of it will perhaps prove interesting.

Let the reader imagine himself, then, to be pursuing, on the longest day of the present year, a primitive and but little-frequented highway which runs through one of the minor straths or glens of south-western Scotland, connecting Dumfriesshire with the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. At first the valley expands itself finely. The confining hills throw well back their undulating shoulders, their verdant skirts, and their abrupter ridges or summits. The intermediate spaces make up a picture in which the characteristic features of the pastoral and the sylvan landscapes are charmingly blended. In the foreground, links of flowery meadow through which a small, clear streamlet ripples realise the Hebrew lyrist's ideal of 'pastures green, the quiet waters by.' On either hand gentle acclivities studded with well-shaded homesteads carry the eye gradually upward, past the belts of fir and the groves of beech and hazel, into the higher moorland. 'Facts are stubborn chiels,' as everybody knows. The glen is slowly making the discovery that with foreign grain pouring in at every port it is better to lay down permanent pasture than to keep ploughmen and teams of horses. Doleful traces of rural depopulation accordingly show themselves: here a cluster of roofless cottages, there a bonnet-laird's homestead which has fallen to the grade of a shepherd's shieling.

The hearts that would have given their blood like water
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar.*

* 'Canadian Boat-Song.'

And yet to some extent the plough has been kept going. A broad belt of alluvium enriches the opener parts of the valley. Tenant-farmers blessed with strapping sons and sonsie daughters who are content to stay at home and save the cost of paid labour can still cultivate to more or less advantage. And so it is that even on the higher hill-brows enclosures of rising corn, of rustling rye-grass, and of root-crop here and there break and relieve the uniformity of the mountain grasses and rushes.

The public road now being followed by the patient or impatient reader brings him, after an easy ascent of five miles, into the heart of the pastures which are to form the scene of to-day's 'handling.' Towards the same spot it also finds its highest elevation, some seven hundred feet above the sea-level, and, skirting for a few hundred yards the 'banks and braes' above it, partakes of the character of a defile. It is not that the hills which form the background have begun to draw together; but on both sides of the road innumerable massive knowes and heathery knolls shelving down into ferny dingles rise and fall and pass into one another; and it is not till one of these picturesque eminences is ascended that the eye can be satisfied. And then the prospect is unique; in all the fair south country there is none more heartsome. To east and west—that is, looking down and up the valley—the vision is unobstructed. In the former direction vast stretches of Nithsdale unfold themselves, with the bulky form of Queensberry melting into cloudland towards the Solway; in the latter, a 'boundless continuity' of hills and mountains extending through two counties leads the eye almost to the Irish Channel. On the north, Loch Urr and the head of the Urr valley are excluded from the picture by a craggy barrier, the sides of which are clothed with highland vegetation, while the lower skirts, sloping sunward, are divided by mossy dikes into shining spaces of soft green pasture. The view which tends towards the southern skyline is neither very extensive nor—save for its tinge of 'pastoral melancholy'—very impressive, following, as it does, a great sweep of broad hill-surfaces, not unmarked with cleughs and peat-bogs,

where the cross-bred lamb ripens early, and the grouse and the moorcock compete with the whaup, the plover, and the peesweep in making the upland wilderness vocal.

When a 'cried fair,' a displenishing roup, or a field-preaching is in progress indications of it usually fringe the road like finger-posts. At a sheep-clipping also, when the ewes with lambs at foot are included in the muster, a chorus of sound, made up of the yearning calls of the 'milchy mothers' folded within the bughts, and the passionate complaints of the lambs shut out from them, spreads itself over miles of country,

> Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.*

But to-day there is hardly a sound to break the deep hush of the hill-slopes; for the milch-ewes have been left undisturbed in their pastures, to lead their young from height to height and meadow to meadow; and it is only the stately, bulky fathers of the flock (Border Leicesters, Yorkshires, and blackfaced or mountain), the 'yeld' ewes and the ewe 'hoggets'†—all blackfaced—whose fleeces are now to be taken, much to their own proper relief and contentment.

During the night it had rained heavily; and when, in the early morning, this part of the hirsel was collected, the fleeces were so drouket-like as to render it advisable to mark time for a little, in hopes of the conditions improving. The consequence is that 'frae mornin' sun till dine' the stalwart shepherds who, in the neighbourly spirit of the frugal pastoral industry and not for fee or bountith, have come from far and near to help matters forward have been kept on the saunter round about the labyrinthine circle of folds or sheep-bughts, the gray-bleached stones of which stand out against the sheen of the bracken, near where a burn rises. 'It takes a lazy fellow to make a shepherd' is a good old Border saying; but the meaning merely is that the man whose understanding has been turned into a sheepfold crammed full of 'auld yowes' and 'gimmers,'‡ 'wedders,'§ and 'dimments,'‖ not to mention the unfathomable profundities of 'mauchs,'¶ 'sturdy,'** and contagious or non-contagious 'foot-rot,' does not take kindly, any more than the Bedouin herdsman does, to mere routine labour, except, of course, where his own proper store comes into the question. Almost as reasonably might the minister himself—honest man!—be expected to interrupt his pastoral duties with turns of road-mending. This caution is here inserted lest any one should run away with the idea that an indictment would lie against the able-bodied workers who all this time have been waiting idly on the weather, with the dikes and gates and palings of the folds falling to pieces before them, so that in the near future a possibly impecunious laird will have to pay forty or fifty pounds to a regular builder for erecting a brand-new set of enclosures to meet the requirements of a tenant.

But all this is by the way. Every time of waiting has its term. From the eighteenth century farmhouse, situated behind a screen of hardwoods on the opposite side of the road, the douce goodman, after much wrinkling of his weather-beaten forehead, at last gives the signal. After that all is life and motion. Not that there is anything of a hurly-burly; the restrained composure of men whose mental habits are more or less moulded by the sterner aspects of Nature is not so easily broken. But with a quiet alertness the sheep-stock, which has been scattered over the adjoining knowes and hollows to dry the fleeces, is driven pell-mell into the enclosures, much in the same manner as the gentlemen who from time to time assemble to pay their respects to royalty are sometimes made to propel one another into the sacred Presence. A grassy yard in the centre of the folds forms the arena. Within it, a lithesome lassie is minding a peat-fire over which a tar-pot is bubbling. Against a dike are ranged some eight or more sheep-stools, across the narrower ends of which the same number of bare-armed herdsmen are seated, the broader ends of the stools serving as tables.

During the greater part of the year, when from any cause it becomes necessary to turn to account a sheep's woolly covering there are only two ways of it. Either the wool is clipped short, as Samson's locks were shorn by Delilah, or fleece and skin are taken together, according to the approved practice of the so-called valuators at an obligatory transference of a sheep-stock when an incoming occupier of a farm who happens at the same time to be the laird of it is being passed through their fingers. But about the summer solstice a beautiful natural adaptation shows itself; that is, the fleece so rises that when it is divided longitudinally from the throat to the region of the udder very little persuasion from the clipping-shears is needed to make it come off in the form of a web or a vesture. Indeed, when the dog-days happen to be too oppressive or the shearing is too long delayed, it is not unusual to notice a ewe trailing her half-shed fleece behind her, as a Court lady does her train. Thus it is that for the separating of the fleece at midsummer a very few minutes are sufficient. When, one after another, the pent-up prisoners, clutched by the horns, are hustled into the presence of their shearers and laid on their backs on the sheep-stools, the colouring of the picture rapidly changes. For every grimy wrapper that falls before the sheep-shears a pearly surface of undergrowth, 'soft as young down,' substitutes itself. A boy or a girl or a graybeard then runs up briskly, and with a

* *Hamlet*, Act III. sc. 1.

† A 'hogg' or 'hogget' is a young sheep before its first fleece has been taken.

‡ Ewes that are two years old.

§ Castrated rams.

‖ Wedders, from the first to the second shearing.

¶ Maggots.

** Water in the brain-cavity.

buisting-iron * imprints on this dainty piece of underclothing a tarry mark, to grow with its growth and attest the ownership; whereupon the patient sheep is liberated, and, bounding after the manner of its silly kind over imaginary obstacles, goes to rejoin its companions. Meanwhile a hill-farmer's sprightly daughter—'heather-bred and porridge-fed'—is standing, stooping, running, gyrating before the sheep-stools, intent on picking up the fleeces as fast as they are tossed on the greensward. A reverend divine of a bygone period would sometimes offer up thanks for 'Thy gift of woman, to make us comfortable;' but if he could have stood to-day beside the sheepfolds a broader view of 'woman's mission' would have dawned on him. The weight of a mountain ewe's summer clothing is about four pounds, and the mere collecting of some seven score fleeces would have crumpled up most of the dainty 'misses' whose homes are under lamp-posts and by the sides of pavements. But the rustic maiden—'to the manner born'—finds it only a little pastime, the while that she brings together the scattered treasure, to clip off all the soiled 'taits' or portions, and lay them aside to be made into stockings by the glow of the peat-fire in the long winter evenings; to twist up every fleece into a well-compacted bundle; and to pile the whole into a hillock, ready for packing, and for trampling down by the feet of the shepherds, in the mighty wool-bags, one of which even now hangs expectant on a kind of gallows.

Till long after sunset the strident click of the sheep-shears carries on the story, with wonderfully few sounds besides to break the monotony; for the dogs are sleeping, and the sheep dumfoundered, and the men and women working; and herds as a rule are not talkative like townsmen; and it is only in a casual way, and in the intervals of deep, reflective smoking, that a 'braw yowe' is noticed or the clash of the country-side circulated.

At decent intervals a dram is served, just to sustain sinking nature. One or two of the men, it then appears, have taken 'Touch not, taste not, handle not' as their motto, doubtless for good reasons; but the majority, mindful at once of the Christian example and of the apostolic sanction, place self-control and moderation higher on the list of the virtues than total abstinence. Fortunately there is no call here to thresh out this hard question. Lest, however, any one should make the mistake of associating in his mind drunkenness or 'drunken orgies' with scenes of this description, it may just be mentioned in passing that on the lands to which the reader has now been taken, and which are five miles distant from any licensed house or any village, a single gallon of whisky forms the modicum of 'refreshment' which is consumed on occasions like the present in the course of every twelvemonth.

And now the hours of labour lose themselves in the darkling. The evening star Hesperus has long been looking over the hill-top with a message of rest for the weary. The well-stuffed wool-bags are locked up in the barn against to-morrow, when they will be carted to a railway-station and despatched to Glasgow. In commerce as in politics the 'wave theory' is always receiving illustration. 'The woo's sae weel up the year that it's paid a' the rent,' said the immortal Goodman of Charlieshope in the times referred to in *Guy Mannering*.† From this particular view-point the present days are still degenerate; but a marked improvement is being witnessed. Five short years ago unwashed blackfaced wool scarcely touched fourpence per pound; whereas to-day's consignment was sold before it was shorn, at eightpence halfpenny a pound for the blackfaced, and elevenpence a pound, all net, for the 'bred' tup‡ fleeces. Nor does any one seem to begrudge this tardy gleam of sunshine on the sombre moorlands of the fresh and vigorous hillfolk, one of whose gala occasions, so rich at once in poetic and in practical interest, an attempt has been made to depict in this little paper.

* To buist—'To mark sheep or cattle with the owner's distinctive mark.'—*Jamieson*.

† *Vide* Chap. xxvi.

‡ The provincial word for ram, sanctioned by Shakespeare in *Othello*.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL

By George Frederick Turner.

CHAPTER XXV.

As I toiled laboriously up the steep ascent by the Kastel-run I noted the familiar landmarks of the course, contrasting the rate of my present progress with that of the previous night's descent. Approaching the Mariencastel, I noticed with surprise that a couple of soldiers were standing by the gate, and as I came up to them they barred my farther progress by crossing their rifles in front of me. I had no particular desire to enter the building, but I required information.

'Is the Prinzessin within?' I demanded.

'Yes, Excellency.'

'And no one is permitted to enter?'

'Not without a permit, Excellency.'

'Is any one else here?' I asked, after a pause.

'The Herr Schneider is also within.'

Herr Schneider! What the deuce was he doing?

I wondered; and, knowing his sentiments towards the Princess, I began to feel uneasy.

'Kindly inform the Herr that Herr Saunders is without, and desires an entrance.'

The man hesitating, I backed my authoritative manner with a five-krone piece. The result was satisfactory, and a minute later the detective himself emerged from the castle and secured my admission. His broad face was illuminated by an expression of joyous excitement, and his restless eyes were eloquent of profound self-satisfaction.

'You look happy,' I could not help remarking.

He put his hand to his cravat, wherein was fixed a large and rather vulgar diamond-pin.

'It has been a great day,' he said. 'Much good fortune has come my way; but the best fortune still awaits me.'

'How so?'

'I have an order from the King,' he said, patting his breast-pocket, 'empowering me to arrest the Prinzessin. The events of last night have had an extraordinarily hardening effect on His Majesty's nature, and his feelings towards women are especially bitter. Acting on my advice, he has not only ordered the Princess's arrest, but so worded the order that I should be justified in taking extreme measures in the event of any attempt at escape or resistance on her part.'

'A most improbable contingency, I should imagine,' I remarked.

'I hope so,' said my companion, and his shifty eyes finally shot into their respective corners and looked wickedly cunning. We were in the building now, and I noticed that the floral decorations of the previous evening were still left untouched, and, in view of what had befallen the House, their festive air was grimly inappropriate.

'Have you notified to the Princess that she is under arrest?' I demanded.

'I have. And she is now considering my proposal,' he added.

'Your proposal?'

'Precisely. My proposal of marriage. If she consents to be my wife I am confident that my influence with His Majesty can procure her pardon and release. If she refuses'—here he brought out a revolver and tapped it against the palm of his fleshy hand—'well, she will have made a most determined effort to escape.'

By great good fortune I succeeded in choking down the exclamation of disgust that rose to my lips. Such villainy as this was fitly met neither by rebuke nor violence, but by guile.

'You are a genius,' I said in a forced voice of admiration.

The toad-like features lighted up with manifest pleasure at the compliment.

'And yet you once thought me ambitious!' he said. 'So I was, but not over-ambitious. At length I am in a winning position, and I run no risks. I shall not be content merely with an ordinary promise to marry me, but she must swear to do so on her mother's soul and the souls of her dead father and brother.'

The man made me feel physically sick.

'A most business-like arrangement,' I said coolly. 'Where is she?'

'In the little *Röthe-saal*, making up her mind.'

'May I go and see her? Perhaps I can help her to make it up.'

'By all means,' he said, after a moment's hesitation. 'I feel sure your splendid worldly wisdom will convince her that the disadvantages of marrying into the middle classes are less than those of a bullet through the spinal cord.'

Not trusting myself to answer him, I advanced to the door of the *Röthe-saal*, an apartment on the ground floor to the right of the ballroom. I had been in the room before, and it was a fair-sized chamber with long red panels in rococo framing, and contained portraits of the late Grand Duke and his exceedingly handsome Duchess. The windows, which opened down to the ground, gave on to the garden, and, looking out, one could see the commencement of the Kastel-run some hundred yards away. In the room I found the Princess. To my surprise, she was dressed in tobogganing costume, but her young face bore the sad tokens of mourning more legibly than any scheme of attire could possibly have done. The change, indeed, from her normal appearance was pathetic in the extreme. The careless laughter, the heedless joy in life, no longer shone in her dark-rimmed eyes or showed in her pale features. Like Herr Bomcke, trouble had robbed her of her conspicuous attributes, only in her case the residue was more appreciable; joy indeed was killed, vivacity was crushed, but there remained pride and the unconquerable courage of the Schattenbergs. Her eyes met mine fearlessly, but the utter hopelessness of their expression moved me deeply.

'I am sorry to intrude upon your sorrow,' I began, 'neither will I weary you with expressions of sympathy, though I would ask you to believe that I feel deeply for you. I merely come here with the intention of serving you.'

'You and I have been playing a stern game,' she said softly, 'and now that you have won all along the line I am too good a sportswoman not to congratulate you on your courage and resourcefulness. Nevertheless, it is too much to expect me to accept your help.'

'Cannot the nobility which congratulates the victor bring itself also to accept his good services?' I said.

She shook her head mournfully.

'For you personally,' she said, 'I have nothing but liking and respect. Your conduct last night, which I have learned of from Herr Schneider's lips, was a splendid mixture of audacity and resource. The trick you played on me I willingly forgive, for my own duplicity fully warranted it; but I cannot forget that but for you my father and brother would be alive to-day.'

'And those who are alive to-day would be even as they are now. I merely did my duty, as you did yours, but Fate set us on opposite sides. And yet of the actual blood of your family I am guiltless. Several times last night I was fired upon, but only once did I pull the trigger of my revolver, and then it was at a lantern I aimed, though I had your brother at my mercy.'

'Is that so?' she asked, and her eyes seemed to wait eagerly for the affirmative that followed. 'Then I am very glad,' she said, and the first tinge of colour that came into her cheeks did me good to see.

'Now,' I said, 'will you accept my help?'

'I am under arrest, I know,' she said; 'but I do not mind.'

'Do you value your life?'

For answer she made a gesture indicating the nature of her garb.

'In my father's lifetime,' she said, 'I was never permitted to venture on the Kastel-run. To-day I have descended it twice. On both occasions I tried to shoot over David, but on both occasions instinct proved stronger than determination; I raked hard and got round the corner safely.'

'All of which proves that life is a burden which it is very difficult for us to set down.'

'And yet,' she said wearily, 'I would set it down very willingly.'

'Doubtless,' I replied. 'Nor am I one who holds that self-destruction is necessarily a crime. Only the number of cases where it is not so is exceedingly small—and yours is not among them.'

'How do you mean?'

'I mean that you cannot destroy yourself without mutilating the hearts of others. There is some one living to whom your decease would be a terrible—an almost fatal—blow.'

She lowered her eyes.

'Whom do you mean?' she asked almost inaudibly.

'I mean little Stephan.'

'Little Stephan!' She passed her hand across her eyes. 'Assuredly grief is a very selfish thing,' she cried, 'for in the bitterness of my trouble I had almost forgotten him.'

'Therefore,' I continued softly, 'you see it is your duty to live, and I am here to help you to carry out that duty.'

'You are right,' she replied; 'but my life is not in danger.'

'Pardon me,' I said, 'Herr Schneider is in the house.'

'I know. It was he who told me I was under arrest.'

'Is that all he told you?'

'No,' she cried indignantly, 'that is not all. He had the insolence to demand my hand in marriage.'

'I need not ask your reply; but did he not support his suit with certain material considerations?'

'He promised me he could procure my instant release in the event of my accepting him.'

'And in the event of your not accepting him?'

'I do not know. When I refused him he told me he could not accept "No" for an answer, and that in half-an-hour he would see me again, and, if necessary, bring further arguments to bear on me.'

'And you have no suspicion what those arguments are?'

'None.'

'So he reserves his brutality in the hope that it may not be necessary to bring it to light. Your Highness, the argument he spoke of was the same one that your brother employed last night to induce me to take a seat in your boudoir.'

She started in absolute astonishment, but not, I know, in fear.

'He would threaten me!'

'He would not stop at threats.'

'You mean'——

'I mean that he is a lunatic, and a thoroughly dangerous one. He will insist on your promising to be his wife; he will bind you by the most terrible oaths, and if you defy him he is capable of anything.'

'Then your advice?'

'There is only one course practicable, and that is to escape. I am a strong man, and I value my life no higher than you do yours. But I am unarmed; I have not even with me the knife you presented to me at Mrs Van Troeber's ball. Moreover, Schneider is backed by the force of law, and has a couple of soldiers at his disposal. To resist his infamy by force is to play his game for him. We must trust rather to our wits.'

'In that case,' she said simply, 'I thank God that I have you at my side. Your doings of last night fill me with amazement.'

'It is the tactics of last night we must repeat,' I said. 'Herr Schneider, for a clever man, has made two very foolish blunders. In the first place, he thinks I am supporting his odious policy; in the second, he has left open to you a way of retreat.'

'A way of retreat?'

'What is there to stop you stepping out of this window, getting your toboggan, and making your third descent of the Kastel-run? Arrived at Weissheim, you can either put yourself under the King's protection or hire a sleigh and push on to the frontier.'

'I will not throw myself on the King's mercy,' she said.

'Then strike out for the Austrian frontier. The telegraph-wires were cut last night, and in all probability are still unmended.'

'And what about Stephan?'

'His Royal Highness Prince Stephan von Schattenberg is not exposed to the same dangers as yourself. My influence with the King is very considerable, and anything I can do for your brother's present protection and future welfare will be done.'

She held out her hand to me, and I noticed that her eyes were moist with gathering tears. I dreaded

a break-down, for if her purpose failed her it meant a desperate and hopelessly uneven struggle with her persecutor.

I took her hand.

'Be strong,' I said gently. 'The Schattenbergs are ever at their best in the danger-hour.'

She tried to speak—words of gratitude, I feel sure—but her utterance was choked, and she turned away in silence and opened the long French window.

'God be with your Highness,' I murmured, but she did not look round.

I watched her go as far as the toboggan store-room, and then hastily made up my mind to make a detour through the deep snow rather than to retrace my steps through the castle hall where Herr Schneider was biding his time with a revolver in his breast-pocket. I looked upon the man as barely sane, and when he discovered the part I had played in balking his preposterous aspirations his consequent outburst of wrath would in all probability take a homicidal form. Had I been wearing rakes I would have followed the Princess at a due interval down the Kastel-run; but I was unwilling to tempt Providence by making a second rakeless descent of that difficult course. I wandered out into the garden as far as the track, and was about to cross it when a slight scraping sound told me that some one was coming down. It was the Princess, and she was steering as straight and steady a course as the most critical tobogganer could desire. She raised her eyes momentarily to me as she passed, and, raising my cap, I breathed a heartfelt message of 'good luck.'

A second later my eyes fell on Schneider and his two myrmidons. I had looked to see wrath and disappointment on his mobile countenance, but his present expression was rather one of evil triumph, and he shook his head at me as if to point the folly of my attempting to thwart his well-planned scheme. Raising a whistle to his lips, he blew a loud, shrill call. Instantaneously a horse-sleigh emerged from the pine-woods below us and proceeded along the path which crosses the toboggan-run just above the Devil's Elbow. The man's extraordinary villainy was manifest in an instant. Cleverer and baser even than I had imagined, he had foreseen the likelihood of the Princess attempting this particular form of escape; but instead of rendering her attempt impossible, he preferred to let her destroy herself in a fruitless bid for freedom. Foreseeing every detail with fiendish perspicuity, he had retained a sleigh at the upper crossing, with orders to draw across the track on the preconcerted sounding of a whistle. The *crime passionel* is ever hard for ordinary mortals to understand; but the morbid passion that can accept with equal delight the possession or destruction of its object is far beyond a normal comprehension. To think was to stand powerless and witness an appalling tragedy, and fortunately I acted by inspiration alone. Wresting a rifle from the hand of one of the two soldiers, I knelt in the snow and fired at the advancing horse. With a feeling of inexpressible thankfulness, I saw that the shot had taken effect. The beast plunged violently and then fell struggling and kicking to the ground. The sleigh was stopped, and the Princess passed safely on her way to Weissheim.

I turned to Herr Schneider with a smile of triumph, but as my eyes lighted upon his countenance the smile froze upon my lips. Never have I seen human features imprinted with such a look of infinite and diabolical hatred. It was not the face of a man I was gazing on, but the face of a demon. His eyes rolled; his features twitched; his whole frame shook and quivered with the intensity of his unbridled malice. Then he whipped out his revolver and fired at me; but his hand was shaking as if with palsy, and the bullet went Heaven knows where. Again he fired, and yet again a third time; but in spite of our ridiculous proximity I remained untouched. Then he cast down his weapon with a nameless oath and rushed furiously towards the commencement of the Kastel-run.

The soldier whose rifle I had taken tapped the weapon and pointed meaningly to the retreating figure. I shook my head. Herr Schneider's scheme was patent now, and I had no intention of opposing it. The Princess had escaped down the Kastel-run, and he would pursue her by the same road. As he was unprovided with rakes, his chances of negotiating David (if indeed he got so far) were small in the extreme, and the long, death-terminated plunge over the precipice seemed his foreshadowed end. I watched him take a toboggan from the store-room, and, dragging it to the starting-point, throw himself on it with the reckless courage of his distorted passion. It would have been easy for me to brain him with the butt-end of the rifle as he swept past us, and had I deemed his chances of overtaking the Princess appreciable I would have done so unhesitatingly. As it was, I refrained from doing violence to my feelings, and in the light of what was to happen I am glad. Scarcely had the detective flashed by than the wounded horse scrambled to its feet, and, in spite of its driver's efforts, dragged the sleigh across the ice-run and blocked the track. I saw Schneider swerve in his course and bump first into one bank and then into the other; but there was no escape from the adamantine confinement of that downward course. There was a moment of fascinated horror, and then one of the soldiers laughed. Herr Schneider's shattered body was lying lifeless in the snow.

(To be continued.)

THE FOODS THAT FEED US.

IN this blatant twentieth century we do not lack advice as to the foods that feed us; while the faddist, the doctor, the man of science, have all a free field and secure a good hearing. If a man, according to the adage, be either a fool or a physician at forty, surely he shall then have learned to feed himself in accordance with the laws of health, by consuming those foods which afford most nourishment for the building up of the body. Digestive ailments have not been banished, although the books are legion which tell us what to eat and what to avoid. Most people of healthy appetites fall in with conventional habits of eating and drinking, and take no thought upon the subject. This answers well so long as no bodily disorder sets in; with ill-health there is an appeal made to the doctor, chemist, or patent food vender; and such books as *What Foods Feed Us*, by Mr Eustace Miles, and others, have a chance. In *The Amateur Cook*, by Katharine Burrill and Annie M. Booth, the subject is dealt with in quite a fascinating way. The romance and interest of cookery have here a new and entertaining setting, while the recipes are by thoroughly competent authorities. There are thousands who still live in wilful ignorance of the food-value of what they eat, and destroy good food in the cooking of it, thus assisting the fell work of physical deterioration. In what follows we give hints and opinions alike from food-reformers and disciples of use and wont.

The British working-classes get the credit of being worse cooks than the Germans, and of spending more on food than either Americans or Germans, not to speak of the frugal and skilful French. When wholesome and intelligent cookery is the rule and not the exception, it will add immensely to the health and well-being of the nation. The Vegetarians—or, as they prefer to be called, the Food Reform people—have done a great deal in showing how health may be maintained without flesh-foods, and in encouraging the use of many wholesome cereals and fruits. It may be that too much butcher-meat is eaten by certain classes. In the new edition of Mrs Beeton's famous cookery-book there is now a vegetarian section. Dr Abercrombie's advice to live on sixpence a day and earn it has been bettered by Mr Eustace Miles, who has published a booklet, *Threepence a Day for Food* (Constable), which costs one shilling, however, and recommends a fleshless dietary. The same writer has published *What Foods Feed Us*, upon which we make some comment. Dr Josiah Oldfield has written on *Butchery and its Horrors* and *Flesh-eating a Cause of Consumption*. Mr Albert Broadbent of Oxford Street, Manchester, secretary of the Vegetarian Society there, has published, amongst many other books and pamphlets, *The Building of the Body*, on strictly vegetarian lines. The London Vegetarian Society, which has its headquarters at 34 Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, has also a literature of its own. There are over a dozen vegetarian restaurants in London and many in the provinces. Mr Sydney H. Beard of Paignton has published a fifth edition of *A Comprehensive Guide-Book to Natural Hygienics and the Human Diet*. On principle he refrains from flesh-eating that the 'travail and pain of the sentient creation may be lessened.' His little book is full of useful recipes. The food-reformer uses Dr Haig's statement that we clog the body with uric acid by our flesh-eating. The disciple of use and wont points to the testimony of Baron Tataki of the Japanese navy, who said that the introduction of a meat diet cured of beri-beri those who had been living on rice. The food-reformer says he does not live on rice alone, and points to an enlarged bill of fare, with multitudinous flavours, which, however, requires more care and intelligence to combine, so as to supply the requisite properties for building up the body, than most people can or will bestow.

Dr F. T. Bond of Gloucester has published a pamphlet entitled *The Claims of Cheese as an Article of Diet* (Sanitary Association, Gloucester), in which he regrets that Great Britain, which can make as good cheese as any country in the world, is rapidly becoming only an importer of that valuable article of food. Dr Bond points out that the nitrogenous, or albuminoid, proteid, or tissue-forming classes of food are usually received from meat or fish. Vegetable nitrogenous food-stuffs, we are told, though they have the advantage of bulk, and are, therefore, useful diluents 'of the more concentrated animal albuminoids, are more troublesome to digest, when taken alone, than those of animal origin.' The consumer is consequently between the devil and the deep sea. If he indulges in meat he incurs the risk of loading his system with nitrogenous matter which it does not really want, and which, before he can get rid of it, resolves itself into products, one of which—uric acid—will worry him in various ways before it leaves him, disturbing his health and even imperilling life. If, on the other hand, he consumes sufficient vegetable nitrogen to meet the requirements of his economy, he imposes upon his digestion a burden against which it is apt to revolt, landing him in all the troubles of indigestion. So here we have a choice: the use of meat attended by gout, or vegetarianism by indigestion—although the food-reformer utterly denies this last.

It is at this point that Dr Bond indicates the food-value of cheese. Sixty-five per cent. of good rich cheese represents pure nutritive matter, easy of

assimilation when presented to the stomach in a condition favourable for digestion, and of the highest value for the support of the animal body. 'Weight for weight, and at the ordinary relative prices, cheese is a much more valuable and economic food than meat.' It contains a larger amount of tissue-forming material and supplies as much heat-forming material as fat meat. It has, as concentrated nutriment, advantages over milk in its small bulk and its ready assimilation. But it must be properly masticated, and not sent over in lumps upon which the gastric juice may fail to act. Unpressed cheese has a soft and creamy body, which makes it more nutritious and readily digestible than the pressed or harder varieties. Such cheese as cheddar, stilton, or gorgonzola, in ripening, develops certain volatile fatty compounds and also vegetable moulds which in the stomach are apt to set up fermentation. We argue from this that a half-ripe stilton is better than one that is over-ripe. The Severn Valley Dairy Products Company, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, has prepared cheese under the instruction of Dr Bond which is more easily digestible than ordinary cheese, and which is named casona. The curd of this cheese is combined with ingredients which give it digestibility. Butter is receiving the attention of a Government Commission, and it is to be hoped that the wholesale adulteration by water, milk, and foreign fats which is going on may receive a check. Cheese, too, it seems, can be, and is, adulterated by means of 'tiger nuts.'

Mr Francis Fox of Alyn Bank, Wimbledon, the well-known engineer, and author of *River, Road, and Rail*, has written about white flour and bread, and has embodied his views in two articles (*Macmillan's Magazine*, November 1905 and April 1906). He states that in our present method of milling wheat we are losing the valuable portion of the wheatberry next the bran, and the wheat germ, which is used to feed pigs or to make a certain form of patent bread. The old-fashioned horizontal grindstone gave us a better and more nourishing article than the ordinary flour of to-day. The steel roller-mill rolls out the germ into little discs, which do not go to make the flour, but are sifted out with sieves of silk. The result is, we are told, that the public has achieved the white anæmic loaf, and in doing so has cast away the most nutritive element of bread. Bread made from flour which contains the germ, as in Hovis, is more nourishing, palatable, pleasant, and will remain longer fresh than the whiter variety.

Doctors differ, for Dr Woods Hutchinson, an American physician, and author of a trenchant paper in *McClure's Magazine* for April 1906, entitled 'Some Diet Delusions,' says pretty nearly the opposite: that 'white bread, and the whitest of the white, is the best, most helpful, and most nutritive food which the sun has ever grown from the soil.' This writer goes further, and calls vegetarianism a wretched superstition, laughs at the craze for brown bread, proves to his own satisfaction that oatmeal porridge is positively injurious, recommends pork and ham, condemns so-called health-foods, and concludes that an intelligent omnivorousness is our only safety. 'The vast majority of men are led by their instincts to a reasonably nutritious and sensible dietary, and the more completely we can keep our minds off our digestion and the chemical choice of our food the better it is for us. . . . Our aim should be to keep our food-range as wide as possible. Man's ability to eat and thrive upon everything has gone far to make him the dominant animal living where others would starve.' Dr Woods Hutchinson, who gives this advice, is now a naturalised American. Born at Selby, in Yorkshire, in 1862, he was educated in Quaker schools, graduated at an American University, and began medical practice in 1884. He has held professional posts in anatomy and pathology, and has acted as a London University Extension lecturer. He has published the *Gospel according to Darwin*, and other books.

Dr Hutchinson is, as may be seen, a supporter of use and wont, and thinks that the man in the street who follows his God-given instincts of having three square meals a day, with a preference for rich meats, fats, and sugars, is superior in his instinctive preferences to the vegetarian or food faddist, for 'a breakfast-diet of sausage, buckwheat-cakes, with maple sugar and strong coffee, has carried the white man round the world; while one of salads and cereals, washed down with a post-prandial subterfuge, would leave him stranded in the first ditch he came to.' The broad problems of dietetics were settled long ago in the farmhouse kitchen, in the commissary department of the army, in the cook's galley amidships, and in the laboratory. It is a delusion, we are told, to think that particular foods are good for particular things or effects, or that cereals are cooling to the blood, or that spices and curries heat the blood; that fish is good for the brain is a mere will-o'-the-wisp statement arising from the phosphorescence of dead fish in process of decomposition. Pork is one of the slowest but also one of the surest foods to give off all its energy to the body. 'Its very slowness of digestion is what gives it its splendid staying-power for hard work whether muscular or physical.' Dr Hutchinson has seen more cases of dyspepsia cured by the use of breakfast ham than by any kind of drug or restricted diet. Charles Kingsley thought the Scottish peasant might banish consumption if he would take bacon with his oatmeal. The Doctor is especially severe upon what he calls the breakfast-food fad, under which he classes oatmeal and its various preparations. He calls the system 'pompous and pestiferous.' It is no sufficient reason to say that 'the Scots are a great people; oatmeal is their principal food; therefore oatmeal is a great food.' We are told that the most convincing proof the Scotch have given of their greatness has been their ability to live upon oatmeal at all. 'The secret of their wonderful success, both mental and physical,

lies in the fact that any nation trained to survive a diet of oatmeal and the Shorter Catechism could survive anything and flourish anywhere.' Oatmeal has some value as a food, but little to compare with its capacity as a stirrer-up of 'acid fermentations and intestinal putrefactions.' Scotsmen all over the world may have something to say to this, and their minds may be stirred up by something more than an 'acid fermentation' towards this transatlantic traducer of the food of their forefathers.

Spices are valuable intestinal antiseptics, 'checking and preventing putrefaction and fermentation of food in the alimentary canal, and consequent colics.' The appetite for them in the tropics is a healthy instinct. Mustard, too, is a powerful antiseptic. The fact is mentioned that powdered cinnamon has been proposed as a dressing for septic wounds. That meat-fats are too heating for the blood in the tropics is said to be as baseless as the spice-heating delusion. Spice-eaters in the tropics are said to enjoy better health, with greater working power, as well as freedom from dysentery and kindred complaints, than those who do not use them. Most of the restricted hygienic diets are notable for the fact that they are deficient in proper food-value, and whoever lives on them will be dyspeptic. Dr Hutchinson does not deny that human life can be maintained in fair health and vigour upon a chiefly vegetarian dietary, for nearly one-half of the human race has been compelled by sheer necessity so to subsist; but there is no evidence whatever in support of the contention that there is any advantage or superiority in vegetarian diet as such, more than in a purely animal diet as such. The best results are obtained by mixing the two. A vegetarian diet, he says, is the diet of the enslaved, stagnant, and conquered races; a diet rich in meat is that of the progressive, dominant, and conquering ones. No great ape ever lived to maturity fed exclusively on vegetable food. Monkeys die of tuberculosis without chopped meat and insects. There is, therefore, he concludes, no valid reason for excluding any known article of food, whether vegetarian or animal, from our diet-list while we are in health.

Mr Eustace Miles, M.A., coach at Cambridge University, holder of the open tennis championship, and author of many volumes, such as *Muscle, Brain, and Diet; Threepence a Day for Food;* and *Foods that Feed Us*, points out in these volumes useful sources of energy, and of proteid or albumen, 'without which we should die.' The things to be avoided, according to Miles, are all flesh-foods, including fish and fowl, oatmeal, coffee, tobacco, and nearly all drugs. The things that suit him personally are cheese, the pulse-foods when he is in active exercise, whole-meal bread, and cucumber. The things most necessary in building up the body are attention to cookery, balance, cleanliness, digestibility, and economy. Regarding this last he has given during the past two years more than four hundred guests sample meals which cost him, on an average, fivepence a head for raw materials. His *chef*, secretary, and himself lived for a week on simple meals which cost twopence a head daily for raw materials. He says: 'We did this partly in order to show how terribly money was being wasted through wrong choice, wrong cookery, and general lack of economy, alike by the poor and the well-to-do, at a time when England needs common-sense in the choice, cookery, and economy of food more than ever in her history.' It took Mr Miles some time before he learnt how to prepare cereals and pulses. Starchy things should not be sloppy. They should be crisp, or at least dry, to compel mastication. Many people would think they were starved if compelled to follow Mr Miles's list of meals. He justly condemns most of the vegetarian restaurants as giving viands that are poor in taste and consistency, and have too much bulk for all the nourishment. A milk-powder is recommended, which is made in ten-pound tins by the West Surrey Central Dairy Company. Mr Miles has something to say about the acids of flesh-food being undesirable. 'Why,' he says, 'do people eat beef? Partly because of its stimulating effect, partly because of its body-building proteid. Why should people not eat beef? For many reasons, of which not the least is the offensiveness of the trade and its requirements, partly also because of the impurity of a great deal of the beef that is sold, partly because of the high price, partly because of the perishability, partly because of the over-acidity which is very incorrectly termed "uric acid."' In the following homely rhyme Mr Miles indicates the food-value in proteid of the articles mentioned, beginning at the highest, and concluding with the lowest:

> Cheddar, lentils, haricots,
> Chicken, peas; and after these,
> Beef, salt-herring, oatmeal, eggs,
> Whole-meal flour, some parts of pig;
> Walnuts, next fresh fish, then fig,
> Cabbage, milk, then prunes, then roots
> (Like potatoes), then fresh fruits;
> In butter, arrowroot, and tea,
> And sugar, less and less we see
> Of the body-building stuff,
> Of which four ounces are enough
> In daily food for most of you,
> If professors' words are true.

But to return to Dr Woods Hutchinson: he considers it a delusion to attempt to regulate diet. 'A man who continuously and anxiously considers the kind of food he eats, whether it is going to agree with him or not when he eats it, *is* a dyspeptic, and will always remain so. In the language of a modern writer, "Nothing survives being thought of," and the digestion is a striking case in point. The vast majority of men are led by their instincts to a reasonably nutritious and sensible dietary, and the more completely we can keep our minds off our digestions and the "chemical" choice of our food the better it is for us.' And so we let the Doctor have the last word on this subject.

REMINISCENCES OF DR JOHN BROWN.

I CANNOT boast intimate personal friendship with Dr John Brown, and I may therefore be thought a little vainglorious in attempting to describe my introduction and first interview with the kind-hearted author of *Rab and his Friends*. It was, however, so characteristic of the man, and so full of kindly geniality, that a short account may prove interesting.

Those who are acquainted with the Doctor's works may call to mind the short story which he tells in the Introduction to *Horæ Subsecivæ*, as illustrating the good effects which may sometimes ensue from a joke, even when made in a sick-room. The Doctor says—for I must be permitted to repeat the story in his own words—'A comely young wife, the "cynosure" of her circle, was in bed, apparently dying from swelling and inflammation of the throat, an inaccessible abscess stopping the way; she could swallow nothing; everything had been tried. Her friends were standing round the bed in misery and helplessness—"Try her wi' a compliment," said her husband, in a not uncomic despair. She had genuine humour as well as he; and, as physiologists know, there is a sort of mental tickling which is beyond and above control, being under the reflex system and instinctive as well as sighing. She laughed with her whole body and soul, burst the abscess, and was safe.'

Now, it was at the house of the comely young wife, in Greenhill Gardens—though the incident as related occurred in Gayfield Square—that I had the honour of meeting Dr Brown, and this is why I have thought it not inappropriate to repeat the story. But when I knew the 'cynosure of her circle' she was no longer the comely young wife which the Doctor calls her, but a kind, comely old lady fast approaching eighty years of age, and one of the dearest types of an old Scottish gentlewoman I ever saw; in fact, a charming edition of the character as drawn by Sir Walter Scott in Mrs Bethune Baliol. She was fond of telling the story, and used to laugh merrily over it. She said she felt very ill, and was nervously watching the Doctor's face and that of her husband, both of whom looked very grave; but when she heard the Doctor say in a subdued voice, as he turned to her husband, 'She can swallow nothing, Mr N'——, and her husband's reply in an equally grave tone, but with a slight twinkle of humour in his eye, 'Try her wi' a compliment,' she was seized with an irresistible fit of laughter which effectually burst the abscess. She used to say she could not resist the impulse to laugh, the Doctor looked so very grave; and her husband, while he also looked grave, had a half-comical expression on his face as he made the joke. 'You know,' she would add, 'I always was vain, and Mr N——, who knew my weakness, often quizzed me on the subject.'

Mr and Mrs N—— had been friends and patients of the Doctor's all their married life; and although I was much at their house, and had often heard them talk of the Doctor, I never had the good fortune to meet him until the year 1875. In the July of that year old Mr N—— fell and broke his arm, and I had gone up one evening shortly after the accident happened to see how he was getting on. Mrs N—— and I were sitting in the drawing-room window looking out for the Doctor, whom she was anxiously expecting; while my dog sat in the street just outside the garden-gate. What his breed was I am almost afraid now to say, but I used to declare he was a 'Mustard-Dandie;' but whatever the breed, he was as honest and intelligent a dog as could be met with anywhere. He had soft, silky ears, and brown eyes beaming with faithfulness and friendship. When talked to he had the habit of looking earnestly in the face of his interlocutor with one ear cocked as if he were paying profound attention to all that was said; in fact, he was just the dog to attract a man like Dr Brown, judging from the enthusiasm he displays in writing about his numerous canine favourites. When the Doctor drove up and stepped out of his cab we saw he was at once taken with Snap (for that was my dog's name), and an animated conversation immediately began. There stood the Doctor, evidently talking to his new friend with great gravity and giving him lots of good advice blended with praise, though we could not hear the purport of his remarks. We could, however, see from his gestures he was making him speeches, while he admonished him with his forefinger just as if he were addressing some mischievous village urchin whom he had caught robbing a blackbird's nest, while all the time Snap sat looking at him with great solemnity, for he was a dog that took life rather seriously, and his ear cocked as usual. He was, however, taking in all that was said, and promising—if one could judge from the earnest manner in which he was listening—to do everything the Doctor was telling him.

My old friend watched what was passing with impatience blended with amusement, for she knew the Doctor's foible and his love for dogs. 'Just look at the Doctor!' she said. 'Is he never coming up? I do think he'll stand talking to that dog of yours all night. I doubt I shall have to send the maid down for him.' This, however, proved unnecessary, as, after a final wave of his hand to his new friend, the Doctor came up the gravel walk and made his way to the drawing-room, where we were awaiting him. The first question he asked as we rose to greet him was, 'Whose dog is that?' Then, without waiting for a reply, he exclaimed almost in the same breath, 'He's the most intelligent animal I have ever seen. I've been talking to him for the last five minutes, and he understands every word I have said to him.' His face was beaming

with pleasure and excitement as he said this; and, entering into the humour of the situation, I smilingly replied, 'He's mine, Doctor; and an old and faithful friend he is, I can assure you.' The Doctor came straight up the room to where I was standing, and placing his hands on my shoulders—although, as I say, we had never met before—gave me a hearty shake, saying as he did so, 'And what's your name, then?' I could not help laughing at this unceremonious style of greeting, but introduced myself with as much gravity as I could command; upon which he gave me another good-humoured shake, and said, 'Well, you are an ugly devil! I should not like to get a rap from your fist.' This he probably intended to be complimentary, as I may say I stand over six feet, and was then in my prime.

He now turned to my old friend, who was an amused spectator of our interview, and began inquiring after his patient. I could not help admiring the gentleness of his manner when he spoke to Mrs N——, and the interest his kindly face evinced in her replies. His patient was a man after his own heart, and many a joke they had had together. He was also a great admirer of the Doctor's works, especially of *Rab and his Friends*, the deep pathos of which strongly affected him, while he used to laugh over the anecdotes contained in *Mystifications*.

I must here be permitted to repeat one of my old friend's jokes, as I feel sure had the Doctor brought out another edition of his works he would have found a place for it. He was, as I have said, laid up with a broken arm, and among the many friends who called to inquire after him was an old lady whose great hobby was knitting stockings; and on Mrs N—— going up to his bedroom to tell him that Miss M—— had called to ask after him, and was much concerned on his behalf, he immediately replied, 'Tell her, with my compliments, that I am doing very well, and busy knitting like herself; but I'm knitting banes instead of stockings.'

Another story my old friend told me about the Doctor was also so characteristic of the man that it is worth repeating, though some of my readers may think that it exhibits rather a curious side in his nature. He was attending Mrs N—— for some slight indisposition, and they were sitting chatting together in the dining-room, when suddenly the Doctor rose from his chair, walked across the room, deliberately opened a press-door, and looked in. After looking at the contents of the various shelves, he quietly returned to his seat without saying a word; but when he saw Mrs N——'s amused and astonished face he said with a laugh, 'Do you know, I've always wondered what you kept in that cupboard of yours; but I see it's only jams and jellies after all.' When she told this little incident Mrs N—— would say if an ordinary man had done such a thing she would have felt indignant; but it only amused her to see the Doctor give way to his curiosity, as he was not an ordinary man, and any little bit of eccentricity was excusable in him. Indeed, she never knew whether he was prompted by curiosity, as he said, or whether he wanted to amuse her.

One more reminiscence and I have done. It, too, shows the kindly old Doctor's methods of cheering up his patients, for he was a firm believer in dispelling gloom from the sick-chamber when this was at all practicable. He was attending Mrs N—— some time after she became a widow, and, as she afterwards told me, he used to sit at her bedside chatting about old times, and doing all in his power in his kind, old-fashioned way to raise her spirits. One day, preparatory to saying good-bye, he stood leaning his arms for some time on the board at the foot of the bed, while he looked in her face with an earnest smile. At length she said, 'Well, Doctor, what are ye looking at?' To which he replied, 'I was just won'ering if ye were always sic an ill-faurd woman as ye are now,' and, without waiting for a reply, hurried off with a quiet laugh, knowing the remark would amuse his old friend and patient, and that she would smile over what he had said when he was gone, for he knew her harmless vanity and keen appreciation of a joke.

There is not much, I fear, in these short reminiscences of the good old Doctor, whose *Correspondence* is being published; but they may prove interesting from the fact that they are genuine stories.

A NEW ILLUMINANT.

By J. E. Whitby.

SINCE a Higher Power has ordained that our planet shall alternately have its face illumined by sunshine or steeped in darkness, one of the chief necessities of modern life is incontestably artificial light, and it is good news, therefore, that another illuminant has been discovered, for by discovery should come improvement.

Though we may have increased our need for artificial light, its actual lack was felt by all the ancients; and Flaubert, in his wonderful novel *Salammbô*, describes on undoubted authority the Carthaginians as using petroleum. Reviewing hastily the more recent ages, we pass in turn torches, candles, and oil-lamps, and so come to 1818, when gas was first discovered as a lighting-power. More recently still electricity has waved her magician's wand, and countless brilliant stars have arisen at her call. Yet, notwithstanding all the remarkable progress

made with artificial lighting of late years, the question cannot be said to be absolutely settled, for gas and electricity are for many purses and many purposes very dear, while the fact that both require a special place of manufacture and each a system of canalisation or of wires puts these illuminants out of the reach of any but those who live in large centres.

There remains petroleum, whose advantages and drawbacks need not be insisted on here, for a new king-light has arisen for which it is claimed that it is three times as cheap as petroleum, and from seven to eight times as cheap as electricity, while giving a far better light and needing no special conduits for its application. The discovery is due to that eminent French engineer M. Denayrouze, who did so much to launch the electric light, since it was he who in 1875 first installed it in the Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, while his frequent inventions and improvements for gas and alcohol lamps have made him one of the first authorities in artificial lighting. He has now not only discovered a new lighting-factor, but has invented a special lamp for its use. So impressed by the possibilities of M. Denayrouze's latest venture is the city of Paris that an experiment is being made with ten thousand of the new burners as arranged for street-lighting. The municipality has been tempted by the promise of a greater lighting-power with lusol and its cheapness in comparison with any other illuminant.

'Lusol,' as its maker explains, is merely a commercial name, for it cannot claim a chemical individuality. It is specially rich in carbon, and boasts the advantage over petroleum, motorcarline, &c., in having only a weak tension of vapour.

Without going into the processes of its extraction from coal, lusol may be briefly said to resemble acetylene, and can be called its twin—an acetylene, indeed, in liquid form and minus its explosions. Remembering that the great inconvenience of acetylene is the deposit of black smoke which it leaves, M. Denayrouze has preferred to renounce the incandescent carbon body, and to make use only of the calorific power by placing it in a lamp with an Auer mantle.

It was a matter of some consideration how best to use the ten thousand available calories. A special lamp was devised which deserves description. It is not only a lamp but a small distillery, very carefully made, and so closed as to prevent leakage. This is highly necessary, for lusol being very fluid, very volatile, and highly inflammable, every precaution must be taken that not the slightest ooze takes place or the faintest breath of vapour escapes; nor must the most trifling effusion occur even should the lamp be overturned. For this reason it is furnished with a conical opening closed with a screw. When the burner is unscrewed, a central tube is found which reaches to the bottom of the receiver, and in this a tightly packed wick is fixed on a metallic axis. But a special characteristic is that the tube is closed at the top, so that the wick cannot emerge, and has thus no direct communication with the flame. The reason for this will be at once apparent when it is understood that all that is required of the wick is to pump by capillary attraction the liquid lusol from below, and to transport it to the little distilling compartment above. In a few words, it is not the lusol which burns, but the vapour.

By capillary attraction liquids rise in a higher or lower degree. Petroleum will rise at seven degrees centigrade, alcohol at ten, and lusol at twenty-four. But in order to secure a vaporisation of any consequence heat is necessary, and to obtain this the inventor has utilised the flame of the lamp itself by means of a contrivance thought out for one of his previous notions. The support of the Auer mantle is usually of wire; but in this case the mantle-frame has been made solid, and soldered to the distilling chamber, being thus a good conductor of heat. When the lamp is working the mantle-frame becomes very hot, and communicates this heat to the liquid conveyed by the wick, which is distilled as vapour as long as the warmth continues. Simply expressed, the heat from the flame of the vapour causes more vapour to feed the flame.

The orifice which allows this vapour to rise is so minute that a fine needle can scarcely enter, and this is the only communication between the exterior of the lamp and the interior. It is, therefore, an impossibility that an effusion should take place. So nicely has the size of this orifice been regulated that it only allows just enough vapour to escape to ensure a sufficiency of air for rendering the flame not only illuminating but heating. It is, indeed, the well-known principle of the Bunsen burner. The little injector is also covered by a wire gauze enclosing a small space sufficient to complete the mixture of air and vapour, and to prevent the recoil of the flame and the danger of its reaching the spirit.

It was a little difficult to arrange for heating the top of the wick without burning it, a heat of one hundred and twenty-five degrees being required. This, however, must be continuous, for should a draught make this flame flicker the lamp ceases its work of distillation. A small cupel in fusible metal gets over this difficulty by bringing into play the latent heat of the melting alloy.

The weak point in the lamp—and in this it is only similar to petroleum lamps with mantles—is its lighting. As long as the lamp burns, the circle, so to express it, of the flame creating the vapour to be transformed into flame works admirably; but when the lamp is extinguished its relighting causes a little delay, and seems an inconvenience to those accustomed to call up a gas-flame by merely striking a match, or to summon the electric light by simply turning a button. The lusol lamp can be lighted by alcohol in different ways; but an ingenious model has a second small burner which is easily lighted and which is self-extinguishing when the

principal burner is in going order. Liquid alcohol has been replaced in this lamp by alcohol in tabloid form, and a recent improvement which prevents its evaporation allows the alcohol to be placed in the lamp when it is being cleaned in the morning, ready for lighting at night. The delay, slight though it may be, in lighting this lamp may perhaps deprive it of the favour of the impatient; but for the drawing-room or the study it is an ideal lamp, for it is quite silent, clean, does not leak, does not smoke, its wick does not require attention, it has no smell, and produces a steady flame of equable strength and having a brilliant white light.

As a test of its power, it should be stated that the incandescent electric lamps are usually made of ten, sixteen, and thirty-eight candle-power; the strongest petroleum lamp without incandescence is of fifty-three, the corresponding Auer burner of fifty, and the acetylene of eleven candle-power. The lusol model lamp as now presented is of one hundred candle-power.

It will, of course, be objected that lusol is highly dangerous; but what illuminant is not unless proper precautions are taken? Electricity electrocutes and short-currents cause fires, gas asphyxiates, and acetylene explodes. Petroleum's dangers are too well known to need mention. With care, lusol is not more dangerous. In its properly closed can it is absolutely innocuous, but must of course be kept away from the fire.

Inside the lamp it is equally safe, since it cannot escape except in the form of vapour, while the flame has no free exit such as is the case with petroleum lamps, where it can recoil. The lusol lamp, it is claimed, can be turned upside-down without any danger. It does not heat, and after burning several hours remains normal. This is due to the ventilation of the central tube, which is double. This tube is made of an alloy that is a bad conductor of heat, and it is one of the particular points of the invention. Should the tube become too warm the capillary attraction is impeded. A thermometer plunged into the interior of a lamp which had been burning for several hours only registered one degree above that of the room.

The lamp is extinguished by closing the capillary orifice; and this, unlike the extinction of the petroleum lamp, is prompt and radical. As long as the mantle-frame remains warm the lamp can be relighted without alcohol. Very great care is required in filling the lamp, which should be done away from fire or any light, and of course only when its light is extinguished. The filling-cans are fitted with interior ventilation that prevents gurgling or splashing.

M. Denayrouze is more ambitious for his lusol lamp than to be satisfied merely to see it light interiors; he asserts that it is most valuable for outdoor illumination, especially where neither gas nor electricity is to be had. But it will be at once recognised that no mere wick could supply capillary attraction for a large flame, and it has been found necessary to help the lusol to rise in the wick by means of a pressure of air. Owing to the excellent way in which the lamp is closed very little air and a weak pressure secures the desired result, and the street-lamps are fitted with two small receptacles united by a rubber tube. One is filled with glycerine, and hangs about four feet and a half above the other, which is filled with air. The glycerine slowly runs into the lower can, and so sends the air into the upper, where it drives the lusol quicker through the wick. This arrangement need only be renewed once in twenty-four hours, when the glycerine is restored to its original position and everything starts again. There are other adaptations of this principle.

The advantage of the lusol lamp would appear to be its extreme illuminating power, and next its cheapness. In a domestic lamp fifty grammes of spirit are burnt in an hour, and it can be left burning a whole day at a cost slightly under threepence. In a three hundred and seventy-eight candle-power lamp, with the extra air-pressure, one hundred and ninety-two grammes only are consumed, with a pressure of a little over four feet of glycerine; while by increasing this four hundred and seventy-five candle-power can be obtained. For outlying villages, isolated factories, or solitary houses the outdoor form of lamp seems particularly valuable; while for interior use, too, it seems to be exactly what is wanted. It will be interesting to watch the results of the Paris experiment.

THE SONG OF THE SHADOWS.

Isle of the West, with the wash of great waters around thee,
Dim with the hill-mists and shrouded with wind-driven rain!
Sweet was the voice of the gale o'er thy heaven-swept corries,
Fair was the sound of the hunting that comes not again.

Dawning of day with the fire of all heaven about thee,
Breaking of rest with the scream of the eagles above,
Shining of steel in the hands of the heroes of ages,
Parting of lips and eyes dim with the sorrows of love.

Swift and light feet and hearts high with the shadowless noontide,
Following steps and the slacking of far-driven deer,
Panting of hounds and the sob of an echo fear-wakened,
Deep-throated call that is heard when the hunter is near.

Dusk o'er the sky, and the sleeping of fire-bosomed waters,
Shadowy hills and the sinking of day to the west,
Turning of feet to the place where the many be waiting,
Dimness of night and the silence of earth in its rest.

Lilian Napier.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE AWAKENING OF HUDSON BAY.

By R. W. WILSON.

Open the Bay which o'er the Northland broods,
Dumb, yet in labour with a mighty fate!
Open the Bay! Humanity intrudes,
And gropes prophetic round its solitudes
In eager thought, and will no longer wait.

IN these lines a poet of the Canadian North-West has voiced the unanimous desire of the people of Western Canada for the opening of railway communication to Hudson Bay and the establishment of an ocean trade-route thence to England. The time has now arrived when the aspiration of the poet is being fulfilled, and before the year 1910, instead of being a rarely visited part of the Empire, Hudson Bay and the country adjoining it will have become a favourite summer holiday resort, easily accessible from all parts of Canada and the United States by rail, and also from Europe by direct ocean steamer. Midsummer Day 1910 will be the three hundredth anniversary of the tragic death of the heroic Henry Hudson, the great navigator and namefather of the majestic Hudson River and of Hudson Bay, 'Canada's Inland Sea.'

In the last three hundred years there has been little to disturb the silence that has brooded over Hudson Bay; but could the shade of Henry Hudson revisit the Hudson River what wonderful changes he would find! For one thing, he would find the great city of New York where the mighty stream rolls past Manhattan Island. The nineteenth century marked wonderful progress along the banks of the Hudson, proportionate to the general prosperity of the United States during that period. It is a favourite saying of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Dominion's Prime Minister, that, as the nineteenth was the century of the United States, so will the twentieth be that of Canada. So far as the century's opening years have gone, this proud prediction has been fully verified, and in the present year there is greater prosperity and expansion in every branch of life in Canada than ever before in the history of the country. At the end of 1905 Canada had railroads aggregating about twenty thousand six hundred miles. By the close of the present year another six thousand miles will have been added by four great railway systems: the new Grand Trunk Pacific and National Transcontinental Railway, and extensions of the Canadian Northern, Canadian Pacific, and the Great Northern Railway of the United States, the president of which, Mr James J. Hill, is this year building about nineteen hundred miles of new track in Western Canada and British Columbia.

Few readers can have failed to note the remarkable immigration that has taken place in the past few years to Western Canada. This tide of immigration continues to increase from the British Isles, the continent of Europe, and especially from the United States. In that great country during last century there was always *a West* somewhere out on the frontier that attracted the young, venturesome, and restless spirits of the more settled and sober Eastern States. Free lands were then to be had by any one that would occupy them; but that is a thing of the past, and now there are no free lands to be had for settlers in the United States. Hence it is that great crowds of home-seekers are pressing across the international boundary-line to be in time to secure free farms of one hundred and sixty acres, or larger areas at low prices, in what is now termed the 'Last West'—known as Western Canada—which stretches from the timbered country about sixty miles east of Winnipeg, where the prairies begin, away westward to the foothills of the Rockies, and from the American border north to the climatic limits of cultivation. Recent immigration has been principally into the new provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, and from these and the older province of Manitoba many pioneers are now pushing their way to the lone fastnesses and silent waters of the Great Northland. In a few years more the country that lies between the Saskatchewan River and the west shore of Hudson Bay will be as thoroughly explored and well known as any one of the three provinces of Western Canada to-day.

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To the Canadian Northern Railway has fallen the awakening of Hudson Bay by the construction of a north-easterly extension to Churchill, on the west shore of the bay. The Canadian Northern is practically a product of the twentieth century, and a short account of it may here be given, as it is one of the principal factors in Canada's present expansion. Its originators were Mr William Mackenzie, now its president, and Mr D. D. Mann, now vice-president; while Mr D. B. Hanna, who was as a young man in the service of the Caledonian Railway Company of Scotland, became at a later stage third vice-president and comptroller, a position similar to that of general manager of a British railway. Some eight years ago Mr Hanna took over the operative management, with a staff of twelve men and one boy. To-day the employés of the Canadian Northern number many thousands. At the end of last year the Canadian Northern had about two thousand five hundred miles of well-equipped completed railway in operation. By the close of the present year about another fifteen hundred miles, now under construction, will be completed. Starting as a small local railway, under the sponsorship of the Manitoba Government, the Canadian Northern has launched out in all directions, and in a few years' time it will form a complete transcontinental system from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the southern wheat-belt of Manitoba it has paralleled the Canadian Pacific lines, so that in that fertile district no farmer is now distant more than ten miles from a railway. In the new provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta the Canadian Northern is carrying out the same policy, and providing branch-lines into fertile areas that can be made tributary to the main line. The main line itself, starting from Port Arthur on Lake Superior, runs by way of Winnipeg to Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, and from the time it enters the prairies, sixty miles east of Winnipeg, passes through wheatlands of the best description for a distance of about a thousand miles.

Mr William Mackenzie, president of the Canadian Northern, is still considerably on the right side of sixty. He was born in Ontario, of Scottish parents who emigrated to Canada from Caithness. He has many of the characteristics of the successful Scot, among which are his prompt decisions in all questions that arise, his inflexible determination in the face of obstacles, his keenness in business matters, combined with great liberality outside them, and his very high standard of business integrity, which makes him slow to give a promise, but once the pledge is given Mr Mackenzie invariably does a little better than the letter of his word. It is these characteristics that have secured for Mr Mackenzie and the railway system he controls an unusual degree of confidence from the Dominion and Provincial Governments of Canada. On leaving the public school at Kirkfield, Ontario, Mr Mackenzie for a short time became a school teacher. Then he started a country store; and as a railway came into the district he added a sawmill and took contracts for 'ties' (or 'sleepers,' as they are called in this country) and other railway timber. At that time the Canadian Pacific Railway was pushing its way through the Rocky Mountains to make connection with the line then being built to meet it from Vancouver. Mr Mackenzie went west to British Columbia, started several sawmills, and took important contracts from the Canadian Pacific Railway, which he carried out much to the satisfaction of the company and with profitable results to himself. His last work there was in 1886, when the Canadian Pacific was opened from ocean to ocean. In that year Mr Mackenzie erected the enormous, massive snowsheds on the eastern slope of the Selkirk Mountains that protect the track and trains from the great snow-slides that occasionally sweep down the mountain-sides, carrying rocks, trees, and débris in gigantic avalanches with them. In the same year Mr Mackenzie formed a partnership with Mr Mann.

Messrs Mackenzie & Mann then returned to the east, and took contracts from the Canadian Pacific for the construction of part of that company's railway in the State of Maine. Then the partners turned again to the west, and built the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake, and Saskatchewan Railway from Regina (now the capital of the province of Saskatchewan) to Prince Albert, and the Calgary and Edmonton Railway. Both of these lines have for some time been operated as branches of the Canadian Pacific. It was in the construction of these lines that Messrs Mackenzie & Mann came to realise the vast agricultural possibilities of the western prairies if provided with adequate railway facilities. Fortunately for Western Canada, the Government of Manitoba has had for a number of years at its head, as premier, the Hon. R. P. Roblin, a statesman of great political and commercial foresight. On behalf of his Government, Mr Roblin arranged with Mr Mackenzie for a railway from Winnipeg to Port Arthur, making a second means of railway communication between Winnipeg and navigation on Lake Superior, which had until then been a monopoly of the Canadian Pacific. As a result, the freightage on grain has been reduced by about 100 per cent., and many hundreds of thousands of dollars have been saved to the farmers. Generally speaking, the principal lines of the Canadian Northern lie well to the north of those of the Canadian Pacific, where, strange as it may appear, the winter climate is less severe than along the American border-line, and where the soil and agricultural conditions are the most favourable in Western Canada. Competent authorities have given the opinion that the Edmonton district of Alberta alone will produce as much wheat as the entire province of Manitoba, which, most unfairly, has far too small an area to satisfy its reasonable and legitimate aspiration and ambition. Had Manitoba been given the unoccupied land in the territory of Keewatin as far as the west shore of Hudson Bay to add to the province,

the Canadian Northern Railway would by this time be running into Churchill, at the mouth of the great river of the same name—the best harbour in the bay.

The Canadian Northern has a railway from Winnipeg to Prince Albert direct, and quite recently it has arranged to acquire on favourable terms the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake, and Saskatchewan line from Regina to Prince Albert. Its Hartney extension will in a few months' time give direct communication between Winnipeg and Regina. Mr Mackenzie has for many years been a firm believer in the great commercial possibilities of a railway to Churchill and an ocean trade-route to Liverpool, the great grain-market of the world. The Dominion Government has sent several expeditions into Hudson Bay, and as a result are convinced of the feasibility of the proposition, and have pledged themselves to its support. The first step has now been taken by the Canadian Northern Railway, which is building the first section of a line to Churchill. This railway starts from Erwood, a point on the Canadian Northern some distance east of Prince Albert, and runs to Pas Mission on the banks of the Lower Saskatchewan River, the present *ultima thule* of white settlement. The length of this extension is about ninety-five miles, and it is to be completed this year. From Pas Mission to Churchill the distance is about four hundred miles, and for some distance the line has been located. Beyond that Canadian Northern survey-parties are busily at work, and it has been stated in the Canadian press that no particular engineering difficulties have been encountered. In the construction of this Hudson Bay Railway the Canadian Northern is working under an old charter, in terms of which they become entitled to a large land-grant as the line progresses, and no doubt the Dominion Parliament will in its next session grant further assistance, as the immediate necessity of the Hudson Bay route is admitted by politicians of all shades of opinion, except a few members of Parliament from the Atlantic seaboard, who look with considerable jealousy upon the opening up of a rival trade-route in the far north.

Perhaps the best authority on Hudson Bay matters is Mr A. P. Low, director of the Geological Survey of Canada. In 1897 Mr Low accompanied the *Diana* scientific expedition to Hudson Bay, and again, three years ago, Mr Low commanded an expedition which, on board the *Neptune*, one of the staunchest vessels in the Newfoundland seal-fisheries, explored Hudson Bay and Strait for the purpose of determining their navigability and of reasserting to the fullest extent the authority of Canada over that region. During the same voyage Mr Low explored their resources, and found copper on the west and iron on the east side of the bay, while a Scotch company is taking out some excellent mica from the northern shore of the strait. In the great Labrador region, east and north, are found the granite and gneiss as well as silurian limestone formations; and although the general appearance of these vast wastes, comprising some two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, cannot be said to be attractive from the agricultural point of view, they undoubtedly contain, in Mr Low's opinion, many and varied stores of mineral wealth.

The feasibility of navigation was, however, the main point that Mr Low was sent by the Dominion Government to inquire into, and as to that his report is emphatic. In Mr Low's opinion a Hudson Bay route to Europe is perfectly feasible, and at the same time attractive as a commercial proposition. The distance from Regina to Churchill is, according to Mr Low, practically the same as that from Regina to Port Arthur on Lake Superior, while from Churchill to Liverpool the mileage is about equal to that from Quebec to Liverpool. Thus transportation from Port Arthur to Quebec would be saved to the grain-producers of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta by adopting the Hudson Bay route. Hudson Bay never freezes over, and its temperature is said to be higher than that of the ocean off the Labrador coast. Hudson Bay lies entirely within British territory, no other nation having lands bordering upon it or in any way accessible by means of its waters. The only means of access and egress between it and the Atlantic Ocean is through Hudson Strait, which is some four hundred miles in length and about forty miles in width at the narrowest part. In area Hudson Bay ranks third among the inland seas of the world. First comes the Mediterranean with one million square miles, next the Caribbean Sea with six hundred and eighty thousand square miles, and third Hudson Bay with five hundred and eighty thousand square miles. The difficulty to navigation is in Hudson Strait, and is caused not by ice from the bay, but by drift-ice from the north washing into the strait.

Sealing operations begin about 1st May; but by 1st July, and still more safely on 15th July, the strait and bay are open to navigation. This continues until about 15th November for ordinary vessels. The season for reinforced vessels extends to three or perhaps four weeks longer. The main danger to ships comes from the ice-fields formed early in the season, and from the 'growlers' or icebergs with the edges worn round by drifting about the northern seas. The autumn ice-fields coming down from the north arrived in November, when Mr Low was there, and made navigation extremely perilous. This is the same ice that reaches Newfoundland about 1st March, and makes the sealing season so prosperous. Mr Low reported very favourably on the prospects of important mineral discoveries. The Hudson Bay Company's factor at Churchill has a considerable collection of gold samples which have been brought to him from time to time by explorers and Eskimos, and possibly another Klondike may yet be discovered in the Hudson Bay watershed. Copper is likely to be obtained in considerable quantity. The natives

obtain it nearly pure, and hammer it out into drinking-vessels and other household utensils. They also use it to repair their old muzzle-loading guns. Game and fish are very plentiful, and the salmon are said to be of better flavour than those taken in British Columbia waters. Altogether the result of Mr Low's investigations have been to make him an enthusiastic advocate of opening up a trade-route *viâ* Hudson Bay, which he regards as the Baltic of the North American continent.

Speaking towards the end of this year's session in the Dominion House of Commons, Sir Wilfrid Laurier said that he attached the greatest possible importance to the construction of a railway to Hudson Bay. He was prepared to go to Montreal and tell the people there that the Canada of to-day is not to be confined to the St Lawrence valley, but is to be pushed as far north as it can go. He believed that he would yet have the privilege of seeing a great city at the terminus of the Hudson Bay Railway at the mouth of the Churchill River. 'We must,' said Sir Wilfrid, 'push ahead, and go as far north as colonisation can go. I have great confidence that before many years we shall see around the Hudson Bay, and in that district, populous villages, towns, and cities, where there shall be lumber industries, fishing industries, metal industries, and all kinds of industries.' Observations recorded at Churchill over a series of years by Hudson Bay Company officials show that the temperature during the winter months is about the same as that of Winnipeg, with the advantage of no blizzards or continued high winds. The Churchill winter climatic record compares very favourably with that of the principal towns of Norway, and Canadians are sanguine that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's prediction will be speedily fulfilled. Anyhow, the Canadian Northern Railway has made a start, and when President William Mackenzie has once put his hand to the plough there is no turning back. The tercentenary of the death of Henry Hudson in 1910 will find Canadian Northern trains running to Churchill and Liverpool-bound steamers lying alongside in its landlocked harbour.

THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

CHAPTER XXVI.



BADE the sleigh-driver take back Herr Schneider's dead body to the Brun-varad; and, acting on my suggestion, the two soldiers accompanied the conveyance. Then, solitary and the prey to strange thoughts, I walked down the snow-path alongside that fatal run. At the scene of the catastrophe I stopped; but, save for a streak of frozen blood, the adamantine ice bore no token of the shattering catastrophe that had divorced the detective's unhealthy soul from his unprepossessing body.

Well, it would have been idle to pretend that I regretted his decease, and I prayed that the splendid-hearted little Princess might win her way to freedom, and ultimately to consolation and happiness.

Never, when I set out from England, had I dreamed of the possibility of such events as I had just participated in; and, were it not for one thing, I should have faced the prospect of returning to my native country with the proud consciousness of having not merely moved in events of historical importance, but of having done my duty unflinchingly and with conspicuous success. Unfortunately, there was that in my heart and mind which battled down the proud thoughts of self-congratulation and turned my gladness into a dull pain. Had I been heart-whole I should have been comparatively happy. As it was, I had looked through the gates of the mind into a region of happiness greater than I had ever before conceived of. The doors were shut, but the memory remained, and the brightness of the vision turned the routine of my ordinary life into a dreary, sunless journey. And yet I could say of myself as I had once said of the infatuated Fräulein von Helder: it was better even to dream one's happiness than to miss it altogether. Should I ever revisit Weissheim? I wondered. Would its beauties and its memories call me out again as a sweet song claims irresistibly a second hearing; or should I henceforth shun it as a place of vague unrest, of bloody troubles, and fierce, unsatisfied aspirations? And, lest the latter fate should be the true one, I took what might be my last look from that high point of vantage. The valley beneath me was filled with a white mist, and overhead the usually clear sky was full of heavy purple clouds. In the west the dying sun was setting in a gorgeous panoply of red and gold; and as I looked at the stormy magnificence of the lurid heavens I contrasted their present aspect with their normal one of cool, clear brilliancy. 'They do not remind one of Miss Anchester to-night,' I said to myself. 'There is passion there, passion and tumultuous emotions, and a burning recklessness that knows no mastery.' And even as when I had formerly made my comparison, so now that I had made my contrast, the object of my thoughts was suddenly brought before me.

Breasting the slope from the direction of Weissheim, and wearing the same white *béret* and the same blue-gray cloak, was the royal governess. I stood aside in the snow to let her pass, and took off my cap.

'Are you from the Marienscastel?' she asked.

'Yes; and you, I suppose, are going there?'

'Yes. An order has been issued for the Princess's

arrest. I have a later order from His Majesty rescinding it.'

'You are too late,' I said.

'Why? Has she been already arrested? If so, it does not much matter.'

'She has escaped.'

'Escaped—how?'

'Down the Kastel-run.'

'You saw her?'

'I helped her.'

Miss Anchester opened her eyes in amazement, and a distinct look of admiration crept into them. 'Was that not rather rash?' she asked at length.

'Perhaps; but the circumstances did not admit of excessive caution.'

'Explain, please.'

'Herr Schneider bore the order of arrest, which also gave him authority to fire on the prisoner should she attempt to resist. Armed with this, he made the Princess a proposal of marriage, telling me confidentially that he was prepared to overcome her disinclination by force. Had she persisted in refusing him he would have murdered her.'

My companion shuddered.

'How horrible!' she said in a low voice; 'and yet I doubt if he would have gone beyond mere threats. That would have been bad enough; but Herr Schneider is not a murderer.'

'I have irrefutable proof to the contrary,' I retorted calmly. 'International detectives are not altogether fools, though their villainy may be absolute, and our friend had foreseen the possibility of his prey escaping down the Kastel-run. Accordingly, he stationed a horse-sleigh at the upper crossing, and when the Princess commenced her downward course, the coachman, according to a prearranged signal, proceeded to drive his conveyance across the track.'

'Stop!' Miss Anchester put her hand in front of her eyes as though the vision pained her. I had never seen her display so much emotion, and hastened to relieve her feelings.

'It was all right,' I said. 'I managed to borrow one of the soldiers' rifles and shoot the horse before he could reach the crossing.'

'How splendid of you!' Her face was bright again now with the glow of a genuine enthusiasm. 'And was not Herr Schneider angry?' and she laughed the excited laugh of relieved tension.

'So angry,' I replied, 'that he missed me three times with his revolver at a distance of about five paces.'

'He fired at you—three times?'

'Yes; and if his temper had been slightly more under control I should have been as dead as he is now.'

'He is dead—you killed him?'

'He killed himself. He mounted a toboggan and pursued the Princess. By that time the wounded horse had succeeded in drawing the sleigh athwart the track. They are taking the shattered body to the Brun-varad.'

Again my companion shuddered and covered her face with her hands.

'I am sorry for the Fräulein von Helder,' she said after a considerable interval. 'It will break her heart.'

'I agree with you that it will break her heart, but I am not sorry for her. There are various ways of having one's heart broken, and I am inclined to think that that way was the most merciful.'

There was another pause.

'Mr Saunders.'

'Yes.'

'I have often rebuked you and laughed at you for being conceited. I will never do so again.'

'I shall miss your badinage.'

'Possibly, but I shall have no heart to indulge in it any more. A man who acted as you did last night and have done to-day *ought* to have a high opinion of himself. I respected you immensely for having risked your life so splendidly last night to serve a man. To-day you have done as much for a woman, and the romance is greater.'

'Like all conceited people,' I replied, 'I like praise, but your approval would make me proud were I the most diffident of men.'

'Where has the Princess gone?' she asked abruptly.

'I suggested that she should make for the Austrian frontier.'

'And you will follow her?'

'Heaven forbid! She has been persecuted enough.'

'But you are not Herr Schneider.'

'Heaven be thanked! Still, I am a bachelor and she a maid. The proprieties must be respected even in exile.'

'But surely, if you love her'——

'Love her!' I interrupted. 'I do not love her. I have a respectful regard for her—so deep a respect, so strong a regard, that my heart bleeds for the brave little woman—but that is not love. Moreover, I am neither a Graf, a Von, nor even a lieutenant, and the Schattenbergs do not mate with commoners. You should have seen her indignation at Schneider's proposal.'

'But why compare yourself with him?'

'Why not? An international detective is at least the social equal of a successful linen-draper.'

'But if the Princess loves you'——

'The "if" is the commencement of a preposterous supposition.'

'It is not,' declared my companion emphatically. 'I, her friend, say it is not.'

I shook my head.

'I assure you that she loves you,' persisted Miss Anchester with convincing earnestness.

'I hope and pray not,' I replied, 'for I am incapable of returning her sentiments; and although my affection for her is so great that in a sense it may be called love, it is not love in the most exalted meaning of the word.'

'How do you know?'

For answer I pointed at the amazing glory of the heavens. 'Is not that sunset more beautiful than the ordinary Weissheim sunset?' I asked. 'Even so does love outshine friendship.'

Again she asked me, 'How do you know?' and her voice shook a little.

'I know because I have seen both; and though the greater glory was only vouchsafed me in a dream, its beauty was such that it has spoilt my life.'

'I do not understand.'

'You do not understand,' I replied, 'because you have nothing in common with the passionate majesty of to-night's sky. And yet once, when I had had an accident tobogganing and my senses were just shaking off the dullness of insensibility, I seemed to read on your features, as you bent over me, a look that had more in it than the calm, icy loveliness of our normal sunset. Forgive me if I am troublesome, but I have suffered too much to mind making myself ridiculous.'

'You still'—— Her voice broke in a sob. I gazed at her face, and for a second my wits reeled with astonishment. Then surprise gave way to a great burst of hope, and hope in turn to a triumphant certainty, for I read in those gray, tear-dimmed eyes what I had believed could never be written there, the look they had seemed to wear as she bent over my prostrate form by the toboggan-run—the look of a loving woman. A second later she was in my arms sobbing and laughing, and I knew that life was a glory and not a curse.

'You've—conquered me,' she murmured, 'and I'm so—proud.'

'And happy?'

'Absolutely.'

. . . . . .

'By the way,' I asked as we retraced our steps towards the Brun-varad, 'you said this morning that you were very angry with me. What was that about?'

She laughed gaily.

'When you made your wonderful descent of the Kastel-run last night the "contacts" were set and your "time" was registered automatically. You completed the course in one minute and twenty-eight seconds, cutting my record by a second and a fifth.'

I whistled.

'No wonder you were cross,' I said.

'I was very annoyed; but I am so no longer—merely very proud.'

. . . . . .

'My dear Robert,—The Blackwoods are giving a dance at the Empress Rooms on March 2. I hope you will be back in time for it. Agatha is looking charming.'

So wrote my dear, scheming parent in a letter which I found waiting for me on my sitting-room table. I replied as follows:

'Dearest Mother,—I shall make a point of returning home for the Blackwoods' ball. I am delighted to hear that Agatha looks so charming. Miss Anchester is also looking very charming, and, what is more important, has promised to be my wife. It appears we both fell in love with each other at first sight, which, considering my fiancée is as discriminating as she is charming, is not to be wondered at. King Karl has presented her with a wonderful pearl necklace, and me with the Second-Class Order of the Black Ostrich set in brilliants, all on the condition that we spend our honeymoon at the Brun-varad.—Your loving and dutiful son,

Robert.

'*P.S.*—For better or worse (probably the latter) I shall take over the management of the firm of James Saunders & Son on my return.'

THE END.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH FURNITURE AND ITS IMITATIONS.

By Artmeter.

THE value of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. furniture has risen enormously during the last few years, and it is quite a common thing for one thousand pounds or more to be paid for a commode or cabinet of the period; indeed, for special pieces five thousand or ten thousand pounds is asked. Nothing is more puzzling than this rage. One can understand great prices being given for a picture by Raphael or Titian or Rembrandt which cannot be reproduced, or even for old Sèvres porcelain or fine tapestries which cannot be matched; but how it is that people can be found to give five thousand pounds for a piece of furniture which can easily be equalled, if not surpassed, nowadays at a cost of three hundred pounds or so is a mystery.

There is nothing particular about Louis XV. furniture except its elegance and good workmanship, both of which attributes can be, and are, given to modern furniture. No particular genius was required to design the finest commode ever seen at Versailles, and the art applied was not of a higher order than that which was given to the Venetian furniture of the same period. Naturally, under these circumstances, the furniture of Louis Quinze and Seize can be easily copied; and in no branch of art-imitation have forgers reaped such a rich harvest as in this. Every year the market is well supplied with tables, cabinets, secretaires,

and commodes which deceive the keenest amateurs and experts; and, indeed, so close are the imitations that they have found their way into almost every collection as genuine works. It is not at all an uncommon thing for a commode to be sold by auction for seven hundred or eight hundred pounds within three months after it is made, and no season goes by without at least two or three sales of these forgeries being made in London or Paris at prices exceeding two thousand pounds.

Of course I am referring to the fine imitations made in Paris, and not to the second and third-rate copies turned out wholesale in Vienna and Frankfort. In Paris alone can one find workmen skilled in all the trades brought into requisition in the construction of a Louis XV. cabinet, as well as the perfect master of the business, able and willing to direct. It is not the application of art that is required so much as close attention to technical details such as the preparation of polishes, the gilding of the added ormolu, the manufacture of the fastenings, and so on. Right through a piece under construction, the work must be done precisely as it was accomplished by the workmen of Gouthière or other masters. The bronze-work must have the same chiselling and the woodwork the same peculiar joints; while the tiny screws used must be hand-cut and pointless, and the gilding (the most difficult of all the imitative work) accomplished by mercury amalgam. Much study has been given to the indenting or cracking of certain portions of the wood to reproduce the effect of age on articles usually well preserved, and even the faint aroma commonly permeating an old boudoir-piece is reproduced to perfection. When all is done, and properly done, the cost will have been heavy, but the reward is great. A small oval table of satinwood, a foot or eighteen inches long, will cost fifty pounds to make, an average commode with gray marble top about eighty or ninety pounds, and a cabinet or secretaire from one hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds. These costs may appear heavy to the amateur who thinks he picks up a bargain when he buys an article at half the sums mentioned; but if he would closely compare his purchase with one of the best Paris preparations he would find a vast difference. His own piece has probably taken a month or two to finish, while from twelve to twenty months are required to complete the higher-class article. The actual putting together of the parts and the casting and chiselling of the bronze-work are of slight importance in regard to time, the more arduous labour being required for the aging of the gilt and the long and tedious polishing and rubbing to make the pateen of the wood, if this term can be used in such a connection. There is, of course, some risk in regard to the amount of profit secured by the maker; but this is very slight. The actual maker seldom tries to palm off a piece of his furniture as a genuine antique. He usually sells it to a dealer or an intermediary for what it is, and therefore his profit is not so great as that of the middleman. A cabinet, say, which cost three hundred pounds to make will be sold for five hundred or six hundred pounds to an intermediary. This gentleman 'plants' it—that is to say, he puts it in an old house, or amongst genuine goods in a small collection, and perhaps provides a provenance for it, with the result that it is sold to a dealer for, say, twelve hundred or fifteen hundred pounds. The dealer will then either sell it direct for two thousand five hundred pounds or so, or send it for auction in another name, and buy it himself for, say, three thousand pounds, upon which he will easily get 5 or 10 per cent. more from an amateur, who will reasonably consider that the price the piece realised in the presence of a crowd of experts and dealers is a fair one. Sometimes the intermediary will join with the dealer in the profits, and occasionally the maker will share with the intermediary.

The high-class imitations of furniture of this period are not always modern throughout. Sometimes the whole or part of the gilt metal mountings will be genuine, and Sèvres plaques when used must be real, for they cannot be imitated to deceive a dealer or amateur. These plaques are very hard to obtain. When offered they are snapped up at a long price, and a cabinet is immediately designed to receive them.

HOW LALAVOINE WON THE CROSS.

CHAPTER II.

WE had been talking in French, and all this time the Spaniard had been looking from one to the other, evidently surprised at our sudden animation.

Time was everything, so we rode back as quickly as possible, of course taking our friend with us. If you want men to fight well there is nothing like exciting their cupidity, and I impressed this on Lalavoine.

'All right,' he answered; 'leave that to me. They can sack the church if they like;' but both Resler and I dissuaded him from allowing that on account of the time it would take.

'*Mes enfants*,' said Lalavoine when we arrived, 'there's a four-gun battery with four horses to each gun, and ammunition-wagons, and about fifty cavalry horses—you know what that means: nearly eight thousand francs for the regiment,' for the Government gave one hundred francs for each horse captured, and this was divided among the men. 'Follow me, *mes enfants*, and we will make a *coup*

this time. We must go on foot, and not a shot is to be fired if we can help it.'

'*En avant, capitaine,*' they cried, delighted at the prospect.

We gave Resler a start, as he had some little distance farther to go, and then, taking the guide with us, crept swiftly down the bridle-path.

Lalavoine was out of condition owing to his recent illness, so, dashing past him with a pistol in one hand and my sword in the other, I rushed to the inn.

'*Rendez, messieurs,*' I shouted, bursting into the building, where I found, to my astonishment, only three officers. Two were sleeping and one was quietly smoking. Taken completely by surprise—for they had, so we learnt, no idea that we were farther south than Corneza (just as we thought they were near Fontana de la Reina)—there was nothing for them to do but to give up their swords. The steward's supposition of the young noblemen having gone up to the castle proved perfectly true, and that was how there were only three officers left. In less than a quarter of an hour from the start the place was ours. But we were not out of the wood yet. All the carbines and swords were broken, and the prisoners mustered and placed under a guard in the church, Lalavoine seeing to all this.

'La Corona de Oro,' which was the name of the inn, was a posting-house, which was fortunate for us, as we found in it far more fodder, especially barley, on which material the Spaniards, like the Arabs, usually feed their horses, than we should otherwise have done; for, with more than eighty extra horses, it was highly important that we should be able to feed them, and I succeeded in finding enough to fill two carts. The harness of the horses belonging to the battery was of a vastly superior quality to any I had ever seen; the guns were beautifully kept, and shone like silver; and *le chariot de batterie* contained every requisite. We took it for granted that we should be followed, so I had two extra horses attached to all the guns; and then, as soon as Resler arrived, placing the officers and guide in a travelling-carriage we found, we set off at a tremendous pace, so much so that we covered two leagues in half-an-hour. Then our troubles began. The first was that we found that the bailiff had given us the slip. However, that did not much matter, as we still had the swineherd to guide us.

I had hoped that Lalavoine had forgotten, in the excitement and success of our *coup*, all about Catarina; but I was soon bitterly disappointed. At this point, as the guide had told us, we arrived at the little hamlet of Corta, where the road forked off to the left in a northerly direction, which of course was the road we ought to have followed, for, without knowing where it led to exactly, we knew that we could ultimately get round to our headquarters; while the other went rather to the south-east, and I could tell by the lie of the land and the low hills, which farther on became great mountains, that if we followed it we should get leagues out of our way and also be in very dangerous country.

'Where's Buenaca—how far is it?' asked Lalavoine sharply of the swineherd.

'To the right, about a league, *señor*,' he replied.

Both Resler and I saw the danger. We begged, we implored him to keep to the left.

'Think of the Cross; think of the guns,' I cried.

'Confound the guns!' exclaimed Lalavoine. 'What do I care for the guns? It's Catarina I'm after. I sha'n't get such a chance again, and, *mon Dieu!* I mean to take it.'

'But they will soon be after us,' I persisted. 'It's perfect folly. You must be mad.'

'Who's in command here,' he answered angrily, 'you or I? Do you want a court-martial?'

'*Ma foi!*' muttered Resler *sotto voce*, 'it won't be us who will be court-martialled.' And the fatal step was taken.

We soon entered a forest of oaks with high banks on either side, and on emerging from it, we saw, about five hundred metres distant, on a slight eminence, the filthy little village—for so it proved to be—and we pulled up our panting horses at a wretched *fonda* with a bush hanging outside.

'I say,' shouted Lalavoine to the landlord, who had rushed out in alarm, 'you know Señor Gonzalez?'

'*Si, señor*,' he replied. 'He lives in a large house, La Villa Hermosa, about the third of a league farther on, just past the Calvary on the right hand of the road.

'That's all right,' said Alphonse. The *berloque** sounded, and we entered the inn. 'You know,' he continued to the man in a low voice, 'la Señorita Gonzalez? She is charming; she is lovely; she's the star of the heavens.'

The innkeeper was a fat, vulgar, greasy little man, with small, cunning eyes; and, though he did not know what was exactly coming, I could see he was inwardly calculating what benefit he was to derive from our arrival; though, as Lalavoine continued to sing the praise of his inamorata, I perceived that he could hardly keep down his surprise. He looked at Alphonse, and he looked at me, and I thought—but I may have been mistaken—that he winked.

'*Si, capitán*, all that you say is perfectly true. As for la Señorita Catarina, she is charming, she is good, especially to the poor.'

'Well, I am going to marry her. I am going to bring her here. I'——

But this was too much for the man. His eyes nearly came out of his head with surprise; he placed his hands on his paunch, and bending down, was slowly turning round, with what I know now was suppressed laughter, but Lalavoine gave him a sharp kick behind that made him stand upright pretty quick.

* The 'disperse.'

'Maraquita, Maraquita!' he shouted at the top of his voice, '*venga acá, venga acá!*' and the next moment his flustered wife appeared. 'Listen; the captain is going to marry la Señorita Gonzalez, and she is coming here to-night.'

'*O purissima! O Madre de Dios!*' the woman exclaimed, and she was going to add more, but Lalavoine interrupted her.

'Is the *señorita* at home?'

'Of course she is,' they both exclaimed eagerly, for they saw there was going to be some profit in this enterprise.

Thereupon Lalavoine told them that he must send her a note to prepare her. This they promised should be delivered into her own hand at once, and they called their eldest son, to whom Lalavoine gave a *peseta*, and promised him another if he was quick. Tearing a sheet from his note-book, he scrawled a hasty note, and the lad departed. Both the man and his wife, who had been whispering excitedly to each other, now entered eagerly into the scheme. They promised to make ready the only room in the house, and said that they would sleep in the loft with the children.

'You shall have a lovely supper of fish and *olla podrida*,' said the wife.—'Here, José,' she cried to another son, 'run down to the bridge, near the drain, and catch some fish.' And he at once seized his rod and ran off at a great pace.

Then Lalavoine went off to the barber's, and I told a dozen men to get ready. Going out into the road, I found Resler still fuming and swearing by the guns.

'This is terrible! This is awful!' he said savagely. 'We are bound to be followed; we shall lose these guns, and look what beauties they are; look at the coronets and crests on them!'

I did my best to console him, and, anyway, I told him, as we were three good leagues from the main body of the Spaniards, and had got a good start, I did not think there was really any immediate danger; but for all that I took the precaution of sending a brigadier and a couple of men down the road to the wood, with orders to fire at once if any of the enemy approached, so as to give the alarm; and this proved a very lucky idea. As we had got the guns, on my own responsibility I told Resler to load them. He was highly amused at the suggestion, for of course neither he nor I nor any of the men knew anything about such business. Anyway, it served to divert his thoughts. By this time Lalavoine, all spick and span as a bridegroom should be, came out of the barber's.

As the mad enterprise had to be carried out, the sooner it was done the better; so I formed up the men, who, knowing now what was going to take place, were all on the broad grin, especially as their captain promised them one hundred francs if the *coup* succeeded. Even I, angry as I was, began to see the fun of the thing.

Leaving Resler behind, we galloped off. We had gone no great distance ere we met a woman leading a white donkey, and of her we asked the way.

'You will see the house through the trees in a moment, *señors*,' she said.

'Do you think the *señorita* is at home?'

'Of course she is,' she replied; 'but *la donna* and *el señor* are out for a drive.'

'Of course she is!' These were exactly the same words as the innkeeper had used. I did not for myself see why it should be 'of course;' but Lalavoine was highly pleased, and threw her some *reales*.

'That's all the better,' he said gaily as we galloped along. 'Won't the old birds be surprised when they return to find the nest empty? There's the house. *Parbleu*, what a lovely place! It's worthy of its name. Ah! and there is the Calvary, and here's the gate.' In another moment we were racing up the carriage-drive. Dismounting, Alphonse rang the bell violently.

'Is la Señorita Catarina at home?' asked Lalavoine as the man appeared.

'Oh yes,' he replied, with a scared face; 'but you can't see her.'

'Don't stand there like a fool,' said Alphonse sharply; 'go and tell her at once Captain Alphonse is here, unless you want the place sacked.'

Passing through the beautiful *patio*, with a fountain playing in the middle, we were shown into a large room. The *persiennes* were partly drawn, and, coming out of the sun, we seemed almost in darkness; but, getting accustomed to it, we soon perceived that it was very handsomely furnished.

'*Ma foi!*' I said in a subdued voice, 'the family must have money.'

'Of course they have,' answered Lalavoine, and then he commenced nervously stamping up and down. Still the angel did not appear, and I began, as I thought of the guns, to get as anxious as my comrade, who kept on fidgeting about, getting up one moment and sitting down the next.

'Deuce take it!' he whispered at last, 'I think I shall go and see for myself.'

Suddenly there was a rustle of a dress. The door opened, and we sprang to our feet.

A tall, slender figure with light-brown hair entered. She stood coyly for a moment by the door, shading her face with a large fan. She may even have been pretty—that's a thing I could not vouch for in such a dim, uncertain light; but I was certain she was nearly fifty. Lalavoine, with all a lover's eagerness, had rushed to meet her, but suddenly he stopped as if spell-bound. She, doubtless taking this as a tribute to her beauty, sprang forward and threw her arms round his neck.

'*Alfonso, Alfonso, queridisimo mio, y despues de tantos años!*' ['Alfonso, Alfonso, my own beloved, and after all these years!'], she cried, and the poor creature, carried away by her feelings, burst into hysterical tears.

Lalavoine gave a deep groan—I am not sure it was not an oath. He tried to disengage himself,

but she clung closely to him. Gently he led her to a sofa, gave one good look, shook himself free, seized his helmet, and rushed towards the door. In his haste in the semi-darkness he knocked over a bowl of goldfish and sent the servant (who had probably had his ear glued to the door all the time) flying. Regardless of the piercing screams of the poor forsaken woman, I rushed after him.

Outside, with a horse with a lady's saddle, which Lalavoine had especially ordered them to get, the troopers were waiting. Without a word, Lalavoine jumped on his charger. It all happened so quickly that up till then I hardly knew what I was about. It seemed like a dream. I got on my horse somehow, and I dare say I gave the order to follow; but the ridiculousness of the whole affair then burst upon me to such an extent that I could hardly keep my seat for laughter. The idea of actually running the risk of losing those guns for this no doubt very amiable but middle-aged lady was too much for me. I wanted to pull up, but I was perfectly helpless, and I feared I should fall forward on my charger's crupper. My companion, riding as though the fiend himself was behind him, was far ahead —nearly, in fact, at the gate—when suddenly a carriage turned into the drive. With an effort I composed my countenance, but the look of astonishment on the faces of a very aristocratic old gentleman and his wife, as I dashed past them, sent me off into another fit; the tears ran down my eyes, and I thought I should have died of laughter.

When one horse is following another, if the first one gets out of sight, the second—out of curiosity, I suppose—always quickens its pace, and I could not hold mine in, and unfortunately I was pitched clean off. This—for I was rather bruised—stopped my laughter for a time, and I got up in a very sober state of mind, clambered on again, and went after Lalavoine ere my men, who were racing behind me without any proper formation, reached me.

(To be continued.)

THE ADVANCE OF THE TELEPHONE.

IF any one were to name the device which has grown most rapidly in favour in the countries of the civilised world within the last twenty years, the answer would probably be the telephone, for it must be remembered that it was really not in use thirty years ago, the few instruments then in existence being merely utilised for experiments. Those who attended the Centennial Exposition in America in 1876 saw the first form of the Bell telephone, which afterwards was to become a familiar appliance throughout the world. With its huge transmitter made out of leather, and its curious receiver, it appeared to be one of the numberless inventions which could not be placed in practical use; but it was improved so rapidly that during the following year the first telephone exchange in the world was located in the city of Boston, Massachusetts.

It seems incredible that less than thirty years ago we began to use this wonderful instrument in communicating with the voice, for there is now no civilised community which is without the telephone. While it has become a necessity in the home and elsewhere throughout Great Britain and on the Continent, a better idea of the wonderful expansion in the telephone service can probably be gained in the United States, since the American people employ it to a much greater extent than those of any other country. Yet as recently as twenty-five years ago only about fifty thousand telephones were in use throughout the United States among its fifty million people, and fourteen years later the total number of telephones was only three hundred thousand; but within ten years so many of these instruments had been manufactured that the number in use was nearly two million five hundred thousand, or one to every thirty-four people in the United States.

Since 1902, however, the number of telephone-talkers has increased far more rapidly than during any previous period, for at the beginning of the year 1906 nearly five million telephones were connected with exchanges all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. Statistics obtained from the various companies making the instruments show that fully one million five hundred thousand more will be added to this number by the end of the present year. Such an enormous quantity of wire has been stretched on poles and laid underground in cables in the United States that those over which persons carry on conversations for a distance of fifty miles or more—the long-distance wires—would make a line actually stretching to the moon, according to the distance calculated by the astronomers, while enough wire would be left to stretch around the earth three times at its greatest diameter. The long-distance telephone service is so extensive that a man in New York or Chicago can use it to talk with no less than seven million different people, which represents the number of persons using such instruments in their homes or places of business. At the present time a person in the city of New York and a person in the city of St Louis can hold a conversation by telephone, the words being clearly understood. As yet it is impossible to talk across the country; but improvements are being made in the telephone which it is believed will result in extending this long-distance service from ocean to ocean across America.

One of the reasons why these little sound-

transmitters have become so popular is because the quantity of electric current required is so minute. Scientists who have measured the actual electric energy, as it is called, needed to pronounce a word in the transmitter at New York which can be heard over the wire in Chicago say that it is so small that the current used in a single incandescent electric lamp would furnish enough energy for no less than five million words. Another calculation which has been made of the current necessary in telephone service is that the electricity in a magnet sufficiently powerful to lift a weight of fifteen ounces would operate a telephone line one hundred feet in length for a period of two hundred and forty years.

Consequently the expense of talking by telephone is so small as to be insignificant, while the cost of the transmitter and receiver has been greatly reduced, for the reason that patents held by the inventor have expired to such an extent that any one with sufficient genius can design a telephone and be permitted to manufacture and sell it according to the laws of the United States. Therefore, these appliances have become necessary in so many ways that they are almost innumerable not only in the United States but throughout the world. The principal business, law, and banking houses have been installing telephones in large numbers. The idea is to put a telephone on practically every counter or desk. Communication within the store or bank is free, an employé without leaving his desk being able to talk with any one in the store. The actual saving in time in this way is worth hundreds of dollars to a large business establishment in the course of a year. A single department store in New York has one thousand five hundred telephones, another eight hundred, and a number from two hundred to five hundred. Many banking-houses in America and Europe have from twenty to fifty telephones apiece. The telephone has not affected the transaction of business alone. In the larger American cities almost every apartment house and private residence has a telephone. The ordinary social telegram is practically a thing of the past for short distances, having been supplanted by the telephone, and an increasingly large amount of the daily shopping is done every year in the same manner. Indeed, so widespread has become the use of the telephone in the larger cities that the telephone-book is being used instead of the ordinary city directory to ascertain the location of persons, as it contains the residence addresses of thousands of people who keep telephones in their houses as well as their offices.

One of the interesting outgrowths of the telephone is the theatrephone, which is an arrangement whereby a person can hear the players in a theatre or opera-house by sitting in his home with the specially arranged double-receivers at his ears. Experts have been experimenting with the theatrephone for several years, and have so perfected the system that it is possible to hear distinctly the lowest stage-whisper or the softest note of an opera. The question has been seriously considered by one hospital in New York of installing theatrephones in every room. During the week the patients can hear the various operas and concerts, and on Sunday connection can be made with a church of any denomination and the patient can hear the sermon.

A company has been organised in the United States to furnish electric music to be transmitted through the telephone to the homes of the subscribers. Strings, reeds, and other devices with which we have been accustomed to sound our notes are dispensed with. Electricity will transmit musical waves, adjusted to as many different vibrations as are the strings of a piano. To play the instrument a piano keyboard is used. The pressing of a key produces just the note that the piano-string would produce. Musicians who have heard the quality of the notes say that the delicacy of expression is remarkable. The imitation of the violin and 'cello is so perfect that the auditor can hardly believe he is not listening to the bow gliding over the strings. The notes are not sounded in the ear of the performer operating the battery, the vibrations instead being communicated to the telephone wires, which transmit them to the telephone receiver, and there the note is sounded. The receiving telephones are fitted with a device which carries the notes through a room as clearly as if played by an organ. One of the receiving telephones is connected with the operator, and he can thus hear how his playing sounds. The promoters of this company believe that eventually hotels generally, because of the very much lower cost, will install these telephones and use them instead of orchestras. It is also expected that they will be placed in private residences, when the subscriber can order music for dinner, a dance, or a concert for his guests.

Recently the telephone has been placed in most American restaurants, so that it can be used by the patrons at any table. It is on the bill of fare, and is ordered with other items. The coaches of long-distance trains are also being provided with telephones, which are connected to the exchange system whenever the train stops for a few minutes in a city, giving the passengers an opportunity to telephone if they wish to do so. Thus it is possible for a business man, whether travelling or dining, to keep in close touch with his office and his family.

One of the most striking features of the development of telephony has been the growth of rural lines. Even the rural postman has been anticipated in many sections of the country by the telephone, and remarkable as has been the growth of the telephone industry in the eastern States, it has been far exceeded by the growth in the west. These rural lines are nearly all mutual companies, the wires and instruments being owned by the farmers themselves, and being operated primarily for their convenience and not for revenue. Any deficit in the expense of operation is met, as a rule, by assessments on the owners, and the surplus, if any, is usually expended in improving the system. It

is estimated that there are to-day more than four hundred thousand miles of telephone wires owned by rural companies. On these rural lines a number of telephones, sometimes twenty or more, are connected with a single wire. Each subscriber has a different ring or 'call,' and the wires are in use nearly all the time. The uses to which the rural lines are put are almost innumerable. In Minnesota and South Dakota a daily telephone news service has been inaugurated. Twice a day, at noon and at seven o'clock, in response to a given signal, all the farmers on the rural circuits pick up the receivers, and the operator at the central office reads a brief summary of the principal news items of the day just received by telegraph from Chicago. In this way farmers living twenty and thirty miles from the nearest railroad or telegraph station receive the news of the world almost as quickly as dwellers in the great cities. The idea has proved most popular, and is spreading into other western States. In a number of instances the telephone lines have been connected with the schoolhouses. While the news is being received the children are given a recess, after which the teacher imparts to her pupils the news she has just heard from far and near.

The telephone has effected almost as great changes in the business methods of the farmers and planters of America as it has in the great cities. Instead of hauling his wheat or cotton twenty or thirty miles to market, there to be forced to accept whatever price may be offered, the farmer now telephones to the nearest railroad station and learns the day's prices. If the quotation is satisfactory he can sell over the telephone before sending his produce to market. In this way the farmer and planter are in close touch with the markets of the world, and are in a position to take immediate advantage of every favourable fluctuation in prices. Many of the large plantations in the south and ranches in the west have their own private telephone exchanges. One ranch in Oklahoma, extending over eighty-seven thousand acres, has thirty-five miles of private telephone-wires connecting with every foreman. Without leaving his chair the owner of this ranch can telephone to Chicago and sell ten thousand cattle or one hundred thousand bushels of wheat, or call up and give directions to a foreman twenty miles away.

Having revolutionised business methods during this brief career, the telephone promises to play a prominent part in the wars of the future. In Europe stationary balloons sent up to observe the movements of the enemy are equipped with telephones, enabling the aeronaut to keep in constant communication with headquarters. In the previous great wars the line of battle was so contracted that the commanding general, with the aid of a courier service, could easily control and direct the entire field; but now, owing to the use of modern rifles with a range of five and six times that of thirty years ago, the disposition of troops covers an area of so many miles that it is impossible for a general to direct the movement of his forces with the courier and signal service in use in previous wars. The army under Marshal Oyama in its advance upon Mukden was at times extended over an area of more than two hundred miles, and yet the Japanese commander-in-chief was at all times in complete and immediate control of this immense army, directing the movement of the different divisions with a facility that astounded the world. This was rendered possible through the establishment of a telephone system which kept Marshal Oyama and his staff in constant communication with every part of the battlefield. The telephone lines were, of course, of the most temporary character, no effort being made in their construction for their preservation. Where possible, the wire was reeled from wheeled vehicles like so much rope along roads and across fields. When the army advanced into wild country where the movement of wagons was difficult, the coils of wire were slung over the shoulders of the soldiers and carried great distances on foot. In this way the telephone department of the Japanese signal corps was able to complete its lines as fast as the troops moved.

REMINISCENCES OF A BACHELOR.

A MOONLIGHT RIDE.

WHEN I was a boy my greatest enjoyment used to be to lie ensconced in a little wood overlooking the English Channel, with the surf rushing on the shingle, and my mind wrapped up in a book about the adventures of Frobisher, Drake, Morgan, and others, and the doughty deeds done far beyond the waves that thundered at my feet. One day I came across an old book of travels in the Far East, and a story therein especially attracted me. It dealt with the wanderings of an Englishman in the Philippines and his experiences amongst a strange people in the interior of Luzon, the principal island of the archipelago once belonging to Spain. These people, the Tinguianes, lived in the mountain fastnesses of the island, and no Spaniard dared enter their domain. Their warlike spirit and the nature of the country enabled them to set at defiance all attempts to subdue them; and the haughty Don thought it best to ignore their existence and to leave them to the tribal feuds with their neighbours the Gaddanes and Igarrotes.

The Tinguianes build their houses twenty and more feet above the ground, amongst the branches of trees, so as not to be subject to sudden surprise

by an enemy at night. Some of their weapons are large rounded stones picked from the abundant rivers flowing through their country; and from an altitude and the proficiency they have attained these weapons are most effective against an enemy not provided with firearms. They carry a lance, a war-hatchet, and the terrible blowpipe—a hollow reed into which is inserted a thorn, to the base of which is attached a flake of wild cotton, whilst the tip has been dipped into the deadly poison extracted from the upas-tree. An enemy or a quarry comes in sight of the warrior hidden by the leafy tangle of the palmettoes, a gentle breath into the mouthpiece, and away speeds the silent messenger of death. A slight scratch, hardly noticed—and, if so, thought to be due to the brambles and thorns which are the bane of the traveller traversing these wilds—then all at once a giddiness seizes the brain, the limbs refuse to move, the blood seems on fire, and the victim is attacked by an agonising thirst. Whether man or beast, this thirst must be quenched at all costs; and when the first drop passes the lips, and the victim thinks that he has found alleviation from his tortures, down he falls as if struck by a bolt from the heavens.

When reading all this little did I dream that in not so many years it would fall to my lot to pass through an experience with these very same people, the like of which happens to few men, and which has left an indelible impression on my mind. Although after many years the spirit may yet feel young, the fact still impresses itself upon us that the time is going fast. The young live in the future and the old in the memories of days gone by.

At the age of seventeen I entered a merchant's office in London; but after four years of City life my longing for foreign lands and strange countries became too strong, and I set to work to find employment across the seas—the farther the better.

In the meantime I lived the life of a healthy English lad: I played cricket, and above all indulged in boating. How happy would I be on a still summer eve, reclining in my canoe, with the gentle lapping of the stream against my frail craft, reading some favourite book until the waning light and the fleecy mists rising from the bosom of old Father Thames would rouse me! Slowly I paddled back to the little cottage, and sat and dreamt of life and all it might contain until it was time to go to bed; and then next day back to the old City, grimy and yet dear to every one who has passed the days of his youth therein.

After many disappointments, fruitless interviews, and hopes deferred, I at last met with success, and secured a position with a firm trading to the Far East. In due time I sailed, and as the route is such well-trodden ground I need not weary my readers with its description. At Singapore I left the luxurious mail-boat and boarded a little steamer of some four hundred tons which was to take me to my destination. About six days later we steamed through the narrow channel into the bay, past the island of Corregidor, and before us lay in the distance the city of Manila. It was a beautiful day; a gentle breeze rippled the dark-blue waters, and as we glided onwards little by little the features of the landscape became more clear. We dropped anchor about a mile from shore, and the old and grim-looking fortifications came in full view, sheltering within their walls a multitude of churches and quaint Spanish-Moorish houses.

I was received in the kindest manner by my chief and colleagues, who vied with each other to make me feel at home. Everything was new to me and entrancing—the bright dresses of the natives, the uniforms of the Spanish soldiery, the monks (of whom there were hosts), the strange cries of the street vendors, and all the diversified sights of the glorious East.

As I was a light-weight and considered a fair rider I got no end of mounts and invitations to picnics. Those were the halcyon days of youth! The little spirited ponies carried us splendidly, and the country is just lovely. In the distance loomed high mountains, and away beyond them lived the strange people I had read of and not forgotten. The months and years rolled by, and yet the longing to visit them still lurked in my mind. However, I bided my time. I studied the native language; made many acquaintances, some friends, and some enemies; got into scrapes and out of them; but my principal recreation was riding. For some time I had been coveting a beautiful Arab imported from India. He was a splendid bay with dark points, and his stride compared to the fussy movements of the lively little ponies was a revelation. When at last I became his proud master I believe there was no happier man on the island. Soon we were fast friends, and every day cemented the bond between us, as, although very high-spirited and fiery, he was as gentle as a lamb. To crown my contentment, one day my chief presented me with a puppy of a breed he fancied very much—a cross between a Dane and a Russian wolfhound, a great, strong beast; and soon Olaf, Said the Arab, and myself were out of business hours inseparable, or nearly so. I explored the country round the city for twenty to thirty miles, and there was hardly a village or hamlet where we three were not known and always heartily welcomed. For as much as the natives hated the Spaniards, they could well distinguish between one of them and an Englishman, whom they were delighted to entertain wherever he went.

I had now been several years at my desk, so I applied to the chief for a short holiday, which was cheerfully granted, with a lot of good advice, most respectfully listened to, but most disrespectfully discarded as soon as I was out of his sight, for

I had made up my mind to visit the Tinguianes. Some time before, I had become acquainted with an old Dominican monk who in his early days had tried as a missionary to convert these people, but, as he said, without success. However, he had a fund of information to impart about them; and, what was especially of use to me, he taught me the language.

My preparations for the trip were soon made, as they were of the scantiest: a shot-gun slung over my shoulder, a revolver and hunting-knife in my belt, a change of underwear, and I was ready. I took some cheap jewellery for the women, with pocket-knives and other little things for the men, as presents.

With a light heart I mounted Said, whilst Olaf went wild with delight. Little did I dream of what was in store for us, else I might have hesitated on the very brink of this adventure.

The sun was rising as I trotted out into the country, a noble beast between my knees, a faithful hound bounding by my side, and in the crisp morning air I felt the young blood rushing through my veins, so that, in the full enjoyment of all that is life unto a healthy youthful mind, I just shouted with joy.

Soon I had passed my known rides and haunts and entered a wilder country. The cultivated fields became rarer, and rapidly I left the little civilisation there was behind me. The only sound I heard was the soughing of the wind in the tops of the trees, the chattering of countless monkeys, the screeching of parrots, the hoarse croak of the horn-bill. A big python glided across the path, making Said snort with terror and Olaf growl, and the deer scampered away in grand style. The loneliness was intense. For hours I would ride and only encounter, after many weary miles, a clearing settled by a few natives, who stared at me suspiciously; but when I spoke to them in their own tongue they would unbend and become quite friendly, and as soon as they were assured that I did not belong to the hated race they most hospitably offered me all they had.

I questioned them carefully about my journey, and they invariably tried to persuade me not to proceed, as the people I intended to visit were so treacherous, and I would never come back.

What youth ever lived who listened to such counsels? All this advice, so well meant, was only an incentive to go on with my search, and an inexplicable longing for what was awaiting in the future got hold of me. After three days' more travel I halted at a squatter's hut, where I was treated, as far as the poor native's resources went, like a prince. I had to tell him about the outside world, and much he marvelled at the many things he heard, strange to his untutored mind; but when he realised where I was going he shook his venerable head and said, 'Young man, young man, life is sweet to the young. Do not go and venture it amongst the wild men of the woods;' and then he lapsed into a reverie which I dared not interrupt. In the light of the young moon and the ruddy gleam of the fire we were sitting at he looked so weird and supernatural that, in spite of all my youthful flippancy, I was awed. Then he broke into a chant, and what I could gather was: 'Go not into the wilds, O young stranger from far across the seas! You will find there what will set your soul aflame, but'—he stopped, and then resumed with a wail that had something terrible in it—'you will come to the valley of the shadow. I see you enter it; but will you emerge into the joy of sunlight?' I must confess that this warning, on the top of all the others, was distinctly disagreeable, and I had my misgivings when I went to sleep; but the bright dawn chased away these fancies.

On I rode into the recesses of the mountains, when of a sudden I found myself surrounded by fierce-looking men, and I knew I had met the Tinguianes. I saluted them in their own language, and a look of astonishment overspread their features. They made me stop, and shortly an old man in all the savagery of his warlike undress stood before me. I had to dismount, and he put some terse questions to me, which evidently were answered to his satisfaction, for he motioned me to remain at his side. We came to a narrow gorge, which we climbed in silence, as it was woefully steep, and I pitied poor Said scrambling between the boulders, the roadway evidently being the bed of a mountain torrent in the rainy season. After a long climb we emerged on a ridge and looked down into a valley of surpassing loveliness. A purling stream threaded it, and in the groves of trees I could see the houses perched like birds' nests amongst the branches. Down we wended our way, the sinking sun lighting us; and the beauty of the place would take a master-hand to depict.

The women and children, at the sight of the white man, shrank away until reassured by the shouts of my captors that I was not a Spaniard, and then they thronged around me with more questions than it was possible to answer in a calendar month. Soon a banquet, rude but plentiful, was spread, and I had the seat of honour at the chief's side. I told them stories about our wars with the Spaniards; and what did it matter that I spoke of ancient history, and they thought it contemporary? The more I related the more excited they got, and with every victory I recited their acclamations waxed more furious, and I was beginning to dread that I was overdoing my part.

A big drum boomed forth a deep note, and silence fell on all. The moon had risen, and into the space round which we were seated there entered a score or so of dusky maidens dressed in garments fashioned of leaves. To the accompaniment of the wild music they glided through the maze of an intricate dance, and it was of wondrous charm. Gently wafting to and fro, it seemed as if leaves were drifting before

a summer wind on a breeze as soft as a beam of moonlight. Then from the midst of the dancers there darted forward a form as lissome as a fawn, and as she looked at me I gazed deep into the eyes of Sampaguita. Woven in her dark and abundant tresses, shrouding a nearly faultless face, were the white, star-like petals of the flower she took her name from, and as delicate and fragrant as that beautiful blossom seemed she. Then I knew what had drawn me across the seas, and after many years made me meet my destiny. Not a doubt assailed my mind; forgotten were all the prejudices of race, of civilised *versus* savage life; all I realised to the fullest extent was that it was *kismet*.

I will not speak of the days that followed—the midsummer madness so strange, so sweet. Four short days passed like a dream, and then the crash came. The chief announced in open council that he had decided to take to himself Sampaguita as his fourth wife. The leering old savage! I could have knocked him down to think of my beautiful flower in his satyr's grasp.

That night we decided to escape, and, for fear of what the morrow might bring, it was to be at the rise of the moon. Ostentatiously I retired to rest, and when I could reasonably count upon every one being asleep—if at the time I could reason at all—I gently slid down the ladder from the house and made my way with a beating heart towards the little copse where we had arranged to meet. There I found Sampaguita holding Said, and gently I laid my hand on Olaf's head to keep him from showing his joy. I lifted my love on the bare back of my faithful steed, for I had to leave saddle and arms behind me to avoid suspicion. Carefully we took the downward path, and at last emerged from the rocky defile. I mounted, and through the moonlit aisles of the forest we rode, knowing that if captured a fearful and lingering death awaited us.

The miles sped by, and I was beginning to hope that we should make good our escape when a growl from Olaf arrested my attention. I listened intently, and then I caught a sound coming down on the wind which turned my blood to ice. It was the war-cry of the savages, who had taken a short cut across the mountains known to them only, and who were endeavouring to head us off from the only ford of the river for miles around. However, I doubted not that Said would carry us through. My knees pressed his heaving flanks, and nobly he responded.

Onward he galloped, and I was getting more confident of outdistancing our relentless pursuers, when from afar the low growl of thunder smote our ears, and I felt Sampaguita trembling in my arms. I tried to comfort her, but still she moaned, 'The river, the river!' I had not time to inquire what was troubling her; every sense and every nerve in my body was needed in that reckless ride. I saw the river gleaming in the moonlight, and the excited shouts of our foes gave me hope that we should win, for on the other side of the stream was territory into which the savages rarely passed.

Arrived at the brink, we dashed into the current so grateful to the touch after the long and heated ride, when a distant noise became momentarily louder, and I of a sudden knew what Sampaguita had meant by 'the river.' A cloud-burst had occurred in the mountains higher up in the range, and our only chance lay in crossing before the flood came down. No need to urge the gallant beast; he seemed to know the danger, and strained every muscle. The thunder of the rushing waters became intense, and round the bend of the river swept towards us a wall of foam with a sullen roar. The hand of death was on us. I pressed Sampaguita to my heart in a last, speechless farewell. No words could be heard in such a tumult, and then a gasp, a choking cry, and all was oblivion.

Hours must have passed before I awoke with the sun shining on my face, and I wondered where I was, when I caught sight of Olaf crouching by my side. My brain was flooded by the memory of the night's happenings, and I remembered the old native's saying, 'You will pass through the valley of the shadow. Whether you will emerge from it I know not.' I had, but at what a cost! I hid my face in my hands and groaned in the anguish of my spirit, whilst Olaf raised his voice and howled a dirge for the dead. Both my love and my faithful Said were gone, and their bodies were never found.

Weary and footsore, I made my way back to civilisation and drudgery.

Decades have passed, I have visited many lands, yet ever the night wind whispers, 'Sampaguita, Sampaguita!'

THE NEW CENTURY FRICTIONLESS MOTOR.

NO one in the present day can possibly question the remarkable revolution in society at large wrought by the introduction of the free spider-wheel, pneumatic-tired cycle, with its innumerable advantages and delights, soon followed by motor-carriages of all kinds with greater swiftness and power. Still, it must be admitted, when the first glow and pleasure of the beginner have faded before the stern exigencies of the road, many sighs and longings have been expressed for some further effort to release travellers from the bondage of stony and muddy roads, grinding friction, with the general wear and tear, not to mention the after-cleaning of the machine.

If only the same thought and care were bestowed upon a new coming power as have been spent upon other modern inventions, may not a less expensive, more durable, and yet as swift and safe a power as the cycle, with far less requisite care, succeed, only waiting to be taken in hand by science, perfected, and applied to the immeasurable advantage and comfort of a world-wide community? May not this new-found power of locomotion offer a world-lead to the British mechanic, in face of the recent sensational heading in a French paper, 'Forty Thousand Pounds Paid for an Aeroplane,' as yet unconfirmed?

Who has not watched with admiration and envy the graceful gliding track of the untiring swallow upon the surface of a stream, skimming the untouched surface, whilst feeding on myriads of gnats dancing above its glittering face? So is it a well-established fact amongst naturalists that our largest birds of flight can with outstretched pinions sail calmly and majestically without flap of wing along the surface of the sea or in air, following and circling around the fastest steamers in their homeward passage, and maintaining this course for hours with apparently no fatigue. The Atlantic albatross and the South American condor alike supply observant and inventive men with object-lessons of air-locomotion of the safest and simplest kind. All that is needed for ultimate success is patient, careful observation and imitation of Dame Nature's wonderful contrivance and design. Professor Darwin has drawn a vivid and scientific picture of the soaring powers of the huge South American condor: 'Near Lima I watched several condors for half-an-hour without once taking off my eyes. They moved in large curves, sweeping in circles, descending and ascending, without a single flap. As they glided close over my head I intently watched, from an oblique position, the outlines of the separate and great terminal feathers of each wing; and these separate feathers, if there had been the least vibratory movement, would have appeared as if blended together; but they were seen distinct against the blue sky. The head and neck were moved frequently, apparently with force; and the extended wings seemed to form the fulcrum on which these movements acted. If the bird wished to descend, the wings were for a moment collapsed, and when again expanded, with an altered inclination, the momentum gained by the rapid descent seemed to urge the bird upwards with the steady movement of a paper kite.' The movement of the albatross is more like the lunging of a skater to and fro.

All that is required to secure this gliding action is a pair of stiffly extended air-blades cleverly handled by patient exercise and practice, with power to collapse and expand these blades according to the force of the wind. A lightly framed breastplate is necessary on which to recline horizontally, and strong to resist the crushing force of the ends of the blades, with a projecting breast-bone to support the extended blades, quickly secured to the traveller with a single strap, to be afterwards easily folded up and carried under the arm, and bestowed where most convenient.

A machine 'heavier than air' is without doubt the one of the period—no longer unwieldy gas-bags at the mercy of every wind that blows; but we may look for the coming light, trim, skimming air-glider with plano blades keen as a scimitar, cutting its way steadily and easily in the face of a headwind, and even putting on pace from its opposing force; clear of all dust, mud, and stones; guiltless of punctures; frictionless from scraping and heated bearings; bright, safe, and clean. To secure all this offers an attraction worthy of the closest attention of all inventive mechanical minds. The writer of this article has seen a working drawing of the only machine which will secure the steady upward movement of a paper kite, as described by Professor Darwin. In this coming machine the *weight* of the traveller, as in Nature, is the only propelling force.

NAVIGATOR, BECCLES.

IN MEMORIAM.

SOUTH AFRICA, 1899-1903.

WHERE Kaffirs idly loiter and the circling vultures fly,
Among the scattered boulders with the sweet mimosa by,
The soldier sleeps in safety, and round his weary head
The angel-sentries ever guard his longest 'night abed.'

His grave is graced at daylight with the kiss of early dew,
And straying oxen wander where the hissing bullet flew;
And for the hearts that love him still, that sigh so far away,
Perhaps the green amantis kneels beside the place to pray.

The springbok slumbers near him throughout the summer's heat,
And little dazzling lizards play with silent, dancing feet;
Except the ox-bird calling, the veldt is still around,
And nought will e'er disturb him till the Great Reveille sound.

No foeman now can fear him; no more his British cheer
Will echo up the donga-path until the mountains hear;
The grave has closed about him in a tender, long embrace,
And found him where he last obeyed, his final halting-place.

In Nature's hallowed keeping safe; no need there be to mourn,
The Guard dismounts at sunrise and the Sentries watch the dawn,
Yet, England, through the watches of the long, calm night serene,
For him, in thine own honour bound, oh, keep thy memory green!

C. J. L. G.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

SAM BOUGH, R.S.A.

By WYBERT REEVE.

THE chief event at one of Christie's sales in London lately was the record price of nine hundred and eighty guineas given for a landscape painted by the Scottish Academician Sam Bough, an artist of great and original merit, whose works hitherto have been best known and appreciated in Scotland, in Liverpool, Manchester, and the north of England. Another picture—'Newhaven'—was sold at the same place on April 21 for six hundred and sixty guineas; and the *Daily Telegraph*, in speaking of the sale, says: 'On February 24 last we noted the signs of a Bough boom. For years past his works have been carefully garnered in Scottish collections.' No greater proof is now wanting to show that connoisseurs are waking up to the fact of his merits, and that his pictures are becoming more generally known and are increasing in value year by year. It is the opinion of many that time alone is necessary for him to find a place as a painter of landscape and a student of nature by the side of John Linnell or David Cox.

In looking over the list of nearly five hundred pictures exhibited at various exhibitions, institutions, at the Scottish Academy, and Royal Academy, there are very few during his artistic career from 1847 to 1879 that were sold for a price exceeding one hundred pounds. The prices for oil or water colours, large or small, seem to have been from twenty to fifty pounds; and I could not help thinking of the intense pleasure a sale of one of his works at nine hundred and eighty guineas would have given Bough in his long years of struggle against poverty and disappointment. I met him one day in Princes Street, Edinburgh, looking very savage; and on my asking the cause, he replied, 'Just my luck. I looked in at the sale of B.'s furniture and pictures, and saw one of my own knocked down for one hundred and fifty guineas. He only paid me thirty pounds for it not twelve months ago.' I tried to calm him by saying, 'You should feel proud your pictures are going up so much in value.' 'So I should if the money was in my pocket,' was his reply; 'but it isn't. It never is. These infernal middlemen get the benefit of my brains.'

There was a great deal of truth in this; but there is some explanation in the fact that for so many years his necessities made him accept low prices to get cash in hand; and he had the misfortune—considering him in the light of a true artist—of being able to dash off a picture in a few hours. So numbers of what he called 'pot-boilers' came into the market, and lessened the value of paintings that did credit to his masterly genius.

Looking over the very excellent collection of pictures in the Melbourne Gallery, I saw a large one, 'The Weald of Kent,' a charming English landscape stretching between the North and South Downs, with all its variety of corn and meadow, the land undulating but not rising to the dignity of hills, here and there the old forest-trees, and the windmill, one of the distinguishing features of this part of England. Bough was wonderfully natural in his atmospheric effects. We see an example in this picture: the breaking clouds, the coming thundershowers, and the flock of birds sailing down before it. Very little is left to the imagination: the dusty country-road stretching away into the distance; the military baggage-cart in the foreground, and the wagons, one with three horses, coming round by the quarry; the military escort, in the absurd marching-order of uniform, toiling along, soldiers following in the distance, the wives and children riding in the carts; and the browsing sheep disturbed by the passer-by. The correctness of detail and finish in the picture is the finest illustration of his best work, and for it the Victorian Government gave the absurdly small sum of one hundred and twenty pounds in 1871. In the list of his pictures I find 'The Weald of Kent' marked as the property of the Association for Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland. The date of this is 1858, and it is catalogued in Melbourne as painted in 1857. I conclude this must be the same picture.

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In June 1875 I was in Edinburgh in connection with a very fine but most unwise speculation in a new and far too extravagantly built theatre. Bough, who knew me only by name, hearing of my being in town, told a gentleman connected officially with the same speculation to bring me to him, as he wanted to know me personally. I was taken to his studio. A very queer place it was—a front-room high up in an Edinburgh flat. I should think it had never been cleaned for all the years he had worked in it. Dust was everywhere, on everything—two or three old broken chairs (not one fit to sit down on), half-finished pictures that he had begun and put aside, worn-out palettes and brushes, old and odd bits of plaster-casts, models, draperies, a few pieces of armour, weapons—everything in disorder; and Bough, at work on a picture, dressed in an old brown velveteen coat worn a good deal about the pockets and at the elbows, seedy wide trousers, old slippers on his feet, and a short black clay pipe in his mouth that made you wonder how his nose escaped burning. He had evidently had his lunch, for bits of bread and cheese, and a jug and glass which had contained beer, were on a small table near him; and on a rusty stove were a variety of cutty-pipes in odd lengths and various shades of blackness from use.

'Well, Bough, as you wished, I have brought our friend to see you,' said my introducer.

'Glad to see you,' said Bough, shaking me heartily by the hand; 'often heard of you. Glad to see you. We've known each other by name some years, eh? We've never met before. Glad you have turned up at last.'

'Yes,' said our friend in his usual rather pompous manner, 'you see I have carried out my promise. Thought it would please you, old man.'

'Yes,' replied Bough, eying him; 'and it will please me better, old man, to give Reeve a piece of advice.—Look here,' he continued, turning to me, 'how are you off for boots? Have you got a pair of thick ones—very thick?'

'Well,' I replied, 'tolerably so; thick enough to keep out the water this wet weather.'

'Water be blowed! You will want them for something worse than water, I can tell you.'

'For what, then?' I asked.

'To kick our fat friend here out of your office; that's what you'll have to do before a month's up. Kick hard, for he's so thick-skinned he won't feel it.'

Our fat friend looked much annoyed, and I felt very uncomfortable; but Bough burst out into a hearty laugh, and turned to work on his picture.

'You will be funny, and say such odd things,' said the gentleman. 'With anybody else I should take offence; but everybody knows Sam Bough.'

'Do they? It's a good job everybody does not know you, my friend,' replied Bough, still working at his painting.

Thinking it was getting rather warm, I changed the subject, and brought the interview to an end; but it served for an introduction, which afterwards ripened to good fellowship and many talks on men and things of common interest to both of us.

That Bough was a rough diamond there is no denying; but he had to contend nearly all his life with the harsh environment of poverty and the hard struggles of an ardent, ambitious nature, depending solely on its own resources, fighting its way to public recognition and artistic success. By his Bohemian instincts, and his rough—some people thought rude—habits and mannerisms, he made enemies, no doubt; but I question if many of us could have come through the ordeal and retained, as he did, the straightforward honesty of purpose, the affectionate nature, and the large-hearted generosity which often characterised his actions in helping others.

We are indebted to Mr Sidney Gilpin's *Sam Bough, his Life and Works* (Bell), for some of the facts which follow.

Born in Carlisle in 1822—his father a poor shoemaker, intelligent, somewhat shiftless, but kind-hearted and affectionate; a mother wayward and energetic, as erratic as her son—Sam had no good controlling influence, and only the poor education such parents could afford. For him, shoemaking was out of the question. As a child he was always drawing, trying to copy on paper every object that came in his way. First he helped at a bookseller's, then migrated to London to learn landscape-engraving. His friendly employers could not stand his erratic and restless ways, and they parted. With a few shillings only he started to walk back to Carlisle, made a round of the country by way of Oxford and Woodstock, consorted on his way with gipsies and odd wayfarers, drawing and studying all the way, walking barefoot some miles at the end of the journey, his boots having given out. At home he turned an old shed at the back of his father's shop, which had served as the stable of a donkey, into a studio; here he elaborated many of the scenes he had sketched on his long journey, enriching his stock still further by visits to Wetherall and neighbouring forests, where he spent days and nights, sleeping in the open with such shelter as the trees or rocks afforded. Finding Carlisle a poor place to make money in by the sale of his pictures, he accepted a situation as assistant scene-painter at the new Theatre-Royal, Manchester, at a salary of thirty-five shillings a week. At the end of a week it was raised to two pounds, and Bough felt himself rich enough to contemplate taking a small house and giving a home to his sister. After a time he wearied of scene-painting, and removed to Glasgow; but there he was again obliged to fall back on it under the well-known Glover theatrical management. His engagement here was distinguished by his marriage with Miss Taylor, a vocalist and student of the Royal Academy, introduced to him by Daniel Macnee, the future President of the Academy. This caused a break with Mr Glover, and Bough afterwards removed to Edinburgh to join Mr Murray as scenic artist. Leaving him, he settled down, devot-

ing himself entirely to his art as a landscape painter. His first appearance as a public exhibitor was in 1844. Admitted after a time as an Associate of the Academy, he was unjustly kept back from the full honours of an Academician until 1874. In the theatrical profession he was well known and very much liked by its foremost members. I remember when at supper with Charles Mathews at the Alexandra Hotel, Edinburgh, his saying, 'I called on Sam Bough to-day. I always like to see him when I come to Edinburgh. He's a clever, good-hearted fellow. Did I tell you, one day I was with him, and a friend of his asked me, "Do you do anything in the artistic line?" "Yes," said Bough quickly; "a good deal. His father taught him to draw houses." I call that smart.'

On another occasion I was in the Highlands with Joseph Jefferson. We were fishing on Loch Katrine. He was trying to paint the effect of a fine sunset. 'Ah,' said Jefferson, 'I wish I had the skill of Sam Bough; he is the man for sky-effect. When at his best I know of no artist to beat him.'

To any one who 'put on side' Bough was a terror. To quote his own words again, 'I glory in taking the starch out of them.' He did so, and often gave offence by so doing.

One evening he was invited to dinner at the house of one of the Law lords, and amongst the guests was a gentleman who sat next to him. After a little ordinary dinner conversation the gentleman said, 'Mr Bough, I am an admirer of your pictures.'

'Thank you; I am glad to hear it,' replied Bough. 'Have you bought any?'

'No, not yet,' was the answer; and, looking hard at Bough, he continued, 'Do you know, I think we have met before, I cannot think when or where.'

'I can remind you,' said Bough, his eyes twinkling with fun. 'It was Monday last, in George Street near the bank. I was passing; you were on horseback. You beckoned to me, and said, "Here, my good man, just hold my horse." I did so, and you gave me sixpence. I expected more. However, it bought me an ounce of tobacco.'

Everybody laughed heartily except the victim, who looked and felt, no doubt, very awkward. It was perfectly true; the circumstance had occurred, and Bough chuckled with pleasure at the joke when he afterwards told it to me. Seeing him in his slovenly dress, slouch felt hat, and short pipe, the gentleman had taken him for a loafer and given him the job.

There is another dinner-party anecdote, in which Bough was deservedly sold. It was a small one given by a Law lord, to which an English nobleman was asked. Both the host and hostess were known to be very exacting about evening-dress and the usual demands of society functions. Bough decided to give them a little shock by wearing his old velveteen coat and working costume. It so happened that, the host hearing of it, he and his guest and other friends put on their shooting-jackets and oldest clothes. When Bough arrived, chuckling to himself over the sensation he was about to make, he was met by the host and company in their roughest clothes. The laugh was turned against him, and he felt rather ashamed of himself.

Bough's house in Edinburgh, Jordan Bank, Morningside, was a very pretty, commodious villa, which he had purchased for one thousand two hundred pounds. It was in every respect kept in direct contrast to his studio. The credit of this was in a great measure due to his wife. It was fitted up with great taste, full of choice articles of china, bijouterie, pictures, rare pieces of antique sculpture, and all that one might expect in the home of an artist of refined and cultivated taste. Mrs Bough was fond of society, and ambitious to take her place in it. It sometimes, no doubt, caused a little matrimonial friction between them; but as often happens with men who are assertive and self-willed towards others, if they are blessed with a good partner they do not take this side of their character to their homes—the wife rules there; and I think Bough wisely gave way to the inevitable, and was, taking all things into consideration, an obedient husband. I saw an illustration of this.

As I have before said, Bough disliked society (except artistic), and had a contempt for it. If there was one thing more than another he hated, it was to put on evening-dress. No man was ever more uncomfortable in shackles than Bough in what he called his 'swell togs.' One evening Mrs Bough gave a dance. Sir Daniel Macnee, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, and other artistic and social magnates were there. The house was too small for the number invited, and we were too crowded to do much dancing. Bough was, of course, in full evening-dress; but his wife had insisted on further innovations on this occasion: a high, stiff collar, patent-leather boots evidently too small for him, and white kid-gloves. Before the evening had far advanced both gloves had burst from the thumb to the wrist; they were too long in the fingers and too small for the rest of the hand, so they remained unbuttoned. It was amusing to see him in the square dances figuring away under the instructions of his wife, frequently going wrong. With the utmost good humour he whispered to me, 'How am I going on?' 'First rate,' I replied. 'I feel,' he said, 'like a hog in armour.' The rooms were very hot, and, as he warmed, his collar, tie, and shirt-front became more limp and uncomfortable. We did not end until an early hour in the morning, and by that time he looked something of a wreck; but I must say I was surprised at his good temper all through, his thoughtful and kindly attentions to his guests, and the help he gave his wife to entertain them.

There is an amusing instance of his total disregard for dress, in his going up to the Exhibition in London in 1851 wearing an extraordinary garment in the shape of a coat made by his sister. On his going into a barber's shop to have his hair cut, 'May I ask,'

said the barber, 'where you last had your hair cut?'

'In bonnie Scotland,' replied Bough.

'Oh,' said the barber, 'I thought you must have had it cut, perhaps, with your coat, in the Sandwich Islands.'

To speak of his higher qualities, knowledge, and good taste as an artist: I knew a bachelor gentleman living in Tynemouth who had travelled a great deal, and had remarkable taste in selecting during his travels a wonderful amount of curios and antiques. He decided to have all his living-rooms decorated according to a different age and country: very Early English, medieval, Venetian, Japanese, Chinese, &c. Even in his glass he had different services. The night I dined with him everything on the table was Venetian. The walls of each room, including the bedrooms, were decorated to suit the age and country represented; and here it was I first saw the low tones which, exaggerated during the æsthetic craze, have developed the present style of art decoration so wonderfully in advance of the gaudy colours of a past generation. The windows of this house were mostly of stained glass, some very old, collected in Italy and Germany by the owner. Bough had been the presiding genius of the arrangements of the whole, and had lived for a time in the house, to the pleasure of Mr S., who told me he was a delightful companion, with a thorough knowledge of art of different periods and of different countries. I was not surprised to hear this, for he was well read, being familiar with the writings of our best authors, in poetry especially: Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott he could quote by the hour, as also Shakespeare, Tennyson, Byron; Spenser was far from being a closed book to him. He had a wonderful memory. No greater proof of this was wanting than the fact that on reading Carlyle over two or three times he could repeat pages almost verbatim.

There are many stories of his kindness and generosity. It was in Manchester I heard, amongst other stories, of his meeting a blind fiddler and a little girl in the street; the man was playing most discordantly. 'I say, old chap,' said Bough, 'you're the worst scraper ever I heard in all my life. Give me the fiddle; let's see what I can do.' Linking his own in the arm of the old man, he took the fiddle and played some lively jig-tunes very well through Market Street to the Infirmary, collecting the coppers. By the time he finished he had enriched the old man by some five or six shillings.

Two of the best illustrative stories of his sympathy for the suffering of others I heard in Edinburgh from William Brodie, R.S.A., the sculptor. A far less fortunate artist died, leaving a widow and children in poverty. In her distress she consulted Bough, who, after trying to console her in his own way, regretting he could do little for her, and so on, advised her to have an exhibition of her late husband's pictures in some public, or, if that were too expensive, in some large private, room, and try to sell them. He would help her. She failed to see the chance of success in the scheme, as there was very little demand for her husband's works; and all her friends were equally doubtful; but Bough persisted. He took the thing in hand, got some of the Scottish Academicians to lend a few works, and put what seemed to be prohibitive prices on several of the best of the dead artist's pictures. On the morning the little exhibition opened everybody was surprised to see these pictures with a ticket 'Sold' attached to them. No one knew who had bought them. The poor widow and her friends were delighted. It set the ball rolling, and the smaller-priced pictures readily found buyers. In the end a most acceptable sum was realised. Only a few suspected who was the purchaser in the first instance. It was found out afterwards that Bough had taken this means to assist his dead friend's widow and spare her any sense of obligation to him.

The second story is still more characteristic.

A lady was left a young widow, and had a posthumous child she doated on. It was the only consolation of her widowed life. After two years the child died, and her one deep regret after the loss was that she could not afford the cost of a monument over her darling's grave. She called on Bough, who had been a friend of her late husband, and told him her grief. After she had finished he tried to look rather stern, and said:

'Oh, nonsense, my dear woman; it's very foolish of you. What on earth do you fret about that for? What possible good would a tombstone do your child?'

'It would do him no good, poor darling! but, remember, it is the last thing on earth I can do for my lost baby-boy. Oh, if I only had the money! I would go without food, sacrifice anything. If you only knew what my life is without him! If my baby had a tombstone I could at least go and sit by it, and picture him the better. I could console myself with the thought that I had done the last and only thing left me, that his name should not be forgotten.'

'You had better keep away from the grave; it only makes you think of him the more,' said Bough in a voice somewhat choked with suppressed emotion. 'A bit of earth is good enough for us all; it will do for me. Why shouldn't it do for your child? Grow some flowers; they are cheap enough, and much prettier. You can't do anything better.'

'Flowers wither, and a mound of earth will be forgotten. No one can tell the child is there. I want something that will always last.'

'That's like you women,' roughly replied Bough. 'Now, look here. Don't you bother yourself. Your child is all right. In heaven, I suppose. I don't know—none of us know. I have got some business to attend to, and I really can't stay talking any longer. Don't you cry—don't cry. It will be all right;' and he abruptly left the room.

The next morning he was round at Brodie's studio

with a very chaste design he had made for a tombstone. He told Brodie to say nothing about it, but to get it done at once, and gave directions how and where to erect it. The work was carried out, and Bough paid for it. That was all Brodie knew until some time afterwards; then he learnt the facts by chance, and spoke to the widow, who said she never had been more astonished than she was one morning on going to the grave and finding the pretty tombstone with the name of her child, his birth and death, and a touching allusion to the mother's grief. She went to Bough to tell him.

'Oh,' said Bough, 'I told you it would be all right. Some angel knew your grief, depend upon it, and dropped it there; but never you mind, it's there, so don't you cry any more.'

She knew at once it was his doing.

There are many true souls who do good for the sake of good alone. There are many others who like to show a feigned sympathy, which is very cheap. There are some who are princely in their generosity, and take care the world shall know of it. So charity has many disguises. With Sam Bough it was the outcome of a simple large-heartedness that shrank from the knowledge of its own generosity.

HOW LALAVOINE WON THE CROSS.

CHAPTER III.

AS I rode along I tried in a collected way to think of what had just occurred. In Spain there were probably dozens of Catarinas Gonzalez; for they are both very common names, and to my mind there was no doubt that my comrade had been misled. Moreover, putting two and two together, I was convinced that the poor woman was mad. Lalavoine, who had got half-way back to the village, now pulled up to await me.

For a wonder the good-natured fellow seemed in none of the best of tempers.

'I shall never hear the end of this,' he cried angrily, 'and it's all your fault. Yes, *parbleu!* you are to blame.'

At first I was too much surprised to answer.

'Yes,' he continued, 'if it had not been for those confounded guns I should never have made a fool of myself.'

'Calm yourself, my dear fellow. You talk like an idiot. I begged you not to go after that girl. Those guns will get you the Cross yet if you listen to reason. It's my belief that the woman was out of her head.'

'Well, that makes it all the worse. No, I shall never hear the end of this.'

We had now nearly got to Buenaca, when suddenly in front of us we caught sight of the old woman we had seen before, with her donkey.

'I say,' I said to her, 'we have seen the Señorita Gonzalez. Tell me, is she mad?'

'Of course she is—*absolumente loca*' ['quite mad'], she replied. 'All the world knows that.'

'Then, why on earth did you not say so?' said Lalavoine angrily.

'Well, I thought every one knew it. She was engaged as a girl to Captain Alphonso Gomez, and he was drowned, and that turned her head. To this day the poor creature wanders about the park, for she is never allowed outside it, calling for him.'

We stayed to hear no more. 'That rogue of an innkeeper,' I said to Alphonse, 'must have known all along,' for I recalled now his mysterious behaviour when Lalavoine told him the object of his visit.

'Yes, the rogue!' replied my comrade. 'You'll see I'll make it warm for him. *Ma foi!* I'll'——

At that moment three sharp reports rang out one after another. We knew what that meant.

'*Allons!*' cried Lalavoine to the men, who had now come up; and we raced on to the village, and soon, ere we reached it, saw about seventy Spanish dragoons drawn up across the road down by the wood, but they remained motionless.

'I say,' cried Resler when we arrived, we are *au pied du mur*. We can't retreat; the bridge has been swept away behind us at Barra. Take your glass; you will see they have dismounted a lot of their men, and they are swarming in the wood.'

'*O ciel!*' exclaimed Lalavoine in his helpless way, 'whatever shall we do?' For, of course, with less than a hundred men, eighty extra horses, the guns, and the prisoners, it would have been pure madness to try to fight our way through them.

'The question is,' I said, 'whether they know the bridge has gone. The only thing for us is to pretend to retreat, and try to lure them from that wood. If that does not succeed, we must spike the guns and swim the river.'

Both my companions agreed to this plan. The trusty Resler had made all arrangements for meeting our foes. He had drawn up the guns in a line across the road. It was probably the sight of them which had kept the Spaniards where they were.

Before we set off we resolved, as the guns were already loaded, to give them a taste of their own shells, though we hardly expected they would wait for it. So, to deceive our foes, we drew up the men in front of them, with the horses' heads facing the guns, as though we were going to retreat. It was not our *metier*, and we knew little about judging the flight of the shells; still, every one thought he did, and that it would be the easiest thing under the sun.

So Resler and I and two *maréchals de logis* began our preparations.

'Now, are you ready?' shouted Lalavoine.

'All right,' I answered.

'Well, plump it into them;' and he ordered the men in front of us to the rear. We who were manipulating the guns had been completely hidden by the screen of horsemen, so that our enemies had no idea of what was coming; but no sooner did the 'canaries' realise our manœuvre than they turned and fled. This rather disconcerted our aim, and two shells fell short, one went over their heads, but another landed right in the middle of them.

'Bravo! that's got them, anyway,' cried Alphonse excitedly. 'Just give those fellows in the wood a turn.'

The men needed no urging. They looked upon it as a fine joke.

'Now, take your time,' said Lalavoine, with his telescope to his eye.

The first shell burst harmlessly far above the trees, but the moral effect was very good.

'*Parbleu!* you are stirring the devils up finely,' laughed Lalavoine. 'They are all running about like ants when a stick is put in their nest.—Now, No. 2.'

I had sighted this gun lower, and in consequence our Spanish friends soon became even livelier, for this time the shell burst well among them; and, as our men had got the range, so did the others.

Then the horses were put to, Resler went to the head of the column with a dozen men, and Lalavoine and I remained in the rear.

We were just on the move when the landlord appeared, and excitedly asked who was going to pay for the bridal supper that had been prepared with such care.

'You little scoundrel!' cried Lalavoine, 'you knew *la señora* was mad.'

But the fellow bolted like a rabbit, for Lalavoine had half-drawn his pistol from its holster.

Then, with due deliberation, we set off. The ascending road took a sharp turn to the right about three hundred metres from the village and entered a large wood. No sooner had we reached this point, where our column was quite hidden, than Lalavoine ordered a halt. He hated all physical exertion himself, for he was stout and heavily built, so he told Resler and me to climb up the bank and see what was going on. Advancing very cautiously among the trees, we threw ourselves on the ground. We had not waited long when through our glasses we saw the 'canaries' gallop towards the village.

'I am afraid the game won't come off,' muttered Resler in a low voice; 'they will find out about the bridge.'

I feared he was right in this supposition; but, to our relief, in a very short time they went back again, taking with them a light cart. They required this, we found out afterwards, for their wounded, which proved that our artillery practice had not been so bad after all.

Then there was a long wait. My heart began to sink within me. I feared our ruse was destined to fail. All this time Lalavoine, who was getting impatient, had kept shouting questions to us, and at last he actually came up himself, but he had hardly done so when, to our unbridled delight, we saw the head of the column emerge from the wood. Of course they might still have left some men behind—a dozen could have made it very awkward for us—but we could not see them. On they came, first one *peleton*,* then the cart in which we saw the wounded, then another troop.

'Good heavens, what fools they are!' exclaimed Lalavoine, giving me a nudge as he lay beside me.

Then another appeared, making about one hundred and fifty sabres. If they did not halt at the village there would be nothing for us to do but to spike the guns and bolt; but, some way or other, we all felt sure they would, and they did. In fact, they played right into our hands, for as soon as they got there they actually dismounted half their men, leaving the other half to hold the horses, and commenced to carry the wounded into the *fonda*. Nothing could have been better for us. Our ruse had indeed succeeded.

'Got them, *mon Dieu!*' said Lalavoine excitedly, springing up.

We ought, by all the laws of gravity, to have broken our necks as we scrambled down that bank, but we did not. The guns were quickly horsed, and all was ready. Lalavoine and I were in the van with one squad; then came the guns; then all the captured horses, each on the left of a trooper; then the three prisoners; and finally Resler with the rearguard.

'Now, my lads,' cried Lalavoine, 'it's our one chance—our only chance. Follow me, and we'll give those fellows a lesson they won't forget. Are you ready?'

'*Oui, mon capitaine,*' came from many voices.

'*Allons, suivez moi.*'

Then began one of the finest and wildest rides I ever had in all my life. It makes my blood tingle now. Our very horses seemed to know what was expected of them; for, excited by the clatter of the hoofs and the jangle and the rumble of guns and the neighing of the led horses behind, they simply flew. We had covered a third of the distance ere the Spaniards realised they had been tricked. Then the confusion began. Their *alarma* rang out, but it was too late. Many rushed from the houses; but, fearing we should be on them ere they mounted, they darted back again. The men who held the horses turned and fled, some taking their charges with them and some leaving them. In fact, many of these horses actually followed ours. Some raced down the road in front of us,

* A *peleton* is an indefinite quantity, but it is usually half a squadron, same as troop in English.

but most took to the fields. Like a whirlwind we dashed through the village and went tearing down towards the wood.

'We sha'n't be out of the wood till we're through the wood,' I shouted with a laugh, for I knew a dozen men among the trees could play havoc with us yet. Still, the danger made my spirits rise to such an extent that I was perfectly reckless, and for the moment cared nothing for what they might do.

Every minute I expected to hear the whiz of the bullets; but no, they had lost their only chance. Straight in front of us now was Corta, which we quickly reached, and, wheeling round at full speed, we were on the Brenza road. Then Lalavoine gave the order to trot, and finally to walk, while he and I pulled up to see the column pass.

'Saved!' cried Resler as he appeared at last, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, his bright boyish face beaming with delight; but poor Lalavoine was so fatigued that he could hardly sit in his saddle. The men and horses too were tired, so a halt was called, long ere we reached Brenza, in a deserted stone-quarry at the side of the road, well hidden by trees all round it.

Lalavoine never did anything himself that he could get done for him, so he ordered me to go round with the guard. When I returned I found him wrapped in his long cloak, with a saddle for a pillow and his feet nearly in the fire, fast asleep, and Resler smoking near him.

'I say,' said the latter in a low voice to me, 'why did you not bring the girl back? I heard the men roaring with laughter. There's some mystery, some joke I don't understand.'

'Hush, hush!' I replied, pointing to the sleeping figure. 'I would rather not say anything about that affair.'

'But it's sure to come out,' he urged; so, as he pressed, and I knew it must, I told him all under a promise of secrecy. The result was that he laughed so long and so loud that it was a perfect marvel he never awoke the innocent sleeper. The worst of it was that the more I tried to stop him the more he laughed.

'Don't be a silly fool,' I said, for it was as much as I could do not to join in his mirth.

'*Oh, parbleu! je n'y puis; je n'y puis. Mon Dieu! j'en ai mal aux côtés.*' ['I can't help it; I can't help it. Oh! my sides ache.'] 'And as regards the goldfish, when he upset them what did you do?' he asked, wiping the tears from his eyes. 'Did you tread on them, or did you stop to pick them up?'

'What stupid questions you do ask!' I replied. 'With the poor woman screaming at the top of her voice I had something else to think of.' And, to prevent him from asking any more particulars, I left him till he had recovered himself a little. In the next few days both Resler and I found it no easy matter, when we looked at our comrade and thought of his unfortunate escapade, to keep our countenances; but, needless to say, we never made even the most distant allusion to it.

It was nearly a week before we reached Corneza. We might have been there sooner, but with such valuable prizes as we had got—for fully twenty of the Spanish horses had joined ours, so that we had about one hundred—we would not risk going through any dangerous passes, and made a great detour. Of course we received, as we deserved, a splendid reception. It was, however, impossible to keep Lalavoine's amorous adventures quiet, and for many a day he was most unmercifully chaffed about his Catarina. But *il rit mieux qui rit le dernier;* and two years afterwards, I may say, he discovered the real Catarina at a place called Buenarga. The similarity of names of the two places had undoubtedly led to his first mistake. Catarina proved to be so lovely and charming that had I been in his place I almost think that I should, for her sake, have run the same risks as he did.

The day after our arrival Maréchal Lefevre, Duc de Danzig, arrived, and Lalavoine received the coveted Cross; though perhaps this great honour—for it was an honour in those days—was conferred upon him as much for the information that was gained from the three prisoners as for the capture of the guns and horses; for it was owing to what the Maréchal learnt from them that he was able to press through the mountains and gain, a short time afterwards, the memorable victory at Tudela on the 23rd of November 1808.

THE END.

AMERICAN RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

By Day Allen Willey.

THE tourist from Great Britain or the Continent who comes to the United States for the first time, and starts on a railway journey across the country, sees many strange sights and hears many strange sounds. When he enters the train at the city from which he is to depart his attention is attracted by the clang of a bell. Accustomed as he is to hearing the short blasts of the whistle when the engine pulls out of Charing Cross or Victoria Station, he does not understand its meaning, but every few minutes the sound comes to his ear. The locomotive's bell is one of the warnings which is necessary on American railroads because there are so many grade crossings—so termed in the States—places where the rails are laid directly upon country highways and city streets where people are continually passing. While

in the larger towns gates and watchmen are employed to prevent persons from crossing the track upon the approach of a train, literally thousands of such openings in the rural districts are left unguarded, so the tourist becomes accustomed to hearing a peculiar series of whistle-signals as well. They are made up of two long and two short blasts, and are sounded when the trains approach such crossings as a warning. As the locomotive comes nearer and nearer, the fireman, who answers to the stoker on the British railway, begins ringing the bell as a further caution.

Fortunately, most of the foreign tourists who come to the United States make journeys of considerable length. It has become popular not only to visit such noted resorts as the Niagara Falls and Washington, but, if time permits, to continue westward sometimes across the continent. Even a trip as far as the Mississippi River, however, is of such duration that if the traveller does not break the journey *en route* he must remain at least one night aboard the train, and as a rule secures what the American calls a berth in the sleeping-car. Here again he is impressed with the difference between his accommodation and that furnished him in his own land, for it must be admitted that the sleeping and drawing-room cars in the United States are very comfortable, and even luxurious. They answer to the first-class coach in Great Britain and Europe, but are so much longer and wider that they are far more commodious. The traveller may not be aware that they are also by far the safest conveyances, owing to the manner of their construction. The modern sleeping-car, which he also occupies during the day, has a framework of steel, upon which the wooden lining of the exterior and interior is laid. The wood itself is carefully selected for strength and hardness, and the parts of the car are fastened together by massive bolts and screws. In fact, the 'sleepers' are of such size and so heavy that one weighs nearly twice as much as the ordinary passenger-car which answers to the second-class coach of other countries. At each end is placed compressed-air apparatus for lessening the effect of any blows which the car may receive when being attached to a train or in case of accident.

This is why so few inmates of a sleeping-car are killed or injured on American railways; but coupled with the sleeping-cars are the ordinary coaches in which the great majority of the public travel, especially those whose journey will occupy but a portion of the day, as well as those who cannot afford to pay the extra tariff which is required for a compartment in the 'sleeper.' From this class come most of the victims in casualties. Usually the sleeping-cars make up the rear of the train; consequently the second-class coaches are between them and the locomotive. If the locomotive comes in collision with another train they may be forced against it; while if a train in the rear should strike the sleeping-cars it would force them ahead upon the others. Consequently many an accident occurs in which the day-coaches are literally crushed together by impact with the ponderous engine or the sleeping-cars, which may be said to act as a battering-ram. As the number of passengers in the sleeping-cars is but few compared with those who ride in the other coaches, instances have occurred in which all those who were killed and nearly all of those who were injured were what would be termed in Great Britain and Europe second-class travellers, those in the sleeping-cars escaping unhurt. Photographs which have been taken of disasters within the last few years form a sad proof of this fact. The illustrated papers have contained many scenes where the coaches *de luxe* are shown merely thrown to one side of the track, sometimes left on the rails without a scar, while in front of them is a distorted mass of wood and metal in the form of broken timbers and planks, wheels, bent bars and rods, under which possibly a score or more of human beings have lost their lives.

Such features are not pleasant to the foreign tourist; but fortunately few of them are aware of the remarkable loss of life which occurs yearly on American highways of steel. In a single year the number of victims who have met their death either aboard trains or on the railroad track has aggregated nearly ten thousand, while the number of those injured has actually been over seventy-five thousand. Reports compiled by the United States Government show that during the year 1903 alone no less than nine thousand eight hundred and forty persons were killed and seventy-six thousand five hundred and fifty-three injured in various ways on American railways. Enginemen, stokers, conductors, and brakemen to the number of one thousand six hundred and seventy-four thus lost their lives, in addition to two hundred crossing-tenders and nearly one thousand one hundred others engaged in various duties on railroads. The passengers killed on trains numbered three hundred and forty-five, while five thousand two hundred and seventy-four people either crossing railway tracks or walking along them were struck down to their death by the engine. The list of employés of the companies who were injured in the performance of their duties is startling. Over twenty thousand connected with the train service alone are included in it, while nearly seven thousand passengers were more or less hurt.

If the tourist is familiar with the technical features of railways in his own country he soon notes methods of operation in the United States which account for a portion of the disasters that have caused such a loss of life and limb. If he passes over even a few of the systems he notes that nearly the whole of the track is laid upon the surface, and that only here and there it is raised upon an embankment. Accustomed as he is to travelling along elevated road-beds, it seems strange indeed. The long distances between the principal cities of the United States have caused the companies to make embankments only where absolutely necessary, to save great expense. In fact, until recently the tracks of the railways passing through such cities as Chicago, Pittsburg, and St Louis were laid level with the surface of the streets. In the country the

only embankments which exist are where the natural depressions, such as valleys, must be crossed. The gorges and valleys which are of considerable depth are usually spanned by viaducts either of wood or metal. In the Southern States and some portions of the West where railroads have but recently been constructed, the train frequently rolls across a bridge formed entirely of wooden timbers. Some of these bridges range from seventy-five to one hundred feet in height from the rails to the last portion of the depression of the span. Accustomed as he is to the massive arches of masonry which support the trains across the watercourses of Great Britain, the tourist may be astonished at what seems to be the slender-looking steel-work of viaducts in the United States. If he crosses the Susquehanna River, for instance, he may gaze down from an elevation of no less than one hundred feet. The train moves along a steel way which is nearly a mile in length, yet nothing prevents the cars from falling into the river below should a wheel chance to slip from the rail except an outer rail on each side, which is termed a guard-rail. The upper part of the bridge is enclosed for only a few hundred feet. The Mississippi and other great rivers of the United States are likewise crossed by viaducts of the same kind, over which sometimes a hundred trains pass in a day.

The tourist will see a hundred steel viaducts in the United States for one composed of masonry, for engineering skill has developed to such an extent that these structures, despite their fragile appearance, can be built strongly enough to support the heaviest trains; but, once completed, they must be kept in good condition. They must be covered frequently with paint to keep the metal from rusting by exposure to the weather. The thousands of bolts and rivets required to hold the parts together must be examined from time to time, as the jarring caused by the passing of the cars loosens them. The towers which support the metal-work must also be repaired from time to time, as frost loosens the mortar which holds the material together. If not given proper care the bridge is liable to 'fail,' as the engineers say, and a portion may fall with a trainload of human beings. Unfortunately this is a frequent cause of disasters in the United States. As the masonry viaducts need but few repairs, accidents due to their failure occur but seldom. The steel bridge is only used because it costs less to construct, and where the railway companies can afford to do so they are replacing them with concrete or other masonry. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, for example, has recently built the longest stone-arch bridge in the world used for railway service, substituting it for metal-work.

It is a fact that the American tourist feels a greater sense of security while travelling in Great Britain than he does while travelling in his own country when he becomes acquainted with the methods used by English railroad men to avoid accidents, and especially collisions. As the train whirls along mile after mile, he notes the 'block' stations which prevent his train from entering upon a section of track which may contain another. He sees the apparatus by which the block-tender can absolutely prevent more than one train from being in his district at a time. As yet this safeguard is almost unknown in the United States; for, although American trains now pass over two hundred and twenty-five thousand miles of rails, but few of the larger systems are divided into blocks, and only one or two of these have cutting-out mechanism such as is almost universally used in Great Britain. On the railroads in the United States the blocks are marked by towers which contain telegraph or telephone instruments. As soon as a train runs upon a certain block the operator in charge informs the stations at each end, in order that their operators may keep out all other trains if the line has but a single track. Should the train in the block stop on account of some defect or for some other reason, no others are supposed to enter the section, no matter if it should remain there several hours. This is supposed to be the case; but, as already stated, train service is principally controlled by the telegraph or telephone, the block-tender being unable to cut off one section from the rest of the line by shifting the rails, as is done out of America. He can merely show signals. This is why collisions too frequently occur upon railways provided with the block system. The telegraph operators, strange to say, sometimes forget instructions, and instances have occurred when the enginemen have been going at such a high rate of speed that they have not noticed the signal hung out from the block-tower warning them to stop. Even on some of the railways which have a track for trains going in one direction and a second track for trains going in another, accidents have occurred in these blocks, the rear coaches of a train being struck by the engine of a train following, through the neglect of either the signalman or the engineman.

Undoubtedly the block system has proved a great protection in American railroad travel; but, as already stated, only a few roads thus far have been provided with it—embracing less than twenty-five thousand miles. Again, there are stretches of metal hundreds of miles in length over which trains pass each other in both directions by means of sidings and switches, as the railroad-man terms them. At intervals of five to twenty miles apart, sections of track a mile or two miles long are built, connected with the main line by levers, which, when moved, will allow trains to be shunted from the main line to the switch, or *vice versâ*. As the movements of trains are controlled almost entirely by orders sent over the railroad from its terminus or some other convenient point, when a train going in one direction is in the vicinity of a train coming towards it, one of the trains is ordered to go on to the siding, thus allowing the other to pass it. These orders are telegraphed or telephoned to a station where one of the trains must stop before meeting the other. Usually one order is sent to the conductor and a second to the engineman, so that if the one fails to receive in-

structions or misunderstands them the other will carry them out. But in spite of this safeguard many of the recent serious accidents in the United States have been caused by misunderstanding these orders or neglecting to obey them, so that the locomotives have come together going at a speed of forty or fifty miles an hour. This accounts for the fact that sometimes fifty or sixty persons are killed outright and twice as many injured in the 'head-on' collisions, as they are termed, for usually the shock when the trains come together is such that the luggage and day coaches are demolished, being thrown against the locomotives with terrific force owing to the speed at which they are moving.

The great stretches of prairie-land and other level country, especially in the western part of the United States, make it possible to build railways directly on the surface of the ground. In some of the States they are actually used as pathways for pedestrians where the ordinary highways are far apart. The railway line may afford a much shorter route between two towns than the wagon-highway, and it is a common custom for persons to walk along it rather than follow the safer but longer road. Here is one reason for the great loss of life which is yearly caused by persons being struck by the engine. A speed of forty or fifty miles an hour means that the locomotive runs at the rate of nearly a mile a minute. Consequently, if a person is walking in the centre of the track he must move quickly to get out of the way of a passenger train. If his vision is obstructed by a curve in the road or by some hill, the engine often gets within such short distance before he is aware of its approach that he is too late in endeavouring to escape. Very few of the American railways are enclosed by fences or other protection, and one can easily get upon the track either in the city or in the country. With reference to the long list of persons killed in railway accidents in 1903, it is estimated that nearly one-half were struck down while on the 'right of way' of the engine.

Possibly the tourist who comes to the United States a century hence, and goes here and there, may note a greater similarity in the methods of Old and New World transportation than exists at present; but the territory traversed by the lines of steel in the United States is so vast that it has not permitted them to be constructed with the care which has attended railroad building, especially in Great Britain. The Americans are also behind their English cousins in the thoroughness with which they care for the safety of the traveller; but every year laws are being enacted and devices invented which are intended to lessen the possibility of accidents. Already the loss of life caused through fastening cars together by the hand has been greatly reduced by the invention of the mechanical coupler. The use of the air-brake has prevented many a collision which would have occurred otherwise; while automatic signals operated by compressed air and electricity are now being utilised on some of the trunk-lines, which aid in warning the engineman of the proximity of another train.

NOTABLE AUSTRALIANS.

AUSTRALIA has long ago ceased to be a dumping-ground for our criminal population, and she is now working out her high destiny as a flourishing colony of Great Britain. Her commercial, industrial, and agricultural progress has had checks by droughts, and labour and other troubles, but the Commonwealth has shown splendid recuperative power. The makers of modern Australia have been men of grit and intelligence; and a convincing proof of how they are making history is shown in the thin octavo volume by Mr Fred Johns of the Adelaide *Register*, entitled *Notable Australians: Brief Biographies of Men and Women of the Commonwealth* (George Robertson & Company, Melbourne). Here the brain and brawn, the mental and bodily vigour, of the Anglo-Saxon race come out in the achievements recorded of men some of whom only left our own shores within the last thirty or forty years; in other cases there is an Australian-born ancestry reaching back through fathers or grandparents to a home in Great Britain. This little volume, on the same lines as our useful *Who's Who*, is bound to grow in value and importance as the years roll on, and is already an interesting and valuable contribution to colonial history.

While gold-miners and 'pastoralists' figure largely amongst makers of the Commonwealth, it is most encouraging, in turning over these pages, to find such a number of the so-called intellectual and professional classes, with literary men and journalists, explorers, clergymen, lawyers, and medical men, who are also making the colony, and adding a lustre to its history.

As in our *Who's Who*, recreations are given of notable Australians, those of the Hon. Alfred Deakin, Prime Minister of the Commonwealth since July 1905, being cycling and reading; those of the ever-popular Dr W. H. Fitchett are 'hard work and golf,' a partial explanation of his great popularity as an author. Mr Deakin, who is a successful colonial lawyer, was born at Fitzroy, Melbourne, in 1856, and amongst other public-spirited acts has taken a great interest in national and local systems of irrigation. He declined a knighthood when in this country in 1887. No page can be scanned without examples of men who have been the architects of their own fortunes. Sydney

Kidman, the 'Australian cattle-king,' born near Adelaide in 1857, left home at thirteen, became a cowboy at ten shillings a week, carted wood, drove bullocks, and was on the goldfields; and now he is owner of many station properties. Mr George Lansell, the 'Australian quartz-king,' was born at Margate, in England, in 1823, and is now the largest employer of mining labour in Australia. He came to the country in 1853, went to the Bendigo goldfields, started a soap and candle factory, and persevered through good and evil fortune in buying up mines, until one lucky venture alone yielded one hundred and eighty thousand pounds in its first stoop, and, with a depth of three thousand seven hundred and fifty feet, is the deepest gold-mine in the world. Mr Charles Rasp, born in Germany in 1846, is credited with being the discoverer of the Broken Hill silver-lead deposit. The Hon. Samuel M'Caughey, born at Ballymena, Ireland, has been in Australia since 1856, and is now understood to have more sheep than any other colonist. He has expended thirty thousand pounds in importing stud-sheep, and has interested himself in irrigation and cultivation of the land generally. The Hon. Sir Malcolm Donald M'Eacharn, born in Islay in July 1852, went to Australia in 1879, and has been a pioneer in the frozen-meat trade.

Professor R. L. Jack, LL.D., born at Irvine in 1845, was Government geologist for Queensland, and virtually initiated artesian-well boring. Mr Louis Brennan was associated with Professor N. C. Kermot in the development of the first torpedo, sold to Government for one hundred and fifteen thousand pounds. Professor T. Hudson Beare, Professor of Engineering in Edinburgh University since 1901, was born at Edwardstown, near Adelaide, in 1859. He was the first to win the South Australian Scholarship, which took him to University College, London, in 1880. The Rev. Llewelyn D. Bevan, of Melbourne, has had a distinguished record as a preacher and writer both in London and Australia, and he has a family of sons following in his footsteps. The Hon. Sir John Alexander Cockburn, born at Corsbie, Berwickshire, in 1850, has been Minister of Education, Premier, and Chief Secretary of South Australia, as well as Agent-General for the colony in London, and has written upon Australian federation. The Hon. George Brookman, born in Glasgow in 1850, organised the syndicate which discovered the Kalgoorlie group of mines. Mr Samuel Hordern, of A. Hordern & Son, Sydney, is a member of the firm which has the largest 'emporium' in the Commonwealth. Mr John Waugh, pastoralist, was the first to use wire-fencing for telephone communication with homesteads and outside stations. Mr J. Henniker Heaton, born at Rochester, Kent, who spent about twenty years in Australia, is styled the 'apostle of postal reform' and of universal penny postage. Mr T. Tebutt, astronomer of the observatory at Windsor, N.S.W., has solved many astronomical problems and has published *Forty Years of Meteorological Work*.

We find a son of William and Mary Howitt in Australia, a nephew of Captain Marryat, and a son and grandson of Edward Irving the famous preacher, whose life was written by Mrs Oliphant. Alfred William Howitt, ethnologist and explorer, who now resides at Metung, Victoria, was born at Nottingham in 1830, went out early in life to Victoria, assisted in opening up the Gippsland county, took part in the relief expedition for Burke and Wills, was a warden at the goldfields, is now an authority on Australian ethnology, and has written upon the aborigines. Martin Howy Irving, LL.D., the son of Edward Irving, sometime Professor of Classics and English in the University of Melbourne, was born in London in 1831, and has had a distinguished record in Australia. His son, Edward Irving, M.A. Oxford, has been an editor and lecturer in classics at the University of Melbourne. The late Lord Tennyson paid Professor Rentoul of Melbourne the compliment that he had written "the best or one of the best estimates" of his meaning and art. Mr James Inglis, head of James Inglis & Company, merchants, Sydney, born at Edzell, Forfarshire, in 1845, has given a delightful picture of his boyhood, with many pawky Scottish stories, in *Oor Ain Folk*. He has in turn been an indigo-planter, merchant, and journalist, and travelled in New Zealand and India before settling in Australia in 1877. He is a typical Scot, who falsifies the saying that a rolling stone gathers no moss.

If Australia cannot boast of many outstanding and world-compelling names, there are some of undoubted popularity and great reputation. One hardly thinks of Mrs Humphry Ward or Mrs Campbell Praed as belonging to Australasia, but this is so. Mrs Humphry Ward, born at Hobart in 1851, arrived in this country in her teens, and since the publication of *Robert Elsmere* has established a great reputation, and is one of the most highly remunerated writers of fiction. Her father, Thomas Arnold, was the second son of Arnold of Rugby. A brother, Theodore Arnold, is engaged in fruit-farming in New Zealand. He wrote a paper on 'Sub-Tropical New Zealand' for *Chambers's Journal*, and is an accomplished botanist, with a knowledge of Maori life and customs; for about twenty years he was New Zealand correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. Mrs Campbell Praed, daughter of the Hon. Thomas Lodge, of Murray Prior, Queensland, has produced quite a respectable number of novels since she came to England in 1876. Her husband, Arthur Campbell Mackintosh Praed, who died in 1901, was a cousin of the poet W. M. Praed. Mr Charles Haddon Chambers, playwright, born at Stanmore, Sydney, in 1860, has been in England since the early eighties. Mr Johns seems to have missed George Egerton (Mrs Golding Bright), author of

Keynotes, who was born at Melbourne. Mr Joseph Jacobs, born at Sydney in 1854, resided and worked in England for a time, and went to America to assist in the work of the great Jewish Encyclopædia. He has a long list of folk-lore and fairy-tale books against his name. Dr George Ernest Morrison, the famous Pekin correspondent of the *Times* since 1897, born at Geelong in 1862, spent some time in the South Sea Islands in order to study the Kanaka labour question; in 1882 he crossed Australia on foot from the Gulf of Carpentaria to Geelong, two thousand and forty-three miles, in one hundred and twenty-three days. While heading a pioneer expedition in New Guinea in 1883, he was wounded and left for dead. A spear-head remained in his body until cut out in Edinburgh in 1884. One of his exploits in the East was to walk across China from Shanghai to the Burmese frontier, which gave him material for his *Australian in China*. Professor Gilbert Murray, born at Sydney in 1866, sometime Professor of Greek in Glasgow University, married the eldest daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, and now resides near Farnham. He is author of many learned works on Greek literature.

Australia did her duty when 'she heard her mother calling' for help in the Boer War. Mr Andrew Barton Paterson ('Banjo'), editor of the Sydney *Evening News* since 1903, represented the Sydney *Morning Herald*, and was one of Reuter's correspondents in the South African War. With Gwynne of Reuter's, Mr Johns tells us, he rode into Bloemfontein in advance of the army and brought out leading residents to surrender the town to Lord Roberts. He has written to the *Times* on the Australian labour question, and has visited the Philippines, China, and the New Hebrides as representative of the Sydney *Morning Herald*.

There is no better-known or more versatile modern Australian writer than the Rev. W. H. Fitchett, LL.D., author of *Deeds that Won the Empire*. A native of Lincolnshire, who accompanied his parents to Australia in 1854, he has been principal of the Methodist Ladies' College, Hawthorn, Melbourne, since 1882, and has done much hard and useful journalistic work in connection with the *Australian Review of Reviews*, the *Southern Cross*, and *Life*. Many popular volumes stand to his credit. 'Rolf Boldrewood' is the pen-name of Thomas Alexander Browne, born in London in 1826, the son of the late Captain Sylvester John Browne, of the East India Company's service. He came with his father to New South Wales in 1830, was educated at Sydney College, and was in turn a pastoralist, a police-magistrate, and warden of the goldfields in New South Wales (1870–95). Since the publication of *Robbery Under Arms* in 1888, he has written many stories with characters and local colour drawn from his experiences. Guy Boothby, born at Adelaide in 1867, wrote most of his works in England, where he died in 1905. His knowledge of colonial life proved a valuable asset to him as a novelist. George Lewis Becke (or, as he simply signs himself, Louis Becke), was born at Port Macquarie, New South Wales, in 1857. His parents belonged to Bideford, in England. In turn Louis Becke has been a trader, pilot, and recruiter for the Kanaka labour-trade in the Pacific islands, and his experiences in these departments furnished him with his best literary material used in *By Reef and Palm* and its many successors. Mr Ernest Favenc, journalist, historian, and explorer, was born in London in 1846, has been in New South Wales since 1863, and has written much regarding Australian geography and geographical history, and is author of a *History of Australian Exploration*. The three last-mentioned authors have contributed tales to *Chambers's Journal*; so has Mr W. J. Jeffrey of the *Town and Country Journal* (Sydney), and Mr John Arthur Barry of the *Evening News* (Sydney), both of whom have written sea-tales with abundant realism as well as imaginative insight and adequate knowledge. Mr J. A. Barry was born at Devon in 1850, has been at sea intermittently for over twenty years, worked at the goldfields, travelled with stock in Queensland, and has been engaged as stock-rider, drover, and manager. In this way he has gained the wonderful knowledge of the lights and shades of colonial life shown in his stories. He has few living equals at a sea-tale.

Mr Mortimer Menpes, the well-known painter and book-illustrator, was born at Port Adelaide in 1859, but is now resident in London. Mr D. Orme Masson, a son of Emeritus Professor David Masson of Edinburgh, is a professor of Chemistry in Melbourne. Dr J. G. Paton, a pioneer missionary to the New Hebrides, born at Kirkmahoe, Dumfriesshire, in 1824, now resides in Kew, Victoria. His remarkable autobiography is one of the most interesting books of its class.

We find English literary veterans spending the evening of their days at the Antipodes. Mr James Smith, of Hawthorn, Victoria, born near Maidstone, England, in 1820, was an early contributor to *Punch*, associated with Douglas Jerrold in some of his literary ventures, and acted for a time as editor of two British provincial journals. He is said to have given the first public readings in England from the works of Charles Dickens, and in 1852 organised at Salisbury the first provincial Exhibition of Art and Industry in England. He came to Melbourne in 1854, engaged in journalism, and was one of the founders of the Melbourne *Punch*. He has been elected an officer of the French Academy for his services to French literature, and the King of Italy conferred on him the title of Cavalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy for his *Dante* and other Italian studies. He boasts of a library of between six thousand and seven thousand volumes, and has edited a *Cyclopædia of Victoria*. Mr John Plummer, of Sydney, born in London in 1831, was engaged upon Charles Knight's literary staff, and afterwards upon that of John Cassell (1862). He assisted in founding the London *Figaro*, and was on the

staff of the *Morning Advertiser*, the *Hornet*, and the *Home Journal*. For many years before coming to Australia he acted as English correspondent of the Sydney *Morning Herald*. Mr William H. Ogilvie, born at Holefield, Kelso, in 1869, has a genuine lyrical gift, and finds a place in Mr Johns' book because of the years he spent in the bush droving or horse-breaking. He is now in charge of a department of agricultural journalism in Iowa State College. His volume of verse issued in Australia proved popular. Mr Henry Archibald Lawson, born at Grenfell, New South Wales, in 1867, was a carriage-painter ere he took to literature with considerable success, as in *While the Billy Boils* and its successors. Mr David Syme, son of a schoolmaster at North Berwick, where he was born in 1827, is now proprietor of the *Melbourne Age*. Madame Melba (*née* Nellie Mitchell) was born at Melbourne in 1865. A self-taught poet, Mr Sydney Wheeler Jephcott, is a grazier on the Upper Murray River; his recreation is 'turning the bread-and-butter mill,' an occupation not unknown in the old country. The founder of the *Pastoralist's Review*, Mr R. E. N. Twopenny, was born in Rutlandshire in 1857, and is famous also for his breed of fox-terriers. Professor Walter Murdoch, of Melbourne, born at Pitsligo, Aberdeenshire, in 1874, is author of a *Manual of English Constitutional History for Schools*, of which ten thousand copies were sold during the first year. He is now writing a *History of Australian Literature*.

So still we say, 'Advance, Australia!'

WHITE LABOUR FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

By A British Working-Man in South Africa.

LORD ELGIN'S despatch intimating the home Government's intention of bringing to a close the immigration of Chinese into the Transvaal has been the means of placing before the Empire the labour problem in South Africa. In the hope that it may interest home-staying folk to have the views of a working-man on the subject, I have here attempted to describe the matter simply and fairly as it appears to me after two years' sojourn in various parts of the country.

In nearly every pursuit in an agricultural and mineral country the labourer required must possess strength, but that strength must be accompanied by at least a modicum of intelligence. Up to the present Kafir labour has been the chief source upon which South African colonists have depended; and while this class of labour possesses to the full the qualification of strength, it almost entirely lacks that of intelligence, thus causing it to be expensive and vexatious in the handling, and unremunerative in the result. Its full extent, also, and the location economies which cause it to fluctuate, do not seem to have been studied in a scientific manner by the colonies and protectorates in combination. The influence of Lovedale may in the course of another century remove the first drawback, and a system of co-operation among the colonies the second; but it appears to me that the rate of increase in the Kafir population will eventually leave it far behind the requirements of such a great country. The Kafir, therefore, may be left out of consideration as a large, permanent labour factor, and will probably merge among the whites, occupying a lower place in the social scale, and doing the more menial work of a white community, much as the negro does in America. At present the Kafir labourer gets twenty-five to thirty-five shillings a month (with food and shelter) in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, from fifteen to twenty-five shillings in Capetown and Durban, and in country districts in Cape Colony and Natal he gets from eight to fifteen shillings. His food costs on an average for all parts of South Africa about six shillings a month, while the shelter in most cases does not deserve the name. The Kafir is always strong and healthy, and is the happiest person I know; nothing ever appears to hurt his health, the only exception I have noted being the 'boys' who haul the 'rikishas' in large towns, and they suffer from consumption, caused by being continually exposed to all weathers at all hours.

Indian labour comes next in point of numbers. This class of labourer is practically inexhaustible, and is fairly intelligent, but of poor physique, and is probably as unremunerative as the Kafir. These Indians are drawn from the southern peninsula of India, and are perhaps the poorest type in the Indian Empire. It is in my recollection that Lord Roberts, when Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army, disbanded all the regiments composed of this class as worthless. They are employed only in Natal, and work at everything, from household servants—in which capacity they are excellent—up to tea and sugar cultivation and railroad construction. The only industry, indeed, in which I do not think they are employed is coal-mining. They are brought over by immigration companies, under Government control, and indentured out to private persons, who pay them twelve shillings a month, with food and lodging. They may be sold by one employer to another until their term of contract is completed, and then sent back to India by free passage or allowed to remain in Natal as free colonists; in the latter case the Indian usually becomes a fruit-cultivator on his own account. As a shopkeeping class they are to be found everywhere in South Africa, and in every line of business, some of their firms doing a very large

business. The only line they appear to be backward in is the grocery trade, which is fast being monopolised by the Chinese, especially in Capetown and Durban.

Cheap European labour, such as Italian, Norwegian, &c., does not seem to favour South Africa in any appreciable quantity; but if, in the future, native coloured and Asiatic labour were to be relegated to the background, this class of labour would probably become as large a factor in South African industries as it is in the United States and South America.

Chinese labour, which is at present being tried in the gold industry, possesses all the qualifications which make for success. The Chinaman is at least the equal of the British, German, or Scandinavian labourer in strength, and is his superior in the matter of intelligence, as also in education. He is temperate, industrious, and law-abiding in a marked degree, the Rand outrages notwithstanding. The insuperable objection to the yellow man, however, is that he is too clever and industrious to remain the servant, but would in time become master of the country, which would be all right if it were a Chinese colony instead of a British colony that has cost the mother-country dear in blood and money. Opinion of the Chinese ought not to be prejudiced by the conduct of some of those employed on the Rand, as they were recruited by the Rand magnates, who are the last persons such a matter, affecting the moral and physical well-being of a large number of people, should have been entrusted to. Owing to the manner of recruiting, a portion of the criminal class has crept in. The majority of the men, who are respectable, are, however, dissatisfied with the pay and the whole condition of their lives. The pay is less than in California, where they can obtain little home-luxuries at a reasonable cost, and may even have their wives with them; whereas in South Africa such things are simply out of the question, and they find themselves compelled to live, for the term of their contract, under conditions less satisfactory than in other countries.

British labour, then, is the only remedy that will put South Africa on its feet and place its industries on a solid basis. When this has been accomplished other European labour will no doubt flock in; but I am convinced that British labour, in the first instance, is the main thing that is wanted just now to set the country going. 'But,' says the reader, 'I have always understood that white labour could not do the rougher kinds of work, owing to the climate.' In reply to that I may state that I am a blacksmith, than which there can be no more arduous work, and have been in South Africa for the past two years. The first year I worked near Johannesburg, doing the same work as I did in Scotland, except that—there being no machinery to speak of, such as steam-hammers, &c.—the work is sometimes harder. The next eight months I worked, or tramped in search of work, in Natal, which is the hottest part of South Africa, and the remainder in East Griqualand, Cape Colony, where I am at present employed as a wagon and coach smith.

I may remark in passing that, being unemployed in Durban, and depression in trade being very great, I started on the road to look for work. I had five shillings and sixpence in money, the clothes I stood up in, and a change of shirts and underclothing, which I carried in a small bundle, together with some food, all rolled in a blanket and slung over my shoulder. I applied at every sugar-estate, every farm, and of course every blacksmith's shop on the way for two hundred and thirty miles before finally succeeding. As there are a great number of unemployed on the road, the majority of whom cling to the railway lines, I determined to strike clear away from the beaten tracks. My course lay along the east coast to Port Shepstone, then inland through Albert county of Natal, passing over the border into Cape Colony at the point where the recent rich discoveries of graphite have been made. All the way the road kept continually rising and falling from sea-level to three thousand and sometimes four thousand feet high. There were also some biggish rivers to negotiate in the absence of bridges. One day, indeed, in the course of eighteen miles, I had to strip four times, the water at the ford being up to my shoulders; in addition there were several smaller rivers which could be crossed barefoot. As the rainy season had commenced I was frequently drenched to the skin, and on several occasions had to sleep at night in outhouses or stables alongside Kafirs. It is with pleasure I have to record that the Kafirs were always very courteous, giving me the driest corner and the cleanest hay or sacks, as the case might be, without apparently expecting the slightest recompense. I was twelve days on the road; and yet, such is the climate, I started work at once as fresh as if I had been on holiday.

From the foregoing incidents it will be seen that what can be done in the way of hard work or roughing it at home is equally possible in South Africa. As regards health, it may interest intending emigrants if I give my personal experience. Before leaving home I had suffered for several years from liver complaints and indigestion (the latter making life almost unbearable at times), and accompanying these was a continual drowsy feeling, making me averse even to exercising the faculty of thought, and occasionally leading to excess in alcohol. On the voyage, which is an ideal sea-trip, I slept a good deal both day and night; but the moment I landed in Capetown I felt active and alert, and have remained so. My former troubles seem now to be like a far-off remembrance, and I have the priceless pleasure of partaking of three hearty meals a day with absolutely no fear hanging over me of the consequences. I am not afraid to smoke whenever inclined (South African tobacco is lighter, and perhaps purer, than that at home); and as for intoxicating drinks, although I occasionally take a glass of whisky or beer, I have absolutely no

desire for them, as there would appear to be something elevating in the climate which acts on the spirits as a gentle stimulant.

To return to the labour question. It may safely be asserted, I think, that South African gold is the only gold in the world which has not been secured by white labour as its perquisite, and the reason South Africa is the only exception may be stated thus: The Dutch, who were the pioneers in nearly all the settled parts of South Africa, are an easy-going race of people, who have no special desire to become rich, but are content with their stock and poultry and a little cultivation. It is obvious that, to a people thus constituted, Kafir labour, cheap and inefficient, would present itself as a Heaven-sent blessing which a wise man would be foolish to reject. Kafir labour, then, was either coaxed or coerced into service; and British colonists, following on behind, simply accepted what had become a custom, the majority gradually deteriorating to the unprogressive level of the Dutch, content that they do not require to work, but to sit on the 'stoep' and order the 'boys' to their several jobs, which may or may not be performed; but the climate is kind, and there are many days in the year! With the discovery of gold this condition of things might have disappeared; but the Boer Republic was easier of access to the financier than to the white labourer —who, if it had been a British colony, would have surely fastened on to the gold to the exclusion of all other labour—with the result that the Kafir secured the work, not because he wanted it, but because ingenious South African Governments hut-taxed him to such a degree that he was compelled to work, thus causing the laziest and happiest man in the world to lose some of his gaiety, as well as bring back some of the contamination of the mine to the location; all of which seems hard lines for the Kafir, whose country we take and then compel him to work.

With the Dutch institution of Kafir labour an absurd custom has grown up and been pushed to an extreme in the gold-area. This is a custom, grown into a tradition, of relegating to the native certain work which no white man may perform without losing caste. For instance, a blacksmith must be a white man, but his hammerman must be a coloured man; a white girl may be a barmaid, but must not be a housemaid; a miner must be a white man, but all the other work in a mine must be done by the coloured man. The result of this custom is seen in the statement so often made in quarters favourable to the mineowners that white men cannot do the work of Kafirs in the mines, the public being left to infer that this disability of the white man is due to climatic reasons, the real reason all the time being this absurd caste tradition. As one gets away from the octopus-like grasp of the gold, this caste prejudice begins to abate, and in Pietermaritzburg and Durban I have worked alongside coloured artisans, while I have seen white men doing labourers' work. Here in Cape Colony, also, I have met Kafir artisans, while white men sometimes do labourers' work without losing caste. These remarks are intended to show that although the caste prejudice obtains over the whole country, it is only near the mines that it becomes a hard-and-fast rule; and I believe that it has been fostered by mine-owners and officials so as to stave off the evil day when they will have to face white labour, with its organisations and strikes, and other evils too numerous to contemplate, so long as Governments will allow them to exploit coloured labour.

Sir William Preece, who was here with the British Association, said, in a lecture recently delivered before the Society of Arts in London: 'The white man may or may not be able to work in South Africa. That is not the question at issue. The question at issue is, is it politic or wise to place the white man and the virtual coloured barbarian shoulder to shoulder to do the same work and earn the same wage?' This, it will be perceived, is voicing the sentiment I have already spoken of as caste prejudice. In reply, I would just say that I, who am a good workman of my class, have worked shoulder to shoulder with these coloured barbarians, and I dare say I am as independent and conceited as Scotch workmen usually are, yet my dignity was not impaired the least bit more than when I worked alongside Italians, Americans, and Germans in Manchester. I have seen colonials here go into a paroxysm of rage because a Kafir has unwittingly entered a house or workshop without first removing his hat. My feeling on those occasions was that so long as the black man was civil he might wear a dozen hats at once if he felt so inclined; nor can I understand why men of British instincts should develop such racial feelings, for, after all, a man is still a man whether he be black, white, or yellow.

The question, however, for the British workingman should not be a question of race or colour. That was settled at the commencement of the war by the fact that Great Britain decided, although she could have let loose nearly the whole Kafir race upon the Transvaal, and terminated the war in half the time and at half the cost, to make it a fight to the finish between white and white. This was done at a cost to her of twenty-five thousand lives and two hundred million pounds in order that South Africa should provide room and work for her surplus working population. But that was not to be yet awhile, for the capitalist stepped in and declared that the first need of the country was coloured labour. And to-day there are over a thousand British men living on charity or starving in Johannesburg; in Capetown, on relief works or starving, nearly a thousand; while in Durban there are five hundred breaking stones in the workhouse or begging from door to door. And these men are not of the class which hangs on to charities or frequents the casual wards at home, but are smart, intelligent men, over 30 per cent. of them artisans. And yet, if the capitalistic control of South Africa were itself controlled by a firm, just home Govern-

ment for a year or two, there would be room for fifty thousand white workers on the mines alone, in place of the one hundred and forty thousand coloured men, with profit to the mineowners and a complete revolution in all the other industries of the country.

With regard to the mineowners' contention that the mines could not be worked at a profit by white labour, Mr Maurice Evans, member of the Legislative Assembly of Natal, in the Durban press recently adduced some very pertinent facts relative to the employment of white labour in other colonies, with the object of showing that cheap labour, on account of its inefficiency, is the dearest in the long-run. In New Zealand, for instance, all the labour is white, and yet that small country exports in one year fifteen million pounds' worth of produce raised by white hands. He goes on: 'I saw in New Zealand men employed during the harvest at ten shillings a day and three excellent meals, and the oats they were reaping would only yield one shilling and eightpence per bushel of one hundred and ten pounds. This was an exceptionally low price; but what Natal farmer with indentured coolies at, say, twelve shillings a month and rice would grow them at twice or even three times the price? In the same colony, with high-priced white labour, potatoes are grown to sell at thirty shillings to forty shillings per ton, or two shillings to two shillings and eightpence a bag. I have heard Natal farmers who had cheap Indian labour, and who lived near the railway line, offered six shillings and sixpence a bag, and decline, saying they would rather let them rot than take such an unremunerative price!' That portion of the press which is not controlled by the capitalistic ring expressed itself entirely in accord with Mr Evans in his contention that well-paid white labour is the cheapest labour in the world; that is also the view of all white men in South Africa except the gold-ring, the Dutch, and the colonial-born. Strange to say, the two latter are the bitterest against the Chinese, when, by the law of consistency, they ought to hail them with acclamation, seeing that every Chinaman over a certain number throws a Kafir out, thus increasing the farmer's supply of labour. This only helps to support my contention, however, that the Dutch and colonials have got side-tracked on the road of intelligence.

A few details regarding artisans' pay and the general cost of living may be useful to those intending to come out here after things brighten up. It is to be understood that I am giving the current rates, which are at bottom price owing to the depression, and are, roughly, ten shillings a week less than in normal times. In the Transvaal and Orange River Colony tradesmen get two shillings an hour in country districts, up to two shillings and threepence and two shillings and sixpence an hour in Johannesburg and on the Rand. The cost of living for a single man is six pounds ten shillings a month in Johannesburg, and five pounds ten shillings elsewhere. It should be understood that living is on a higher scale all over South Africa than at home; the meals, for instance, comprising four courses for breakfast and lunch, and six courses for dinner, which is taken at night. In country districts of Natal three pounds to three pounds ten shillings per week is paid, while in Durban and Pietermaritzburg fourteen shillings a day is the average. The cost of living in Natal is cheaper and better than elsewhere in South Africa, ranging from three pounds to three pounds ten shillings a month. In Cape Colony wages in country districts range from fifteen pounds to twenty pounds a month; while in Capetown, Kimberley, and other towns fifteen shillings a day is paid. The cost of living in this colony is five pounds a month. In the Transvaal the bulk of the artisans are Australian, Canadian, or Scotch. Natal and Orange River Colony are nearly Scotch; but of late the Italian seems to be gaining ground in Natal, while there are a number of West of England men in Orange River Colony. In Cape Colony Englishmen predominate, there being also a goodly number of Germans and Norwegians, who jocularly refer to the colony as 'German South Africa.' The Dutch and colonials all over the country seldom learn a trade, and are mostly engaged in agriculture and stock-raising. Rhodesia and Bechuanaland appear to be pushing ahead lately, but I cannot speak of them from personal knowledge.

In conclusion, I will say that South Africa as a whole is a healthy country, and that a man's pay and food are much better than in the old country; and if the drink is left alone money can be saved quickly. But there are few means of enjoyment for the single man. With the married man, of course, it is different, and I should say that a married couple can live as cheaply as a single man. To the married woman this country should be Elysium, for children require practically no care, and her husband, even if he is a person whom, in the old country, she never saw except at meal-hours, becomes in this country a confirmed home-bird, finding there his great and only means of recreation and enjoyment.

COMING HOME.

Out in the West I've roamed; but, O my land!
Gladly do I return to thee. Thou hast
These years been calling me. I come at last.
Each autumn have I heard the stern command
Of thy wild mountains summoning me to stand
On their high peaks amid the dark storm's blast;
Each spring thy sweet green fields have held me fast,
And I have watched the waves die on thy strand.

When, from the sea, thy rocky shores appear,
Let it, O God! be when the sun does lie
Ready to rise from the great crimson deep.
Then, 'mong the fading stars perchance I'll hear
Thy whispered welcome drifting slowly by,
Whilst mountain-tops from out the mists do creep.

C. Fred Kenyon.

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THE CURSE OF MONA.

By A SASSENACH.

DONALD was a very independent person, quite a relic of a time long past. He was a proud clansman who owned allegiance to none but his king and his chief. He would never have allowed himself to be called a crofter, and go whining to a Government official to make his bargain for him with any landlord. Equally he objected to being the tenant of a Campbell, so he had managed to acquire a 'feu,' which, being translated into English, means that he had a perpetual lease of his holding. It is a permanent tenure subject only to the payment of a small annual 'feu-duty' in money.

The Sassenach had come to Argyllshire to fish and 'enjoy himself for ever.' But the pursuit of trout, combined with an ever-kind and bounteous Providence, led him up one of those small burns which run out of the hills into the river Cur. There he came upon a whitewashed cottage, old and thatched, but shining with cleanliness and shrouded in creepers, and, best of all, Donald working in his perfect little croft among the potatoes.

There are better fish in the burns than ever came out of them, and the burns are always there; but there is only one Donald, and he is an old man, so the Sassenach soon realised that the fishing must be reduced to the means which is justified by the end, and the end was the companionship and confidence of Donald.

The cottage stood on a sort of terrace on the face of the hill, rounded off and obliterated now by the passage of the centuries, but still looking somewhat artificial. From the odd mounds which flanked it peeped an outcrop here and there of crumbling masonry which seemed to indicate the ruins of some much greater structure.

The Sassenach would often find Donald sitting at the edge of his little domain when the day's work was over. They would sit and smoke their pipes while Donald talked of 'my chief,' 'my clan,' and 'my country.' Dressed in his brown homespun coat and kilt, with a blackcock's feather in his tam-o'-shanter, and leaning on his stout hazel stick carved by himself into an eagle's claw, he might well have been a ghost returned out of the old times in which his soul lived.

The cottage was buried in deep shadow, but Ben Bheula opposite was lit up by the red glow of the dying sun. To the south lay Loch Eck, shining like a pale-blue topaz beneath the shadow of Ben More. To the north, the yellow road disappeared in a patch of sunlight over the low horizon towards Loch Fyne. The rumbling coach had passed down the road for the last time that day; the *Lord of the Isles* had whistled and departed again for his home in the Clyde. The peace and silence of the evening were all around them when Donald murmured almost to himself, 'The chief was right when he built his castle here.'

The Sassenach looked round for the castle, but then he remembered that the villagers accused Donald of thinking himself a chief.

'Yes, for observation or defence there isn't a better spot in the valley; but I never heard that the Duke had a castle here,' he said tentatively.

'The Duke! Who is the Duke? I said the chief.' Donald broke into Gaelic, muttering strange oaths; but, remembering the ignorance of the Sassenach, came back to the inferior tongue. 'No, no; a Campbell will never be my chief. Donald Macnaughton, and a Macnaughton always, though I were the last.'

The instinctive Highland politeness came back, and he spoke again in his quiet old voice, with its soft western accent.

'This is where the castle stood when the young chief Eochan sailed away to Ireland with Sheila, his beloved; the castle was taken, and the broad lands, by the Campbells. The Macnaughtons may be heard of no more in Cowall,* but the curse of Mona remains for ever, so long as the black-hearted Campbells rule in Eochan's place.'

That night old Donald lived again among his

* A district of Argyllshire.—ED.

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ancestors. He told the legend of his clan as a seer tells out his prophecy. To him it was a present and a living thing; all the web of tradition and romance which centuries had woven around it he accepted and believed as indeed truth.

This is the tale of the Curse of Mona. It is Donald's tale, at once the epic of his own chief's romance and a satire on his hereditary enemies.

The Campbells have never won their way in fair fight. They began, eight hundred years ago, by a marriage,* and since then they have married and intrigued, stolen or betrayed, till now they plant one foot upon the shores of the North Sea and one on the Atlantic, while with their arms they gather in the islands and the mountains to themselves.

The Macnaughtons were a small clan in Cowall, but sturdy and independent; and the Campbells wanted to round off their territories in that direction. They thought that because Eochan, the chief, was a youth and an orphan they might capture his people and his lands; but no intrigue was needed to wed Sheila and Eochan. She was a tall, graceful Highland girl, with the light-blue eyes and yellow hair which have come from the Norsemen.

'She might have been a maid of Norway such as she who lies buried in the cemetery down there by Loch Eck,' said Donald as his eye turned towards the dark woods by the loch where the old cemetery is hidden under the hill. I will tell you that story too some day,' he said; 'but Sheila's story is enough for the present.'

Sheila's heart was young and innocent when she first looked into the dark eyes of Eochan; for he was of that Spanish type which is so strangely mingled with the fair through all the glens. They seemed from the first to know that absolute trust which cannot die, the faith and love that knows no ending.

Eochan was to marry a Campbell, and many shook their heads; but Mona, who was his old nurse, said that it was well, and that Sheila had only to smile upon them, and they would all love her at once.

The wooing goes quickly when all are agreed. Eochan was an orphan of twenty-two years, and Fergus, his old bluff uncle, with his great spade-beard white as the ptarmigan's wing, but his step as firm and his laugh as hearty as his nephew's, came out of Morven to stand by him when he went to Inveraray to bring home his bride.

The reception in those days was held before the wedding. Eochan strode up the vaulted Gothic hall of old Inveraray Castle; and Sheila, standing in her flowing pure-white robe, with only a gold girdle about her waist and a thread of gold holding back her hair, smiled proudly as she saw her tall, handsome boy stride strongly up in his tartans and all the trappings of a Highland chief.

He takes her two hands in his and gazes one moment full into her sparkling eyes, then turns and presents her to Uncle Fergus and his followers. The hall resounds to cries of 'Sheila and Eochan!' 'Eochan and Sheila!' Swords flash and cups are drained amidst the laughing clamour of the general welcome.

All the while stands Una, the elder sister, with a haggard look as of one in pain, and very white and sad, as though something oppressed her. Eochan felt a shiver go through him as he took her cold, chill hand. But his light heart was merry, and he gaily laughed as the mother of Sheila and Una cried, 'You and Una will soon be near relatives, Eochan, so there need be no formality in your greetings.'

Sheila is hurried away by the maidens to be prepared for the wedding. The old men drink again to 'Campbell and Macnaughton!' 'Macnaughton and Campbell!' but they excuse Eochan with a laugh.

'He who soon will gather roses from the lips of a lovely bride may well keep his own unpolluted by the red wine of France.'

. . . . . .

Then came the ceremony in the chapel. Eochan stands by the altar, the clansmen lounging round the door and the women pressing up to the front. There is a rustle of soft garments, and the bride comes in upon the arm of the Campbell chief. Eochan looks round with a beating heart; but she is veiled in a thick white gauze, and holds her head bent low so that he cannot see her face. He takes her hand as the ceremony proceeds. She trembles, and her hand is cold; her voice, though very low, sounds hard and toneless as she makes the responses. Eochan thinks it is just her nervousness; and though now he is troubled himself, he whispers, 'Courage, Sheila; it will soon be over now.'

It is over, and they are walking down the chapel together. The white veil still completely conceals her face, and the people only see her bent head and the yellow hair behind. Into the great hall, set out now for the marriage-feast, up on to the dais at the top, and at last the bride looses his arm and throws back the veil. The moment has arrived, and Eochan puts forth his arms to embrace her, but steps back with a cry.

'What is this? What means this foolery? Where is Sheila? What have you done with her? Ah, treachery!' His sword is out, and he backs away as her people come trooping into the hall. 'Ah, where is my beloved? Where is Sheila?' he cries again.

For the bride is not Sheila, but Una, her elder sister. She stands there exposed, but in her face is no triumph, no cynical smile. Only sadness un-

* Donald must have referred to the marriage of the Campbell who acquired Lochow in Argyllshire by marriage in the eleventh century, and from whom was descended Cailean Mor (Great Colin), who really founded the fortunes of the family in the fifteenth century.

utterable sits there, and a look so piteous and so pleading that Eochan's young heart is touched. He forgets for the moment his own wrong in the consciousness of her utter misery, and so his sword-point falls to the ground as he looks with a sad compassion upon the poor haggard girl.

'Good my lady,' he says, 'I ask you what have you done with your sister?'

'Oh, Eochan, think not of her; she is but a girl, and girls are heartless and inconstant. I will give to you the love and faith and trust of a woman. In me you will gain a wife; in her you merely lose a lover.'

The spell was broken. The very suggestion that Sheila could be unfaithful roused him again to a burning anguish, and all the ardour of his love pent up came surging through his veins. He looked around, but among those Campbells there did not seem to be a friendly face. His own people, with his uncle, were now gathering in a group, dumfoundered and silent, behind him.

The mother comes now towards him smilingly, and there is a murmur and a rustling among the women. It is clear that they understand, while he is all in the dark.

'Eochan, we know it is ill to bear,' she begins; 'but we have done what we could. If a girl is heartless and forsakes her plighted word 'tis better to let her go. A woman married against her will is no true wife. All we have done is for the best; take Una home and your castle shall be radiant with the joy of a loving wife. Your honour is safe with her who loves you dearly.'

'I cannot understand,' said Eochan; 'but let Sheila tell me to my face that she loves me no more, and I will go as I have come—alone.'

'Will you not spare her shame? She has refused to see you, arrogant boy.'

'Ah, repeat not that lie, lest it choke you with its falsity. Sheila is mine, and I am hers for ever. You may try to stem the tide as it roars across the Falls of Lora, you may face a wounded stag pursued by hounds, fight with a willow-wand against the stoutest claymore in Argyll; but don't attempt to stand between Eochan Macnaughton and his affianced bride.'

Old Fergus laid his hand upon Eochan's shoulder gently.

'Come, Eochan,' said he, 'we are done with this treacherous crew for the present.'

They turn and walk away through the wide-open doors. Eochan's face is very white, his teeth hard set, and his fingers open and close nervously on his sword-hilt. But never a word he speaks, although he hears Una's piteous cry again, 'She does not love you. I, and I only.' The rustling and the murmur grow behind him as he marches on, then once in the open he dashes out across the drawbridge, and calls, to gather his men, the battle-cry, 'Eochan! Eochan!'

He is still all in the dark; his absolute trust in Sheila is unbroken; but why should they use him so? Once out of earshot of the castle, his men gather round him, and some cry for vengeance when they understand the terrible insult which has been offered to their chief.

But Eochan looked back and up, and from the topmost window of an angle tower he saw floating through the bars a kerchief which he knew well, for he himself had given it to Sheila. In his heart he was glad, because he knew that she loved him and trusted him still.

From that moment the calm of a great resolve settled down upon him, and he led his men away into the hills. Only when topping a rise and the castle was going out of sight, he made them pass on while he stood alone. He waved the fellow of that kerchief at the window, and waited till the answer came and he knew that so far at least all was well.

Sheila from her lonely tower saw him disappear; but she never doubted him. If they did not kill him, or her, or both, he would come for her again.

The Lord of all the Outer Isles, the Chief of all the Campbells, did not think that the boy-chief would dare hold out for long or revolt against his authority. He carelessly gave him a week to reflect, and then set out for Castle Bheula with a sufficient following to overawe the people. He came in state with his daughter Una to claim her lawful husband.

But the boy-chief had not been idle. No news of him had reached Inveraray, which seemed to show that even around their own castle the extraordinary treachery made every Campbell sympathise with him. His plan was simple: to raid the castle, carry off his bride, and sail for Ireland, where he had cousins, and where a good swordsman was always welcome for their constant wars. He would not allow his people to suffer; but the young men flocked to his call, and he selected fifty of the best. These should help him in the work, and boats were collected ready along Loch Fyne to embark the whole party for Ireland.

There were plenty people in Inveraray Castle with enough love for a true romance and sympathy with true lovers, especially among the women. So when the Campbells arrived at Castle Bheula they found that all was silent and empty. Meantime, as soon as their force had left the town strange men appeared singly and in pairs in Inveraray. The gates were suddenly seized, the sentries gagged, and willing hands within restrained half-hearted warders. There was more laughter than cries as Sheila hurried down to meet her lover half-way up the turret-stair. No time for any explanations. They hurried away, and soon the whole party were off down the western side of Loch Fyne. While the Campbells were moving in leisurely fashion round the head of the loch, Eochan and Sheila, with their little party, were speeding down to the mouth of Leachan Water,* where the boats were gathered.

The Campbells came back in hot haste, you may be sure, when next day news of the flight reached

* Furnace Quarries.

Bheula; but Eochan and Sheila were safely away upon the high seas.

'So that is how my chief is in the north of Ireland now,' said Donald, 'and my cottage is all that was Bheula Castle, and I perhaps the last Macnaughton in Cowall.'

Donald seemed to be finished, but the Sassenach felt as much in the dark as ever. Also, Donald had said something about the Curse of Mona, and his interest in the occult had been aroused.

'But what does it all mean; and, anyway, what is the Curse of Mona?' said the Sassenach.

'The women said that when Una came to Bheula she was much in need of a husband. That may be what it all meant. Then, as for the Curse of Mona, there was a son born to Una, and it was no son of the Macnaughtons; but the Campbells could not allow the family to be disgraced. Perhaps treachery is not a disgrace among the Campbells.'

He was silent again, and then:

'So they drowned the child in the loch. They married Una to one of their own clan, and they gave him Castle Bheula for a dowry.'

Still nothing of Mona and her curse.

'They came to Bheula and took possession. But there may have been an accident, for there was a great fire, and no one could put it out. The Campbell and his lady came out to watch her dowry burn. But Mona watched it too. They said that Mona had been all distraught since her boy had gone away. So she dashed out of her cottage and would have run into the flames; but they caught her, and she stood with her black eyes lit by the fire, her gray hair floating in the breeze, and no clothes but a long white robe. She saw the Campbell and his lady, Una, there, and she lifted up her withered hands and cursed them.

'She used most terrible curses,' said Donald. 'They would not be good in the English, but it came to this, that never so long as the Campbells ruled in Cowall should a male heir succeed to the new owner of Bheula or his descendants. That was in the sixteenth century,' said Donald in his quiet voice, 'and since then they say there has never been a male heir, and the land is held by some Englishman now. The Curse of Mona holds, and I often think of Sheila over there in Ireland, and how much happier she would have been here in Eochan's own place.'

The last of the sun left the crest of Ben Bheula. The valley was cloaked in darkness, and the Sassenach sat on long without a word, listening to 'all the multifold noises of the night which make up one big silence.'

THE SOVEREIGN AND THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

By Henry Leach.

A NEW view is taken in these days of the capabilities of the Sovereign in the British Constitution, and it is something of a coincidence that when a striking display of power is being made by the working-classes at the other end of the social scale, the position of the monarch as an active personal force in government is at the same time being strengthened. Whereas for several reigns the Sovereign was regarded chiefly as the figurehead of the State, he is now acclaimed as the most successful because the most tactful statesman of the time. Monarchy has never been more popular with the British public than it is to-day, the people being properly grateful to the ruler who by his own initiative and his own efforts has brought about such pacific relations with other States, and chief of all others with France, as successive Governments had failed to do with tons of despatches. The situation, with new developments at the opposite poles of society, is novel and interesting, and from the present point will be watched with eagerness.

To view the Sovereign as an active statesman, as indeed a superior Foreign Minister, is a new idea to the modern British people; but their minds have been in preparation for it for half a century or more. Whilst King Edward is active and constructive in statesmanship, Queen Victoria seemed at least passive and never negligible. She too was said to be a strong Minister, and constantly exercised a powerful influence in favour of the maintenance of peace with foreign Powers; and her son the King, with even greater discretion and a broader view, only continues the development of monarchical authority beyond the limitations to which the Queen appeared confined partly by her sex and partly by the secluson which she imposed on herself after her bereavement. From time to time during her reign the people were made vaguely aware of the masterful exercise of her influence in diplomatic affairs; but it was always felt rather than seen, and the screen was seldom raised to satisfy the public curiosity regarding the work of the royal hand. But with death and the passing of time an increasing publicity is given to these matters, and few literary works have provided such detail, and for the most part new, as the *Life of Lord Granville*, by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, recently published (Longmans & Co.). There have been other biographies of the utmost importance written during recent years which, like this one, traverse the political history of the larger part of last century and deal with events from the inside, but none that has shown more explicitly the negotiations and transactions between the Sovereign and the Ministry in matters of the greatest consequence to the well-being of the State. This is an almost necessary result of past and pre-

sent circumstances. The Sovereign's part is almost exclusively with the higher politics of the Foreign Office; for a variety of good reasons domestic matters are not so frequently subject to such interference.

Foreign Secretaries, then, or the Prime Ministers who are above them, are the chief persons prescribed for intimate dealings with the Sovereign, and of those who flourished when the Queen was most active there have been few biographies written since her demise such as could include an account of these transactions. Mr Gladstone, by reason of a peculiar antipathy on the part of Her Majesty, never enjoyed her full confidence, and it is said that only on the occasion of his last visit to her did she offer him her hand in greeting or parting. The Life of Beaconsfield, highest in her esteem, is not yet written. Lord Salisbury belonged to a late period of her reign, and his story also is as yet untold. Those of Palmerston and Russell were printed at a time when a close reserve had to be exercised upon these matters; besides which, neither enjoyed the confidence and satisfaction of Her Majesty. But this interesting *Life of Lord Granville* was written at a time when the biographer was unfettered, and it is the story of the career of a man who, either as Foreign Minister or leader of the Government or of the Liberal party in the House of Lords, or as all at once, was on terms of close official relationship with the throne—all the closer because of Her Majesty's evident partiality for his services towards her in preference to those of other leading statesmen. Opinions differ to some extent as to Lord Granville's statesmanship. By some he is held to have been lacking in individual force; but at the close of his first term of office as Foreign Secretary Lord John Russell wrote that the country was losing one of the best Foreign Secretaries it ever had, and, while he was almost born in office, he nearly died in it, and his periods included many of the really anxious times in European diplomacy during the reign of the late Queen. His tact and humour were priceless qualities at a time when contemporary statesmen were conspicuously wanting in them. A glance, then, at this link between Sovereign and Executive Government is of interest, and may give to some a new idea of the inner workings of the machine of State.

And first of all there is a very remarkable example of the Queen's superior authority and power of meddling, as it might be said, on the occasion of Granville's first appointment as Foreign Minister towards the close of 1851. Lord Palmerston had suddenly disappeared from that office on account of a renewal of former difficulties as to its proper relations with the Crown and the Prime Minister; and when it was offered to him, Granville, surprised and somewhat nervous, accepted. (By the way, in passing, one is reminded by the official biography of Lord Randolph Churchill, which has recently appeared, of the entertaining story of the serious dispute between him and his chief, and indirectly with the Queen, when the first-named was in charge of the India Office, because Her Majesty chose to go over his head and to make a direct inquiry of the Viceroy concerning the Duke of Connaught's proposed appointment to the Bombay command. One lightly wonders how the leader of the Fourth Party might have fared in his official relations with the Sovereign if by any chance life and success had given *him* to the Foreign Office.) Now, the Queen was in a state of great irritation on account of the constant disputes which she had had with Palmerston, and, moreover, she was alarmed at the threatening appearance of the prospect in Europe; so that at this time of change she deemed it well to make a personal examination of the new-comer to the Foreign Office to satisfy herself of his fitness. She virtually asked him to write for her private perusal an essay on British foreign policy in general; and so he did. Writing from Windsor Castle to Lord John Russell only five days after the selection of Lord Granville for the post, the Queen said that she thought the moment of the change in the person of her Secretary for Foreign Affairs afforded a fit opportunity to have the principles upon which our foreign business had been conducted since the beginning of 1848 reconsidered by Lord John Russell and his Cabinet. She said that she had become 'painfully convinced' that though the principles of Lord John's foreign policy had been right, the manner in which they had been practically applied had worked out very different results from those which the correctness of the principles themselves had led her to expect. In the further course of a very long letter, she complained also of deviations from the principles laid down, suggested that foreign policy might at this stage be more specifically defined, wished that a regular programme might be prepared, and invited Lord John to ask Lord Granville to prepare such a paper and lay it before her, after having revised it. 'This would then serve as a safe guide for Lord Granville, and enable the Queen as well as the Cabinet to see that the policy as in future to be conducted will be in conformity with the principles laid down and approved.' In this sentence we have an extraordinary assertion of the superior and active authority of the Sovereign, and an attempt, indeed, to make impossible conditions for the service of the Foreign Secretary. Lord John, having told the Queen that policy, after all, depended upon circumstances, and that any rule might be broken through, passed the letter on to Lord Granville, who duly wrote his essay.

Thenceforth the Minister's relations with the Queen prospered exceedingly. He had every advantage. With his personal charms of manner he combined a knowledge of persons, events, and things that was only possible to one with his multitudinous connections. Speaking in the House of Lords on one occasion, he declared: 'My Lords, I had better make a clean breast of it at once; and I am obliged to admit that some of those who went before me

had such quivers full of daughters who did not die old maids that I have relations upon this side of the House, relations upon the cross benches, relations upon the opposite side of the House, and I actually had the unparalleled misfortune to have no fewer than three cousins in the Protectionist Administration of my noble friend opposite.' So, what with one thing and another, the Queen in 1852 was led to confide to Lord Aberdeen that she thought Lord Granville 'a most agreeable companion;' while on another occasion she said that she 'was glad to have to trust to a Minister who felt that it was impossible for diplomacy to act with more effect than when it does so in a quiet and unostentatious manner.'

He happened to be Minister in attendance in the autumn of 1855, when the Court was at Balmoral, and it was there that the Queen received the anxiously expected news of the fall of Sebastopol. Two telegrams arrived together at half-past ten, one being for the Queen and the other for the Minister. The first was from Lord Clarendon, giving details of the destruction of the Russian ships as well as of the forts on the southern side of the harbour. 'I have still better news,' said Granville to Her Majesty, and then he read his own telegram, which was from General Simpson, and which stated simply: 'Sebastopol is in the hands of the Allies.' In a letter which Granville wrote to Clarendon he described the scene which followed: 'Phipps and I had had a long walk, and not much sport, after some grouse yesterday. I was trying to keep myself awake by arguing with Her Majesty that it was better to receive commonplace messages by the telegraph which I could read than to receive important ones in cipher which Her Majesty could not understand, when the page came in with a message for each announcing the great news. You may imagine the sensation. The Queen rather upset, and her first words rather curious. The Prince in the most extravagant spirits. Poor jaded Phipps and I had to rush up a precipitous hill after him, over some very rough ground, to light a bonfire, drink whisky, and say "Urray!" as like a Scotchman as we could.'

Writing to his friend Canning in India, from Windsor, at the beginning of 1856, he said: 'The Queen is most gracious, but complained to Marie of my eating too many sweets.' On the occasion of these temporary sojourns with the Court opportunity was taken to give a little monarchical lecture to the Minister on some principle of government, the Prince Consort usually being the Queen's intermediary in the matter. Thus, on the occasion of this same visit, Granville says: 'The Prince sent for me yesterday, and kept me in his room without a fire for two hours and a half. [This was on 9th January.] He was very agreeable, as he always is when talking on serious matters. . . . The Prince attributes to the want of philosophical training the principal deficiency in English statesmen. They never look at any subject as part of a whole. He instanced the administration of the army and navy. Nobody ever asked themselves the question, "Why we wanted an army?" and then, "What that army should be?" He discussed the characters of several of our public men. He said that the only office which was creditable to England was the Foreign Office under Clarendon; that the *system* of not only the War Office but of the Admiralty was infinitely inferior to the French, while the conduct of foreign affairs by Clarendon had been more free from mistakes than that of any country in Europe.' And so on this occasion the Prince gives to Granville for his perusal a little book on German philosophy by a French writer.

Lord Granville was at the high-water mark of his favouritism with the Queen when, in 1859, on the difficulties between Russell and Palmerston, Her Majesty invited him to form a Cabinet; and though his attempt to do so failed, it nevertheless resulted in his becoming the most influential member of the Cabinet in regard to foreign affairs next to 'the two old ringleaders' themselves, as Clarendon described the two chiefs. But on this same occasion he came very near to giving the most serious offence to Her Majesty; for after one of her earnest conversations with him during the crisis she saw an account of what had taken place printed in a newspaper, and the very words she had used to Granville included. 'Whom am I to trust? These are my very words!' she exclaimed to Clarendon; and, challenged upon the matter in the House, Granville admitted that on returning from Her Majesty's presence to consult with his friends he explained the situation to them with as much detail as he felt to be necessary, and unwittingly was led, possibly, to use Her Majesty's expressions, and so they got abroad. He regretted his indiscretion. The matter ended there.

However, it was only a few days after this that the Queen went out of her way to show how intimately she regarded him as her official deputy in regard to foreign affairs. The Italian war was on hand, and Her Majesty was inclined apparently to concern herself with the management of the British attitude towards it more actively than she had done in regard to any previous affair. First she wrote to Lord John Russell upon his proposal to 'lend the moral support of England to the Emperor Napoleon at Verona,' and, not hearing what he had done with the letter, and resenting not being made acquainted instantly with what the Cabinet was doing, she (per the Prince) wrote to Lord Granville for information on a long list of points. 'The draft to Berlin went on the 7th. The Queen asked for a copy, never having seen it again since it came under review at the Cabinet. . . . Lord John says now that he thought himself justified to send it off after the Cabinet had seen it. To this the Queen has, of course, no answer; but the responsibility of the Cabinet becomes all the greater to exercise an efficacious control.'

The Queen was putting Granville in a difficulty, and he told her so. He wrote to her and gave her

a large parcel of Cabinet secrets; but he had to beg her not to tell any one that he had done so. To the Prince he said, 'I feel deeply grateful for the confidence the Queen and your Royal Highness show me. It, however, places me in this dilemma: Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell are the Ministers to whom it is natural that the Queen should look for information respecting discussions in the Cabinet respecting foreign affairs. They would resent such information being afforded through any other channel. They would consider it as a want of confidence on the part of Her Majesty, and an improper interference on the part of a colleague. . . . It is desirable that no one should know that I make any written communications to your Royal Highness on this subject.'

There soon followed an incident, or series of incidents, which came very near to bringing about a serious rupture between the Court and the Cabinet, and which in some quarters occasioned the use of the word 'unconstitutional' in reference to the Queen's conduct. She was determined on having her own way, and perhaps not in the time of any living person or of his parents or grandparents has there been such a dangerous assertion of authority. The Foreign Secretary (Lord John Russell) wrote a despatch which proposed to ask for information as to the intentions of the Emperor of the French before his invitation to a conference on the Italian business could be entertained. Her Majesty objected to this inquiry on the ground that it was a veiled form of intervention, and after much recrimination the despatch was suspended until after the Conference of Zurich. Subsequently another kind of despatch was proposed, and the Queen again objected, declaring that it was contrary to the pledge that had been given not to interfere in this way until after the Zurich Conference. She gave a kind of ultimatum; and when things were looking black the Prince Consort wrote to Granville: 'You will be sorry to hear that we have had disputes about drafts daily for the last two weeks. On the Queen's refusing to sanction, they were withdrawn, but others *worse* in tendency submitted. It has arrived at that point that Lord John himself asks for what the Queen has all along stood out—namely, the necessity of a meeting of the Cabinet.'

Then Mr Sidney Herbert wrote to Granville: 'Pam has been to the War Office with rather a long face on the Queen objecting to all Johnny's despatches. The Queen further forbade giving any advice or opinion at Paris on the Italian question as intervention. Pam, who in this is entirely with Lord John, wrote to remonstrate, and to point out that she permitted the other Government to intervene up and down. He seemed a good deal annoyed, and said he doubted whether he ought to call a Cabinet or not. As he goes to Osborne to-day, I recommended waiting till the result of the personal interview was ascertained, and that he should not put what he calls the "constitutional" argument to the Queen, which, after all, is a threat and means, "You must yield, or I resign." I expressed a wish that he would not *lâcher le gros mot*, or he would in the long run, to say nothing of the short one, get the worst of it. In the present evenly balanced state of parties and strong anti-French feeling the Court could ride its race its own way. I shall be a little anxious to hear how the Osborne visit goes off, and I am a little nervous about Pam's way of describing our relative positions. "If we differ, your opinion must yield to mine," is not an agreeable statement to hear, nor a prudent one to make to a person who has a good deal of indirect power, and the spirit to use it if *poussée à bout*.' Lord Granville wrote to the Duke of Argyll to say: 'Sidney Herbert told me that Lord John was in a state of great irritation, that he said we might as well live under a despotism, and that he threatened resignation. Gladstone told me that he had heard the whole story from Pam, and that he thought the Queen had been somewhat unreasonable.'

Eventually this awkward business was patched up; but Russell did not altogether abandon his plans for intervention; and when the Court removed north to Balmoral, and he himself was close by at Abergeldie, he, supported by Lord Palmerston from Broadlands, carried on a sharp paper-warfare with the Queen and his colleagues. The Prince Consort told Lord Clarendon afterwards that the royal sojourn in the north had been embittered by this 'most painful paper-warfare with the two men.' Here, indeed, the Government had felt some touch of monarchical force. The Queen did not forget. When Granville visited her at Osborne shortly after the death of the Prince Consort he wrote: 'I am afraid that there is little chance of the thing happening which the King of the Belgians says justly is the most important—namely, that she should be very cordial with her Ministers. She retains some of her husband's feelings about Pam and John, and this is increased as regards the former by recollection of great enmity between them at one time, although I believe both the men have entirely forgotten and forgiven it.'

There was again serious trouble between Queen and Cabinet when the Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein question became acute, and the country generally and the two leading Ministers were showing a strong anti-German spirit which greatly distressed Her Majesty. Lord Granville had to warn her of the necessity of extreme caution in the midst of a noisy and excited opinion. 'The Queen is up in her stirrups,' he told Lord Clarendon, 'very German, and determined if necessary to resist the Prime Minister. I was obliged to hint that it was a question on which she could not hope to be omnipotent.' Throughout this crisis the Queen was constantly anxious and active. She wrote to Granville that 'Lord Russell is evidently very uneasy and very sore at the failure of all the endless proposals on the part of this country. We have done too much, been too active, and done ourselves no good. We are, alas! detested in Germany. . . . Lord

Granville, while not mentioning this communication, may use the Queen's name whenever he thinks it may be useful. If Lord Granville thinks it necessary, the Queen is ready to write anything to the above effect to Lord Russell.'

When war had broken out Her Majesty wrote a piteous letter to the servant upon whom she had so often relied. 'The Queen has heard nothing from Lord Granville,' she wrote to him, 'so she trusts all is going on quietly. . . . The Queen suffers much, and her nerves are more and more totally shattered and her rest broken. If Lord Granville only reflects, he will understand how terrible her position is. But though all this anxiety is wearing her out, it will not shake her in her firm purpose of resisting any attempt to involve this country in a mad and useless combat. The Queen relies on the support of the Cabinet. When all seems dark around, then she feels her faith and strength strongest in God's mercy and protection.'

Shortly afterwards Her Majesty's foot went down with a stamp. The Cabinet would have to take her orders! Her expressed determination is one of the most extraordinary things in the history of our limited monarchy. Having asked Granville how things were going on in the Cabinet, and having been reassured, she then wrote to him: 'The Queen thanks Lord Granville for his reassuring letter. She can only repeat that she is so thoroughly convinced of the awful danger and recklessness of our stirring up France and Russia to go to war that she would be disposed to make a stand upon it should it even cause the resignation of Lord Russell. There are duties and convictions so strong that they outweigh all other considerations; but the Queen will not say this till Lord Granville tells her there is danger of anything of the kind; but she is quite determined upon it, solely from a regard to the safety of this country and of Europe in general. . . . Though the Queen said she would not declare her determination to prevent her subjects from being involved in war recklessly and uselessly, Lord Granville is quite at liberty to make use of her opinion on this subject when speaking to his colleagues.'

Then followed the outcry in the country against the Queen's alleged too pronounced pan-Germanic sentiments, voiced in the House of Lords by a bold speech by Lord Ellenborough, and followed by Her Majesty's bitter and tearful protests. One day she writes to Granville: 'Oh, how fearful it is to be suspected, uncheered, unguided, and unadvised; and how alone the poor Queen feels! Her friends must defend her.' A week later: 'Alone and unaided, she writes to Lord Granville as a faithful friend and not as a Minister, to hear from him his opinion as well as that of the Cabinet generally;' and then she, with the help of her secretary, writes three letters to him in one day, saying in one of them, indited personally at half-past eleven at night, that 'she fears she has written quite illegibly, but she is so tired and unwell she can hardly hold up her head or hold her pen.' At the conclusion of this remarkable episode, the biographer remarks, 'amid the personal sorrow and the political disappointment caused by these events, the Queen was at least able to remember with pride that owing to the determined stand which she had made against her two principal Ministers she had saved the country from an unnecessary war. In this stand Lord Granville was her mainstay in the Cabinet.'

In one respect this was the farthest point of the Queen's adventures in foreign politics. Thereafter she showed something of a disposition not to act with her Ministers as one of them. Upon occasions of the utmost urgency she herself addressed notes to foreign Sovereigns. Gradually she withdrew her confidence from Lord Granville, and she complained that his tone was too decided in writing to her. So Lord Granville told Mr Gladstone. Another Minister of another party had arisen upon whom she placed her utmost reliance, and not in vain. Through this channel she chiefly exercised her statesmanship in many of the succeeding years. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice observes that 'the great knowledge and acquired experience in affairs of the Queen was more and more from this time onward to make itself felt as a serious power. The Constitution is always subject to the law of incessant change; and even apart from the personal factor, there were circumstances then beginning to operate, though as yet only dimly recognised, which tended to increase the weight of the Crown.'

Revelations as to acts of the Sovereign create a vague wonderment in the minds of some people. Is the British Constitution exactly what it is believed to be? If not, is it any better or any worse in its difference from the Constitution of the popular conception? Probably the average answer will be that while this exercise of powers that were supposed to be almost, if not entirely, obsolete is improper, and incompatible with the spirit of the most modern times, it is justified by the circumstance that it has been wholly beneficial in result. The completer histories of Queen Victoria's statesmanship, as they now appear, serve to increase the suggestiveness of the more public display of the influence of the Crown by a monarch who is nothing of a recluse, and is imbued with a whole-hearted desire to be of service to his people.

A MUTINY SCARE.

IN India some alarmist periodically sets rolling what may be called a 'mutiny scare,' which results in a certain amount of amusing correspondence from imaginative individuals in the Anglo-Indian press, and in very little else.

On one occasion, however, some years ago, my friend Jameson of the Ninety-ninth Bengal Cavalry was placed, owing to one of these scares, in a position which might have led to very unpleasant consequences.

Shortly before his little adventure some observant person had discovered that the trees in a certain part of India were being smeared with mud, and wrote to the papers about it. This caused people to discover the same curious circumstance in other parts of the peninsula, and it appeared that gradually the trees all over the country were being treated in a similar manner. Our alarmists remembered the *chupatti* tale of Mutiny days, and accordingly for several months we were given warnings and lectures by wiseacres who signed themselves by such names as 'Action Front,' 'One who Knows,' 'Mutiny Veteran;' and so intent were these writers on trying to make us believe that 'a gigantic political conspiracy was afoot' (I use 'Action Front's' own words) that I almost hesitate to proceed for fear one of them may again rush into print and give us another dose. Trusting, however, that these words may never be read by any of these busybodies, I venture to state that the investigations into the 'mud-daubing' led to the discovery that water-buffaloes, goats, donkeys, and other animals invariably rubbed themselves against tree-trunks to try and get clean on their way home from grazing; and in those places where mud had been found on the branches some eight feet from the ground, it was ascertained that camels stretched up their necks and got rid of the irritating patches of earth, acquired when rolling in the mud, by rubbing their cheeks against the boughs. The fact was also brought to light that certain native students were not above playing on the susceptibilities of these gullible gentlemen by placing patches of yellow powder here and there on the trees.

That some of these correspondents wrote with considerable force is quite certain, for I came across many persons who were deeply impressed by their vagaries; but it is difficult to believe that an Indian civilian of some standing could have been so bamboozled as the man who was responsible for Jameson's little adventure.

Watson was at the time collector of Mitapur, and from first to last had taken an intense interest in the discussions about the mud-smearing. He had evidently been looking over the confidential documents in his possession about the Mutiny; and, as every one will remember, Mitapur was one of the places from which it received its greatest impetus. One of his predecessors in office happened to be a man who suspected every one and everything, and was responsible for a huge file in the collector's confidential box containing a vast amount of information about supposed conspiracies and intrigues. Nothing, in fact, delighted Watson more than the investigation of these mysteries, and unfortunately he had no difficulty in finding persons who were ready to indulge him to his heart's content.

About a week or so after this particular scare had commenced Watson was strolling through the native city, when his observant eyes happened to light on the Hindustani word *roshan* scratched on the stone at one of the stand-pipes. This word means 'light,' and gave our friend plenty of food for reflection; while his suspicions as to its being a secret sign were confirmed when, a search having been made by his confidential agents, he was informed that the identical word existed on two other stones in the city and on those in the native infantry and cavalry lines. They had taken good care to see that it did appear elsewhere, and were well rewarded for their information.

That evening—it was a Friday, I remember—Watson was dining at the Gunner mess, of which I was a member, and at about 10.30 P.M. he received a letter, which the servant said had been brought by a native with the intimation that it was *zaruri* (urgent), but that there was no *jowab* (answer). Asking permission, he opened it immediately, and found it contained an anonymous letter written in very bad English, but, such as it was, entirely corroborating his views as to the mysterious signs on the stand-pipe stones. The informer stated that the native regiments were combining with the roughs of the city for an attack on the British troops and residents, and that the word *roshan* was a preconcerted signal between them. The letter concluded with the significant words, 'Prepare for thunderburst this night,' and was signed 'Loyal Servant.'

Watson was not the man to be caught napping, as some of his predecessors in 1857 had been; he at once informed the officers at mess of what he had discovered, and managed to convince most of them that they were in for a scrimmage. The mess broke up, and the married men went off to their bungalows to make the best arrangements possible for the safety of their families, the others proceeding to their quarters to change preparatory to joining their men; while the colonel commanding the artillery accompanied the collector to the residence of the general officer commanding. The latter happened to be dining out, and it was close on half-past eleven before he was found. Urgent messages were at once sent flying round the British

lines, and orders given for the troops to turn out with ball-ammunition and hold themselves in readiness for anything which might occur; a battery of artillery and two companies of infantry were sent to protect the civil treasury, and troopers were despatched round the station to warn the European residents; while officers' patrols were told off to reconnoitre towards the city and the lines of the native troops, which were about three miles away.

While these and numerous other arrangements were being made a thrill passed through every one, for the alarm, in the shape of three guns fired in rapid succession, resounded through the stillness of the night. Then commenced a scurrying of officers here and there, the doubling of companies to the positions they had to take up, the galloping of mounted orderlies hither and thither, the rumbling of the artillery moving to the treasury and other points in accordance with the standing orders in case of alarm.

When the alarm sounded the brigade-major made a sudden exclamation, and muttered to himself, 'By jingo, that must be it!' He followed this remark by rushing out of the orderly-room of the Midford Rangers, where he had been in consultation with the officers, jumping on his horse, and rushing off as fast as it could carry him in the direction of the station staff-office. On arriving there he breathlessly informed the General that the alarm was a false one, and was merely the signal for the 'movable column' to turn out; he had given orders for the alarm to be fired at twelve o'clock that night, and had quite forgotten to countermand it on hearing the collector's story.

The 'movable column,' I must mention, was a small force composed of one company and one squadron from each regiment in a station, a couple of guns from each battery, with a proportionate amount of transport, and a *dhooly* with its bearers and a subordinate surgeon by way of medical arrangements. It was the duty of the brigade-major to issue orders for the alarm to be fired at some time during the night once during each fortnight, and on its sounding the component parts of the column had to proceed with all speed to a particular point previously decided on, and there await orders. Each regiment and battery told off a fresh officer and the necessary details fortnightly for this duty, and the field-officers had to take turns in commanding the column. It thus happened that Jameson was on duty this particular night.

Now, let us see what was occurring at the native end of the station. The officers of the Two Hundredth Bengal Infantry were entertaining their colonel on his promotion to take up a post on the staff, and several of the Ninety-ninth Bengal Cavalry were dining as guests; all were in blissful ignorance of the havoc old Watson was creating a few miles away, for he had left undone the very thing he should have done, and had never even sent word to or consulted with the officers commanding the native regiments.

At the Ninety-ninth Bengal Cavalry mess Jameson and another man had dined in solitary grandeur, and then retired at about eleven o'clock, both being rather weary after a long day in the lines and numerous *chukkers* of polo. When the alarm sounded Jameson's *chowkidar* (watchman), according to instructions, woke up the bearer and told one of the *syces* to get a charger ready. The bearer went into his master's room, and, gently pressing one of his feet, murmured 'Sahib! Sahib!' until the sahib awoke with a start and a 'What's up?' to see the well-trained domestic standing respectfully near the door, to which he had cautiously retreated in case the sahib was having nightmare. '*Kya hai?*' ('What is it?') asked Jameson. '*Top hogya*' ('The gun has gone'), replied the bearer. '*Ah, wurdi tayar?*' ('Ah, uniform ready?') inquired the master. '*Ha, hazoor*' ('Yes, sir'), said the servant; and within five minutes of this brief conversation Jameson was giving a final twist to his *loongi* (turban), his bearer was buckling on his sword, while another domestic fastened his spur-straps. With a few words of admonition to his *syce*, who was only just bringing the horse out of its stable, Jameson mounted and cantered off towards the lines, on the way to which he encountered his squadron trotting in sections towards his bungalow. Being pleased at their smartness in turning out, he greeted the native officer in charge with a few words of praise, and, wheeling round, placed himself at their head and ordered 'Walk—march!'—directly after singing out the word 'Trot!' in that elongated drawl peculiar to cavalry commands. Having proceeded at a smart pace for about a mile, Jameson caught a glimpse in front of a couple of horsemen, seemingly British troopers, who wheeled round and dashed off at full gallop down the road. While he was still wondering what they were doing, a native orderly galloped wildly up from the rear yelling out, '*Hookum mansook hogya*' ('The order has been cancelled'). Up went Jameson's sword—not that a single man could see the signal in the dark—and out rolled the command 'Halt!' with the result that the horses were almost brought on to their haunches, after which they commenced to fidget into their proper places, while a conversation took place between Jameson and the orderly.

It appeared that the man had just received instructions from the adjutant of the Ninety-ninth Bengal Cavalry to inform Jameson at once that the orders for the movable column had been cancelled, and that he was to return with the squadron to the lines and meet him there. Taking the man with him, Jameson carried out these instructions, and found the adjutant in mess-dress in the lines along with several other officers.

Later on the colonel arrived there with a staff-

officer; and after he had held a rather lengthy conversation with some of the senior native officers, and had taken a stroll through the lines, all returned to their bungalows quite convinced that there had been a false alarm that night.

The next day Jameson was told by several officers of the British regiments that if his squadron had gone much farther they would have had a very peppery kind of reception, and I for one think that he had a rather narrow squeak.

Watson spent the next two or three weeks out in camp, I believe; at any rate, he did not put in an appearance at the club, and I never saw him again. I should think he must have had a certain amount of influence at headquarters, for the affair was hushed up, and he stayed on in the service for several years after, although he had to put up with rather out-of-the-way districts. I do not expect he left a very long confidential note for his successor at Mitapur concerning the disaffection in the native lines, and he probably gave up some of his ideas about conspiracies.

CHANGES IN COVENTRY.



HERE are cities and towns in Great Britain which undergo strange changes in the course of a generation. There are, too, towns which either spring up entirely in the course of a few years or expand from small townships into great centres of industrial and civil life. In the latter category may be included Middlesbrough and Cardiff, and what were London and Glasgow suburbs, but which have now been incorporated within the general geographical limits of either one city or the other, and so belong to the common life of the community.

Among the former class of towns—those which undergo striking changes—is the city of Coventry, which, for a variety of reasons, not infrequently has widespread attention called to it. In mediæval times Coventry was the third largest city of England. At the Reformation its population fell to below ten thousand. In the minds of aged people living at a distance, the place is associated with the collapse of the ribbon trade in the sixties, and with a distress not less poignant than, if not so widespread as, the Lancashire cotton famine a few years later. Again the number of inhabitants declined, and so did material wealth. Since then, too, the city has had its ups and downs—no place more—but the population has continued to increase, and when, in the month of May of the present year, the Corporation took a census of the people, there were found to be close on eighty-four thousand residents within the city boundaries, as against over sixty-nine thousand in 1901.

It is scarcely necessary to tell anybody to-day that Coventry founded the cycle trade in 1868 and started the English motor industry in 1896. Unfortunately the great demand which set in for cycles (at almost any price) ten years ago led to a species of discreditable company promoting in connection with the acquirement of businesses, and such large sums of money were thus obtained from the investing public, with disappointing results, that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of persons have come to look upon Coventry without favour or even goodwill. That many people are poorer to-day in consequence of what is known (with ugly name) as 'the cycle boom' is undoubtedly true.

But Coventry is not alone associated with what is somewhat contemptuously called 'cycle finance,' for numerous manufacturers and factors elsewhere, in the Midlands and in London, sold their businesses to the public at prices which now seem appalling. What defence there may be to the work and ways of 1896–97 is to be found in the statements that men sold what they had to offer at highest prices, and that people were eager to obtain shares on inflated capitals. Among these investors were included not a few persons on the spot. The cycle trade was an object of plunder by harpies of various kinds. But the great majority of even the sober investors had faith in the permanency of the huge profits made for a year or two previously. That there was over-capitalisation is unquestioned—in prices paid for businesses, in the 'watering' of capitals by unscrupulous promoters, some of whom became very rich men, and some of whom have since fallen from high (financial) estate.

Most concerns 'brought out' in that well-remembered time have had since to reduce their capital sum, while many have ceased altogether to exist. Profits have shrunk, some years to nothing, and always below what they were in the selling times. The trade is now in a few hands; machines are sold at 'cut' rates, and there are kaleidoscopic methods of business. It is probable that in course of no long time the manufacture of cycles will be in the hands of a very small number of firms. When it is said that a single company claims to have turned out seventy thousand bicycles in the twelvemonth ending with the present summer, it will be evident that a squeezing process is going on. What the trade has got to on factoring lines may be illustrated by the following copy of an advertisement which recently appeared in a London daily newspaper, over the address of a firm in town: 'We send a high-grade cycle to any address on receipt of one shilling deposit and upon payment of the last of eighty-nine weekly instalments of one shilling each, making a total of four pounds ten shillings in all;

or our net cash with order price is only four pounds, or cash within seven days.' Then in big letters, 'One shilling deposit. One shilling deposit. Free wheel. . . . No agents or inquiries.'

The English motor trade, while it, like the cycle industry, found its first home in the Midland city, is not the monopoly of any one town, such as the older business was for many years. Cars and other motor vehicles are largely made also in Glasgow, in London, and in several other places. But Coventry once again enjoys a high state of prosperity, owing partly to the increased demand for cycles, but more largely to its having become a centre for the manufacture of large ordnance —the first time big guns have been made in the Midlands—and for general engineering, and owing to the settling there of some other manufactures as well.

The city, as has been said, is a place of contrast and change. Its monastic character was, of course, lost in that century of change and revolution—the sixteenth; its old industry of ribbon-weaving has steadily declined, till now only a few yards of ribbon are ever seen on a loom; its watchmaking is often pushed hard by Swiss and Americans.

Changes in outward appearance have taken place, too, and still go on. The pretty witticism of the visitor from the United States, that Coventry was founded in the Middle Ages and has remained there ever since, has now lost its point; at any rate the latter portion of the sally has. Mediæval buildings remain, of course; but to a far greater extent Coventry is an industrial city of red brick, expanding at the present time at a rapid rate. What were recently rural localities are now incorporated as part of the town, and the inhabitants partake of the life of one of the oldest civic corporations of the kingdom. Land sells at advancing prices, and many acres are being cut up and covered with new factories and dwellings. Workpeople flock to the city from most industrial centres.

The change going on is not all for good. Those who knew local life as it was twenty, or even fifteen, years ago contrast the present with the past, to the disadvantage of the former. There is less willingness on the part of leading men to take a share in public work; social life is apparently less cultivated than it was; literature, science, art, and other branches of higher education are not eagerly sought after; the religious observance of Sunday appears to be less marked. The decade through which we are more than half-way promises to be known as the motoring age, not of any particular locality, but all over England. If, in the Midland counties, everybody seems to be on wheels, the fact must, we suppose, be ascribed to the comparative ease with which people acquire the possession of vehicles of one sort or another, and to the existence of first-class highways and of the beauty spots and places of historic interest through which they pass. An article which was printed in *Chambers's Journal* for May 13, 1882, contained this passage: 'With such a machine as the electric tricycle, we can foresee the day when the old "Red Lion" and "Blue Boar," deserted these last forty years, will again become gay and busy.' That day has come—through the cycle and the motor-car.

The city of ups and downs which is the subject of the present article is once again very prosperous, and on it converges a new people. Old inhabitants say they are unacquainted with one in a hundred of those they meet in the streets. No doubt it is the case in many industrial towns that such changes take place, but at Coventry they appear to be more rapid than elsewhere. In the columns of the daily press it comes much into notice. Coventry is a wonderful place—a sort of Johannesburg, with something of mediævalism patched on; old and new; its ancient geographical centre shifted a mile away from that of a few years ago; the great bulk of its population seem abnormally young in years of life. It is a city conservative, yet intrepid, bursting into vigorous life on some sides, with apparently semi-stagnation on other sides.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

TEMPERANCE.

A VERY large proportion of the people who have devoted considerable study to the subject are of the opinion that the consumption of alcohol is not only unnecessary, but is very distinctly harmful to the human organism. If it be true—as from the carefully considered conclusions of these people it would certainly appear to be—that all alcoholic drinks are far better avoided, every means which can be devised to replace alcoholic beverages by others of a less harmful character is a step in the right direction. One small but not unimportant point which does not appear to have received the attention it deserves is the fact that non-alcoholic beverages are far less easily obtained than those which contain some portion of spirit. The thirsty wayfarer for a very small expenditure can obtain beer with the greatest ease and at a price which is kept reasonable by the stress of competition. If, however, he desire one of the so-called temperance drinks, he can only obtain it at a public-house by payment of three or four times its legitimate value. Gingerbeer, lemonade, and various other aerated drinks which can be sold at an enormous profit for a penny a glass are habitually retailed at public-houses for three times this amount. The consequence is that the

wavering traveller more often than not will choose the cheaper drink, and take into his system a small quantity of unnecessary and probably harmful alcohol. It should be made a condition of the renewal of all public-house licenses that the usual non-alcoholic beverages should be kept in stock, and sold at the price which every sweet-shop finds sufficiently profitable.

TIMING STENOGRAPHY.

The inventor of what is known as the Oxford system of shorthand, which claims to be considerably more rapid than the older stenography, has produced an ingenious little machine principally with the object of demonstrating the truth of this claim. By means of this device the actual time occupied in writing various words is accurately recorded, and different systems of shorthand can be compared in this respect with one another. The machine pays out a graduated tape at the rate of a yard a second; and as each yard is divided into sixty parts, the time occupied in writing any word or combination of words is measured to the sixtieth part of a second. The little machine shows exactly the length of time occupied by each portion of the outline, and according to the inventor it demonstrates in a remarkably effectual manner the great superiority in point of speed of the Oxford system over what he calls the old style shorthand.

GREEN MANURING.

The beneficial action of green manures on certain soils has long been recognised; but the true explanation of the effect has not been properly understood until recently. Green manuring affects the soil in several ways, principally by the mechanical action of the gases evolved during decomposition of the vegetable matter, by the solvent effect upon the soil constituents of the acids to which decomposition gives rise, and by the conversion of atmospheric nitrogen into nitrogenous compounds which become the food for future crops. Mention has been made in these columns of the recently successful attempts to fix atmospheric nitrogen by electrical means; possibly in the future this method may prove to be more economical than the fixation by means of leguminous crops. In the meantime, however, green manuring produces the change more cheaply than it could be accomplished by any chemical or electrical process yet devised. Recent experiments have proved beyond doubt that leguminous crops possess the power of fixing atmospheric nitrogen by virtue of certain bacteria generally present in the soil. It is absolutely essential to the success of the manuring that this specific organism should be present; and although it is to be found in most soils, some do not possess it, and in this case some form of inoculation becomes necessary, or the green manuring fails of its effect. The United States Department of Agriculture prepares a culture of this bacterium, and supplies it to farmers, with full directions as to its employment. Either the seed or the soil itself may be inoculated with the preparation, and in either case the resulting organisms take possession of the plant and enable it to produce the nitrogenous compounds which are so necessary to the welfare of succeeding crops.

UNDERGROUND PIPES DESTROYED BY ELECTRICITY.

In a recent issue of *Cassier's Magazine* there is an interesting résumé of the various methods which have been tried to prevent the destruction of underground pipes by electrolytic action. As is well known, it is the practice of the proprietors of electrical railways and tramways to convey the electric current to their trains or trams by means of an insulated rail or a trolley wire, and to utilise the earth itself as a return. The ordinary rails of the track are supposed to form the principal means of the return flow of electricity; but, naturally, any other metallic conductors in the neighbourhood come in for their share of the work, and in some cases do the larger proportion of it. Where the electric current enters the gas or water main, travels along it for a certain distance, and then leaves it again, electrolytic action between the pipe and the surrounding soil invariably takes place, with the result that the metal of the pipe is gradually destroyed by electrolysis, and considerable damage follows. The trouble is of a very insidious nature, and is found extremely difficult to locate. The remedies hitherto devised appear to be of an only partially satisfactory nature. Perhaps the most successful results are obtained by actually linking the pipes to the electrical system of the railway by means of metal conductors, but the expense of electrically bonding every joint is a very considerable item. The insulation of all the sections of a pipe one from the other by india-rubber washers has also been tried with a certain measure of success; but it appears that the difficulties cannot be satisfactorily overcome except by a double trolley system in the railway itself so arranged that both conductors are absolutely insulated from the earth.

NITRIC ACID AS A BY-PRODUCT OF THE GAS-ENGINE.

The internal-combustion engine is coming so rapidly into favour as a cheap power-producer for almost every kind of work that to look for a further means of cheapening it would seem almost supererogatory. However, an attempt has been made, and apparently with success, to utilise even the waste gases of the exhaust in the making of a valuable by-product. The subject has been brought forward by Herr Häuser in a lecture before a branch of the Society of German Engineers. It appears from his address that, by means of a very simple attachment, any ordinary gas-engine may be made to produce nitric acid with no very serious diminution of power. It is probable that there will be always a ready market for nitric acid in almost any

quantity; but it may perhaps be questioned whether the amount of acid evolved as a by-product from the gas-engine will have sufficient commercial value to make the extra trouble worth the taking. In any case, however, the attempt is an interesting one, and its application will be keenly watched by all users of internal-combustion engines.

HEALTH AND THE HAIR.

According to an article in *L'Illustration*, a Japanese physician has been experimenting recently to ascertain whether the growth of human hair is affected by serious illness (as is the case with the nails), and some very remarkable results have been brought to light by his investigations. He has found, for instance, that every serious illness has a marked effect in diminishing the thickness of the individual hairs, and by microscopic examination he claims to be able to ascertain whether an illness has recently taken place, and to give its duration. The illness has the effect of making the hair thinner along a part of its length, and the length of the thin portion is proportional to the length of the illness. It is suggested that this fact may have importance, for instance, in a question of identification.

YET ANOTHER USE FOR THE MOTOR.

In alluding in these columns a short time ago to the application of the gasolene motor to the propulsion of roller skates, we had a vague impression that the extreme limit had been reached in the finding of far-fetched uses for the ubiquitous machine. Now, however, it appears that the same ingenious inventor has built a special motor for propelling swimmers through the water! It is in the form of a box to be strapped to the swimmer's back, and contains within itself the motor and all its accessories, from the gasolene tank to the sparking plug. The screw-propeller projects from the back of the machine, and is protected by a funnel from accidental damage. This weird contrivance is intended as a life-saving device and also for sport, the idea being that bathers will adopt it for swimming long distances. An advertising steamship company asks: 'Why swim the Channel when you can cross it in an hour in So-and-so's steamers?' It seems probable that the screw-propelled swimmer —if ever he come into being—will often have to answer a similar question.

AN AUTOMATIC RECORDER OF MUSIC.

It has long been the dream of musicians to possess a musical instrument which should have the power automatically to 'take down' the notes of any extempore composition played upon it, and many have been the attempts of inventors to produce such an instrument. Possibly the principal bar to the success of such an undertaking is to be found in the somewhat barbaric system of musical notation which is universally in use. Under the name of the kromarograph, a new recording instrument is described in the *Scientific American*. It is controlled by electro-magnets operated by contacts on the keys of an ordinary piano, and bringing to bear upon a travelling band of paper little inking rollers corresponding to every key struck. Continuous ruling rollers are also provided, which rule the paper with lines in sets of five, corresponding to the five-line ruling of ordinary notation and to the ledger lines. The white keys of the piano are represented by a double dash, and the black by a single dash of greater thickness, while the length of the dashes indicates the duration of the notes. The printed record is believed to have sufficient resemblance to ordinary notation to be readily transcribable into the more familiar form; but it is obvious, after an inspection of the paper roll, that some considerable practice would be necessary before its precise significance could be recognisable at sight. The record does not differentiate between *C* sharp and *D* flat, or between *E* sharp and *F*, but that is a condition with which only the most pedantic will quarrel. It is left to the transcriber's knowledge of harmony to give each note its proper symbol and to indicate its true relation to the key.

A CLEVER WEATHER-WARNER.

The weather-prophet who desires honour even in his own land must consult the changes in his barometer, thermometer, and hygroscope together before he can prophesy with any confidence. Mr Richard Inwards has devised and described a clever instrument which gives this compound warning and yet is so simple as to be easy of construction by any one possessing a little ingenuity. An inverted flask containing only air hangs with its neck submerged in water over which a film of oil has been spread to check evaporation. The suspending cord passes over a pulley to a counterweight in such a manner that as the flask rises or falls in obedience to changes of temperature and barometric pressure the pulley turns upon its axis. That axis is hollow, and contains a piece of twisted catgut fixed to the axis at one end and attached to an index-finger at the other, so that the atmospheric effect upon the catgut is added to the motion produced by the floating flask. Perhaps a difficulty may present itself in the poising of this hollow spindle with sufficient delicacy to respond to the small changes of the weight of the flask, but that should not be insuperable.

TANTALUM.

The metal tantalum, discovered in 1802 by Ekkeberg, a Swedish chemist, is well known to a great many people for its use in a new form of electric glow-lamp, wherein this metal replaces the carbon filament hitherto used. Of the properties possessed by tantalum little is generally known, and the particulars given by Mr F. H. Mitchell in a paper read before the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society will be studied with interest. It is stated that tantalum is so extremely hard that

it will probably replace diamonds as a cutting edge for rock-drills—an important application, for the diamonds are a very expensive item in boring operations. When this great hardness is taken into consideration the ductility of the metal is very remarkable. For commercial purposes the metal is drawn through diamond points to a state of extreme fineness. As a fine wire it has a tensile strength of ninety-five kilogrammes per square millimetre, whereas that of good steel is seventy, and the best steel not more than eighty. The lecturer also dealt with the question of alloys of tantalum with steel, in which there are at present some considerable difficulties. So far, the principal use for the metal is in the making of tantalum lamps, which possess many points of superiority over the older form with carbon filament.

GROUSE-DISEASE INQUIRY.

In the *Grouse Notes for the Use of Local Correspondents* (A. S. Leslie, 33 Queen Street, Edinburgh) it is mentioned that the grouse is the only game-bird entirely indigenous to the British Isles, with its southern limit from about the south-east corner of Wales to Whitby in Yorkshire. It pairs in April, and the nest is a hollow scratched in the ground and lined with layers of grass and heather. True grouse-disease usually makes its appearance in March or April, rarely in autumn or winter, and evidence is asked as to how far frosted heather may cause it in some cases. Evidence is also wanted as to how far grouse feed on old heather. The staple food of the grouse is heather or ling, and as spring and summer advance the mature birds vary their diet by eating grasses, leaves, and fruit of various berry-bearing plants, rush-heads and moss-capsules, wild white clover, bracken, fern, heath, bed-straw, and chickweeds. They consume a surprising amount. One grouse shot at Abbey St Bathans had six thousand pieces of the top shoots of heather in its crop. The parasites of grouse, heather burning, and draining of heather-ground are some of the other subjects discussed in these useful *Notes*, which should be in the possession of all interested in the subject.

SALT-WATER FISH IN FRESH-WATER.

An interesting experiment that should have far-reaching results has just been brought to a successful issue in Germany. It has been proved that deep-sea fish can be acclimatised in fresh-water, and will live and breed in our rivers. A number of different kinds of fish were taken from the sea, including whiting, herring, sole, and flounders, and kept in a pond of salt-water. The percentage of salt was gradually lessened by the addition of fresh-water until finally no salt remained. Practically no material difference took place in the fish, which were as lively and healthy after the treatment as when taken out of the sea. So encouraging has been the result, after a test extending over several months, that the fish are now being introduced into the various rivers and fresh-water lakes, in order to bring the experiment to a practical issue. What changes may take place in the nature and habits of the fish remain as yet to be seen, as does also the question of their market value. The success of this experiment will entirely change the fishing industry, and will prove an especial boon to communities far removed from the sea-board. It will enable them to have a constant supply of fish in their own waterways, which they will be able to buy at an infinitely smaller cost than at present.

PEARLS IN UNIVALVES.

In addition to the pearl-shell oyster of commerce and the various smaller oysters, pearls are frequently found in univalves. The Haliotis, for instance, which is very common on the Australasian coasts, very often contains pearls of considerable value. This shell-fish, commonly called 'mutton-fish,' clings to the under-surfaces of rocks, and is easily obtained at low tide by prising it from the rocks by means of a stout knife or chisel. Some of them are as large as a saucer, and the exterior surface is overgrown with a compact coat of coral; and it is in these full-grown shells—especially when they are deformed or irregular in shape—that from one to five or six small pearls may be looked for with certainty. Generally they may be felt by the hand by gently pressing the appendix of the fish; often they may be seen gleaming against the thin blackish-green of the skin of the appendix. In other cases they will be found attached to the inner side of the shell itself (which is pearl-shell of the most brilliant hues, from a silvery white to manifold shades of iridescent green). The writer when seeking for Haliotis pearls always provided himself with a metal dish, in which the intestines of the fish were carefully washed over and over again; then the water was poured out, and the pearls would be found lying at the bottom. About thirty or forty years ago a number of Chinese fishermen on the coast of New South Wales (Port Stephens) used to collect Haliotis and dry the fish for export to China, and they always examined every one the shell of which was in any way deformed. The shells they regarded as of no use, though Europeans value them as ornaments; for by using a wash of muriatic acid the rough coating of the outside can be removed entirely, and the whole univalve becomes thus a shell of pure pearl.

CURE FOR BURNS.

The following cure for burns is given with approval in the report of the Inspectors of Factories for Ontario. The suffering caused by a burn upon the skin, whether small or great, is intense, as every one knows, and medical science has only been able thus far to palliate the pain, but not to remove it entirely. Chance led to the discovery in the Paris Charity Hospital of a remedy which, it is claimed, will cause burns to cease from being painful as soon

as it is applied, and which will cause injured flesh to heal with marvellous rapidity. Dr Thierry, one of the surgeons, was in the habit of using picric acid as an antiseptic, and his hands were, therefore, impregnated with the solution. One day in lighting a cigarette a portion of the burning match fell on his hands, but instead of feeling it he noticed not the slightest pain. A short time afterwards, while sealing a letter, some of the burning wax stuck to his finger, and though it cauterised the skin he felt no sensation. This set him thinking, and he arrived at the conclusion that the acid had, to use his own words, acted upon the tissues and tightened them. He began a series of experiments in treating burns with a saturated solution of picric acid. All pain was instantly suppressed. He says in his report that after having bathed the wound in a solution of this acid blisters did not form, and a cure was effected after four or five days. The only inconvenience was that the acid, which is commercially used in the manufacture of dyes, coloured the skin yellow, but these stains rapidly disappeared when washed with boric acid. Picric acid, moreover, is odourless, and is neither caustic nor irritating in its effects. The cheapness of picric acid and the ease with which a proper solution of it may be prepared and kept ready have induced many of the large manufacturers about Paris whose workmen are frequently burned at their labours to place jars within easy reach, so that those injured may be treated with as little delay as possible. In the well-regulated household, too, a bottle of picric acid should be added to the useful stock of remedies and always kept on hand. Dr Thierry does not inform us how much water to use in the solution, but a pound of acid in a barrel of water is the proportion used in some of the French foundries. To this we may add that it is poisonous, and its ammonia salt is used as an ingredient in explosives. Another method of its use to prevent blisters is to dissolve a small quantity of the acid in a little alcohol, the solution being constantly applied to the burned part until the smarting pain has ceased.

TIBBIE SHIELS'S RECOLLECTION OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The reading of the article on 'Tibbie Shiels and the Visitors to her Cottage,' in our August issue, has recalled the following anecdote to Mr R. Johnstone, West Cults, Aberdeenshire. It confirms what William Laidlaw wrote regarding Scott's visit to Ettrick when hunting for old ballads. 'Once, when talking to dear old Mrs Richardson about literary visitors, I asked her if Sir Walter had ever been at the cottage, and she said, "No, he never was here. I never saw him but ainee. When I was a lassie o' maybe eighteen, I was sewin' wi' auld Mrs Hogg (James's mother, ye ken), and I saw Mr Scott there. He was seekin' ballants, and he had heard that Mrs Hogg kenned a lot o' them. She didna sing them exactly—she crooned, as we ca'ed it; and I heard her croon to Mr Scott the ballant o' Ootlaw Murray. That was the only time that I mind o' seein' Sir Walter."'

HIGHLAND HOSPITALITY.

We journeyed up Loch Voil-side,
Three comrades, in the autumntide,
When, from a couthie cottage door,
An aged woman, near fourscore,
Beckoned and called—the voice was sweet—
'Come in a while, and rest your feet!'

We entered, smiling; when, with haste,
Glasses upon a board she placed,
Milk, cakes, and cheese, and last a bottle—
'Maybe,' she said, 'you're no' teetotal!
Now, help yoursel's; ye're freely welcome'—
Nodded and smiled—'ay, freely welcome.'

We sat and talked about the weather,
Glancing at ae thing an' anither;
Till, at the last, to ease my mind,
I asked her why she was so kind.

'The sicht o' men'—quick answered she;
'The sicht o' men denied to me!'

Strange were the words, yet quick and clear;
We looked, for there was more to hear.

'Three bairns I bore, three bonny boys,
Their father's hope, their mither's joys!
Some years they brightened hearth an' ha',
Then, as the flowers gang, gaed awa'.
Ae day o' double doom bereft me
O' James and Willie—John was left me:
But, oh! sae sair he missed the ithers,
He bude to gang an' join his brithers.
And I am left, an auld stock, here,
To count my sax-an'-seventieth year.

'E'en yet—though ne'er a tear ha'e I,
For a' my griefs are grutten dry—
A pain comes at my heart, a dwam,
That gars me wonder wha I am,
And what were they—sae faint they seem,
Bairnies o' mine! or was't a dream?

'My auldest, had he lived till noo,
Had been aboot *your* age, I troo;
An' weel it pleases thir auld een
To see the man he micht ha'e been.

'Come, tak' your dram; ye're young an' stout,
Wi' a' the warld to steer about;
And mind ye this, where'er ye gang,
Keep up your heart—it's no' for lang.'

HUGH HALIBURTON.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE DYSERTH DIAMOND.

By ALFRED COLBECK, Author of *The Boxer's Daughter*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

DINNER was over. John Champneys —as his custom was when the evenings were long—sat beside the hearth in his deep arm-chair, smoking a meditative pipe and chatting quietly with his wife. Through the smoky curtain he glanced at her occasionally, lifting his eyes from the glowing fire. She sat opposite him, intently engaged upon a piece of fine needlework, and dropping a monosyllabic word or two in answer to his own. She was several years younger than he—a dark woman, with firm features and hazel eyes. She was fairly tall, compactly built, lithe and strong, with a will of her own, the force of which even her husband had not yet realised. With him she was unusually gentle. He was a fair-haired man, bony and angular, square-jawed, clean shaven, a trifle bald, and had open gray eyes as steady as a star.

'I shall be late home to-morrow night, Lou.'

She laid aside her sewing and waited for an explanation.

'You remember the Dyserth diamond?' and on receiving her nod, 'Well, the pendant is finished, and the governor wishes me to run down with it to-morrow.'

'Could he not send it by registered post, Jack?'

'He could, of course; but the Earl desires him to forward it by special messenger. It is a very rare jewel, Lou, and no risks are taken with it except those which are inevitable. The governor told me that it was wanted for some great function at the castle the day after to-morrow.'

'I suppose Lady Dyserth will wear it.'

'Yes, as a pendant to her diamond necklace. We have reset it. What a gem it is!' and he drew in his breath with a whistle. 'I wish you could see it, Lou.'

'Is it so very valuable?'

'One of the finest stones in England. It weighs a trifle over sixty-nine carats; and, for a rose-cut diamond, it is simply splendid. It would have broken into half-a-dozen lovely brilliants; but the Earl, who bought it about a hundred and fifty years ago—bought it in its rough state—refused to have it divided; so it was cut as a rose.'

'What is it worth, Jack?'

'Oh, I cannot say—a fortune. If it were ours, Lou, we could convert it into the needful, and bring down that castle we have built out of the air on to solid ground.'

'Is it far to Lord Dyserth's place?'

'A four hours' run, or so, by express to Whitchurch, changing at Shrewsbury, and then a drive of six miles in the direction of the Welsh border. The Dyserth carriage will meet me at Whitchurch at three twenty-five. I hope to catch the seven fifteen back, and to be with you about midnight.'

Mrs Champneys took up her needlework again; her husband recharged his pipe, and began to stare steadfastly at the fire; and the conversation drifted into other channels.

Jack was the chief salesman at Passmore, Son, and Company's, the celebrated jewellers in Elvidge Street West. The following morning Mr Passmore, the head of the firm, summoned him into his office, and entrusted to his care a small sealed packet. He was to catch the ten forty-five at Paddington, and upon his arrival at Dyserth Castle he was to ask for the Earl, and deliver the packet personally into his hands. On good terms with his chief salesman was Mr Passmore; he had tested him, and proved his worth, during fifteen long years; he trusted him perfectly, and as he left the office he courteously wished him a pleasant journey.

With the packet deposited in the upper left-hand pocket of his vest, where he could feel the pressure of it, and over which his frock-coat

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was tightly buttoned, Champneys leaped from his hansom, discharged the driver, and took a first-class ticket for Whitchurch. He was in good time. He leisurely selected a couple of magazines at the bookstall, and passing down the train, took his seat by the near window of a compartment that he might have the advantage of the view. The next compartment lower down the train was a second.

It wanted half-a-minute only to the starting-time, when a tall and rather bent old gentleman, with a flowing white beard, and wearing a pair of smoked glasses that partially hid his eyes but did not seem to help his vision very much, came slowly across the platform and halted for a moment at the door by which Champneys was seated. Peering at the panel, he appeared suddenly to become aware that the compartment was a first, and turned aside to the next. A porter opened the door, helped him in, and slammed it after him; almost instantly the guard gave the signal to the driver, and the train glided away.

Champneys had the compartment to himself. Between his magazines and the glimpses of the scenery from the carriage window the time passed rapidly, and Oxford, Leamington, and Birmingham were left behind. Through the smoky towns of the Midlands the train rushed on to Wolverhampton—quite a short run, and quickly accomplished. Here the white-bearded man from the adjoining compartment stepped out upon the platform and walked across to the refreshment-room. In three minutes the bell rang. In haste and trepidation and bewilderment, the old man appeared, and ran to the train. The guard was blowing his whistle and waving his flag, the engine answered with a piercing shriek, and the train began to move. In his hurry and short-sightedness the venerable passenger missed his compartment and almost fell against that in which Jack was seated. A friendly porter whipped the door open and literally pushed him in. Champneys had risen instinctively to assist him; but, stumbling at the entrance, he missed the outstretched hand, and fell headlong upon the carriage floor. The door flew to, and the porter ran alongside the moving train and closed it with a vicious click. Jack naturally expected the old man to make an effort to rise, and remained standing to render help if it were necessary. But no! Breathing laboriously, with a spasmodic clutch of his left hand toward his breast, he still lay prone and apparently helpless.

Alarmed at his condition, Jack quickly folded back the arm-rests, and bent down to lift him on to the seat. He was very heavy, much heavier than Champneys supposed a man of his years would be, and it was as much as he could do to raise him and place him on the cushions. His head fell straight back, and Jack was afraid he might collapse altogether.

'Would you mind lifting my head a little?' he asked feebly.

'Certainly. My overcoat will serve you for a pillow.'

He took it down from the rack, folded it, and stood ready to place it under the stranger's head. As he stooped to raise him the old man threw his right arm round Jack's shoulder, and with his left seized the lapel of his frock-coat and made a frantic effort to draw himself upward. Jack slipped the overcoat into position, and the sufferer sank back with a sigh.

'Do you feel any better?'

'Yes, thank you,' he murmured, keeping his eyes closed—indeed, he had not yet opened them; and, without raising the lids, he now adjusted the smoked glasses, which had fallen awry. 'I am sorry to intrude.'

'Oh, don't mention that,' returned Jack cheerfully. 'It is no intrusion. A railway carriage is a public place. How far are you going?'

'To Shrewsbury.'

'That is the next stop. We should be there in about half-an-hour. Perhaps you will feel better by that time. Can I do anything for you?'

'No, thank you. I'll just lie still.'

'People at your age shouldn't hurry.'

'I've been warned, but I forget; and it was very important that I shouldn't miss the train. I nearly lost it. My heart is weak, and I get flustered. Excuse me.'

He still kept his eyes closed, but he was breathing better, and Champneys thought it advisable not to prolong the conversation. His features were composed, and it seemed as if he might fall asleep. To all appearance he was a hale old man, with a healthy brown skin singularly free from wrinkles. Not at all like a man suffering from heart weakness did he seem. Perhaps his lips were pallid, but Jack could not see them; they were hidden by his moustache. And appearances are deceitful. He had a faint impression that he had seen him before, or some one very like him; but when or where he could not say. Many people are alike, and recall an evanescent association melting into nothingness almost as soon as it is formed.

Champneys crossed the compartment to his own corner. As he dropped into his seat his eyes fell upon a small sealed packet lying upon the floor. It was almost under the seat, and immediately beneath where the stranger had thrust his hands into the pockets of his overcoat and drawn them, with the lower part of the coat itself, across his reclining form. Jack's heart jumped, and he clapped his hand nervously over the place where the packet should have been, but even as he did so he was conscious that it was not there. For the first time he glanced suspiciously at the man who had fallen into the compartment. But his eyes were still closed, and his face as impassive as if he were soundly asleep. No sign whatever appeared that his entrance had been designed or his illness simulated. The suspicion slowly faded, but an uneasy feeling remained behind. In Jack's care for the stranger he had forgotten his

trust. The top button of his frock-coat was unfastened, but that was easily accounted for by the manner in which the stranger had gripped the lapel; and if the packet had worked upward in the effort to raise him, it might have dropped out and fallen noiselessly and unnoticed upon the floor.

While these thoughts flashed through his mind Jack leaned forward and recovered the packet. The old man never moved, nor did his face change. With a searching scrutiny Jack kept his steady gray eyes upon him. The slightest twitch of his body, the faintest alteration in his expression, he would have noticed instantly, and his suspicion would have revived—nay, in his excitement, and having so much at stake, he would have sprung upon him and pinned him to the seat. But he lay perfectly quiet, breathing evenly, and seemed to be altogether unaware that Jack had leaned toward him or altered his position. Why should he suspect him? There was the packet, just as it had fallen, undisturbed, securely tied, with the red seal upon it, and the imprint of the firm clearly stamped in the wax—all intact to the minutest detail; and, with a quick inbreathing of relief, he restored it to his breast-pocket.

When the train slackened speed and ran round the curve into Shrewsbury station, the stranger roused himself and prepared to leave.

'Can I assist you?' asked Champneys courteously, stepping out before him.

'Thank you, I can manage very well,' returned the old man.

'I have to change here,' said Jack. 'You will not think of walking, of course? No, I thought not. I'll call a cab for you;' and putting his arm through that of the stranger, he accompanied him down the steps and to the front of the station. Hailing a cab, he helped him in. 'Where shall I tell him to drive?'

'The Mount—Berwick View. You are very kind. I was fortunate in meeting you—*very* fortunate,' the old man repeated as Jack closed the door. 'For me the incident could not have been more propitious, and I shall cherish the memory of our meeting for a long time to come.'

As the cab rolled away and Jack turned into the station again he thought the old man was very grateful for the little attention he had given him. But the impression he had left upon Jack's mind was not quite favourable. The light-blue eyes, with a hard and steely glitter in them, half-veiled by the drooping lids as well as partially hidden by the smoked spectacles, recalled another face, the face of a much younger man, which, try as he would, he could not fix. It came and went, a haunting vision, as the train sped on to Whitchurch. He was still troubled by it as he was whirled behind the high-stepping steeds through the most delightful scenery toward the ancestral home of the Dyserths. Even when he stood in the library waiting for the Earl the vision was with him, but it did not clear. Hazy was it, and indefinite, but persistently intrusive, notwithstanding his attempt to banish it from his mind, and it brought with it a vague premonition of disaster.

The Earl came in, his soft, brown eyes filmy with old age, his tall, slender form stooping a little at the shoulders, his thin, delicate lips tinged with purple and shaded by a drooping white moustache, faultlessly attired, an aristocrat to his finger-tips. The Dyserth diamond was to be worn on the morrow, at a select reception, by his only daughter, whom he idolised — a reception when her betrothal would be made known. To grace an occasion so auspicious, and as a fitting ornament for the sole scion of the Dyserth family, the old Earl had ordered the re-setting of the diamond, and its conveyance by special messenger to the castle. He returned Champneys' bow by a stately inclination of the head, and proceeded at once to break the seal of the packet which was handed to him, and to unfold the paper in which the jewel-case was wrapped.

His tapering fingers touched the spring, and the lid flew open. Suddenly his face changed to an ashen gray. His hands trembled. He looked across at Champneys with a surprised and almost stupefied expression in his heavy eyes.

'What is the meaning of this?' he asked in a hoarse whisper.

Jack stepped hastily forward, and stared at the open case in speechless amazement. The diamond was gone. In the hollow of the white satin, where the pendant should have been, there was nothing but an ugly piece of black shale.

CHAPTER II.

'WHAT is the meaning of this?' repeated the Earl.

'I have been duped, my lord,' replied Jack huskily, finding his voice at last.

'And robbed also—or at least I have been robbed. By whom?'

Then Champneys told his story, clearly, rapidly, and concluded by saying, 'There is no time to lose. I must get upon his track and follow him.' Pulling a railway guide from his pocket, he began to consult it in nervous haste.

'A moment, please,' returned the Earl. 'Did you see the diamond placed in the case?'

'No, my lord. It was handed to me by Mr Passmore already wrapped up, and tied and sealed.'

'Is the impress on the wax the usual one used by your firm?'

'Allow me, my lord,' responded Jack, picking up the string, to which the wax was still attached, but broken into several pieces. Fitting these together and carefully examining them, he continued, 'Yes, this is the seal of the firm.'

'Then how do you account for the similarity of the packets?'

'I cannot account for it. But I know that Mr Passmore would not have placed the pendant in a common case like this. The real case is made of better material, and probably lined with purple velvet. The similarity is simply on the outside, and this piece of dark shale has been put in to equalise the weight and add to the deception.'

'Let me look at you,' said the Earl, placing his trembling hands on Champneys' shoulders. The messenger met the searching gaze quite frankly. His face was very pale, but his eyes were perfectly steady. The honest light in them appealed forcibly to the Earl's confidence. 'My first impulse was to place you under arrest and wire to your employers,' he went on, dropping his hands.

Champneys started, suddenly drew himself upright, threw his head back, and, still as a statue, faced the nobleman with a look as lofty as his own.

The movement was not lost upon the Earl. Speaking quietly, he continued, 'My second, and better, impulse is to trust you—an impulse confirmed by the sight of your face. As you must know, it is a serious thing to do, and I hope you will not misunderstand me, and will forgive me, when I say that I must take some precaution. The jewel is an heirloom. What plan have you formed for its recovery?'

'Returning at once to Shrewsbury, my lord, and following up the traces of the villain who has duped me. Time, in an affair of this kind, is of the utmost importance.'

'He has the advantage already of a three hours' start,' replied the Earl, consulting his watch, 'and there is no train from Whitchurch that will serve you. I will order my chauffeur to drive you in. The motor will be ready in ten minutes, and you should be there in little over an hour. But, as I said, I must take some precaution. My private secretary, Neilson, shall go with you, and stay with you. You can rely upon his assistance. He will act for me, and I will give him *carte blanche*. I take it, of course, that this arrangement will be quite agreeable to you?'

'Quite, my lord.'

In a quarter of an hour Champneys, with Neilson beside him, a smartly dressed young fellow, with a dark moustache carefully waxed, and an expression of alertness on his handsome face, and the chauffeur in front, was whirling through the country lanes toward the splendid high-road from Ellesmere to Shrewsbury. Fortunate was it that Champneys had been able to snatch a hasty luncheon while waiting at Shrewsbury for the Whitchurch train. In his present nervous tension no thought of food suggested itself, and if it had been placed before him he could not have eaten it. Previous to their departure from the castle the Earl had had a private interview with his secretary, and placed him in possession of the salient facts of the case. These Jack supplemented as they rushed along. Neilson put a question or two in a collected manner. Without the least restraint or excitement, he chatted with Jack quite easily. The stealing of an heirloom, even so precious as the Dyserth diamond, might have been an everyday occurrence to him. He quietly assured Jack that the old rascal would be laid by the heels, and the whole affair smoothed out to everybody's satisfaction. Jack knew that he was there to watch him, to ascertain whether his story was correct or not, to prevent his escape if he should try to break away; but, like a sensible man, conscious of his own innocence, he submitted without resentment to a somewhat galling situation. Neilson was there to help him also; so far he had been friendly, and had not betrayed the slightest suspicion; and Jack was prepossessed in his favour by his cool demeanour and his intelligent face.

'Let her out, Owen,' said Neilson as the motor curved into the high-road.

Obedient to Neilson's bidding, the chauffeur manipulated the lever, and sent the car flying along at a tremendous pace. Straight and level, and free from encumbrances, was the high-road; along it, for a couple of miles or more, they could see clearly; and the car seemed to draw the road in like a ribbon as it thrummed and quivered and flashed by farm and wood and meadow.

It was an exhilarating ride—a race against time for the recovery of the diamond, and Neilson evidently enjoyed it. Jack was too preoccupied with his own thoughts, too concerned lest the loss of the diamond should ruin him, to enter into the pure pleasure of the ride. However rapid the pace might have been, and whatever the danger, he would have uttered no remonstrance. He was eager to get upon the track of the man who had robbed him. The rush of the sweet country air brought back the colour to his pallid cheeks, and the equanimity and optimism of his companion kept alive his hope that the quest would be successful.

Round a long bend they ran, and came within view of another stretch of the high-road, dipping gently in the direction in which they were travelling, and still free from traffic.

'Is she doing her best, Owen?' asked Neilson.

'I think so, sir,' replied the chauffeur. 'Down this incline she may increase her speed just a little.'

'Get the most out of her where the road is favourable,' returned Neilson. 'She will slow up of herself on the rise.'

'We may be caught, sir,' said Owen, as the wheels hummed tunefully and the whole fabric vibrated to the full driving-power. 'This is not exactly the regulation speed.'

'Hang the regulation speed! Let the bobbies catch us if they can.' Then, leaning forward so that Jack could not hear, he said, 'We are saving a good man's reputation, Owen. Do your best. We must be in Shrewsbury by six o'clock.'

'Right, sir,' returned Owen grimly, settling himself to his work.

They whirled along, the firm, inflated rubber of the wheels flinging the smaller stones aside with the impetus of a catapult and raising a long cloud

of dust behind them. Scarcely slackening for the curves now, they accommodated their bodies to the swing of the car, and bent their heads forward to cut the wind as they took the hills with a rush and roar. Rustics stood still and gaped after them, and then shouted uncomplimentary expletives which were lost in the noise and the distance. Past restive horses and loaded wains they whirled, and sent flocks of straggling poultry flying over the hedges in cackling terror. Only when they approached the confines of the town did they slow down a little; but when they shot between the houses and rolled under the railway arch, they were obliged considerably to moderate their speed, or run the risk of detention or disaster. Detention was not to be thought of, and disaster they wished to avoid. The journey, however, was practically completed. As they ran over the Welsh Bridge the clocks were striking six, and at five minutes past the hour they were at The Mount asking for Berwick View.

A villa of that name there was, beautifully situated in its own grounds, and overlooking an attractive bend of the Severn; but the occupant, a man in middle life, could give them no information about the white-bearded stranger. Such a person as they described he did not know. They must be mistaken, said he, in thinking that the man had called at Berwick View; and his surprise at their inquiries, and the candour of his replies, were so apparent that, perforce, they had to turn away.

'We have drawn that covert blank,' said Neilson. 'Where shall we try for the fox now?'

'At the station,' replied Jack. 'We must find the cabman.'

Remounting the motor, they ran down to the station. Jack had no difficulty in picking out the man who had driven the thief away. Calling him aside, he slipped a sovereign into his hand, and asked him what had become of his fare.

'The beneverlent cove with the white whiskers? Oh, he pulled me up in the middle o' Frankwell, and said as how he had changed his mind, and would I drive him round another way, and bring him back to the station in 'arf-an-hour or so? No hurry, says he. So I takes him round by Kingsland, and over the bridge, and down the Town Walls, and out as far as the Column; then I turns about, and druv him back here. Generous sort o' a gent, too—give me 'arf a quid for it.'

'Indeed! And then?'

'And then? Why, then he took his ticket, of course—saw him do it, there, at the far window—fust class; and I s'pose he went orf to Lunnon. The Euston express was nearly due, and I reckoned it up that way. The booking-clerk 'll remember him. He couldn't very well miss a bloke wiv a pair o' fancy glasses and whiskers like a Christmas pantomime—not he. You try him.'

The booking-clerk was quite sure about him. He had taken a first-class ticket for Euston. They consulted the guide, and found that the train was not due at the London terminus until eight o'clock. Securing the necessary telegram forms, they immediately despatched a couple of wires—one to the chief of the Detective Department at Euston, the other to Scotland Yard, giving a detailed description of the man, and requesting his detention, by force if necessary, pending their own arrival by the ten forty-five. Both telegrams were signed 'Dyserth.' Neilson wrote a hurried letter of explanation to the Earl, and dismissed the chauffeur.

Leaving Shrewsbury at six fifty, they steamed into Euston nearly a quarter of an hour late, just on the stroke of eleven.

'Lord Dyserth?' inquired a man, who had stepped upon the footboard of the carriage as the train slowed down, and thrown his arm through the open window. He brought his finger to his hat with a touch of deference as he asked the question.

'No,' said Neilson; 'but we are acting for him. Did you receive the wire?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And have you got the man?'

'Well—no, sir. I cannot say that we have.'

'And why the dickens haven't you? The wire was plain enough.'

Jack's countenance fell. He had listened eagerly to this brief colloquy in the hope that the stranger was secured and the diamond safe.

The train was now at a standstill, and they both stood up to leave.

'Yes, sir,' replied the attendant, opening the carriage door, 'the wire was plain enough, but the man wasn't. You had better come and see the chief.'

When they were ushered into the office the chief bowed ceremoniously, evidently under the impression that one of the two was the Earl. Neilson forestalled his greeting and corrected him by saying, 'I am Lord Dyserth's secretary, and this is my friend, Mr John Champneys of Messrs Passmore's, the West End jewellers. You have received our wire from Shrewsbury; but we find, to our disappointment, sir, that you have not detained the man we described to you, and who is wanted for a very serious offence. May I ask why?'

'Certainly. The reason is very simple. No such man arrived by the train named in your wire.'

'Are you sure of it?' asked Jack incredulously.

'Yes, perfectly. The only first-class passenger was a gentleman about thirty, well dressed, clean shaven, with regular features, lips full and firm, a prominent, straight nose, and blue-gray eyes. You see, we took particular notice of him. The whole train was searched and every passenger scrutinised, and not a single person answering to the description you gave was to be found.'

'But the ticket?' urged Jack.

'We did not overlook that,' was the reply. 'The only first-class ticket from Shrewsbury to Euston

was tendered at Willesden by the gentleman I have named. Before the train arrived at Willesden, the only two stoppages were at Stafford and Rugby. We have wired to both places, and no through ticket from Shrewsbury to Euston was collected at either, nor did any elderly passenger with a long white beard and a pair of smoked glasses alight and pass out at these stations.'

'We have lost the scent,' said Neilson, turning to Jack.

'Not quite,' returned he; then, facing the chief again, 'Had you no assistance from Scotland Yard?'

'Yes, sir. Two detectives were here to meet the train, or rather they joined the train at Willesden to prevent any mishap there, and they are keeping the first-class passenger under surveillance.'

'We are greatly obliged to them,' said Jack. 'There is the ticket, you see. The clerk at Shrewsbury may be able to identify the number with that issued to the old man, or the young man disguised. For it seems to me now that he must have been a young man, cleverly made up, and simulating advanced age.—The scent is strong yet,' he continued, turning to Neilson again, 'and we shall be bound to run him down if we are careful.'

'He's a precious old fox if he duped you in that fashion,' responded Neilson. 'He may have run to earth, and in that case we shall have to dig him out. But we'll have him somehow. We must go on to Scotland Yard and hear what they have to say there.'

'Excuse me,' put in the chief; 'but what is he wanted for?'

'Robbery,' said Neilson.

'Hem! I thought so. Something important, I suppose?'

'Oh, a mere trifle,' answered Neilson; 'only the Dyserth diamond.'

The chief raised his eyebrows and rounded his lips as if he were about to whistle; but no sound came. 'If we had known that,' said he, 'old or young, the first-class passenger would not have left the station. But your wire scarcely warranted the detention of a man so utterly different from the one you described. Follow up the clue, gentlemen, and I will keep the ticket. It may be useful.'

(To be continued.)

EARLY RAILWAY GUIDES.

A RETROSPECT.

By JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A.

THE delight in handling an old book arises much from associations or memories; and the tiny volume before me, *Bradshaw's Railway Companion*, is certainly one of the earliest of the *Guides*, the title of which is a familiar and household word.

So good an authority on bibliography as Mr W. E. A. Axon has considered the probability of finding a complete set of these publications very remote, his search leading him to that supposition. The collection at the Bodleian Library, Oxford, is as nearly complete a set as we may expect to discover, considering the circumstances of their issue, so few were the trains at the opening of the first railway in Lancashire. Firstly a single sheet, then a dozen pages pasted together, was the genesis of the book.

At the Bodleian Library we find, first in order, one for the Liverpool and Manchester line, dated 19th October 1839, together with one of the London and Birmingham, dated 25th October of the same year. Mr Gadsby has asserted that he issued a time-table of an earlier date, 1835.

Each of these publications of Mr Bradshaw bears the title, *Time-Tables and Assistant to Travelling*, and 'With Illustrative Maps and Plans.' Authorship of the maps is claimed, and of sectional drawings of Great Britain. The imprint is 'Sold by G. Bradshaw, Brown Street, Manchester, and Wyld, Charing Cross, London, and all Booksellers and Railway Companies.' The notice to the public announces that the compilation has been assisted by the railway companies, also that successive editions were to follow upon the 1st of January each year and at intervals of three months.

Next in order comes *Bradshaw's Railway Companion*. The addition to the time-tables of fares for hackney-coaches is the chief difference. The plans are of London, Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, and Manchester. It was published by Bradshaw and Blacklock, and sold by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, London, 1840. It consists of thirty-five leaves and an index.

Issues of 1841, 1842, and 1843 are similar. Mr Bogue's name is joined to that of Mr Tilt. A table for the calculation of the speed of trains from the observation of the posts placed at equidistances of a quarter of a mile, ranges from one to four hundred miles per hour, and indicates a sanguine anticipation on the part of the editor.

The issue of 1845 is styled 'the second edition.' Mr E. L. Blanchard became its editor. It was the first to have advertisements. Mr W. J. Adams contributed largely to the success of the work by securing advertisements and by the value of his suggestions, and also Mr Robert D. Kay had his share in promoting its fortunes.

At 59 Fleet Street, London, Mr Adams conducted Bradshaw's Information Office, and there sold the

Guide. The 1841 edition was increased in size to six and three-eighth inches by four and three-quarter inches, and resembled, in arrangement of its tables, future issues. The original size of four and a half by three and a half inches was retained in the *Companion*, which continued to appear, at the price of one shilling, in a cover of purple cloth, with green on gold lettering, as a separate publication until the year 1848.

A mistiness, due to the untrustworthiness of mere reliance upon memory, pervades the correspondence regarding the *Bradshaw Guide* in *Notes and Queries* and some other papers. Mr F. Madan, in the *Athenæum* of 24th December 1887, furnished much information upon the disputed points. In the British Museum Library the *Companion* of 1841 represents the earliest issue.

To turn from such dry particulars, we may consider the improvement in the mode of travel. Sir George Findlay made the first acquaintance of the railway, which he was afterwards so successfully to manage, after a three days' voyage and tramp to Coventry from Liverpool. He was at the time a child of six. His mother, with the family, set out to join young George's father, then engaged under Stephenson constructing the stone viaducts on the Grand Junction line. The route was by steamer to Runcorn, thence by canal swift packet-boat to Birmingham, where there were no conveyances whereby they could complete the journey, as it was Sunday, so they all walked the rest of the way, eighteen miles, arriving tired, but none the worse.

An American, maintaining the superiority of railroads over the stage-coaches, said, 'I like railroads. Any one can hate railroads, despise railroads, and rail at railroads; but I like railroads. I like to arrive at the railroad-office a quarter of an hour before starting. I like to be shown into a nice warm room, where a quarter of an hour passes more quickly than five minutes in a dirty coach-office or a coffee-room where the waiters try to look you into a glass of brandy-and-water for the sake of the house, or out of sixpence for the sake of themselves. I like to have my baggage taken proper care of, and hate to have it wetted on the top of a coach or stolen at a coach-office. I like the ample room of a steam-coach; I like to travel fast. I dread vicious horses; I feel for distressed ones. I hate going downhill—drag-chain breaking, coach upsetting, coachman dying, leaving wife and children—or to have a broken arm or leg for my share of the mishap.'

This, penned in the era of our first railways, fairly represents their reception by one section of the public. The rails, laid then on longitudinal stone blocks, not on transverse sleepers as now, allowed of smooth running of the vehicles. The new mode of travelling was pronounced to be a source of 'pleasurable wonder, this gliding along at a speed equal to the gallop of a racehorse.' 'It may be supposed,' it was said, 'that so great a speed would almost deprive the traveller of breath, and that he could not fail to be unpleasantly conscious of the velocity with which he cuts through the air.' On the contrary, the motion was found to be so uniform, so free from shaking, that the passenger could hardly realise the rapid pace. Novel scenes delighted his eyes as the train emerged from deep recesses or crossed the viaducts, riding, it was said, 'above the tops of trees.' The reflecting traveller foresaw the day when easy and rapid access to the remotest of places would reduce the evils arising out of difference of language, soil, and climate, and peaceful and commercial intercourse tend to break down prejudices and mistaken interests.

How much of this has come true is a matter for consideration. A minority, timid, afraid to trust themselves to new methods, abstained, until circumstances compelled them, from travelling by train, or if they did, chose the carriage farthest from the engine, so that it might, as Hood said, 'bust fust.' One poor creature, when obliged very late in life to visit a wayside station to essay the journey, died of fright at the very sight of an express train dashing through. Parliament seriously considered the advisability of limiting the speed of trains to ten miles an hour.

My schoolfellow, Dickens, described in one of his letters a railway journey as thirty thousand jolts to his nerves; but his health at the time was indifferent. How delightfully he describes his frequent journeys! With what wit and insight does he allude to the railway servant in a speech delivered in London on 5th June 1867 as 'scaling cabs, storming carriages, finding lost articles by a sort of instinct, binding up restored umbrellas and walking-sticks, wheeling trucks, counselling old ladies (with a wonderful interest in their affairs, mostly very complicated), and sticking labels on all sorts of articles!'

Allowing for the quaintness of description, he tells us what is true. The stationmasters 'with the heads of generals and the courtesy of gentlemen,' 'the guards of handsome figures inspiring confidence in the minds of timid passengers,' is happy phraseology. In but a few years after the use of railways became general, Dickens spoke of trains running pretty smoothly at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

Opponents of the railway predicted that it would throw one-half the nation out of employment; whereas, apart from various tributary channels of occupation dependent upon it, now, however, a large part of the population are active in its service. Dickens recalled, in a speech made in 1854, 'arriving at a station after dark, and finding it half a mile from the town,' and another instance of finding 'an old road abolished and the new not yet made,' and 'where the old neighbourhood has tumbled down and the new one not half built up,' and the omnibus in which one 'is to be doubled up, and which visits every part of the town first, and where your compressed person has to be delivered,' is visited last.

He had a word to say about railway hotels, 'which, however excellent when customers come, meantime had nothing to offer but a liberal allowance of damp mortar and new lime.'

We leave these digressions, these branch-lines of our subject, and choose the 'dry,' like the girl in the story with ten suitors, nine of whom immersed themselves to aid her when she fell into the stream, but she had to choose the 'dry,' the others were 'so wet,' she said.

In an old bookshop in a street off Regent Street I found *Bradshaw's Railway Companion*, 1841, fifteen shillings; another copy, 1842, ten shillings.

Mr George Bradshaw overcame objections on the part of the railway companies (who feared penalties for unpunctuality) to his publishing the times of the arrival of their trains. He freely took shares in their concerns, thus gaining their entire confidence. In 1842 forty companies appear in his index; twenty-seven sectional plans exhibit the gradients. At Liverpool, Glasgow, and London ropes and stationary engines were made of use on inclines. The Manchester and Liverpool line had its terminus at Moss Lane until the Grand Junction and other lines came, when joint stations met the increased want of accommodation.

The companies providing horses and postboys at the principal stations, for which the charge was half a guinea, passengers could travel in their own carriages from their doors to their destination. This is not now customary. The late Duke of Portland, of eccentric habits, always so made his journeys, when each of eight porters received the gift of a sovereign.

Handsome presents to stationmasters, though perhaps fewer than formerly, are made occasionally. One banker presented a note every time he used the station near his park. His present Majesty, when Prince of Wales, made himself acquainted with the working of the railways.

Lacey's Railway Companion, published in Liverpool in 1835, associated the time-table, a brief record of the trains, with much valuable information from the pen of Mr Arthur Freeling. In 1838 it entered on a second edition of three thousand copies, being then subscribed by the booksellers. It is most descriptive, and gives the names of the engines as 'Northumbrian,' 'Jupiter,' &c. It had a plate, which extended panorama-wise, illustrative of trains of all kinds, and which has so often been reproduced that it requires little mention here. It designates the first-class coaches as 'Victory,' 'Adelaide,' or 'Wellington.' All seats were reserved and numbered. We read: 'The best situation to have a view of the railway, to have a just conception of the enormous undertaking, and to have a clear idea of the beauty of the country, is the seat at the top of the carriages.' Also we read: 'The locomotive machine being attached, we quickly passed through the Turkish arch and commenced a mode of travelling which our forefathers would have considered utterly beyond the power of human ingenuity to accomplish.' On another page attention is drawn to 'an erection to facilitate the entrance of cattle to carriages.' A cattle-train was then a sight 'novel and surprising.'

Mr Freeling informs the reader that Manchester, before called Mancemon, became Mancanium or Mancestre in Roman times, which, when the Romans retired, changed to Mankastalh or 'Castle of Men,' a most fit title for its important future. Ducal landowners had to be fought, obstructive earls propitiated, angry protests from the heads of schools met by arguments, prohibitions of marquises overcome, greedy squires vanquished by the band of earnest capitalists who sallied from this 'castle of men.' The railways were made. Harrow School authorities kept their youth from too ready access to the gay towns; the railway was kept at a distance. Northampton did not gain railway benefits until a branch-line was ultimately constructed. A noble landowner obstructed.

To exchange the lumbering wagon or tardy canal-boat for swifter locomotion was a benefit which pleased the masses of the people. Bad was the accommodation provided for the second class. The Liverpool line carriages were better than some. For an extra charge, covered vehicles could be selected. On some lines they were without seats or had only a bar across the corners. Exposed as they were to all weathers and the fall of ashes from the engine, the discomfort of the passengers has been well depicted by Kenny Meadows, Cruikshank, and other artists. I well remember the field-path to Rhodes's farm from Euston Grove, running beside the newly made London and Birmingham line to where Wellington House Academy stood, the school where the writer and Charles Dickens had conned their tasks under the terrible glance of Jones. The railway, alas! made but a memory of the playground and school building; a yawning cutting is in its place. The house remains—the house where the boarders fed and the music-lessons were given.

Manchester has expanded, almost merged with Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire. Oldham and its suburbs, Stockport (where you may still, perhaps, see a spinning-wheel in a cottage), Ashton and its suburbs, Guide Bridge, Bury, and a host of most important towns have their interests linked with Manchester and Salford; whilst Liverpool, by the finest of ship-canals, is found to be a twin-brother. When the first Bradshaw was issued such railways as we possessed were disjointed. They soon did a considerable business, however. The Liverpool and Manchester line returns show a mileage run, from January 1836 to January 1839, of more than forty-one million miles. They yielded a considerable sum in mileage-dues to the Government. Now several railways bear one-sixth of the total taxes of some of the parishes they traverse.

The first train from Liverpool to Manchester consisted of thirty-eight vehicles.

We leave figures for a description of Manchester penned by Henry Mayhew when editor of *Punch:*

'Manchester,' he wrote, 'is, at any time, one of the peculiar sights this country affords. To see the city of factories in all its bustle and all its life, with its forests of tall chimneys, like huge masts of brick, with long black flags of smoke streaming from their tops, is to look upon one of those streams of giant industry that England alone can show. As you pace its busy streets you hear the drone of a thousand steam-engines humming in the ears like a hive, machinery whirling on every side, monstrous square masses of brick buildings pierced with a hundred windows, while white wreaths of steam puff fitfully through their walls. Many a narrow thoroughfare is dark and sunless with tall warehouses that rise up like bricken cliffs on either side. The streets swarm with carts and railway vans, with drivers perched high in the air; and "lurrys," some piled with fat, round bags of wool, others laden with hard, stony-looking blocks of cotton, and others filled with many a piece of unbleached woven cloth. Green covered vans, like huge chests on wheels, rattle past, the bright zinc plates at their sides telling that they are hurrying with goods to or from some "calender," "dyer," or "finisher." At one door stands a truck laden with red rows of copper cylinders cut deep with patterns.'

In the year 1847 we saw the first issue of our *Continental Bradshaw.* Any one visiting Paris—in some aspects so gay, in others so sad, in that year—whilst shunning a visit to the Morgue and seeking amusement in the theatres, could choose between the performances of *Don Juan, Clarissa Harlowe, Lucretia Borgia,* a new play by Dumas at his new theatre, or scenes of the Revolution at the Cirque. My taste led me to prefer visits to the art galleries or to study the people who frequent the Boulevards. My experience of the gay city was, alas! later, in a time of her sorrow, when the party of order had resumed possession of Paris, early in June 1871. I was a witness of mournful processions of men carrying muffled drums, others with trumpets draped in crape, as the dead were carried to the cemeteries. The drums rolled dismally. The trumpets gave a long, sad wail. At night the sinister appearance of Paris was wretchedly dismal. No gas or light save here and there a candle at a café. Soldiers paced up and down its streets and directed the few passengers to walk in the middle of the road.

Normandy was a favourite resort of mine. Its flamboyant Gothic churches, its old châteaux, quaint doorways, and queer gargoyles, had their fascination.

My journeys extended to Switzerland. My first impressions of that country gave me much pleasure. The mountains piled in lofty grandeur, the valleys so rich and profuse in their cultivation, the fields of blooming narcissus, the vineyards and corn-fields bordered by lovely lanes; the industrious peasantry, sober priests, and merry children giving life to it all. The village festivals, amidst woods of deep-green illumined by twinkling lights, old towers with a haunted look, lovely lakes, made it a land of wonders. Mule-travelling, to the accompaniment of their jingling bells, carried me to sublime altitudes, where from the lonely hut a survey of vast ranges of snow-clad peaks and deserts of ice, and far-reaching views of more mountains, left their lasting remembrance. The curiously carved gables of the châlets were full of interest. The glaciers, with many a dangerous crevasse, were safely passed.

The advent of railways has brought speed, and to some extent safety, to replace delays and ofttimes peril. The chaos of the past has become the cosmos of the present. Tunnels pierce the Alpine barriers, carrying the tourist beneath mountains, chasms, and precipices on the smoothest of tracks, by the swiftest of trains, and in comfort and luxury which vies with the best-appointed hotel. In these regions of the avalanche, which took hours or days formerly to traverse, the journeys are matters of minutes from country to country. The sense of risk and the pleasure of surmounting difficulties are now lessened when the tour of Europe is undertaken. It is not the grand affair it once was to gentlemen of quality.

Little wooden crosses by the wayside still mark the scenes of former crimes or casualties in most Catholic countries, but travelling is now fairly safe. Journeys made sometimes in frigid cold, at others in almost insupportable heat, were cheerfully undertaken by our forefathers for pleasure or profit. My adventures in travel were never formidable; my escape from Paris, in a disguise supplied by the attire of my coachman, being the most noteworthy. When in Rome, in Garibaldi's time, I ran some risks, but evaded danger by keeping well in the centre of troop-guarded roads.

In Spain and Portugal there are noises calculated to distress any one's nerves, occasioned by the primitive ox-carts with wheels innocent of grease—noises as of saws scraping upon flint. My Bradshaw's, my Baedeker's, my Murray's Handbooks remind me of wanderings in Spain with a cherished volume of Gautier in my pocket, of a hurried trip to Naples to see Vesuvius at its best, or worst; of lounging in balmy Florence or overlooking the sea at Genoa; of long journeys through Russia, Belgium, Germany, Austria. My thorax has escaped the stiletto (perhaps artists are not tempting subjects to the assassin), neither have I been held to ransom. I have been to most of the places where Goldsmith wandered with his flute. The hero of Jerrold's tale who filled what he termed his 'nose-bag' with noses off statues represented a past phase of manners.

When I was in Paris, upon the occasion to which allusion has been made, the sight of a red-stained fluid coursing down the gutter drew my alarmed attention. I was reassured by a fair Parisienne giving me the information that it came from a dye-work—a *teinturerie.*

THE ROMANCE OF SECRET HIDING-PLACES.

By Clive Holland.

FROM the days when secret chambers, priests' holes, and similar hiding-places were almost a necessity, to those of our own time is a far cry; but the romance attached to things of the kind is not less a matter of interest in the present than in the past.

Many of the most famous hiding-places—such as that, for example, at Hindlip Hall, Worcestershire, the home of the Abingdons—are well known; but every now and again throughout the length and breadth of the land, and also in places on the Continent, the destruction of old buildings constantly brings to light secret chambers in whose construction a wonderful amount of ingenuity and resource had been displayed. The writer has visited most of the 'Secret Chambers and Hiding-Places' described in the book published under that title by Mr Allan Fea.

In the British Museum is an old manuscript which gives an interesting glimpse of the times in which most large houses in the counties of England, as well as many Scottish mansions, possessed places into which it was possible for suspected or 'wanted' persons safely to retreat and find refuge on occasion.

This manuscript gives an account of the apprehension of four Jesuits supposed to have been concerned in the 'Gunpowder Plot,' or, as it is called in the document in question, 'the Powder Conspiracy;' and it recounts how one Sir Edward Bromlie, 'horsing himself with a seemly troop of his own attendants, set out at break of day and did engirt and round beat the house of Maister Thomas Abingdon at Hindlip, near Worcester.'

Few places can have been more completely honeycombed with secret chambers and cupboards than this fine old Tudor mansion. Although Mr Abingdon himself denied the presence of the men for whom Sir Edward Bromlie was searching in the house, and indeed even volunteered to be hung at his own gate if any such were to be found, the search was a most rigid one. In the gallery over the gate itself two cunning and very artful holes were discovered in the main brick wall, whilst in and about the chimneys three other skilfully built cavities were found in which two of the traitors were close hidden. These chimney cavities were most cleverly constructed, the entrances being formed of wood covered over with brick properly mortared and coloured black like the other parts of the chimney. Several of the funnels or separate flues of the huge chimney-stacks, it was found, had been constructed, not for the usual purpose of conveying smoke upwards, but for that of conveying air and light downwards into the tiny chambers built in the chimney-stacks themselves. Eleven secret corners and chambers were found in Hindlip Hall at that time, 'all of them,' again to quote this curious document, 'containing books, Massing stuff, and Popish trumpery, only two excepted, which appeared to have been found on former searches, and therefore had now the less credit given to them.'

For three days the search went on without the discovery of the Jesuit Father Garnet ('Little John') and three others by name Hall, Owen, and Chambers; but on the fourth day, in the morning, from behind the wainscot in one of the galleries two men, Owen and Chambers, came out of their own accord, being no longer able to sustain their hunger, as they had had but an apple between them since they had hidden some five or six days previously. On the eighth day a chamber was discovered in the chimney, in which Henry Garnet the Jesuit and Hall were found. In this chamber were marmalade and other sweetmeats; but they had also received, by means of a tube put through a little hole in the chimney that backed another in the gentlewomen's chamber, soups and warm drinks. Owen, Garnet, Hall, Chambers, and Mr Abingdon himself were brought up to London to await trial. The first-named committed suicide in the Tower. This same Owen had been one of the most active constructors of 'priests' holes' in the kingdom, and only a short time before his capture at Hindlip, had had a narrow escape of discovery whilst engaged in constructing a secret chamber for priests at the manor-house, Stoke-Poges.

An interesting light was thrown by a letter from Garnet to Anne Vaux, which is preserved in the Record Office, upon the sufferings of persons imprisoned in these hiding-places who were unable for some reason or other to receive a proper amount of food. In it he describes his experience during the days he lay in hiding previous to his capture: 'After we had been in the hoale seven days and seven nights and some odd hours, every man may well think we were well wearied; and indeed so it was, for we generally satte, save that sometimes we could half-stretch ourselves, the place not being eno', and we had our legges so straitened that we could not, sitting, find place for them, so that we were both in continuous pain of our legges; and both our legges, especially mine, were much swollen. We were very moderate and ccntent within, and heard the searchers for days most curious over us, which made me indeed think the place would be found. When we came forth we appeared like ghosts.'

In Lincolnshire there have been many famous manor-houses, and most of them which date from Tudor times contain secret chambers for use in case of emergency, for the hiding of priests or

conspirators against what was quaintly termed the 'peace of the realm.'

At Irnham Hall, destroyed by fire last century, was one of the most important 'chimney' hiding-places in the district. It measured some eight feet by nearly six feet, and was almost the latter measurement in height, and was situated in a chimney-stack. This chamber was first discovered by the fact that the chimney was not in the least blackened by soot or smoke, as were all the others in the stack, conclusively proving that it was but a dummy.

Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire have both been famous for old manor-houses and other mansions containing secret hiding-places exhibiting more or less originality and ingenuity in their construction.

At the end of the nineteenth century one such old house was standing, within a few miles of the city of Oxford, which enjoyed a reputation for being haunted. At length, as is the case with so many old buildings, it fell into the hands of one who, whilst admiring its situation and the grounds which surrounded it, had no particular love for antiquity, and certainly none for a house which enjoyed but an evil reputation.

The new owner decided to pull it down, and the work of demolition had proceeded as far as the second floor of the western wing, when one of the workmen, engaged in ripping up the floor-boards in the passage leading to the bedroom which had enjoyed the reputation of being haunted, suddenly felt the floor give way beneath him. He only just succeeded in starting back when a flap in the floor, the secret spring of which he had evidently dislodged or broken, fell inwards, and a hole about twenty inches square yawned beneath him. Upon investigation this was found to lead into a secret chamber of considerable size constructed in the angle of one of the walls beneath the supposed haunted bedroom. In this room, hanging to the wall, were a sword, a holster containing a pistol, and a faded and rotten riding-cloak of about the period of Charles I. In the corner of this chamber was a circular air-shaft about six inches in diameter, which ran into one of the chimney-stacks. On the floor was a saddle and silver cup of the period, as well as a stoneware water-jug.

How it was that the chamber had not been long before discovered and these things removed it is not easy to say; but inasmuch as the ghost, who was supposed to disturb at intervals the sleep of any one using the bedchamber above, was supposed to clank or rattle a chain and emit a sound as of shuffling footsteps, the mystery was explained. In certain winds it was found that the sword and pistol, holster, and ancient riding-cloak (which was trimmed with heavy gold lace down the front) would be blown about through their propinquity to the air-shaft, and would emit just such sounds as had been heard by the frightened occupants of the sleeping apartment immediately above where they hung.

Quite recently, in Gloucestershire, one of the most interesting 'priests' holes' that have ever come to light was discovered through the demolition of an old manor-house which had been allowed to fall into a terrible state of decay. It was constructed beneath the floor and over the arch of the central entrance-door, and was approached by a shoot-like and stairless entrance some six feet in length and scarcely larger than would permit of the easy passage of a full-grown man.

When the workmen came to open up this shoot and uncover the secret chamber, which was only some eight feet long by four feet broad and five feet high, it was discovered that the shoot had rib-like pieces of wood fastened across it, so that any live occupants could with comparative ease pull themselves up by these means. A very tiny eyelet-hole gave a restricted view of what was once the courtyard of the house, and a tube fitted in beneath a step in the stairway, which ran near the end of the secret chamber, doubtless was used for the purpose of affording food. The entrance to the shoot itself was masked by a sliding panel in the small room which might have been used by the gatekeeper.

Another house famous for its secret chambers and 'priests' holes' was White Webbs, on the borders of Enfield Chase; and the Record Office contains many documents, manuscripts, and incriminating papers which have from time to time been discovered there. This building was in ancient times literally honeycombed with trap-doors and secret passages; but, alas! for those who are interested in romance, only the merest trace of the building remains at the present day.

Amongst the many notorious personages of the Popish plots in English history few had narrower escapes than one Father Blount, who on one occasion was hidden at Scotney Castle, the old home of the Darells, situated on the borders of the counties of Sussex and Kent. A very full account of Father Blount's escape is still preserved in the archives at Stonyhurst, and the main facts of this famous priest's exciting adventure are as follows:

One Christmas night in the later years of the reign of Elizabeth the castle was seized by a party of priest-hunters, who had somehow or other got wind of Father Blount's presence in the neighbourhood. The searching-party, as was their usual custom, locked up the members of the family securely before starting their operations. In the inner quadrangle of the mansion was a very ingenious device consisting of a large stone in the wall which could be pushed aside. This, although of very considerable weight, was so nicely adjusted that it was easily moved to and fro with the slightest pressure; and upon the approach of the enemy Father Blount and his servant hastened to the courtyard, and pushing aside the swinging stone, entered the chamber which lay behind it. Unfortunately for them, in their great haste one of their girdles got jammed in the crack of the stone; and had it not been for one of the servants of the

castle, who noticed the fact and cut off the projecting portion of the girdle, there seems but little doubt that Father Blount and his companion would have been discovered. A small fringe still projected, and it was necessary to call somewhat loudly to the hidden priest and his attendant, telling them to pull upon the girdle so that the frayed end might no longer show. The noise of the conversation reached the ears of the searchers, who were ransacking another portion of the castle, and they rushed out into the courtyard and began hammering at the walls, and at times on the very block of stone which concealed the fugitives, which would have given way had not those within put their weight against it. The night was very dark, and it was raining heavily; and so, after a time, the searchers, on getting wet to the skin, decided to postpone further inspection outside the building until the morning. When all had retired Father Blount and his companion emerged from their hiding-place, and after climbing the wall and swimming across the moat, set off barefoot across country to another manor-house a few miles distant, where they found temporary refuge.

Harvington Hall, Worcestershire, now crumbling into decay, in ancient days held many a secret and possessed several ingenious hiding-places. One of the most remarkable is that at the top of the broad oak staircase leading to the dismantled state-room. A particular step of a short flight running from the landing to a garret is a reversible one, and beneath it, on touching the spring which serves to retain it in its place, one finds a hole about five feet square and not quite so high, which till recently contained a piece of the original matting on which a certain Father Wall reposed when in hiding in August 1679. This priest was not captured at Harvington, but at Rushock Court, a short distance from it, and after his capture he was executed.

But Harvington contains not only many other hiding-places, but also several passages which permitted of the escape of those in hiding should their lair be on the point of discovery.

Of the many kinds of hiding-places, few were more favoured than those formed by means of a portion or panel of the plaster-work divided by the heavy oaken beams being made on a hinge, with a secret spring fastening.

Several such hiding-places exist in that curious and many-gabled mansion Ufton Court, Berkshire. And as recently as the latter half of last century a priests' hiding-place was discovered which was contrived underneath one of the floors, and approached by a trap-door fastened by a spring. In it were some significant 'finds,' including a crucifix, ancient petronels, and the remains of some bones—doubtless those of food supplied to the occupants when in hiding.

At Ingatestone Hall, Essex, a curious and unusually large priests' hole was brought to light under the floor-boards of a small room leading from a principal bedroom facing the south front of the house. It was discovered owing to the floor-boards breaking away through rotting from age. When these were removed another layer was discovered within ten inches of them, and in this a trap-door was immediately noticed, which when lifted showed a large priests' hole measuring nearly fifteen feet long, ten feet high, and some two and a half feet wide. It was reached by means of a ladder, and as the floor of this retreat was on a level with the basement of the house, it was covered with a thick layer of dry sand. In this large secret chamber were found several items of interest, for on the wall was a rough candle-holder made of clay, showing that the unfortunate occupant was not entirely without light; and at one end of the hole was an old chest covered with leather in which formerly the various utensils for use during the observance of Mass were kept, and on the top was a label in faded and ancient writing, 'For the Right Honourable Lady Petre in Ingatestone Hall, in Essex.'

Not infrequently the secret hiding-places were contrived at the back of what was apparently an innocent enough wooden cupboard or recess with shelves; and at Salford Priors, Warwickshire, a very good example of such a retreat exists at the present day, situated in one of the rooms in the top story of this interesting old house.

When recently inspecting this, it was possible to realise how easily a person might be concealed in the cavity which was disclosed when the spring controlling the shelves was touched and the whole of them moved backwards flapwise up against the rafters of the roof. Indeed, it was not difficult to imagine in the dusk some priestly or Cavalier figure disappearing within the hole.

But hiding-places such as we have described are by no means the only types to be still found in old manor-houses and buildings throughout the length and breadth of the land; and in a hall recently destroyed by fire there existed two strangely contrived secret chambers, one of which, when discovered some forty years ago, held within its dark recesses the relics of a strangely sad tragedy. Approached by a narrow flight of steps, the entrance to which was masked first by a piece of tapestry in a hinged frame, and then by an oak panel fitted with a complicated and almost undiscoverable spring, this tiny chamber, measuring some six feet by five feet, and seven feet in height, contained the skeleton of one whose crumbling robes disclosed his ancient profession—that of a priest. Beside him on the floor, rotted from its suspending waist-cord, was an ivory crucifix attached to a string of wooden and metal beads. An old *Book of the Hours*, an earthenware cup, and a small bronze candlestick were also found on the floor of this hiding-place, which had become a tomb.

No one will ever know how it was that this unfortunate being was left to die in the retreat which he doubtless sought from his pursuers, the only clue being found in a manuscript account of

the searching of the hall by a band of priest-hunters in the reign of King James I., and the arrest, removal, and imprisonment of the then owner and chief members of his family. It is possible that these persons were the only ones in the secret, and that the tragedy was caused by their removal and lengthy incarceration.

In a manor-house in a south-west county of England quite recently a secret chamber was discovered in the roof by workmen called upon to make some repairs on a chimney-stack. Noticing that the central chimney of the stack was almost unblackened by smoke, they called the attention of the owner to the fact; and after careful measurements had been taken, a chamber of considerable size, approached by a sliding panel in the old drawing-room of the house, was discovered. In it were found traces of its last occupant, who was probably one of Monmouth's ill-fated supporters, for a pistol of about that period, as well as a military cap and an order countersigned by one of Monmouth's chief supporters in the west, was found, the last-named article concealed in the lining of the cap itself.

In ancient times many a farmhouse had its secret chamber as well as the manor to which it was attached; and in one of these, recently pulled down, in the Midland counties, was discovered a most interesting example of a secret hiding-place or priests' hole contrived beneath the centre of a flight of stairs. By a strange coincidence its discovery was almost fatal to its discoverer, for it was no doubt owing to the gradual rusting and corrosion of the spring which held the revolving step in place that one day the elderly lady who owned the farmhouse found the step suddenly give way beneath her, and only succeeded in saving herself by grasping the balustrade of the staircase, which happened to be within easy reach. As it was, it caused her a broken leg and a severe shock, from which she, in fact, never quite recovered. The cavity which was thus brought to light was some eight feet in length by four feet in breadth, and about two feet six inches high—not a very comfortable or even possible hiding-place for any length of time. In an extreme corner near the skirting of the step above was a tiny knot in the woodwork, which the keen antiquary who came to investigate the 'find' and make sketches of it soon discovered was the means of hiding the presence of a tube through which liquid refreshment could be passed to the person in hiding within the cavity.

In yet another farmhouse, this time in Warwickshire, which from its size one would judge had once been a manor-house, an extremely ingenious hiding-place was discovered some few years back, and in a manner almost as curious as the one last mentioned. Some children were playing in a now disused apartment of the south wing, when one of the boys slipped and fell heavily against the oak panelling of the wall near the chimney-piece. What was his surprise and that of his little companions when, with a click which they afterwards described as being like that of knives being knocked together, a large panel suddenly sprang back and a draught of cold air rushed into the room!

Frightened almost out of their wits lest they had done some damage, the children ran to their mother, who, coming into the room to see what had happened, soon discovered a narrow passage-way leading from the secret panel to the back of the fireplace, where a flight of about half-a-dozen steps led to a large cavity some six or seven feet in length, four feet in width, and about eight feet high, contrived immediately at the back of the chimney-piece. Further and ultimate investigations disclosed the fact that not only had this chamber been used as a hiding-place in ancient times—for several very valuable books and a bundle of letters relating to incidents of the Civil War were discovered—but by an ingenious contrivance the head of a bird forming a portion of the carving over the mantelpiece could, by a spring arrangement, be turned on one side, giving the person in the hiding-chamber a fairly good view of the room below. One can imagine with what anxiety the refugees in ancient times may have often turned the bird's head aside and peered out upon those who were engaged in searching the room for the purpose of their capture.

In quite recent times, in an ancient house in course of demolition near Rochester, a secret hiding-chamber was discovered. For several years the house had the reputation of being haunted, and no doubt the poor being whose mouldering remains were discovered in the narrow chamber which had been constructed beneath the floor of one of the bedrooms in the thickness of a double wall would, by the members of the Psychical Research Society, be deemed sufficient cause for the alleged 'spirit' visitations. This hiding-place must have been in ancient days somewhat masked by the bedstead which apparently had been placed almost immediately over the ingenious trap-door which led to it. How, then, or why it happened that some unfortunate fugitive either from justice or from persecution had been left to die within the narrow confines of this secret hole one will never know; but that he was a person of some importance was made clear by the valuable rings which had fallen from his fingers and the half-score of gold coins, dating chiefly in the middle years of the seventeenth century, which were found at the bottom of the cavity, evidently fallen out of the silken purse, the rotting remains of which lay beside them.

But hiding-places were used not only by political and other fugitives, as a discovery in a Somerset inn a few years ago clearly indicates.

Many an old English inn situated on or near the high-roads leading north, south, east, and west from London had its secret hiding-place, not for priests or political conspirators, but for the sheltering in times of peril of 'gentlemen of the

road.' Many are the stories of Dick Turpin's use of several of these hiding-places, which were usually constructed in the depth or angle of the chimney, or beneath the floors of the parlours or kitchen of the inn, the trap-doors leading to which were generally masked by a plentiful sprinkling of sand.

In one such hiding-place on the Great North Road, in the earlier years of last century, so much booty was discovered, 'along with horse-pistols and rydinge cloak of goode cloathe,' as the quaint spelling of a village scribe who recorded the incident has it, that mine host was made richer thereby in a few minutes than by many years of legitimate trade.

In past times much ingenuity and skill were expended in the construction of secret hiding-places such as we have described, and students of history will easily comprehend the need for and serviceable nature of these things in the 'good old days.' Many an ancient house has yet to give up its secrets; but all who love romance and the flavour of antiquity read with a sigh of each discovery made by the ruthless hands of those who tear the secrets from ancient buildings in their dismantlement.

LIONS IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

HALF-WAY between the East African coast (opposite Zanzibar) and Lake Victoria lie vast upland prairies on which antelopes and other wild beasts abound, as they did formerly in South Africa. These plains are uninhabited by man. They teem with zebra and antelopes. The latter are chiefly Coke's hartebeest and Grant's and Thomson's gazelles. There are also a number of wildebeest (gnu), but these move together from one district to another, and are not generally distributed like the other antelopes. Herds of eland are present in certain localities, and here are a few giraffes on the Athi and some at Sultan Hamoud Station. Wart-hog are found in colonies, and bushbuck exist at the headwaters of the Athi, where the converging streams emerge from the Kikuyu forest-country near Nairobi. Along the banks of all the rivers are numerous herds of waterbuck and impala. Buffalo exist on Donyo Sabruk Mountain, and their skulls are commonly found elsewhere. Duikers are present, singly, everywhere. Other animals of this region, which do not form the prey of lions—although the young may occasionally be attacked—are the hippopotamus (numerous in the Athi) and rhinoceros. Ostriches are also common, though whether lions ever secure them is doubtful.

Of the above animals, zebra, eland, wildebeest, and hartebeest form the main food of the lions. It has been suggested to me on good authority that they are very partial to pigs also, and I think it likely, as in some parts of the coast bush-country, where antelopes are scarce, pigs must form their staple food. Buffalo were formerly their favourite food, but these were all but exterminated by the rinderpest a few years ago.

A few rivers cross the plains. They run in deep hollows, and are marked by large trees, principally red or yellow stemmed mimosa thorn, which sometimes spread to a little distance from the banks in groves. There are also quantities of tall reeds and feathery bushes along the rivers, and particularly on the Athi at those spots where it divides into numerous trickling channels running through a number of sandy islets. These larger reedbeds are the favourite haunt of lions, wherein they sleep during the day. This greenery along the rivers is in striking contrast with the surrounding plains, clothed for the greater part of the year with short brown grass. It is only for a short time, in December and January, that the plains become green, owing to the rains.

Tributary nullahs wind down from the plains to the river. These are torrents during the rains and dry for the rest of the year. On their sides and bottoms the grass is much longer than on the uplands, and they are full of boulders and rocks. I have known at least one lion to make his lair in a patch of bush on the side of such a nullah, though I believe they prefer reedbeds to anything else.

The Stony Athi is a large tributary nullah to the Athi, in which pools of water remain throughout the year. A few miles from its junction with the Athi is a wide depression where several nullahs meet, and here is an immense reedbed. Troops of lions make this their regular headquarters, moving on after a time to fresh hunting-grounds. I knew of a troop of five, with some cubs, which remained here for eight months; but another troop which visited the immediate neighbourhood of Nairobi stayed only about three weeks, perhaps because the presence of numerous Europeans going out frequently to shoot disturbed them, and there was no such extensive cover as at Stony Athi. This was in May and early in June 1902. They were seen by another man and myself (on different occasions), and were fired at by me unsuccessfully, I being a beginner and a very uncertain shot. It is singular that though they remained another fortnight or so, and from the houses in Nairobi were frequently heard at night roaring lustily, they were not to be seen again by daylight, although several people went in search of them.

When disturbed by lions at night, the zebra rush about wildly with a great trampling and uttering their peculiar cries. Going out early in the small

hours, I have found them rushing about thus in great troops of many hundreds, panic-stricken. Lions are said always to follow the great herds of zebras wherever they go.

I have been at Stony Athi when the zebra were very numerous there for the time being. It is curious to notice how during the daytime only a few scattered herds appear in the offing; but towards nightfall they arrive mysteriously from every direction until there are thousands dotted all over the plain close to the station in twos and threes. They may feel safer near the station and railway. I suspect, also, that they have an inkling of the fear of lions—in these days of Europeans armed with rifles—for human beings. Zebra, of course, are scarcely ever molested by sportsmen, in part because they have no horns, and in part because their equine appearance and beauty make most men reluctant to fire at them. I felt this myself once, when, deciding to have the skin of one in my collection of trophies, I took aim, but could not bring myself to fire. Hence zebra are the tamest and most confiding of the wild beasts, allowing a man to approach within, say, eighty yards, and merely snorting defiance at him.

Nothing has struck me more in the natural history of lions than their power of rendering themselves invisible. The colour of their skins blends with that of the brown prairie grass. Their supple build must also lend itself to concealment; and their limbs, being short relatively to their length and bulk of body, enable them to creep through grass and cover that would not hide other animals of their size, as regards weight. I remember approaching a lion engaged in devouring a zebra half-an-hour after sunrise. My eyes wandered for a moment to some hyænas which were waiting for their turn, and in that moment the lion vanished. There lay the partly eaten zebra forty yards away, and on every side nothing but the short brown grass. I searched for some inequality in the surface of the grass, and noticed a tussock rising above the rest. There was nothing whatever to mark it as anything but a tuft of grass, and I hesitated to fire at it, thinking that if it proved to be grass, and the lion were lying somewhere close by, it would be angered by the report, being doubtless in an ill-humour at being disturbed at its meal. In the end I decided to chance it, and raised my rifle. Instantly the tussock developed into a large, full-maned lion, which rose quickly and galloped off. I have on other occasions known lions rise suddenly from the grass close in front of me and leap into reed-beds. This invisibility enables them to approach the wary animals upon which they feed. They hunt at night, stalking their prey until quite near to it, and then making a very swift rush.

I have more often heard lions roaring in the hour before dawn than at any other time, and I believe it to be true that they roar always after feeding. The sound is often heard at a great distance, and is then generally described as 'moaning' and 'grunting.' Some men, in fact, say they do not roar, but moan. The sound is, I believe, roaring softened by distance, for I have heard it close at hand, and then it was a gruff roaring. In each spell of roaring were about twenty-four sounds: first a succession of prolonged roars, increasing in power until they seemed to be delivered with great violence; then a series of shorter, more abrupt roars, the last dying away gradually into hoarse pants, which finally became inaudible. Some one has said that a lion's roar is just like that of an ostrich. If this be so, I can only say that an ostrich's roar must be a most impressive sound.

There are always a number of hyænas lying up in the ravines or reedbeds in the vicinity of the abode of a troop of lions. These, together with jackals, finish up the remains of the 'kills.' I have seen a lion eating a zebra with a crowd of hyænas running to and fro all around him, uttering most piteous moans and howls; and a number of jackals' heads were visible in the grass, sitting patiently at a little distance. Every now and then a hyæna would endeavour to snatch a piece of meat while the lion lay resting from the labour of eating for a few minutes. There would be a deep growl, and the lion would rise up, whereupon all the hyænas would fly to a short distance, and their clamour would cease for a moment; then the lion would lie down again, and after one or two plaintive moans the clamour and running to and fro would recommence. If anything remain after daylight, vultures and marabou storks gather. Nothing whatever is left of the kill. The bones are carried away by the hyænas, even to the skull. Hence there is nothing to mark a lion-kill on the spot where it occurred beyond the trampled contents of the entrails.

I recollect one morning, on going out on to the plain by Nairobi at dawn, coming upon a dead hyæna. My first impression was that it had been riddled with bullets, but on examining the wounds it became plain that a lion had struck its claws into the animal: one blow on the back, another on the side. Evidently the hyæna had angered the lion, either by spoiling a stalk in its anxiety for meat or by venturing too near a kill. I had not then learnt to recognise the signs of a kill.

The manes of lions on these plains never approach the luxuriance of those of menagerie lions. They vary in colour, some being black, others dark brown, and many of the same pale brown as the body.

Although they hunt at night, lions in the natural state often lie just outside the reedbeds at all times of the day. I say in the natural state, because with the advent of the Uganda railway they learnt to fear man. Some of them became man-eaters, lurking near the great camps of Indian coolies and carrying off men night after night. The most notorious of the man-eaters was a lion which took up his abode near the construction camp at Kimaa, near Sultan Hamoud. I have been told by an

officer of the railway that the coolies would sit up every night until they heard screams, when they knew they could turn in safely, the lion having taken his prey for the night. Mr Ryall, the Inspector-General of Railway Police, determined to sit up one night in his carriage, with two friends, in the hope of getting a shot at the man-eater. The three fell asleep, however, leaving the door and windows open, and at 2 A.M. the lion entered the carriage and carried off Mr Ryall.

These man-eaters were so serious a nuisance that the manager of the railway offered a reward of two hundred rupees (thirteen pounds six shillings and eightpence) for every adult lion killed near the railway from mile two hundred to mile three hundred. About sixty were killed in two years. The result was to inspire the survivors, many of whom had seen their comrades killed by their side, with a fear of human beings. This fear has been increased by the large number of sportsmen who have come out of late years for hunting-trips on the Athi and adjacent plains.

The officials of the protectorate and railway used to go on foot, visiting a reedbed at dawn, accompanied by a native gun-bearer, in the hope of finding lions lying outside or returning from a late kill. Many of the sportsmen from Europe bring mounted Somalis, infinitely more intelligent and keen hunters than the natives of East Africa. These mounted hunters scour the country to discover the whereabouts of lions for their masters. Large numbers of natives are employed to beat the reedbeds. Lions are sometimes galloped down in the open by the hunters, and held at bay till their masters arrive. By these means a very great number of lions have been shot, and those that are left have become exceedingly wary and difficult to find in the daytime. Settlers, moreover, are gradually enclosing land on the plains. It is, I think, probable that lions will erelong be exterminated on the Athi and adjacent plains. The low-lying bush-country nearer the coast will always support a certain number, limited by the fact that in bush-country diversified with lawns and glades the antelopes and zebra run in small scattered herds. In such country the lions have abundant cover and are very difficult to find.

Some of the preceding remarks will probably give the impression that lions are timid creatures, especially among those people who think of 'dangerous' animals as attacking man at sight without provocation. Like the other animals called dangerous by hunters, lions—apart from the awe of man innate in all wild beasts—are impressed by the power man has of wounding or striking them down from a distance and the cunning he shows in pursuit of them, and more often than not when wounded they retreat into the nearest cover. Here they know that they have the advantage. It sometimes happens, as with other dangerous beasts, that a lion charges in the open. It then attacks desperately, in spite of the severest wounds. There have been several cases of men being killed or injured in such circumstances, but much more often injured, since the lion is usually more or less severely wounded, and dazed and enfeebled. Men frequently escape being killed through instinctively guarding their heads with their arms; hence injuries to the latter are the commonest result of such encounters.

I may describe an encounter which three men of my acquaintance, officers of the railway, had with a lioness. The animal was severely wounded in the lower part of the body, her entrails being torn out by the bullet. She charged upon her enemies—three Europeans, with gun-bearers, all armed with rifles—and knocking down an Indian gun-bearer, tore and bit at him savagely. Almost at once two bullets through the brain killed her. Yet the man had been so badly mauled as to be crippled for life, and after several months in hospital was sent back to his own country with sufficient money to set him up as a shopkeeper.

An instance is on record of a lioness attacking a sportsman who had fired at and wounded her mate. I myself once saw this jealousy of the female for the safety of the male. A pair of lions, disturbed by the report of my rifle, hastened back to the reedbed, and it was noticeable how the lioness led the way, piloting her mate in a semicircle round me, out of rifle-range (I mean, of course, sporting-range), until she led him into the reeds on the far side. It would seem that the male lion is an object of adoration to the female, as is the case with certain antelopes of which the males only are decorated with horns, and which run in troops composed of one adult male and a number of females.

A RIVER-SIDE INCIDENT.

Cool twilight comes with close of day:
At the stream's edge th' young otters play—
Two happy wildings, Nature's own—
Now clambering on the river stone,
Whence, with the deep stream's even flow,
One, like a drown'd thing, lets him go;
Whilst, from a tree's o'erhanging limb,
His brother, crouching, watches him,—
Then springs afoot in swift diversion,
As bent on some far night-excursion—
In wild variety of play,
Like those whose life 's all holiday!

Play! Profit by the brief, careless hour
Which to your kind is Nature's dower,
Ere baying hound and huntsman's cry
Shall tell the time is come to die;
Nor fear lest we your secret den
To curious, maybe cruel, men
Divulge! Ye have few foes to dread—
Few list, like us, this path to tread,
Where tangled growth and hidden root
Oft strike or trip the wanderer's foot,
While pitfalls, slime, and river-wrecks
Often his onward course perplex.

Sir George Douglas, Bart.

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THE LIFE BEAUTIFUL.

By M. E. BRADDON, Author of *Lady Audley's Secret*, &c.

THERE is a mystical power in the placing of words. However familiar the line may be, one can hardly read without a thrill that Coleridge's witch-woman Geraldine was 'beautiful exceedingly;' but how much glamour would there have been in these two words if the poet had stated that the lady was exceedingly beautiful? It would be the cheapest and most middle-class description, fit only for an auctioneer's advertisement of 'an exceedingly beautiful villa in a unique situation.' So the House Beautiful and the Life Beautiful are quite on another plane than the dull level of beautiful lives and beautiful houses.

The life beautiful is the life we all would like to lead, weaving the fabric of it according to our own particular measure of the things that constitute beauty. 'Breathes there a man with soul so dead' who does not want to lead the life beautiful in the house beautiful, no matter where the house may be, or how poor and halting the life that hobbles on crutches in pursuit of an ever-vanishing ideal? Middle-Victorian chairs and sofas on cabriole legs, white water-lilies and crimson roses as big as pickling-cabbages, sprawling over Brussels carpets; magenta curtains, and burnished steel fenders picked out with gold; gasaliers—hateful word—with glass drops pendent from a glass dish: even the worst of these were once the delight of some lost soul, and the summer sunshine made rainbow light on the glass drops, if it were not carefully excluded from the room for fear of fading the pickling-cabbage roses. Dreadful things were cherished in English homes before the people of England, from the suburban villa to the rural parsonage, had 'a taste.' Every Englishwoman nowadays has a taste, and it is not inevitably bad. Indeed, now that we have passed through the early throes of the taste-fever—the monstrous absurdities that were covered by the adjective æsthetic—the dust-trap draperies that muffled our doors and windows, the cheap paper fans spaced along our cornices, the blacking-bottles disguised in luminous paint, the cosy-corners made out of packing-cases—now that a simpler ideal of open windows and clear spaces, cleanliness, and fresh flowers in old china bowls has taken hold of us, the house or the cottage beautiful is to be found more often than the house hideous. Now that his books are to be obtained at a reasonable price, we can all appreciate Ruskin, who has taught us to like overhanging gables and massive chimney-stacks, and to abhor shams.

Cheap upholstery has improved with the progress of technical education, and the house beautiful is no longer impossible to attain, given a conscientious housemaid and a mistress with a quick eye for dust and cobwebs. But the life beautiful? That is not so easy.

Imprimis, he who would aspire to that calm and satisfying existence must have common-sense. He must have the fine feeling for proportion that will enable him to weigh the materials of life and to throw out the rubbish. He must know how much he can do without, and how much he must have, for the ideal existence. The life beautiful in its most gracious form is, unhappily, expensive. It is incompatible with cheeseparing, with petty meanness—the stinting of other people; wherefore the man who desires to live beautifully must so measure his resources as to leave a margin for liberality. He may ride in an omnibus, but he must not underpay cabmen and subject himself to the hideousness of their loud-spoken wrath; he may eat at cheap restaurants, but he must never by a shabby tip expose himself to the scowl of a disappointed waiter in the halls of the 'smart.' If his means are narrow, he must make up his mind what good things he can afford; and if he cannot pay for light and airy quarters in some not quite unlovely street, he had better renounce London and all its costly vanities, and find himself a cottage with a garden, where he can be happy with a few good books and a multitude of flowers, having chosen a wife for whom all simple and innocent things are delightful.

One is thinking of the man of limited means who is *not* obliged to work for his bread. For the

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bread-winner of narrow means the problem is more difficult. He must live where his work requires, and the place may be ugly; but even in his case the moral beauty of life is not out of reach. By renunciation, by the contented spirit that is a continual feast, by much consideration of the wants and comforts of others, by kindness to wife and children and servants, by a divine patience when things go wrong, and a joyous appreciation of all that can make for gladness, he may achieve the life beautiful in a house shaped like an egg-box, in a terrace of egg-boxes, in the midst of mean streets, remote from the abodes of the prosperous.

For the toiler of scant wages material things cannot be beautiful, save here and there some cherished heirloom of old china or chance-found treasure of old furniture, which is his prison-flower, the one precious thing amongst the inevitable squalor of cheap London. There are arts that can subjugate fate, women whose deft fingers and quick brains can make the homeliest parlour blossom as the rose—blossom with the song of the kettle on the shining grate, the gay colour of the cheap tea-service—blossom with clean chintz covers that the *Hausfrau's* patient hands have starched and ironed, the well-worn carpet that her indefatigable broom has swept. But it is the contented spirit, the determination to make the best of troublesome things, that lies at the base of the life beautiful. It is built upon unselfishness, and on the calm wisdom that sees what can and what cannot be done within the narrow limits of the appointed fate.

Charles Lamb has told in lovely words what loveliness there may be in life for those whose incomes are of the smallest, and who only now and then can afford themselves 'a treat:' a visit to the pit of a favourite theatre or the purchase of some precious book. Such a life as he depicts may be exquisite; but it must be a life free from debt, and there must be something in the cracked teapot or the Post-Office Savings-Bank, a little hoard against the sudden need of sickness, enough for the nurse and the doctor, and the dainty food the doctor orders, and extra coals for the fire that must burn day and night. The life in which there is no nest-egg ready for the day of trouble, no escape from debt, cannot be beautiful. It can only be heroic, the unconsidered martyrdom of thousands, the household martyr's fight for daily bread.

The life beautiful in its largest aspect, such a life as the world can see and admire, the *höchster Spitz* of human felicity as seen from the outside, must be looked for among the great ones of the earth, born in the purple, invested from earliest manhood with the grandeurs and the responsibilities of wealth and state, reckoning their acres by the thousand, and rarely stooping to count their gold. For such as these coin has hardly any significance. The golden stream flows from the house-steward to the household, tradesmen are paid, benefactions are distributed, and My Lord or His Grace knows nothing of loss or gain in an income that has always been beyond his spending-power. In spite of an almost royal splendour and an unstinted beneficence, there is always a surplus, and upon a given morning His Grace is asked how he would wish so many thousands or tens of thousands lying idle at his bankers' to be invested, in what gilt-edged stock, or landed estate conterminous with one of his properties. His own estates being numerous, there is generally some conterminous land awaiting His Grace's offer. And so his acres widen and spread, and roll across the country like the waves of an ever-encroaching sea. You look for the old-fashioned manor-house, the rural squire of ten years ago, and house and squire have gone. The place thereof knoweth them no more. The meadows and kitchen-gardens, tennis-lawn and shrubberies, the hedgerows shadowed by secular oaks and beeches, the banks where cowslips and the nodding violet grew, have been swallowed alive in hundred-acre fields where the ploughman whistles over the broken pastures.

And for such a potentate to lead the life beautiful he must have a fine mind as well as a vast inheritance, many graces of heart and brain as well as multitudinous acres. Briefly, he must be a great gentleman. And happily there are such, and have been such ever since England became a nation. Of those that are it befits not the essayist to write. Each will in his turn become history.

But one such great nobleman must always be remembered as an exemplar of the life beautiful under felicitous conditions. The bachelor Duke of Devonshire might be taken as the paradigm or model great gentleman, the patron of art and letters, the friend of Bulwer and Dickens, the philanthropist and scholar, never an ardent politician, rarely heard among his peers, never strenuous or eager in the struggle for place and fame. Coming into his kingdom—for domains such as his are kingdoms rather than estates—before he was one-and-twenty; Ambassador Extraordinary at the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas, with a train of almost royal splendour, on which he was said to have spent fifty thousand pounds out of his own exchequer; a great gentleman, perfect as brother, friend, landlord, patron, and wearing to the end the white flower of a stainless life.

It may be said that it is easy for lives to be beautiful that are so richly provided with the materials of beauty; but the history of the ages goes to prove that the materials are often wasted or turned to base account, and the life hideous is realised by him into whose cradle the fairies poured their choicest gifts. And, after all, the materials of happiness and beauty are not gold or land, or high birth and lofty rank, but character and temperament, invincible cheerfulness, high courage, the scorn of all things base, and above all sympathy, the power to understand and pity, the love of something not ourselves. These are the qualities that can make individual lives beautiful even amidst ugly surroundings: the life of a ministering priest upon a leper-island; the life of a nursing-sister in a

alum, who does her work for the love of humanity, or of her whose pitying face bent over the wounded and dying in the Crimean hospital—'the lady with the lamp;' lives lovelier in their self-abnegation and disregard of surroundings than the golden hours of the hedonist in his palace of art—

> A glorious devil, large in heart and brain,
> That did love Beauty only.

THE DYSERTH DIAMOND.

CHAPTER III.

AT Scotland Yard Champneys and Neilson were told that nothing more could be done that night. They knew the man, and had their eye upon him. All his movements would be watched. He could not get away. So far as they could make out, he had no confederates. The diamond was too valuable a jewel for even the knowledge of its possession to be shared with another; and if he were the culprit—which yet remained to be proved—the two might rest assured that he would neither part with it nor hide it—and he had had no time to dispose of it—but would jealously guard it by carrying it carefully concealed about his own person. In the morning, at eight o'clock, the officials would see them again, and arrange, if possible, for Champneys to have a glimpse of the man, secretly, to see whether he could identify him, notwithstanding his altered appearance, as the old man of the train.

Neilson was content. But Jack was terribly anxious; and, for his own peace of mind, and particularly for the peace of mind of the wife who was waiting for him, ignorant as yet of what had befallen, he would rather have gone forward with the affair, and openly faced the man that night, and so brought the quest to an issue. Well for him was it that he did not persist in this course, but was persuaded to abide by the advice of the detectives.

'You will stay with me,' said Jack as they turned away, assuming that Neilson would have no objection.

'But, my dear fellow, what will your wife say? It is a bit too much to march in with a stranger, altogether unexpected, at this unearthly hour.'

'Don't you worry about that. Lou will make you welcome. It will be better than prowling round the house all night.'

'You're a curious customer, Champneys; but I like you—I must say I like you. Who said anything about prowling round?'

'Oh, you needn't try to spare my feelings by pretending that you will do nothing of the sort. I can make a shrewd guess at the instructions you have received from the Earl; and I do not blame him. And I am not such an ass as to blame you. He was quite gentlemanly about it. You were to come with me, and to stay with me—not to allow me out of your sight till the diamond was found. The case is black against me. I have not yet succeeded in proving my story. The old man may be fictitious—a convenient Mrs Harris of the opposite sex invented to cover my retreat with the jewel.'

'Nonsense! The cabman's word is good enough for me.'

'I tipped him. You saw me do it.'

'Handsomely—but he spoke the truth.'

'Maybe. But how do you know that the two of us, the so-called old man and myself, are not in it? The whole business may have been arranged beforehand, and this pretence decided upon to enable us to get clear away. "Exchange is no robbery," they say, and this was an exchange, and yet, despite the proverb, a most confounded robbery. I delivered a case, such as our firm uses, with the name of the firm inside, wrapped up, tied with string also used by the firm, carefully sealed, and bearing the firm's impression deeply indented in the wax, into the hands of the Earl of Dyserth. In its outward appearance, down to the minutest detail, the packet was the counterpart of the one entrusted to me by Mr Passmore. How did that come about? Who supplied the thief with the case and paper, and string and seal? Similar things are passing through my hands every day. I have the use of the seal whenever I want it. And how did any one know that I was travelling by that particular train, and that the diamond was in my possession? It was a secret between the Earl, the firm, and myself. A good many points want clearing up. Unless I can prove my story they will pitch upon me. The Earl was acting with commendable prudence when he gave you his instructions.'

'Come, come, Champneys, you are pleading against yourself.'

'And for you, Neilson, to make it easier for you to carry out your instructions, to show you that I understand and appreciate the position as the Earl sees it. I may be under suspicion—justifiable suspicion; but, hang it all! I will not be wanting in hospitality. You shall come in, and I will treat you as my friend the enemy.' And a grim smile crossed his pale face. 'For both of us you will be better in than out, for I know you would be watching the house without a wink, and consuming all your tobacco in the process, and I should only be miserable thinking about you. We can have our smoke together inside. Sleep, for me, will be out of the question; and, if you like, we can sit by the fire and wait for the morning.'

They had hailed a hansom, and were being driven rapidly toward Champneys' residence, in the direction of Westbourne Park.

'What about your wife?' asked Neilson after a pause. 'Shall you tell her?'

'Everything.'

'Excuse my asking. But I wanted a cue for my conduct.'

'There is no need of a cue. Lou isn't that kind of woman. The safest course, and the most helpful, is to let her know exactly how things are from the very start. Her brain is nimbler than mine, and she always acts promptly.'

The pad of the horse's feet brought Lou to the door. She was about to exclaim at the lateness of the hour, when she caught sight of Neilson and checked herself. Soon they were seated at the supper-table. The brief explanation which Jack gave, that Neilson had travelled with him, that he had found Neilson a very good fellow, and that he had pressed him to accept their hospitality for the night, was sufficient for Lou—that is, sufficient for the time. She knew well enough that there was something more to be said. It was a very unusual proceeding for Jack to spring an unknown guest upon her in this fashion, and quite contrary to his hitherto unfailing courteous consideration for her domestic arrangements. Her quick eyes discerned from Jack's face and manner that all was not as it should be, and Neilson's *sang-froid* did not deceive her. But she refrained from further inquiries until supper was over, attending to their wants with perfect self-control, listening, and occasionally contributing, to the commonplace conversation.

When they were gathered round the fire, however, she threw off this reserve, and led the conversation at once and directly to the real reason why Neilson was there.

'You may smoke,' said she, 'and when your pipes are alight you may tell me all about it;' and she settled herself to listen.

Jack commenced the story. Her face grew pale as he proceeded, and when he came to the opening of the case by the Earl of Dyserth, and she suddenly realised that the diamond was missing, she started as if she had been struck, and clenched her hands tightly. Then the knowledge rushed upon her that her husband was suspected, and that Neilson's presence was to be explained in this way. The blood surged back to her cheeks and brow, and her eyes flashed with indignant fire. For one swift moment she glanced at Neilson. The situation was almost intolerable. Neilson surmised what was taking place; he felt, rather than saw, the flash of her eyes, and kept on steadily smoking with his gaze fixed upon the glowing coals. With a tremendous effort she recovered herself. Jack was continuing his tale.

'Please say that again,' said she.

'What, Lou?'

'All of it from the point where the Earl discovered that the diamond was gone.'

Picking up the thread once more from this point, Jack drew it out slowly and without further interruption to the very finish. Then she began a series of cross-questions. Neilson could not help but admire the skill with which she brought out all the details, and in a little while she was as much in possession of all the facts of the case as if she had accompanied her husband throughout and seen everything with her own eyes.

'I shall go with you in the morning,' said she.

'The Scotland Yard people may not like it, Lou,' returned her husband, while Neilson raised his eyebrows in mild surprise.

'Whether they like it or not, I shall go. I want to see this man;' and she rose, extending her hand, with a wan smile, to Neilson. 'I will wish you good-night,' said she. 'I must sleep, but I suppose you two will sit here till morning.'

By a quarter to eight they were all three at Scotland Yard. The authorities demurred at first to the extra risk of taking a lady with them; but she persisted in her intention to accompany them, and they gave way. The party took an early train to Nunhead, drove into a quiet suburb of small semi-detached villas, and dismissed the cab at the end of a narrow back-lane. Proceeding down this lane, on which a row of enclosed and tiny gardens abutted, they entered a plot sadly neglected, overgrown with coarse weeds and littered with rubbish, and knocked at the kitchen door of an apparently deserted house. It was cautiously opened, and they were silently admitted. Here a couple of detectives had been keeping within view a villa on the opposite side of the main road to which they had followed the first-class passenger the night before. Through the night nothing had occurred to awaken their suspicion, and the man under surveillance had not yet appeared. He might appear at any moment now. The party was conducted upstairs to the third floor, where a small bay-window commanded the front and side of the villa opposite.

For upwards of an hour they waited; then the door of the villa was thrown back—a side-door, with an ornamental porch—and a man stepped out, bareheaded, lifted his eyes to the sky, and breathed deeply as if in keen enjoyment of the sweet morning air. After the first glance, they all fell back from the window except Jack and Lou. Far enough away were they to avoid attention unless he happened to turn his eyes and fix them, with a searching and suspicious scrutiny, upon the panes. Quite unaware of their presence, however, he began to examine the flowering plants in the porch; he bent his head to catch the perfume, and seemed to rejoice in it, rubbing his hands with evident satisfaction; and returned indoors. Surely all these were the signs of a most respectable citizen, and not of a thief, experienced and clever, who could successfully masquerade as an old man with a weak heart, and ingeniously contrive to exchange a worthless stone for the Dyserth diamond.

Lou had turned excessively pale, and Jack, for the moment, was nonplussed.

'Do you recognise him?' asked one of the detectives.

'Yes and no,' said Jack. 'If that is the man who stumbled into the carriage at Wolverhampton, his disguise was perfect. The alteration to his natural

self is so complete that I am afraid I could not swear to him. But I know him—yes; not as my fellow-traveller, but as the man who brought an amethyst to my employers about a fortnight ago, with a request that we would set it as a brooch for his wife. He said he was a lapidary, an amateur only, interested in crystals—it was a hobby of his; and he told me that he had found the stone himself, and cut it, and polished it, and desired to make a present of it to his wife on her birthday. The amethyst was not worth much. I showed him a few designs for the brooch, and he selected one, and called for the completed article only last Tuesday. It is rather strange that this should prove to be the same man.'

'You have no doubt about it, Mr Champneys?' asked the detective gravely, writing in his pocket-book.

'None whatever.'

'Jack,' said his wife, so eagerly that they all turned to her, 'did not this—this—lapidary'—for the suitable adjective would not come—'bring you his amethyst at the very time when Lord Dyserth was at the shop?'

'I believe you are right, dear,' returned Jack, after a few moments' reflection. 'If I mistake not, Lord Dyserth was conferring with Mr Passmore at the upper end of the counter while I was showing this man the designs. Yes; I am almost sure of it. The Earl passed out before him, and the governor saw him to his carriage.'

'Point number one!' exclaimed Lou triumphantly, but with a little nervous laugh nevertheless, which betrayed her suppressed excitement. 'And the brooch, Jack, which he called for on Tuesday, how was it packed?'

'In one of the usual cases—ah, you have it, Lou!—in a case exactly similar to the one which was substituted for that containing the diamond, the one I handed to the Earl. And now I remember I wrapped it up myself, and sealed it; and he must have copied the seal.'

'Or preserved it entire, and used it again,' said Lou. 'But that is not material. He obtained it, and that establishes point number two.—Don't you think, gentlemen'—turning to the detectives—'that you have quite sufficient to go upon to effect his immediate arrest?'

'Not yet, madam,' answered the one who took the lead, and who had listened to her questions and conclusions with interest and admiration. 'Thousands of people trade with Passmores'. The amethyst brooch was placed in a case similar to that supplied to most of their customers, and the presence of this man at the time the Earl was there may have been a mere coincidence.'

'May have been!' repeated Lou with a touch of scorn. 'Cannot you see? It was all prearranged. He followed the Earl into the premises and overheard the conversation. His amethyst brooch, like his pretended senility, was a ruse. This is the man, and you ought to arrest him.'

'We have no warrant, madam.'

'Then get one.'

'We will see to that when the number of the ticket is confirmed.'

'He may escape you.'

'No, madam; we shall keep too close a watch upon him.'

'You have some other reason for not proceeding immediately.'

'We have, madam. Some time ago we received information from America of the passage to England of a notorious sharper, one very likely to attempt a coup of this kind, and we suspect that this may be the man. But we want to be sure. The number of the ticket, if it should prove to be the same as that which this man tendered at Willesden, will go far to confirm our view and justify us in arresting him. Even then we shall have to act with extreme caution. The first officer who places a hand upon him will probably pay for it by his death. He never goes unarmed, and he will fire on the instant. His looks belie him. He is one of the most desperate characters ever brought before our notice. Leave the matter with us. He shall not escape.'

Nearly ten o'clock was it now, and Jack had been due at Passmores' for an hour or more. Of the robbery they were entirely ignorant. Lord Dyserth had not communicated with them. Neilson despatched a reassuring telegram to the Earl, and then accompanied Jack to his employers. Lou, at her own request, was left behind. She had not been able to touch the early breakfast which had been prepared for them. She pleaded faintness. Near the station was a tempting restaurant. With a pathetic and deprecating smile, she told them that she would turn in for the usual solace of a tired woman—a cup of tea.

A very unpleasant task was it for Jack to face the governor and inform him of all that had taken place. Neilson's presence and support made it a little easier for him, but a heavy cloud overshadowed him, and Mr Passmore also, all the morning. No such calamity had ever befallen the firm before in all its long experience. After Jack's painful interview Neilson remained closeted with the governor for some time. News from the detectives was awaited with the utmost anxiety, and the suspense was hard to bear.

At half-past twelve, followed by one of the Scotland Yard officials, in came Lou, flushed, radiant, beaming; and yet when her eyes fell upon Jack they suddenly filled with tears. But they were tears of joy. The heavy overshadowing cloud was dissipated. Answering tears sprang into Jack's eyes. He knew that Lou had managed it. The governor and Neilson rushed into the shop, and with a happy gesture she placed a small leather case upon the counter. With trembling fingers Mr Passmore took it and touched the spring; the lid flew open, and there was the diamond.

(To be continued.)

FOOTFALLS FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

VERY often of late years have I thought with the writer of 'Uncanny Tales,' in the January number of *Chambers's Journal*, how 'what formerly was looked upon as the superstition of the ignorant is in this twentieth century made the research of scientific and cultured men and women;' and, further, how this change has led to another. There is no longer the same awe felt of the spirit-land and its inhabitants as was universal in former days, and which true faith in God could alone conquer. That we ourselves must shuffle off this mortal coil for the spiritual vestment, whatever it may be, is not now relegated to the dark corners of the mind; we think and speculate openly upon the change, while stronger and stronger grows the belief in the nearness of the unseen world and its inhabitants.

And yet I doubt if we shall ever know much more of this unseen world or the laws that govern it than we do of the starry worlds around us. Astronomy has made wondrous discoveries, but it cannot solve such problems as: Are they inhabited by living, thinking creatures? If so, are these subject to mortality? do they suffer? do they enjoy? do they pass to another world at the end of an appointed time? Is it to them that the words apply, 'Other sheep I have that are not of this fold: them also I must bring'? Or is there no other world in all the universe with such history as this earth of ours—the 'star of suffering'? Science gives no answer; but to its marvellous discoveries is due the daring attitude of man's mind to-day on all such points. We have ceased to wonder—to think anything impossible.

So it comes to pass that we are listening to the old wonder-stories which deal with the return of the dead from the shadow-land, the omens, the dreams, the presentiments, which a former generation held, or affected to hold, in scorn. Is this a retrograde movement, or simply a return to the primitive implanted spiritual sense, unerring as that of instinct to the animal, a sense lost in the artificial conditions of modern life?

So, some fifty years ago, thought a very remarkable personality, Stillman, then war correspondent for the *Times*, a man who left his mark alike on art and literature. In his book, *The Autobiography of a Journalist*, he tells of how the conviction grew upon him in the solitudes of a forest, still virgin, in the Hudson district, United States, that we are surrounded by spiritual beings waiting to guide us, did we but leave ourselves open to such guidance. Stillman only sought this solitary life in the forest for a few weeks, perhaps months—I have not the book at hand—and as relief and rest from arduous brain-work. He found in the forest an educated man who had chosen to live thus, and had abandoned civilised life for one of complete solitude. Stillman met him leaving the forest one day, his gun on his shoulder, his dog at his heels, in obedience, he told Stillman, to a voice which had twice desired him, the second time imperatively, to return home, where there was trouble. He had gone but a little farther when he met a messenger searching for him, with the news that his brother was dangerously ill and had sent for him.

It was necessary on one occasion that Stillman should be at a certain railway station to meet a friend whom it was important he should see. But the distance was great, and it was absolutely impossible for Stillman to reach the rendezvous in time, unless, indeed, he ventured to cross a thickly wooded and dangerous mountain. This he resolved to do, though warned that no one dared attempt it without a guide, even by day, and from the late hour at which the message reached him Stillman's journey must occupy many hours of the night. He set out, however, resolved not to reason or debate within himself as to his course, but to go on blindly. Only once in the darkness did he stop for a moment to doubt and speculate, taking a turn, which in a few seconds he retraced, feeling that he was now guiding himself. He had come to a certain point on the mountain marked by a peculiar configuration of the trees, regaining which he went forward without hesitation, saw the dawn break as he descended the mountain, and arrived footsore, weary, but in time for the meeting at the railway station. His statement that he had crossed the mountain by night and without a guide was disbelieved by the people of the district; afterwards when he knew better the perils of the way he was not surprised. The path on which he had turned back would, he subsequently found, have led him straight to the edge of a chasm over which he must have been dashed to pieces. His trust in invisible guidance was rewarded!

As I read this experience I recalled a passage from the work of a noted Scotch divine of the last century, on the 'angels which excel in strength [Ps. ciii.] working the will of God in the elements which they in their great strength bind or let loose.' Further, he quotes an old writer on the Apocalypse: 'Philosophists have dispeopled the world of intelligence by supposing that, because they see not spiritual agencies in the mechanical and chemical regions of nature which they examine, therefore there are no such intelligences. But because we cannot see beings whose property it is to be invisible, are there therefore no such beings? Not to see them is the very condition of their being. If we could see them, they were not. I believe out of this text that the main strength and force of things consisteth in their subjection to mighty angels who work the work under God. . . . I reverence tradition, and I find herein the most venerable traditions of men concurring, from the superstitions

of my native land, which people the waters and the earth and the woods and everything with invisible powers and agencies, up to those of the remotest antiquity of which we have any record.'

And why, indeed, should this belief in the unseen, these tales of the supernatural, come from every quarter of the globe, from all sorts and conditions of people, and through all ages, if there was nothing save imagination to account for them? Strangely enough, more seldom to the imaginative than to others, comes sight or sound from the spirit-land. So Tennyson has remarked, and observation verifies; while children, nearer to that land than we who have left the valley of childhood far behind, have sometimes the fear, always the belief, that unseen beings are near. It is an implanted instinct that exists, even though a Gradgrind tries to crush it down. Dickens drew this picture of a father who educated, or rather starved, his children's minds on 'facts' from what he saw around him. He feared the world would never emerge from its cult of materialism, but the primitive instinct is too strong. It is not so long since he wrote *Hard Times*, and now the intellectual value of folklore is acknowledged, the study of the supernatural has become a science.

What will be the next change? Is this gradual recognition of unseen powers and influences the beginning of an era in which the spiritual will take open precedence of the material, and much that is now hidden be revealed? The answer is not yet.

Here is another story of which there were many examples in 'Uncanny Tales': 'Several years ago a terrible explosion, involving the loss of many lives, occurred at the Udston Colliery in Lanarkshire. One of the miners had a wonderful escape. He was working at the "face" when he heard a voice distinctly say to him, "Go home." He could not imagine where the mysterious voice came from, but determined to obey the summons, and left his work and proceeded to his home. On the way he met a companion, who expressed his surprise at seeing him so early on his way home. He told of the mysterious warning he had got, and of his determination to obey it. Not long after he had reached his home the terrible explosion took place, and no doubt if he had remained at his work he would have perished.'

I grew up in the firm belief that no communication between this and the unseen world was possible save as by miracle and for a purpose, such as that which brought the spirit of her dead friend to Lady Beresford's bedside to tell her, in fulfilment of an old compact, that we do indeed live beyond the grave.

But there came a step upon the stairs one night as I sat alone in a large town-house which contained no one save the sick friend whom I was nursing, and a servant who had looked in an hour before to ask did I want anything, as she wended her way to bed at the top of the house. My friend was asleep, and I had retired to the little study at the back of the hall for an hour's reading and rest. I was absorbed in a book of great interest, when the sound of a heavy foot slowly ascending the back-stairs caught my ear. It was a sound 'where na sound should be,' and in an instant I conjectured that a burglar had hidden in the house, which, owing to my friend's sickness, had not been shut up, though the owner was away at the seaside with all her servants, save the one left here in charge. Heavily, step by step, the foot came on, stopping at last on the landing-place outside the room where I sat. I would not wish my worst enemy such a bad quarter of an hour as I spent imagining that the man was lying in wait to strike me down when I left the room. But delay only prolonged the agony, and after sitting for a while with my eyes fixed on the door, which was slightly ajar, I stepped out, holding my candlestick—and my head—high. The light revealed no lurking figure. No one was there! But as I passed on relieved, I knew that step had been no illusion of the senses.

As time went on this was not my solitary experience of strange and haunting sounds. Passing over many, I come to the one which impressed me most: a sudden awakening from sleep about midnight, in a country-house near the sea—an awakening caused by noises from the room beneath, which was the kitchen. It sounded as if a dance was going on; heavy, shuffling feet seemed to be pounding the floor in a kind of measure. I listened with growing anger, sure that it was a party surreptitiously given by the servants during the master's absence. I rose, dressed quickly, and went downstairs. The kitchen was on the same floor as the dining-room, study, and hall. When I reached the latter I had only to let myself out of it by one door and unlatch another which opened into the kitchen. As I put my hand on the latch the noise increased. It seemed as if the dancers were pushing and tumbling over the heavy kitchen furniture as they 'footed the floor.' I flung the door open, only to stare into vacancy. No riotous group was before me; neither chair nor table was displaced; the fire had been raked out. All was in order. I stood bewildered for a moment, then I crossed the kitchen hastily and went on to the servants' quarters, only to find the women peacefully sleeping, their clothes neatly folded on chairs beside their beds. I have said that the study was on the same floor as the kitchen, and here it was the master's habit to sit at night after I had retired. On mentioning the occurrence to him, I found he had had a similar experience, which he had not mentioned lest he should make me nervous. I was not nervous, however, but bewildered. It seemed so incredible that spiritual visitants could demean themselves thus, yet that they were not earthly I felt assured. Since then an incident in South Africa during the Matabele rebellion strengthened into assurance a gradually formed conviction that where evil deeds have been done, there evil spirits have power to enact them again, whether to disturb and frighten the living whom they may

not touch, or by some law of recurrence far beyond our ken. When I believed drunken orgies were going on in this house—a beautiful one in extensive grounds, but only rented for a time—I was not aware that similar scenes had often taken place there really, or that there was a hint of mysterious, perhaps violent, death connected with them.

Life was too full for me to dwell on such thoughts, and years passed without my reverting to them. Then the backwater came, and I found myself far from my old home and its associations, among strangers to whom I was practically unknown, save as a chance acquaintance whose way they were cheering for a few days by kindness and hospitality. Here it was that my strangest experience came.

I arrived late on a September evening, and was introduced to the sister of my hostess. I had heard of her as a medium, and soon after we were seated at dinner I questioned her on the subject, and found she had been lately in communication with a spirit on whose earthly antecedents she thought I might possibly throw light, as his name—extracted from him by a more powerful medium than herself—belonged to a family coming from the same part of Ireland as my own.

I was startled to find that the Christian names given by this spirit were the same as those of, and written in a peculiar fashion always adopted by, a former friend of mine some years dead. But he was the last being I could associate with this weird intercourse, and I said so, adding that there was another of the same family who, from his reckless career, was more likely to be a wandering spirit now, if such existed. This led to a discussion on the very different characters of the two men, in which I dwelt on the wit and powers of repartee possessed by one, his charm of manner and variable moods—all of which they asserted were found in 'Zol,' as the spirit chose to call himself—in contrast to the gloom and moroseness of the other. Why, as I analysed the two, I did not mention that one—he of the witty tongue—had been an intimate friend, I know not. Perhaps it was the consciousness that no one at table knew anything of me or my life save the barest outlines.

Dinner over, we adjourned to the drawing-room, and I gave a careless assent when asked if I should like to communicate with 'Zol.' I do not know what I expected; nothing real, certainly.

The mode of communication was this: The medium provided herself with long strips of ordinary paper and a pencil. She wrote a question, 'Are you glad to see ——?' Instantly the pencil in her hand moved, hurrying over the paper, which was torn in one or two places from the great pressure and rapidity of the motion. The medium looked astonished, and when at last her hand was permitted to stop she found it very difficult to decipher the message. 'Zol is not glad. He never wished to meet any of his own blood, and it adds to the pain to hear himself discussed and spoken ill of among perfect strangers.' 'I spoke no ill of you,' I said hastily; and indeed it was true. But I had alluded to a love of popularity which had been a sore subject with him in life. The pencil moved: 'You did,' it wrote; and then followed some remarks so satirical that they stung me as though uttered by a living presence. 'I know how clever you were,' I retorted; 'still, you never guessed that it was I who wrote'—— and I named verses which had roused a good many emotions in a certain coterie long years ago. The hand was shaken; the pencil flew. 'You wrote those verses! What a mass of deception you must have been!' A pause, and then, 'Making a fool of poor, good'—— here a name followed; it was that of one who had indeed made me his reluctant confidant and counsellor throughout the absurd commotion caused by verses which, though satirical, were utterly devoid of malice.

I will not attempt to record what followed, not only this evening, but during the two or three days of my stay. A great wonder was upon me. Things from the past were mentioned, some trivial, but perhaps for that very cause seeming to prove that I was verily in touch with the same being whose life for some years had crossed and recrossed mine, and been associated with many near and dear, gone likewise into the shadow-land. If so, it was hard to resist asking questions, solving doubts, correcting mistakes; but I could not. Yet I was conscious of knowing my former friend better than in the earth-days, while his remark the last time we held converse, 'I did not know you were made of such real sterling stuff before,' seemed as if he had the same consciousness.

One of the 'trivial' things which brought conviction to my mind was a reminiscence of a day in the long ago when he had warned me against prying into the mysteries of the unseen. Like a flash it came back: the great down on which I stood wishing to meet a gipsy, and expressing an ardent desire to look into the future. Well for me that it was hidden. I could feel again the salt breeze blowing from the English Channel, could see its waters shining in the bright sun that May morning, and myself as I was then, through the gulf of years. Yes, I remembered. 'I warned you,' the writing continued, 'when I knew nothing of the spirit-world. A thousand times more earnestly I warn you now that I do. It is playing with fire.'

There was much more, but this is enough of a very unexpected episode, the effect of which has been to make me realise strongly the close connection between this and the unseen world around us. The old idea—that the one had little practical bearing on the other; that we should forget the deepest love, the stormiest emotions, the joys and sorrows alike through which we have lived in our earthly span—thus rendering them purposeless—this has passed away. And life has grown more earnest, more interesting, with the thought of its being carried on before a great cloud of witnesses, of the continuity of the individual character as one by one we pass

into the spirit-land. 'Those who have left us,' writes Mrs Oliphant, 'cannot start up at once into a heartless beatitude without caring for our sorrow. God who is Love cannot give immortality and annihilate affection. As sure as they live, they live to love us.'

My experiences of the unseen seem inconclusive enough; but they are true, they are my own, and I pass them on to others in the hope that some one else may be moved to tell of footfalls from another world which he too may have caught in his passage through this.

PIERRE MAZET OF THE GRAND ARMY.

By W. D. Gray.

'YOU want a story? Oh yes, it is true, I have many stories; but to-day, see you, I feel sad. Old age, messieurs, old age. I am over eighty, and at that time of life, even to a soldier of Napoleon, there comes a feeling that he has lived quite long enough. Yes, I feel sad this morning—sad and very old.'

The speaker sighed wearily, and, resting his hands upon the knob of his stick, raised himself upon his seat. He was, as he had said, an old man, dressed in the uniform of the Invalides. His face, once deeply bronzed, had now faded to a dull-yellow tint, and was covered with a network of fine wrinkles. His hair and moustache were snow-white, and, combined with his black eyes and huge eagle nose, even now gave him a striking appearance. On his left cheek was a long, narrow scar from the sabre-cut of a German hussar at Auerstadt. On his breast was the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

His listeners were a couple of young Frenchmen dressed in the fashion of the fifties, with waxed moustaches and imperials. It was a bright spring afternoon, and the sun shone down joyously on the beautiful gardens. The three were sitting round a small table in the open air, whilst all around were children laughing, shouting, and playing games, filled to the brim with the joy of life. The air was laden with the scent of flowers, birds were singing in every tree, and from some distance came the faint music of a band. Behind all rose the dull rumble of Paris.

The old Invalide looked around him solemnly, and slowly shook his head. 'It is all very pretty, eh?' he said. 'But I have nearly finished with it. Well, I have lived my life, and the Emperor is dead, so it does not much matter. To think that it is thirty-four years since he died upon that accursed island—thirty-four years! Thunder! one would say that it was indeed time I died myself. But about a story, eh?'

'Yes, sergeant,' said one of the young gentlemen eagerly, 'let us have a story. And cheer up, *mon vieux;* cheer up! You are not going to die yet; and, after all, if your Emperor is dead, we have another Napoleon over us again, as good as yours, I dare say.'

The old man smiled gently and shook his head. 'Napoleon III. is very well, messieurs,' he said, 'but he is not *my* Emperor. Ah! if you had seen *him* in the campaign of France, for instance, when all Europe fought against us, you would not speak of this one. And if you want a story, there was something happened in that campaign of France which I can still remember with pride.'

He produced a long curved pipe, filled it with trembling fingers, and began his tale.

'It happened at Troyes, in Champagne, in the February of '14. I was born near there. My father had been in the service of a great seigneur who owned much land in the neighbourhood. He was a fine-looking man that seigneur—ah! very fine-looking—tall and slight, graceful in bearing, with dark, piercing eyes—an aristocrat all over. When I was fourteen years old my father got me a post as stable-boy at his château. I assure you I was proud to be able to say I served the Marquis de Villeroy. I do not think I was any happier when the Emperor gave me the Cross after Auerstadt than I was on the day when I came home to our little farm and told them the Marquis had spoken to me. Name of God, how long ago it all seems!

'There arrived the Revolution. In our part of the country, at first, it did not seem to make much difference; all went on as usual. After a little time, however, the peasants began to discover that they had been badly treated. People came from Paris to stir them up. They commenced to make disturbances. There came a day when my father would not allow me to go to my work at the château. He said angrily, "I will not permit you to serve a cursed aristocrat." Some time after I saw from my room one evening a great light in the sky. In the morning they told me it was the Marquis's château which had been set on fire. It burned for three days. The Marquis himself had escaped to England with his wife, and the peasants were all very angry about it. You see, they had wanted to kill him. But he would have taken some killing, the Marquis. A brave man—yes, a very fine man, aristocrat or no aristocrat.'

The veteran puffed vigorously at his pipe for a few moments and then went on.

'Well, I was, as I told you, very young at that time, and I did not understand the politics of the country. All I knew was that there were great tumults and excitements, and that I had no regular work to do. And truly that is all I understand to this day. A strange thing that Revolution, eh?

'I grew up. In 1794—no, 1795—I was taken for the conscription. I was glad to go. I was young, you see, and I had dreams. I imagined myself a general in five years. I pictured myself returning to our cottage in a fine uniform covered with gold lace, a sword by my side, all my acquaintances envying me. Thunder, how young I was!

'I said good-bye to my father and mother, and departed for my career as a soldier, which was to last for nearly twenty years. I never saw my parents again; when I returned after Marengo they had both died. Rivoli was my first battle. I was in the hussars then; afterwards I was transferred to the chasseurs.

'It was at Rivoli I first saw the Emperor. He was very beautiful when he was young; thin, keen, with long hair and wonderful eyes—very terrible eyes when he was angry. You have seen pictures of him as he was in those days? Yes; but you never saw him on the battlefield. No, no, it is impossible that you should understand. I went with him all over Europe. We entered all the capitals in turn—Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Moscow. I was made corporal after Austerlitz and sergeant after Auerstadt. Then I had to learn to read, and I found it difficult. But I persevered, and now I am very glad, for I can read about the Emperor.

'I have learnt all about his campaigns and how he won his victories. You see, when you have taken part in them yourself it is very interesting. I believe I took part in most of them, messieurs—Rivoli, the Pyramids, Marengo, Austerlitz, Auerstadt, Eylau, Friedland, Wagram; yes, and many others, all great victories.

'Then came the Russian campaign. I was one of the few who went all through it and returned unhurt, not even frost-bitten. There are not many who can say that, messieurs—no, not many. Not even frost-bitten, I tell you! I was indeed lucky. It was after this campaign that things began to go against us. They called up thousands of young conscripts to take the place of those we had left behind on the snowfields. Of course, these boys did well; they were Frenchmen, but they were not the men of Austerlitz and Jena. And at Leipzig, where we seemed to be fighting all the nations of Europe, we were beaten and had to retreat. They were three to one, you understand, and those cursed Saxons left us in the middle of it and deserted to the enemy.

'Then came the campaign of France. It was a terrible business that. I do not care to talk much about it. We were in France now, you see, and it was our own countrymen who suffered all the hardships of war. It made me think a little; I began to understand why the Germans hated us so much.

'We entered Troyes early in February, after having been driven from La Rothière by Schwarzenburg and that old devil Blücher. Things were not looking very bright, for we were exhausted and hungry, almost starving. The Emperor, too, was very angry, and went about all day without uttering a word. We stopped at Troyes some time to rest and reorganise ourselves. I cannot tell you how strange it seemed to me to have come back, after so many years, to the place where I had been born and spent my childhood. I got leave to go about and make visits, but it nearly made me weep. I went to our old farm. Of course I knew my parents had died long before, although I hoped they would be remembered. But no, the people of the house had never heard of the Mazets; they seemed to think I was lying when I told them I had once lived there, and before I had finished they shut the door upon me. I stood before it and raged; I could have hacked it to pieces with my sabre. But what would have been the use? They knew no better. When I grew calm I recognised this, and went away quietly. It was the same everywhere: no one remembered me; all were strangers. I met only three people who had known my parents, and they had forgotten all about me. Finally, I gave it up in despair. Still, the surrounding country had not changed much, and I made little visits to all the places I used to frequent when a boy—to the river where I used to bathe, to the wood where I used to search for birds' nests, to the place where I had once seen a wolf, and many others. It seemed centuries since I had been there, and yet I was only forty. But one lived one's life in the Grand Army—thousand thunders, one lived one's life!

'I was returning to the town one evening from one of my little excursions, and as I entered the principal street there passed by me a section of the Old Guard in full uniform, with fixed bayonets. In the middle of them, well guarded, was a gray-haired, elderly man, erect, bright-eyed, his aspect contemptuous and defiant. Behind the soldiers came a straggling crowd of people, many of them women. I stood still and watched the Guardsmen go by, wondering what was the matter. As they passed, the prisoner shot a quick glance at me and our eyes met. It was the Marquis!

'I think it was the greatest surprise of my life. I stood still, looking after them, my mouth open, my mind in a whirl. It was over twenty years since I had seen him, but I should have known him among a thousand. He did not recognise me, naturally. When he had last seen me I was a boy; now I was a veteran, grizzled, sunburnt, broken with twenty years' sufferings and hardships.

'I walked slowly back to the house where I was billeted. They were very good people who lived there. They had lost their son at Hanau. I shall always remember their kindness. I spoke to them about seeing the Marquis, and found that they had heard all about him. I should have known it myself if I had stayed in the town instead of taking my walk.

'It appears that the Marquis had arrived at Troyes after Leipzig. He thought that the Emperor's day was over, and that the Bourbons would soon be coming back. So he returned to the land

which had once been his, and which he hoped would soon be his again. He endeavoured to make himself popular amongst the people, and he succeeded, for many of them were growing tired of the Emperor. Yes, some of them even wanted the Bourbons back again. Heavens! can you imagine such a thing? But one can hardly blame the Marquis, eh? No, no, of course not. He was, as I said, a fine man; but all the same he was an aristocrat.

'When the Emperor entered Troyes, so my friends went on to tell me, he discovered a royalist plot directed against himself—against his life, in fact. The head conspirator was an aristocrat named D'Aché—Gaston d'Aché. He had had estates in the neighbourhood, and had known the Marquis. Like him he had fled to England at the outbreak of the Revolution. Also, he had been a friend of the Duc d'Enghien. For that reason alone he hated the Emperor, and spent all his time plotting against him. He came back to Troyes soon after the Marquis. When the Emperor also arrived at Troyes this D'Aché went on with his plots; he went further—he plotted an assassination. A villain, messieurs; a true villain! Well, he was, of course, found out—what could he do against the Emperor?—but he managed to make his escape just in time. He left behind him letters and papers which made it appear that the Marquis had taken part in the plot. What these papers were my friends could not tell me, but it seems they made things look very black for my old master. Now, messieurs, at that time I would have staked my life on his innocence; yes, and after forty years I would still do the same. He could never have done a thing like that, you understand. He was—what is the word?—incapable of it. An aristocrat, do you see—a true aristocrat, a man of honour. It was impossible that he should have soiled his hands with such a thing. It was my idea that D'Aché had left those papers about purposely because the Marquis used to speak very contemptuously about his absurd plotting while they were in England. However, to cut the matter short, the Emperor did not think as I did. He was angry with everybody at that time, so he had the Marquis tried by court-martial. He was found guilty, and that very afternoon had been sentenced to be shot the following day.

'I cannot tell you how this story disturbed me. All my boyhood rushed back upon me again. I recalled the years I had spent at the château. I remembered the kind words the Marquis had spoken to me, and his grand appearance as he rode on horseback through the gates, flicking his riding-switch and looking smilingly around him. I remembered how at that time I had thought him the most splendid man in all France. (Of course, messieurs, you understand that this was before I saw the Emperor.) Yes, it all came back to me: his fine clothes, his bright eyes, his proud face. And now he was sentenced to be shot.

'I felt I could not sit still and smoke a pipe with the master of the house, as was my custom; I was too—too upset. I put on my greatcoat, and buckling on my sabre, went out into the streets. It was a sad, dismal night, cold, with a thin rain falling. The wine-shops were, as usual, full of soldiers, and all seemed to be the same. This affected me more than anything. It seemed horrible that no one should care, that few should even speak of the Marquis—my Marquis—who was to be shot in the morning.

'I wandered slowly along, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. I passed comrades who spoke to me and shouted after me; I did not notice them. My mind was full of my boyhood. And at last I formed a great resolution. I would try to speak to the Emperor! Yes, I would go to him—I, Sergeant Mazet of the Fortieth Chasseurs—and tell him all I knew of the Marquis, and ask for his pardon. Messieurs, I have been called a brave man; I have served for nearly twenty years, I have received seven wounds, and been in fifteen great battles, but when I look back upon my life it is that resolution of which I am most proud.

'But it was getting late. The Emperor had his headquarters at a large house in the centre of the town, and I walked swiftly towards it, not giving myself time to think. However, when I arrived my courage seemed to ooze away. The place was lighted up; people were constantly passing in and out—officers and generals in their great hats. It frightened me. I walked around disconsolately, not daring to approach the doorway. There was, of course, a sentry before the entrance, and at a glance I saw that I knew him. He was Jean Barsou, one of the Old Guard. I had a sudden thought, and as he came to the end of his beat farthest from the house I stepped softly up behind him and whispered his name.

'He turned round instantly, his bayonet at the ready; then, recognising me, gave a gasp of astonishment.

'"You, Sergeant Mazet!" he exclaimed. "Why, what are you doing here?"

'"I wish to see the Emperor," I said quietly.

'He nearly let fall his musket. "You wish to see the Emperor?" he repeated. "Name of a pipe! I wonder what you will say next. And what do you wish to see him about? Is he going to make you a Marshal of France, *hein?*"

'"No," I replied seriously; "but I wish to see him on a very important affair."

'He looked at me for a moment, then burst out laughing. "*Diable!* you are a cool one, sergeant," he said, "with your important affair. But you cannot see him to-night. He has gone to bed, my friend."

'"Gone to bed!" I exclaimed.

'"Why, yes," said Barsou, laughing again. "He must sleep as well as other men, you see. Call in the morning, sergeant; call in the morning, and we will see what we can do for you. Hist! here comes my relief. You must leave me."

'He shouldered his musket and walked off along his beat, still chuckling to himself.

'I was stupefied. I freely confess I did not feel equal to asking the Emperor to get up in order to have an interview with me, a sergeant of chasseurs. But I would come in the morning as Barsou had told me. He thought it very amusing, but he should see that I was in earnest.

'I walked home to my good friend's house, but I never went to sleep all that night for fear I should not wake up in time. I spent the hours in pacing to and fro, trying to think what I should say to the Emperor. It seemed that dawn would never come. At last a gray light appeared in the east and a cold morning breeze sprang up. Then the sun rose, and soon after I heard bugles sounding the *réveille*. It was time; for the Emperor, as I was glad to remember, was a very early riser.

'I arranged my uniform as best I could, and once more walked towards his quarters. This time I avoided the sentry and went straight up to the entrance. A staff-officer at once stepped out and confronted me. He was a tall young man, dressed in a very brilliant uniform for a campaign, and had a haughty manner.

'"What do you want here?" he asked angrily.

'I saluted. "I wish to see the Emperor, monsieur," I replied as composedly as I could. He was not amused as Barsou had been, but immediately flew into a passion.

'"You impudent rascal!" he cried, "I will teach you to play your jokes here. Is all discipline at an end? I will have you arrested, my fine fellow, and"——

'I ventured to interrupt him. "Pardon, monsieur," I said. "I do not joke. I wish to see the Emperor on an affair of great importance."

'He glared at me again. "You old fool," he exclaimed, "do you suppose that the Emperor spends his time in seeing sergeants of chasseurs? You will"——

'"What is this, Captain Lefranc?" said a sharp voice behind us.

'The officer turned round as if he had been shot, and sprang to the salute.

'It was the Emperor. He had come out into the passage from a room on one side of it. He was bareheaded, and wore his usual uniform of the Chasseurs of the Guards. In one hand he carried some papers. His face was pale, and he seemed a little weary. I had not seen him so closely since Borodino, and I noticed he had grown stouter. Otherwise he looked just the same.

'"Well, sir," he repeated, more sharply than before, "are you dumb? What is the meaning of this disturbance?"

'"Pardon, sire," stammered the officer in great agitation, "it is this sergeant. He says he desires to see you on an affair of great importance. I was endeavouring to point out to him the absurdity of his request when your Majesty intervened."

'"Indeed!" cried the Emperor in a strident tone. "You consider his request absurd, do you? How long have you been on my staff?"

'"Six weeks, sire," answered the captain.

'"You are on it no longer," said the Emperor curtly. "You will return to your regiment to-morrow."

'He turned upon me suddenly and gave me a glance that seemed to go through me like a bayonet. "You say you wish to see me upon a matter of importance?" he asked.

'"Yes, sire," I replied.

'"I will hear you," said the Emperor. "Go into that room.—Captain Lefranc, you will guard the door and prevent any one from entering."

'He went into the room. I followed him. It was quite small and bare. There was a little table in the middle almost entirely covered with papers, despatches, and books. A wood-fire burned on the hearth. There was no one present save ourselves, but from another apartment came a low murmur of voices.

'I did not have much time to take in these details, for the Emperor turned upon me again where I stood at attention. His face was softened, and the anger had quite faded from his eyes.

'"I know your face, sergeant," he said with a smile. "Where have I seen you before?"

'"You spoke to me after Auerstadt, sire," I answered, "and again after Borodino."

'"Auerstadt?" said the Emperor questioningly. "Ah! I recollect. It was there I gave you the Cross. Your name is Mazet?"

'"Yes, sire," I replied.

'"Of course," he went on, "I remember you perfectly. I gave you your medal for saving a battery of the Flying Artillery. You led a charge when your officer was wounded. You have served me since Rivoli, I believe. It would be a pretty thing if a man like you were kept from seeing me by that young fool, Captain Lefranc."

'I could not speak, messieurs. I could only salute. The tears ran down my cheeks. The Emperor observed my agitation, and, to give me time to compose myself, seated himself at the table and looked at some papers. Presently he glanced at me and saw that I had recovered.

'"Well, sergeant," he said, "what is it you wish to speak to me about?"

'And so I began. I told him everything: how I had served the Marquis as a boy; how I had admired him; how I had come back after twenty years and found him under arrest. Then I told him how I had heard the details of the case. I told him what I knew about D'Aché and his dislike for the Marquis, and of my suspicions that the papers had been left behind purposely in order to incriminate him. I assured the Emperor that my old master could never have taken part in a disgraceful plot; that he was a man of honour; that he could not have known of D'Aché's intentions. And, finally, I begged for his pardon. But my heart grew heavier and heavier as I went on, for the Emperor's face gradually hardened,

and when I had finished he even appeared to be angry.

'"Tut, sergeant!" he said impatiently, "that is all very well; but you must allow me to know my own business best. This man has been proved to be guilty, and he must suffer for it. However, I am glad to have seen you again. I shall need more men like you during the next few weeks."

'At another time I should have been overjoyed to be addressed in such terms by the greatest man on earth; but then I could only think of the Marquis. I had the hardihood to plead for him again. I told the Emperor how I loved him. I even asked that he might be spared for the sake of an old soldier who had served his Emperor for twenty years. Yes, messieurs, I used those very words. And, finally, I told him how all the country-people had grown to like the Marquis again, and how grieved they would be if he were shot.

'As I said this the Emperor turned upon me like a flash. His eyes pierced me through and through.

'"You are speaking the truth?" he demanded imperiously.'

At this point one of the sergeant's listeners made an impatient gesture.

The veteran looked at him from under his shaggy eyebrows. 'Did monsieur speak?' he asked coldly.

'No,' said the young man. 'No, no. I was only thinking that the Emperor—— But never mind, sergeant. Go on.'

The old man glared at him again in an angry manner, then shrugged his shoulders. 'I do not understand you, monsieur,' he said, 'but it does not matter. I will continue my story.

'"You are speaking the truth?" said the Emperor.

'"Yes, sire," I replied tremblingly. "I swear it is the truth. They will be deeply grieved."

'He rose from his chair and began to pace the room, his hands clasped behind his back, apparently thinking deeply. I kept my eyes fixed upon his face in an agony of suspense. Presently he raised his head as if he had made his decision, and saw me looking at him.

'"Well, sergeant," he said, smiling again, "you have conquered. This is your Austerlitz, my friend. I will pardon your Marquis if there is still time."

'He glanced at the clock, and raising his voice, called out, "Captain Lefranc."

'The officer entered the room. His face was quite white, as if he expected a fresh outburst.

"Let the best horse in the stables be saddled immediately for this sergeant," ordered the Emperor.

'The captain vanished. I fell to my knees and tried to stammer out some thanks.

'"Get up, man," said the Emperor impatiently; "you have no time for such nonsense." He went to the table and wrote a few words upon a slip of paper. "Here is his pardon. He was to have been shot at eight o'clock in the open space beyond the Grenadiers' camp. You have only just time to reach it, I tell you. Go at once."

'I got to my feet, saluted, and left the room. And that was the last time I spoke to my Emperor face to face—the very last time.

'At the entrance I found the captain and some grooms awaiting me with a magnificent bay horse. I sprang into the saddle and began my ride.

'*Mon Dieu*, that ride! I can still remember it. The sparks flew from the cobble-stones as I tore down the streets; the children ran away screaming; the people shouted after me. On I went. Presently I left the houses behind and came to the fields. Then the camp appeared before me, and in a second I was in it. The wind whistled past my ears, for a moment the smoke from the cooking-fires blinded me, I swerved to avoid an infantry battalion at drill, and then I was through and in the open again. I mounted a little hill, my horse panting under me, and as I reached the crest I saw below a line of Grenadiers with a man facing them, his hands tied behind his back. I groaned, drove my spurs home, and thundered down the slope. I heard a word of command, and the soldiers brought their muskets to their shoulders.

'I stood up in my stirrups and waved my paper in the air.

'"Stop!" I screamed frantically. "I have the Emperor's pardon!"

'I had a good voice in those days, messieurs, and I was heard. They lowered their guns involuntarily, and their officer turned to look at me. I gave a gasp of relief, and reining in my horse, cantered up to him.

'"Here is the pardon, monsieur," I cried.

'The officer glanced through it and nodded his head.

'"Quite correct, sergeant," he said, "though it seems strange that—— However, we must not question the Emperor's orders. Let the prisoner be released."

'"May I be permitted to free him, monsieur?" I asked.

'"Certainly, if you wish it, sergeant," he replied.

'I dismounted and walked up to the Marquis, who had not said a word.

'I drew my sabre and cut his bonds. Immediately he stretched himself and smiled.

'"I thank you, monsieur," he said simply. "You were just in time. Another moment, and then"—— He shrugged his shoulders, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, produced his gold snuff-box and held it out to me. "Will you so far honour me?" he said with his grand air.

'A true aristocrat, messieurs; ay, a man of iron!

'I looked at him for a moment. Save that his face had a few wrinkles and that his hair was gray, he was the same as ever. His eyes were as bright, his figure as erect, his voice as courteous, his dress as rich and magnificent, as ever. I suddenly remembered that for the Marquis to offer his snuff-box to an acquaintance was the greatest honour he

could pay him. I took a pinch with trembling fingers, and then could contain myself no longer.

'"Do you not remember me, Monsieur le Marquis?" I asked pitifully. "Do you not remember young Mazet, who was once in your service?"

'He stared and looked at me questioningly. "*Ciel*, surely not Pierre Mazet!" he exclaimed. "It is not possible."

'"Yes, Monsieur le Marquis, it *is* Pierre Mazet," I replied joyfully.

'He put his snuff-box back in his pocket. "Young Pierre Mazet!" he muttered to himself, "and he has saved my life!" He was silent for a moment, then he stretched out his arms.

'"My friend," he said gravely, "will you embrace me?"'

The veteran stopped and wiped his eyes. He suddenly seemed very weak and old.

'That is the story, messieurs,' he said.

No one spoke for a few moments. 'Thank you, sergeant,' said one of the young men at length; 'thank you. It is certainly a story which is creditable to your Emperor, but it is even more creditable to you yourself.'

'You are very kind, monsieur,' said the old man. He raised himself up again and drew a deep breath. 'Yes, I who speak to you, this old dotard, I have had a private audience with the Emperor, and I have been embraced by a Marquis of France!'

He rose slowly to his feet and leaned upon his stick. 'Yes, I lived in those days, messieurs. I was alive forty years ago—alive! alive! And now? Ah, well—he is dead—he died upon that island thirty-four years ago; and the Marquis is dead; and, the good God be thanked! I shall soon follow them. You were kind to listen to an old man so patiently. Adieu, messieurs—adieu.'

ACCIDENT INSURANCE BY COUPON.

By R. S. Smyth.

FOR the last twenty or five-and-twenty years a number of newspapers, magazines, and other publications, with the view of increasing their circulation, have offered an inducement to their subscribers in the form of free accident insurance. The subscribing to or purchasing of a copy of their publication insures a given sum varying from one hundred pounds to two thousand pounds at death by accident in connection mainly with railway travelling; and the publication itself, obtainable at the usual price, is stated to be an insurance policy for a week or other stated period. The announcements of this system of insurance take many forms; and, being written by experts in advertisement composition, are, as might be expected, both ingenious and attractive. While it is not alleged that they contain any misrepresentation, intentional or otherwise, it may, I think, be reasonably held that some of them are decidedly misleading. But—whether from this cause or (what is equally likely) that neither the advertisement nor the published conditions of the insurance are carefully read by the great majority of the public—the fact remains that a good deal of misapprehension exists as to the conditions and the value of the offered boon. It is a true saying that not much value is attached to what costs one nothing, and in the present case this may account for the indifference and consequent absence of knowledge that largely prevail. Indeed, the neglect to scrutinise the conditions on which such insurance—got practically for nothing—is offered is not much to be wondered at, seeing that in the case of fire insurance policies, for which large premiums are paid, and even of life policies with still larger premiums, many persons fail to read the conditions as carefully as they ought, or perhaps to read them at all, with the result that when a claim arises they sometimes make surprising discoveries—or they are made for them—discoveries which are often not to their liking and less to their advantage.

There are, it is believed, only one or two publications whose conditions of insurance are exceptional from the fact that they impose less restrictions as to the cause of fatal accidents. They will pay in the event of death being caused by a 'railway accident;' but the conditions of the other publications are not so liberal. The term 'railway accident' is a general one and of wide application, and in its comprehensiveness practically includes every accident occurring on a railway. Certainly by these one or two publications a liberal interpretation is applied and acted on, and no doubt this liberality has been found advantageous from an advertisement point of view. In the case of all other publications, however, so far as has been observed, the conditions stipulate strictly that compensation will be given only when death has been caused by an accident, not to the individual, but to 'the train, tram, steamer, or other public conveyance by which the person had been travelling as a ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger.'

Now, when the number and variety of the risks of accident to which travellers are exposed, apart from those to trains or other public conveyances, are considered, and the fact that none of these are covered by this 'coupon insurance,' it will be seen that the value of the offered boon is very much less than is generally supposed. As regards its actual value, and the benefits to the community that this mode of insurance confers, it will be interesting to know, as ascertained from the Board of Trade

returns, that in the year 1904 the entire number of persons in the United Kingdom—excluding railway employés, to whom the system does not apply—who were killed by accidents to trains was only six, while in 1905 the number was thirty-nine. This gives an average of twenty-two and a half per year out of a population of forty-two millions!

While it is true that all these forty-two millions of persons were not travelling, it is, on the other hand, equally true that probably only a very small proportion of those fatally injured were insured by the coupon system. In view of this low average, it is not surprising the late John Bright said that a railway carriage was one of the safest places in the world. During the same years the number of travellers (except railway servants) who were fatally injured by accidents other than those to trains—such as falling between carriages and platform, or on to platform, getting into or alighting from trains, passing over line at stations, or falling out of carriages during travelling of trains—was one hundred and nine in each year. But, except by the terms of one or two publications already referred to, the coupon system did not apply to any of these persons, and no claim in consequence of their death would have been entertained. To illustrate this, one case of accident known to the writer may be mentioned. It is that of a gentleman who was a passenger on a small river or loch steamer. He was permitted to stand on the bridge, and was over at the end near the paddle-box. Each end of the bridge was formed by a movable iron rod or bar having a bent end which dropped into an eye or slot at the opposite side. The gentleman was leaning against this rod, but it had been either defectively made or was unduly worn by over-use, and on the vessel rolling rather heavily it gave way and he fell overboard and was drowned. He had been a subscriber to a publication that offered 'Free Insurance, £1000,' and a claim was therefore made for this amount. His executors were informed that as the accident was not to the steamer the claim could not be entertained. It was then urged that as the iron rod was defective—this was admitted by the steamboat company—the accident should be considered as having been to, or caused by, the steamer, and that consequently the money should be paid. This view was, however, repudiated and all liability was denied. Counsel's opinion was taken; but in view of the obvious uncertainty of the result the adoption of legal proceedings was not advised, and so the matter ended.

In regard to such cases as this, and also the allusion at the commencement of this paper to the misleading nature of some of the announcements relating to this form of insurance, I have before me a newspaper, in a prominent position of which the following is stated in large type: 'The current number of this paper is a free railway accident life insurance policy;' and an advertisement of a certain insurance company appearing in another part of the paper, but to which no reference is made, announces that 'the coupon insurance tickets of —— [name of paper] have been specially re-insured with the —— Company, to whom, on behalf of the proprietors, notice of claims under the following conditions must be sent within seven days of accident.' The only 'conditions' mentioned, however, are that the coupon—which presumably must be signed, as space has been left for the signature, 'must not be cut out but left intact in the —— [name of paper], as that, being dated, forms the only evidence of its currency.' This is all the information given, and it will be seen that there is no restriction as to the nature of the 'railway' accident or how caused; in fact, the presumption is that compensation would be given in the case of *any* fatal accident occurring on a railway. Although satisfied this was not so, and that the suppressed conditions were of the usual kind, I wrote to the manager of the company, pointing out the absence of the conditions, and asking what they were. In order, also, that a definite statement as to two frequent causes of accidents to railway travellers might be given, he was also asked whether in the case of a person who on entering a carriage as a train was about to start fell between the carriage and the platform with a fatal result, or who while necessarily passing over a level crossing was killed, would the company pay? The manager replied that the coupon covered fatal injury caused only by an accident to a train, and that in neither of the cases mentioned would compensation be given. He added that he would write to the proprietors of the newspaper regarding the suppression of the conditions.

Another publication before me announces in large type on its first page, '£2000 Railway Insurance.' It does not, like the newspaper above referred to, say railway *accident* insurance, but doubtless that is what it is intended shall be inferred. In an inside page, however, the conditions, printed in very small type, show that the fatal results insured against must be caused by an accident to the train, not to the individual. Now, as regards such offers of compensation for 'railway' accidents, the question arises how far the publishers making them could not be compelled by law to compensate for accidents on railways other than those to trains. The literal meaning of the term 'railway accident' is an accident occurring on a railway. But an accident to whom? Not to a train obviously, as it is not trains that are to be compensated; therefore the compensation must be to passengers, and when a person is killed by one of the many accidents occurring on railways other than train accidents, surely a claim could be successfully established. It is believed that an intelligent and impartial jury would have little hesitation in arriving at this conclusion.

But, meagre though the benefit of this kind of insurance has been shown to be, the conditions with which the system is hedged about are not lacking in either number or variety. Many are doubtless necessary; but the object of several seems to be to

safeguard the publishers or the companies guaranteeing the payment of the coupons rather than to serve the persons proposed to be benefited. As an instance of this safeguarding, one publication that advertises a '£500 Insurance Coupon' goes so far as to give the following notice: 'The insertion of this coupon implies no liability on the part of the publishers. All claims and correspondence relative thereto should be sent to the insurance company at ——, and must be accompanied by one penny stamp to cover postage of reply'! A number of the conditions are common to all: such as the signing of the coupon in the publication in which it appears, giving notice of accident within periods varying, according to the different publications, from three to fourteen days of its occurrence; and as regards the interval between the date of accident and a fatal result, the liability in some cases entirely ceases if death should not take place within twenty-eight days; in others ninety days are allowed. To these conditions, so long as they are clearly set forth, no objection can be urged; but there are others that seem somewhat unreasonable. It is required, for instance, that satisfactory proof of ownership of the publication bearing the coupon shall be given. As this condition is imposed in addition to that requiring that the coupon shall bear the signature—easily capable of being proved—of the fatally injured person, apparently something more is required. It would at least be open to the publishers or the insurance company to call for further evidence—a privilege of which at least some insurance companies would not be slow to avail themselves; and it can be readily conceived that it might be most difficult to furnish such evidence. Indeed, in the case of accidents immediately fatal, it would often be quite impossible for the friends to prove the ownership of the publication found on the person of the deceased.

Then, in order to prevent the necessity for the signing week by week of coupons in publications subscribed for, it is necessary to have the subscriber's name registered at the insurance company's head office. For this a small fee is charged. It is necessary, also, that the publisher's or newsagent's receipt for the subscription, paid in advance, should be enclosed. How many persons pay for their newspapers or magazines in advance? In some cases, too, the signing of the coupon in every issue of the publication is insisted on notwithstanding that the above registration has been effected; but there is in these cases the gratifying concession that the publication may be left at home! While pencil signatures are by some publications permitted, others insist on signatures being in ink, the latter often most difficult for travellers to obtain.

While, of course, the public are not concerned as to the terms paid by the publishers to insurance companies for guaranteeing the coupons, it may be interesting to know that they are regulated by the extent of each publication's circulation—payment being made per thousand. Some idea of the rate may be formed from the fact that in one case known to the writer—the publication is not a very important one, certainly—the insurance company considers it is sufficiently remunerated by a free insertion of its advertisement. That, at least, is what it has agreed to accept, and in view of the safeguarding that has been shown, and of the very low average of deaths, probably the remuneration is ample for the risk incurred.

It is not contended that the system does not possess any advantages. The one or two publications that adopt and act on a liberal, and what is obviously the correct, interpretation of the term 'railway accident' have paid in the aggregate many thousands of pounds; but it is to be remembered that the payment in individual cases is limited by these publications to only one hundred pounds. For habitual travellers, however, who desire insurances for a larger amount, and who will pay their subscriptions in advance and have their names registered as explained, the plan affords an inexpensive means of covering the risk of death from accident to trains or other public conveyances; indeed, there have been one or two cases in which two thousand pounds, and several in which one thousand pounds, were paid. But in view especially of the Board of Trade returns which have been quoted, it is evident that such payments are for the few, not the many, the numbers that might have benefited being infinitesimal as compared with the population. Apart from this, however, it is believed that many of the facts stated in this paper are not generally known, and that the information it contains will not be unacceptable to those persons who may contemplate using the system, or to others who, already using it, are doing so under more or less misapprehension.

ST ANDREWS.

St Andrews by the Northern Sea,
A haunted town that is to me.
ANDREW LANG.

A shining sweep of yellow sand,
A foam-flecked sea of gray,
The crimson glow upon the land,
The blue hills far away.

The great gray walls, the ghostly spires,
The soft mist rising far,
The paling glow of sunset fires,
A solitary star.

The splendours of the sunset die
On headland, burn, and lea;
The silver clouds reflected lie
Far out across the sea;

And over all the deep'ning gloom
And length'ning shadows fall,
On broken tower, deserted tomb,
On ruined arch and wall.

They clothe the land in sombre gray,
They dim the crimson west;
The darkness falls upon the bay,
The great world sinks to rest!
TOM QUAD.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

NOËL.

By JULIAN KINGSTEAD.

THEY had let me off early on Friday—the Friday before Christmas. I had put up my luggage at Paddington; and as there were some three hours before the train left—which my uncle was to meet at the other end—I spent my time a-Christmasing from the Bank to Chancery Lane.

Do you remember how Bob Cratchit, having escaped the clutches of old Scrooge, ran all the way to St Paul's and went down a slide on Cornhill? They say the good old English Christmas died with Dickens! Go down by King Lud to-day, old pessimist—go there a few days before Christmas, and see for yourself the truth. True, there are no slides—and hard luck on good, loyal citizens if there were; but they hang the turkeys up at the poulterers' still, there are almanacs and cards in the shop-windows opposite, and lay-figures out in a cotton-wool snowstorm at the big emporium at the corner. See the crowds walking, running, jostling, squeezing: fathers loaded with heavy parcels, chocolates, dates, fruits, and comfits; mothers, brothers, and sisters gazing into the shop-windows, and children watching with beaming faces and open mouths the toy motor-buses and dying roosters; there are hawkers on this side of the street, hawkers on that; there are curly-wiggly snakes and white mice; there are views of London and maps of the world; ay, and holly, mistletoe, and sweet posies for all young people and old. Does not little Cousin Betty like Portuguese plums? There are crackers for Tom and Harry. Are the parcels heavy? Does the string cut one's fingers? Yes; but then it is merry to buy, is it not? See, I have some real French *dragées* for my aunt, and for my uncle a good hunk of the best Cheshire cheese. Still the parcels accumulate. Go on buying, happy, happy people! This is Christmastide, glorious Christmastide! and it comes but once a year.

I am at Paddington. I have redeemed my luggage from the cloak-room. I am staggering along the platform. I cannot find a porter. In my right hand I have my bag, on my left arm my rug, pressed tightly to my side my evening paper, and in my left hand I carry my half-dozen purchases. I stagger, I say. I take upon myself the appearance of the proverbial 'rich uncle.' I am a laughing-stock. I—— But what matter? Mark me! I am trying to find a porter. Of course it is useless to expect any one would be kind enough to take my bag. Of course that would be out of the question. I merely desire information. I see a porter and ejaculate, 'Could you kindly tell me'——

I stop abruptly—politeness of no use. Complete disappearance of the porter. I go up to the next fellow. I again ejaculate, '5.54 Slopton?'

'No. 4 platform, sir.'

Civil fellow that. I rush off to No. 4 platform. It is silly to say I rush. I don't rush at all. I couldn't if I wanted to. I am carrying all the articles enumerated above. I simply crawl. I am knocked clean over at times, and on the whole feel generally dilapidated.

No. 4 platform is reached. I see a waiting train. I place my bag inside, my paper, my rug, my six parcels, myself. But I am a careful man. I poke my head out of the window.

'This is all right for Slopton?' I shout.

'No, sir; this is the Wretchedam train.'

'I want the 5.54 Slopton,' I scream.

'No. 7 platform,' roars back a much-harassed porter.

I get out—I and the bag and the paper and the rug and the six parcels. We all stagger out together—some of us on to the platform. We pick ourselves up. I make my way to No. 7. There is an idle official. I approach him with my most deferential smile, the rug, paper, bag, and the six parcels included. He seizes everything.

'What train, sir?'

'5.54 Slopton! 5.54 Slopton! 5.54—5.54'——

I have been monotonously murmuring these words for the last ten minutes.

'Oh, that's No. 3 platform, sir,' he says.

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I swear. I say pretty things out loud to show my disgust in general, and very genuine sort of words beginning with h's and d's for myself and my own satisfaction.

We arrive at the Slopton train. Of course there's no room. 'Ah,' says the official, 'but there'll be plenty of room in the second portion.' I know those fatal words, 'second portion.' They always mean late hours and cold feet. I don't know why; that's just my experience, and you may take it for what it is worth. The second portion to-day, however, is my salvation. I am stuck into it. My heavy bag is placed on the rack—too big; couldn't put it anywhere else. All my other things I have to hold—paper, rug, and the six parcels. I am squeezed in between an old woman and two children who are noisy and obstreperous. The carriage, as you may have gathered, is crammed. Mine is the last seat. I empty my pockets (metaphorically speaking) into the porter's hands. I put my rug over my knees and settle down quickly for an uncomfortable journey. I unsettle myself very much more quickly. I knock one of the noisy children by mistake with my box of crackers, and it squeals. I let fall all the other parcels in the vain attempt to beg the mother's pardon and assuage her wrath. Then, at last, there is a momentary pause, and in triumph I open the paper to tackle the latest Prices.

Slowly the train steams out of the station. The bag above us suddenly shifts and threatens to come down on our heads. Doubtful party with the two encumbrances fearfully excited. Do you think I am enjoying myself? Rather! My dear friend, this is Christmastide! One child howls incessantly; the other is nearly sick. They both paw my clothes at intervals as a relaxation when in a better state of feelings. Need I say more of the journey? Abler pens have indited of such matters long ago. It is the old, old story: how we stopped at every station; how my feet grew dead; how I banged them and poked them and stamped them; how I continued to upset all my belongings—hours and hours of this, till all of a sudden the glorious tidings ring out: 'Slopton! Slopton!' shouts a porter, and the train draws up.

'My destination!' I cry to myself. 'Slopton-on-Mud! Dear old Slopton!' and I bundle out—I, and the bag, the rug, the paper, and the six parcels. I am on Slopton platform at last. I look for my uncle. I peer round for my aunt. I search for my cousins. Extraordinary thing! No uncle, no aunt, no cousins. Good old Christmastide! I begin to consider. What shall I do? Only one recourse is open to me. I must take a cab. Decidedly I must take a cab.

I descend with the aid of a porter. I discover a vehicle—of sorts. The driver is sitting huddled up, smoking his pipe upside-down. Looks hopeful.

'What'll you take me to the Whitings for?' I ask, naming a little village some three miles or so away.

'Merry Christmas, sir,' answers the Jehu.

I think perhaps I had better look for some one else. The man, however, turns round and blinks.

'Two and sixpence, sir,' he grunts, making a dive for the fallen reins.

'Good!' I cry.

I jump in, and off we go. Away we rattle down by the lines, nearly colliding with an electric tram; away over the bridge, through the bustling Christmas-shopping throng in the High Street, now up the Promenade, then down the long avenues—a thirty minutes' quick drive—and we arrive at last in pitch-darkness in the open country.

'A merry Christmas!' cries an old tramp flashing out of the darkness in front of our carriage lights.

'A merry Christmas!' I reply with a merry nod; and we pass on with the season's greeting.

My driver becomes talkative, vehemently talkative. He tells me of his wife and children and the 'bad times, that they is, sorr.' He relates me witty stories of his 'fares.' He tells me how he hopes to spend Christmas. He hints how he could perhaps spend an even nicer Christmas. He is a great linguist——

'Gracious goodness! what's that? Where the blazes have we got to?'

The driver stops his narrative and brings the cab to a sudden standstill.

'Where are we, sir? Ay, and I'd like to know that myself, I would. This 'ere's a merry Christmas, ain't it, sir?'

The horse begins to show signs of relishing the hedge. A pause; and then, with much deliberation, the driver continues, 'There's a light over there, sir. I'll go and find out.'

He bustles down from his seat with great deliberation and starts off. I wait two minutes. I wait four minutes, then five, six, ten. No signs of him. The horse is making merry over the hedge. I am alone in the darkness on a stray road, very hungry, very tired, and in a very bad temper. Still no driver. I think perhaps I had better go and find him. I do so, and find him at last—with difficulty—in the parlour of the 'Bull and Bush,' whose lights they were we had seen shining from a distance. My man dashes down ''alf a bitter' and turns round sheepishly towards me.

'Firs' turnin' left,' he says. 'Where's cab?'

I stalk out of the 'Bull and Bush.' The man follows with difficulty. We reach the cab. The horse has had enough hedge, and anxiously awaits us.

'S'merry Christmas!' says the cabby.

'Oh, a thousand merry Christmases;' I cry, 'and may I not be here next year to share another with you, that's all!'

I consider my position a second and make the best of a bad job.

'It's all right, my man,' says I. 'First turning on the left, did you say?'

'Firs' turnin' left;' and he smiles beatifically at me with overwhelming inward satisfaction.

I dive in my pockets, glad to get rid of him, pay

him twice his fare—goodness only knows why; suppose because it's Christmas—and receive innumerable blessings. I gather up my bag, my paper, my rug, and my six parcels; we wish each other again the most merry of Christmases, and I stagger off by myself alone into darkness and along the rough country road.

A merry Christmas indeed! Ay, and a merrier one still an hour later when I ring and knock, weary and footsore, cold but contented, at the door of my uncle's domicile.

You know what it is, my friend, when you see the merry faces of those country cousins, when you fall into the arms of your dear aunt! There is the good uncle himself, and there are Betty and Tom and Harry, and the rest of them. Tom takes my bag and Harry the parcels, Betty my hat and Susan my coat. And it's all a bustle, you know, and a merry Christmas. And how glad even the maids are to see you! My aunt runs round and hurries them up with the hot soup and the cold roast-beef, and my uncle pulls me into that familiar smoking-room to the great log-fire that is blazing there, and bids me warm myself.

You know, my friend, how delicious that meal is—when it arrives—and we are tired and hungry. How great the fun is afterwards, hearing all the news, giving all the news! And Cousin Susan will tell you first all the gossip of the neighbourhood, and Cousin Betty how she 'did' the font, and Mrs Sicleave up at the Manor House 'did' the pulpit, and really how badly she did it, &c. And then you are taken to look at all the presents and all the cards. And you go outside into the hall and help with the decorations. There is holly above the little old portrait and on top of the grandfather clock in the dining-room, and there are cross chains of evergreens by the staircase, with the bunch of mistletoe in the middle for all young lasses and lads. And so up goes the prickly holly, with its good cheer and its red berries, now entwining the swords that hang in the hall, now on top of the big pictures in the study; and then down it comes upon our heads again, and there is laughter and screams and romps—and a gay, merry, merry time. And there is our dear aunt at the piano, for the room is cleared, and we take hands for 'Sir Roger.'

Hark!

'A merry Christmas! A merry Christmas!'

And then, 'God rest you, merry gentlemen!'

And we stop dancing and open the door to let the good tidings in.

THE DYSERTH DIAMOND.

CHAPTER IV.

LOU drank her tea hastily, called a cab, and drove straight back to the end of the narrow lane. To the surprise of the two detectives remaining on guard, she presented herself alone at the back-door, and requested them to allow her to share their watch. They would not hear of it, and advised her to go away quietly. Her presence might prove to be a serious embarrassment to them.

'I am very reluctant,' said she, 'to force my services upon you; but if you really decline to allow me to stay I must act for myself, and quite independent of your assistance. This man must be secured. It means more to me than either of you think.'

'We are very sorry, madam,' answered one of them; 'but we must insist upon your departure.'

'Very well,' she returned calmly; 'but you will hear of me again. I have a favour to ask you before I go: if we should be thrown across each other do not interfere with my movements, and please pretend that I am a perfect stranger to you.'

With these puzzling words she left them, and betook herself by the back-lane to the end of the main street. Here, walking to and fro, as if for a morning constitutional, she continued her espionage upon the semi-detached villa, and was rewarded at the end of half-an-hour by observing the stranger issue from the door and start for the station.

She followed him so closely that when he booked for Cannon Street she stood at his elbow. He did not notice her, and had passed on when she also asked for a ticket to the same place. He was wearing a scarf-pin formed of a particularly fine opal, which immediately attracted her attention. She had not yet decided upon her plan of action, but awaited opportunity and suggestion. The train was not due for a minute or two. She hurried into a waiting-room, whipped a veil from her pocket, and put it on. It was a veil of close texture, and served in some slight way to conceal her features. She stepped into the train a few compartments behind him. Not once did he look in her direction; and if he had, she was only a part of the little rush of people who were going up to the City—the usual morning rush with which he was familiar. Two men, who had hurried on to the platform at the last moment, swung themselves into the compartment next to the guard's van. Lou saw them, and smiled to herself as she settled into her seat.

At Cannon Street the stranger hailed a hansom, and drove off towards the centre of the City. She hailed another, and told the driver to keep the first in view, and to drop her at the same point where the gentleman alighted. On no account was he to overtake the first hansom, but to follow it, and to time

her descent directly after his. To ensure these instructions being faithfully carried out she paid him half-a-sovereign beforehand, and promised him another if he did not fail.

Both hansoms entered Queen Victoria Street. At a well-appointed restaurant there the stranger dismissed the driver and passed in. A minute afterwards Lou followed him. He was seated at one of the tables fingering the menu-card, and she glided softly to another partially behind him, and, sheltered by a pillar, removed her veil, and quietly told the attendant to bring her a cup of tea. In the train a possible plan for his capture had gradually matured within her brain, and she now perceived the chance for its execution. Tearing a leaf from her pocket-book, she carefully wrote out a few lines, folded it, and thrust it within the bosom of her dress; then, silently sipping her tea, she watched for a favourable opportunity to carry out the first part of her plan.

When he had finished his meal he rose, took the cheque to the cashier, and, after receiving his change, selected a cigar from a box upon the counter. Lou rose almost at the same time. As he was passing out she came directly behind him. Two or three others were passing out at the same time, and several coming in, so that there was a slight block in the doorway and some confusion. Deliberately Lou stretched her arm over his shoulder and seized the opal; withdrawing it from the scarf, she deftly transferred it to her bosom, piercing as she did so the folded paper upon which she had written the few lines, and, with burning cheeks, stiffened her trembling form to bear the consequences of her deed.

The people, most of whom had seen her, were perfectly astounded at such an impudent theft. The man himself turned on the instant and gripped her arms. She winced, for he had put the full power of his muscles into the grip. But as his eyes fell upon her face he was struck with astonishment, and the loud exclamation which was already on his lips died there. Instead, his voice dropped to a whisper.

'Lou!'

'Yes, Lou. You were not aware that I was in London.'

'And still less aware that you were a thief. Since when have you taken up this occupation? You have altered, Lou, in the last ten years—altered in more ways than one. But, come, we cannot stand here with a crowd gaping upon us and barring the entrance to the restaurant. Hand over the opal.'

'Never!'

'What! you won't?'

'Never, I tell you.'

'Then I'll make you. It will help me to pay off old scores. You're not so clever a thief as you might be. There's no love lost between me and you, Lou—there wasn't ten years ago—and I'll make you,' he repeated, with an oath.

'Do as you like,' said she defiantly.

Attracted by these unusual proceedings, a group of interested people had gathered about the door. Two surprised faces—the faces of the detectives—Lou picked out, but did not allow any glance of recognition to cross her face; and they, on their part, honoured her request by non-interference, and looked at her as if they had never met before. But they were quite at a loss to understand her conduct. A burly policeman pushed his way through the people.

'What's the matter here?' he asked curtly.

'This woman has stolen my scarf-pin, and refuses to give it up,' said the man, a statement which was at once confirmed by several who were standing round.

'Come—out with it,' said he, addressing Lou.

'Not I,' she replied, with flashing eyes.

'Then you'll have to come along with me,' said he; 'and you must come along too, sir,' turning to the man, 'and charge her at the station. We'll soon find it if she has it about her;' and away they marched to the station, the policeman rudely holding Lou by the arm.

It was humiliating to walk through the streets in that way, with the people turning round to watch them, some in wonder, others with a cynical smile; but Lou had steeled her nerves to go through with it, and beneath the feeling of humiliation she had a sense of satisfaction. Everything was falling out as she had wished. It was the second part of her plan. The third and most critical part was to come.

At the station the charge was made, and another chance was given her of restoring the opal scarf-pin; and when she refused she was unceremoniously hustled into an inner room, and a female warder was instructed to search for it. As soon as they were alone Lou drew the pin from her bosom with the folded paper in which it was transfixed, and asked the warder to read what she had written. Lou's manner impressed the warder favourably, and she complied at once.

'Is this true?' she asked, with dilated eyes.

'Every word of it,' answered Lou.

'I will hand it open to the superintendent,' said she, with a curious and interested glance at the woman who had saved her the trouble of a search.

The superintendent read: 'Caution. Show no surprise when you read this note. The man I have lured here, by appropriating his scarf-pin, is the notorious thief, Richard Grimwade, about whom the authorities at Scotland Yard have received a special warning from America.' Here the superintendent raised his eyes almost imperceptibly, and swept for an instant the face of the man before him. 'Yesterday, in the train between Wolverhampton and Shrewsbury, disguised as an old man, he contrived to steal the famous Dyserth diamond from an employé of Messrs Passmore, who was conveying it to Dyserth Castle. The diamond

must now be somewhere about him. But beware how you arrest him. He carries a revolver, probably in his hip-pocket, and he will fire instantly if he has half a chance. Two plain-clothes detectives from Scotland Yard, who have been watching him, may possibly follow us into the station.' And even as he read the words, in confirmation of the intelligence, the two men named walked in.

With a nonchalant air, as if the paper were of no importance, he folded it and placed it in his waistcoat-pocket. Then he advanced towards Grimwade.

'Here is your pin,' said he.

With a sardonic smile, Grimwade stretched out his right hand to receive it, when, swiftly and with a grip of steel, the left hand of the officer closed upon the former's wrist, and twining his powerful right arm about Grimwade's body, he threw his whole weight upon him and bore him to the ground. So sudden was the attack, so utterly unexpected, that Grimwade was taken altogether by surprise. Once on the ground, however, and realising that the game was up, he struggled desperately, especially to free his right hand, and sank his teeth viciously into the cheek of his opponent; but other officers, and the detectives themselves, flew to the assistance of the superintendent, and Grimwade was overpowered. The bracelets were slipped over his wrists. Panting from his exertions, livid with wrath, his baleful eyes blazing with the murderous intent not yet quenched within them, he was allowed to rise, and then he staggered to a bench placed against the wall.

From his hip-pocket a revolver was first extracted, under that a handkerchief, and beneath the handkerchief the case containing the diamond.

At the trial he endeavoured to prove an alibi, but failed. He asserted that the diamond had come into his possession quite legitimately. An old man with a long white beard, a venerable old man whom he saw no reason to mistrust, had offered it to him, as an amateur interested in crystals, and told him that it was a successful imitation of the famous Dyserth diamond. But the old white-bearded man could not be found. Jack's evidence was supplemented by that of the cab-driver and booking-clerk from Shrewsbury, and Grimwade was sentenced to a long term of penal servitude.

'Jack,' said his wife after the trial, 'do you remember that, soon after our marriage, I told you of a half-brother of mine who broke my mother's heart and sent her to an untimely grave, and who squeezed all my money out of me by plausible persuasions, and squandered it upon himself?'

'Yes, Lou, I remember.'

'And when I came to you I was almost penniless?'

'When I married you, Lou, I married you for yourself alone. Why do you refer to a matter that hasn't troubled me for an instant, and I hope, Lou, will never trouble you?'

'Because Richard Grimwade is my half-brother. He has met with his deserts at last. And Lord Dyserth's handsome present will make up a little for the poverty of your wife when you married her.'

. . . . . .

Neilson wired for the motor to meet him at Shrewsbury; and at the reception in the evening Lady Dyserth wore the diamond after all.

THE END.

THE NEW LEGEND OF WATERLOO.

By E. Bruce Low, M.A.

'The French, though fewer in number [than the Allied and Prussian armies], would have won the victory but only for the obstinate and unconquerable bravery of the British troops, which alone prevented them.'—Napoleon, *Correspondence*, xxxi. 240.

IT is becoming daily more apparent that a determined effort is being made in certain quarters on the Continent to write on new lines the history of Waterloo. Since the Emperor William delivered his famous address to his recruits at Hanover, and informed them that their ancestors had, with the assistance of Blücher and the Prussian army, 'saved the British under Wellington from destruction,' other new versions, varying widely from the accepted accounts of eye-witnesses, have appeared. The allegation of the Kaiser that the Hanoverians rescued the British army from destruction is itself a startling departure from ascertained fact. All British writers have gladly recognised the services rendered by the Prussian troops; but it cannot be forgotten that the only Hanoverian cavalry regiment present on the field—namely, the Duke of Cumberland's Hanoverian Hussars, commanded by Colonel Hake, when summoned by Wellington's staff to take up a position during the battle in support of the first line, refused to advance, and ultimately turned tail and rode from the field in the wildest panic without drawing rein till Brussels was reached. They carried with them consternation and the unfounded report—readily, however, accepted by the Kaiser and the cult of the New Legend—that the British army (at that moment engaged in driving the French Imperial Guard before them from the field) were about to be routed. The result of the distinguished services rendered by these gallant allies, to whom we are now to believe the victory was due, is best to be judged by the reward meted out to them by their contemporaries rather than by the romancists of a later century. Colonel Hake was

promptly cashiered by a court-martial, and his conquering troopers were dispersed among the other cavalry regiments of the allies, so that the very name of this redoubtable corps was erased in ignominy from the army roll. It may also be recalled that ten thousand men had deserted the Prussian colours after the defeat at Ligny, two days before, in addition to the prisoners and guns taken from the Prussians in that fight and later in the retreat. There is, indeed, something sardonic in the claim now put forward by the Kaiser that these craven swashbucklers had secured the hard-fought victory for Wellington.

On the other hand, and in vivid contrast to the treatment meted out to the Hanoverians by the German Emperor, is the revised version of the share in the battle taken by the single regiment of Scottish cavalry engaged at Waterloo. Eye-witnesses of all nations have hitherto agreed that the Scots Greys, when they fell upon and dispersed the dense masses of D'Erlon's corps and captured the Imperial Eagle of the French Invincibles, had earned for themselves and the whole British army immortal renown, and had, even amid the strain of the pitched battle, drawn from Napoleon himself the involuntary encomium, 'These terrible gray horses, how they fight!' The visionaries who seek to propagate the New Legend now tell us that Bonaparte's eulogium had no reference to the Scottish dragoons, but was in reality intended to apply to a hitherto overlooked, but magnificent, regiment of French cavalry mounted on superb gray horses. The awed astonishment of the Hanoverian soldiers at the Kaiser's apocryphal description of their disgraced ancestors would probably only be surpassed by that of Napoleon himself if he could hear of the existence of this reserve of cavalry which he had been unable to conjure up at the critical moment of the battle! Fortunately, the belief in the valour of the Scots troopers is founded upon such a sure basis of testimony that it would be beyond the power of even the Kaiser and his *entourage* of *claqueurs* to secure evidence in support of this story of the phantom regiment of the revised version.

Again, if there is one phase of the battle which has become settled in the minds of students of the history of the campaign, it is the fact that both at Quatre Bras and Waterloo the Dutch-Belgian brigades (commanded by Perponcher, Bylandt, and Tripp) gave way before the onslaught of the French. Now, however, there has been published 'for the use of schools' a work dedicated with due solemnity to the Prince Albert of Belgium, entitled *Waterloo Illustrated*, and having for its principal object 'to remove from history the legend that the Belgians took flight at Waterloo.' The incident of Bylandt's collapse and panic-stricken retreat is recorded in almost every history of the engagement; but we are now told by the recent romancists that the Belgian Division of Chassé defeated the Imperial Guard of France! It is not denied that one brigade misbehaved grossly, but we are to believe that the other (Dittmer's) actually repulsed and pursued the Old Guard. Eye-witnesses, however, are agreed that this heroic brigade advanced exactly twenty minutes after the Guard had been dispersed, and fully ten minutes after the British cavalry had swept past the Belgians in the final pursuit. The Kaiser having sounded the first note, which is intended to produce discord in the universal recognition of Wellington's victory as having been gained by dint of the bravery of the British troops under his command, all the minor participants have now begun to regard themselves as equally, if not more justly, entitled to the laurels won on that day. The Kaiser, as essential for the purposes of the New Legend no doubt, was compelled to overlook the facts that (1) the Hanoverians and King George's German legion, to whom he referred as combining with the Prussians to rescue the British army, were themselves part of Wellington's army, mercenaries in British pay, serving our and their King George III.; and (2) that Prussia herself owed her ability to fight for continued existence as a state to the enormous subsidies, amounting to many millions sterling, provided by the British Government to enable the conquered Prussians to continue their struggle against the French during the long period of the Napoleonic wars. Eleven millions were granted by Britain as subsidies for the allies in 1815 alone, out of ninety millions granted by Parliament that year for this campaign.

Lest the New Legend should assume larger proportions, and appear to be based upon fact, it is well to remember that the battle of the 18th June would not have taken place at or near Waterloo but for the fact that Blücher had in writing (see his despatch of 17th June, 9.30 A.M.) given his undertaking to move at least two of his corps by dawn of day across the short ten miles which separated the Prussian army from their allies. How came it, then, that the Prussian staff, in giving effect to that promise, caused repeated and needless delays by selecting, as Wellington said, 'the stoutest man in the Prussian army' to carry the despatches to Wellington, and by ordering the most distant of the four corps, worn out by its rapid march after the Prussian defeat at Ligny, to lead the way to the support of Wellington; and why, it may be asked, was it necessary that the army corps of Pirch should be called upon to cross the line of march of Ziethen's corps, involving the complete cessation of the Prussian movement in support? No reason has ever been given for these extraordinary tactics; but it may be fully explained when one remembers the words of Müffling, the Prussian attaché on Wellington's staff: 'It was no secret to Europe that old Blücher, who had passed his seventieth year, knew nothing whatever of the conduct of a war. When it was seen that General Gneisenau really commanded the Prussian army and Blücher merely acted as an example of the bravest in battle, the discontent of the

four [Prussian] generals became louder.' All of the Prussian corps commanders but Blücher were jealous of Wellington. Müffling again says: 'I knew General Gneisenau's distrust of Wellington, and I was apprehensive that this might influence the impending arrangements.' These officers were apparently prepared to allow the British army to be driven back if thereby the victory could be claimed by them.

The ultimate result of all this was that the Prussians did not 'fall upon the right wing of the enemy,' as was promised by Blücher, 'at the first attack of Napoleon' upon the British lines (which had led Wellington to despatch officers in search of the Prussians in the early morning of the 18th), but only after the engagements had lasted five hours; and the force of the Prussian strength was applied, not, as Wellington expected, as a reinforcement on the left flank of the British army, but at a point many miles distant and almost in the rear of the French army, where for some hours their co-operation was utterly lost and their efforts absolutely unsuccessful in the attack on Planchenoit, *which was not captured till after the general advance of the British line.* The first Prussians to arrive from Planchenoit found the gallant Fifty-second piling arms at Rosomme, beyond La Belle Alliance, Napoleon's own headquarters, after our men had pursued the French Guard a distance of two miles. Houssaye, the latest French historian, in his work, *1815—Waterloo*, tells us, after an exhaustive examination of all the evidence, that 'the defeat and retreat of the French army was marked by three very distinct movements, of which the first and third were due to the English troops alone. The defeat of the French Guard occasioned the yielding of more than two-thirds of the French army. *Later on*, the approach of the Prussians provoked the disorder on the extreme French right; finally the general forward march of Wellington hastened the disaster to the French left;' and, he concludes, 'it is *false* to say, with the Prussian Müffling, that Wellington only hurled his troops against the French to appear as if he were winning the victory without the help of the Prussians. Had Wellington at eight o'clock remained in his position, without advancing, the Prussians under Ziethen would very probably have sustained a check.' Müffling himself admits that General Ziethen's advance-guard suddenly turned round and disappeared in retreat from the heights on the British left just as the enemy advanced with his Guards against our right centre, and was with great difficulty induced to face the French again only by Müffling himself assuring Von Ziethen that the British army was holding its ground and that *the Prussians were in safety* to continue their advance. Müffling proceeds: 'By this retrograde movement of General Von Ziethen the battle might have been lost.' Further, he might have added that even when at the close of the day they advanced to co-operate with Wellington's left wing, the Prussians almost created a disaster, for (in his report dated 19th June) Prince Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, who commanded the left wing of the Anglo-Belgian army, has placed it on record that the Prussians opened fire with their artillery upon the allies, whom they mistook for the French army, and drove the Nassau troops, with heavy loss, from the outlying villages for a distance of over half a mile. Captain Seymour (*Waterloo Letters*) tells of the Prussian batteries taking up position between the first and second British lines and causing us heavy loss.

This incident goes far to confirm the account given by General Mercer (vol. i. p. 328) in his *Journals*, when he describes the serious injury done to his battery and to the infantry squares around him by the fierce artillery fire opened upon them by the enfilading Prussian battery which suddenly appeared on his left and was only silenced when he retaliated by opening fire with his heavy guns in reply. Such was, indeed, the extraordinary mode adopted by the Prussian army of 'rescuing the British army from destruction'! The actual share of the honours due to Von Ziethen's junction with the British left may be judged from the fact that only one brigade of Von Ziethen's force was engaged in the fighting, and not a single officer was killed (Rose, 298). Yet it is claimed by the modern German legendaries that *Ziethen's advance decided the fate of the day!* Napoleon himself declared that 'at the time of the defeat of the French Guard by the British the Prussians were checked, and if the Old Guard had succeeded the day was won.' Müffling, a Prussian eye-witness, admitted that 'the battle could have afforded no favourable result to the enemy even if the Prussians had never come up.'

The truth of the whole matter seems, as already indicated, to lie in the fact that it was only after receiving Blücher's assurance of co-operation and his undertaking to fall upon the French at the first attack by Napoleon that Wellington agreed to hold the position of Waterloo instead of retiring upon his reserve of eighteen thousand men, seven miles off, at Hal, to which two brigades were actually despatched on the morning of the 18th (Gurwood, *Wellington's Despatches*, vol. xii. p. 476), and thereafter occupying a much stronger position in the immediate neighbourhood of Brussels, where he could have been joined by the reformed army of Blücher on the following day. That Wellington maintained the fight for nine hours *after* 'the first attack' was due entirely to the unflinching valour of the troops under his command; and it is quite certain that had he retired, as he was entitled to do on discovering that the Prussians had failed to fulfil their engagement by joining him at the first attack, the whole army of Blücher must have been destroyed, caught as it would have been *en flagrant délit* between two fires and scattered in straggling lines among the narrow defiles of the Dyle and Lasne, incapable of resistance. Grouchy, with thirty-three thousand men, was pounding in their

rear after defeating the Prussians at Wavre; and Napoleon, relieved of all opposition from the British army, would have been free to strike home with an overwhelming force of seventy thousand men and two hundred and fifty guns. The conclusion which an impartial writer must draw from these facts is that so far from the Hanoverians and Prussians having, in the Kaiser's words, 'rescued the British army from destruction at Waterloo,' it was solely due to the unflinching tenacity of Wellington and his indomitable squares of infantry that the Prussian army was saved from a fate compared with which the *débâcle* of Sedan would fade into insignificance, as the moral effect of the surrender of the Prussian army would certainly have decided the fate of Europe, and would have placed Napoleon in a position to dictate his own terms to the allies.

PROTOTYPES OF SOME OF THACKERAY'S CHARACTERS.

By LEWIS MELVILLE, Author of *The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray*, *The Thackeray Country*, &c.

HE who would trace the prototypes of Thackeray's characters is met at the outset with the novelist's declaration that he never copied any one. There can be no doubt, however, that, like all writers of fiction, he derived, more or less consciously, from his acquaintances many suggestions. 'Mr Thackeray was only gently skilful and assimilative and combinative in his characters,' said the late George Augustus Sala. 'They passed through the alembic of his study and observation. The Marquis of Steyne is a sublimation of half-a-dozen characters. So is Captain Shandon; so are Costigan and the Mulligan. And the finest of Mr Thackeray's characters—Becky, Dobbin, Jos Sedley, and Colonel Newcome—are wholly original, from the celebrity point of view at least.' The accuracy of these statements will now be examined.

It is commonly supposed that the inimitable Becky had an original, though her name is known to few. Mrs Ritchie saw her once. She drove to Young Street to see Thackeray, a most charming, dazzling little lady, dressed in black, who greeted the novelist with great affection and brilliancy, and on her departure presented him with a bunch of violets. Thackeray always parried with a laugh all questions concerning this prototype. However, a lady who knew him intimately was not so reticent. She said the character of Becky was an invention, but it had been suggested to him by a governess who lived in the neighbourhood of Kensington Square, and was the companion of a very rich and very selfish old woman. The governess, strange to say, followed in the footsteps of Becky. Some years after the publication of *Vanity Fair* she ran away with the nephew of the lady with whom she was living, and for a while made a sensation in society circles, quite in Mrs Rawdon Crawley's style and entirely by Mrs Rawdon Crawley's methods. This living handsomely on nothing a year resulted in the usual way; and in the end the ex-governess fled the country, and was to be seen on the Continent flitting from gambling-place to gambling-place.

Charles Kingsley used to tell a good story of a lady who confided to Thackeray that she liked *Vanity Fair* exceedingly. 'The characters are so natural,' she said, 'all but the baronet, Sir Pitt Crawley, and surely he is overdrawn; it is impossible to find such coarseness in his rank of life.' 'That character,' the author smilingly replied, 'is almost the only exact portrait in the book.' The identity of the prototype was not revealed for many years; but it has recently been asserted that the character was sketched from a former Lord Rolle. 'Sir Pitt's letters to Becky were very badly spelt and written,' remarks the gentleman who puts forward this theory, 'and I may say that I have in my possession a letter written by Sir Robert Brownrigg to His Royal Highness the Duke of York when Commander-in-Chief of the British army, complaining that a report received from Lord Rolle, as Lord-Lieutenant of his county, was so badly written that he could not decipher it.'

'You know you are only a piece of Amelia,' Thackeray wrote to Mrs Brookfield. 'My Mother is another half; my poor little Wife—*y est pour beaucoup.*' Mrs Brookfield was a daughter of Sir Charles Elton, who lived at Clevedon Court, Somerset—which house figures in *Esmond* as Castlewood. Her husband, the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, was one of Thackeray's intimates, and their friendship dated back to their university days. Thackeray paid tribute to Brookfield's fine qualities by drawing him as Frank Whitestock in *The Curate's Walk;* and when asked towards the end of his life which of his friends he loved the best, replied, 'Why, dear old Fitz, of course; and Brookfield.' Fitz was Edward FitzGerald, the translator of *Omar.* Another old college chum, John (afterwards Archdeacon) Allen, was presented as Dobbin, who at the outset obviously was to be the butt of the story; but in the end the character, mastering its creator, developed into the fine, noble gentleman we know.

Although all are agreed that the original of the Marquis of Steyne was a Marquis of Hertford, the question is, which Lord Hertford is entitled to the invidious distinction? The first marquis lived

too early, and for many reasons the fourth may be put out of court. Mr George Somes Layard plumps for the third marquis; Mr G. M. Ellis is all for the second, and writes as follows to the present writer: 'May I give my reasons for thinking Thackeray had Francis, second Marquis of Hertford, in his mind when writing his description of Lord Steyne and Gaunt House? The third marquis was the son of the second, and both were intimate friends of George IV., who in point of age came just between the two: second marquis born 1743; George IV. born 1762; third marquis born 1777. Now, the second marquis did not die until 1822, which would cover the *Vanity Fair* period. Again, if chronology may be relied upon, there is much evidence in the book itself that points to the second marquis being Steyne. For instance, in the chapter entitled "Gaunt House," where the "fast" history of the house is given, Thackeray says: "The Prince and Perdita have been in and out of that door," &c. Now the Prince of Wales finally separated from Mrs Robinson in 1783, when the future third marquis was only six years old. In the same paragraph Thackeray mentions Égalité, Duke of Orleans, as a friend of Steyne's. Égalité was executed in 1793; and then, so far as dates are concerned, the Gaunt House period is in the twenties, when the third marquis would have been forty years old or so, whereas Lord Steyne is described as an old man and a grandfather. Of course these dates may prove nothing in view of an author's license to transpose and alter such things to suit his purpose. My strongest point is that the second marquis was a notorious *roué*, whereas his son, the third marquis, was nothing out of the way in this attribute—for a Regency buck. But his ancient father was a byword even at this period. He was called "The Hoary Old Sinner," and is constantly mentioned in *The Examiner*, *The Courier*, and the other papers which supported the cause of Queen Caroline against the king and his friends. One of the most notorious acts with which the second Lord Hertford excited society was the seduction of Mrs Massey. This is alluded to by Thomas Moore in his satirical series of poems *The Twopenny Post-Bag*, where he also calls the marquis "the hoary old sinner." Of course Lord Hertford's wife was the mistress of George IV., and her husband and son were very complaisant over the matter. There is one other point: Thackeray says Lord Steyne was "Lord of the Powder Closet;" the second Marquis of Hertford was Lord Chamberlain of the king's household, but his son was not.'

Mr Layard's opinion, however, is stated very plainly: 'No one who has taken the trouble to investigate the lives of the three marquises can hesitate for a moment in identifying the "Marquis of Steyne" with the third Marquis of Hertford.' And he dwells on the resemblance between Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the third marquis and the 'suppressed' woodcut of Lord Steyne contained in the first issue of *Vanity Fair*. Both he and Mr Charles Whibley, the well-known critic and the author of a recent interesting monograph on Thackeray, assume that Lord Steyne of *Vanity Fair* and Lord Monmouth of *Coningsby* are drawn from the same peer. But is not this assumption too readily made? It is generally accepted that Lord Monmouth is the third Marquis of Hertford. Yet, though there are so many differences between Lord Monmouth and Lord Steyne, the critics are content to state that these differences arise naturally from the diverse treatment of the two authors. For instance, Mr Whibley remarks that Thackeray gives us a brute, Disraeli a man. Yet this, to a certain extent, is explained if Thackeray drew from the second and Disraeli from the third marquis. But surely there is a still simpler explanation. Disraeli presented in *Coningsby* a *roman-à-clef*, a political study of a period, and naturally he was at pains to give an accurate portrait of his model. With Thackeray the case was very different. He was writing a work of fiction and nothing more. He had heard stories of the Marquises of Hertford, and when he created a profligate peer, what more likely than that he should tack these stories on to his creation? Or, being in possession of these stories, he drew a purely fancy portrait of Lord Hertford, since there was no reason why he should trouble to study the character of the nobleman in question. With these suggestions we may take leave of 'the richly-dressed figure of the Wicked Nobleman, on which no expense has been spared, and which Old Nick will fetch away at the end.'

There seems no doubt, however, that the Marquis of Steyne's managing man, Wenham, was drawn from the managing man of the third Marquis of Hertford, John Wilson Croker, who of course stood for Rigby in *Coningsby*. Now Rigby is Croker to the life, as seen by the prejudiced. In some such fashion would Macaulay have depicted him. Unfair as is the portraiture, this is not the place to rehabilitate the much-abused, well-hated politician. Wenham, however, could have been no more flattering to the original, for he is depicted as a mean, despicable creature. Thackeray had coals of fire poured upon him a little later when he was proposed at the Athenæum Club as a candidate to be elected without ballot as a person of distinguished eminence in literature, for then Croker supported him. It must have been strange indeed, as Milman remarked, to see Macaulay and Croker row together in the same boat. A good story is told of Croker and the author of *Vanity Fair*. When Croker was dead a mutual friend told Thackeray how Croker had begged his wife to seek out some homeless boys to stay with them from Saturday till Monday. 'They will destroy your flower-beds and upset my inkstands, but we can help them more than they can hurt us.' Thackeray choked, and went to see Mrs Croker, and assured her he would never speak or think ill of her husband again.

The History of Pendennis, so the story goes, was based upon a true anecdote of Brighton life, told

to Thackeray by the Misses Smith (daughters of Horace, part-author of *Rejected Addresses*) when he told them he had to produce the first number of a novel in a few days, and had no idea how to start one. In gratitude he christened his heroine Laura after a younger sister, Mrs Round. When *Pendennis* was finished the original Laura was very angry, or at least pretended to be very angry. 'I'll never speak to you again, Mr Thackeray,' she declared. 'You know I meant to marry Bluebeard'—Lady Rockminster's name for George Warrington.

Young Pendennis was a great favourite with the author, which is not unnatural when it is remembered that the character was in great part drawn from himself. 'Being entirely occupied with my two new friends, Mrs Pendennis and her son, Arthur Pendennis,' Thackeray wrote from Brighton to the Brookfields, 'I got up very early again this morning, and was with them for more than two hours before breakfast. He is a very good-natured, generous young fellow, and I begin to like him considerably. I wonder if he is interesting to me from selfish reasons, and because I fancy we resemble each other in many parts.' Pendennis followed closely in the footsteps of his creator. Both went to the Grey Friars School—the Charterhouse of reality—where Doctor Swishtail was as severe upon the eponymous hero as Doctor Russell upon the novelist when a lad. Pendennis lived for a while at Ottery St Mary, in a house—Fairoaks—that corresponds to Larkbeare, the residence of Thackeray's mother and stepfather. Pendennis sent poems to *The County Chronicle and Chatteris Champion*, Thackeray to *The Western Luminary*. Pendennis made friends with the vicar, Doctor Portman, who is no doubt drawn from Thackeray's friend, the Rev. Dr Cornish. Pendennis went to the Chatteris Theatre, as we may be sure Thackeray visited the Exeter Theatre. The latter was always a lover of the theatre. It is recorded that he asked a friend if he loved 'the play,' and was answered, 'Ye-es, I like a good play;' whereupon he retorted, 'Oh, get out! I said *the* play. You don't even understand what I *mean*.' It is not known that Thackeray fell in love with an actress in the Exeter Theatre stock company, but so autobiographical, apparently, is this part of the novel that Mr Herman Merivale is inclined to think the fiction is based upon fact. Miss Emily Costigan, better known under her theatrical name of Fotheringay, was freely adapted from Miss O'Neill, who became Lady Becher. We have it on Thackeray's authority that her father, Captain 'Jack' Costigan, was a fancy portrait. Pendennis went later to St Boniface's College, Oxbridge (as Thackeray had been to Trinity College, Cambridge), where he was a more notorious character than his prototype. Crump of Boniface was Whewell, Master of Trinity. Subsequently Pendennis came to town to study law, which, however, he soon abandoned for journalism, as Thackeray had done before him. Like Thackeray, too, he lived in the Temple, and shared chambers with George Warrington, as Thackeray had lived with Tom Taylor or another.

'You will find much to remind you of old talk and faces—of William John O'Connell, Jack Sheehan, and Andrew Arcedeckne,' Thackeray wrote to George Moreland Crawford, who had nursed him through the illness that nearly brought *Pendennis* to a premature conclusion. 'There is something of you in Warrington, but he is not fit to hold a candle to you, for, taking you all round, you are the most genuine fellow that ever strayed from a better world into this. You don't smoke, and he is a confirmed smoker of tobacco. Bordeaux and port were your favourites at the Deanery* and the Garrick, and Warrington is always guzzling beer. But he has your honesty, and, like you, could not posture if he tried. You have a strong affinity for the Irish. May you some day find an Irish girl to lead you to matrimony! There's no such good wife as a daughter of Erin.' Mrs Ritchie thinks there is something of her father in Warrington, and perhaps a likeness to Edward FitzGerald; and it has been said that the character was based partly on George Stovin Venables, whose name figures in Thackeray's personal history as the smasher of the latter's nose in a fight at the Charterhouse. Opinions are divided as to whether Jack Sheehan or Maginn sat for Captain Shandon. But Maginn, an old friend of the author, was a greater than Shandon. He may have dictated the prospectus of some *Pall Mall Gazette* from the Fleet Prison; he may have written—indeed, he did write—articles that were models of virulent abuse; but he was a parodist of no mean merit, and his Shakespearian essays and his Latin versions of 'Chevy Chase' and other ballads extorted praise even from his enemies. The noblemen on the staff of the paper 'written by gentlemen for gentlemen' were Lords William and Henry Lennox and a brother of the Duke of St Albans, of whom Sheehan said, 'His name Beauclerc is a misnomer, for he is always in a fog and never clear about anything.'

Foker differs from Thackeray's other characters, for there can be little doubt it was an accurate portrait of Andrew Arcedeckne of the Garrick Club. It was probably this which was the cause of Thackeray's being blackballed at the Traveller's Club, where the ballot is by members and not by the committee, on the grounds that the members feared they might appear in some later novel. It is said that Arcedeckne was small in stature and eccentric in his mode of dressing, drove stage-coaches as an amateur, loved fighting-cocks and the prize-ring, and had a large estate in Norfolk. The

* The 'Deanery' was an old-fashioned public-house near St Paul's, so referred to by a certain set from the fact that it was often graced by the presence of Barham, of *Ingoldsby Legends* fame, a canon of the neighbouring cathedral.

Hon. Henry Coke says he was so like a seal that he was called 'Phoca' by his intimates. It was Arcedeckne who criticised Thackeray's first lecture on 'The Four Georges.' 'Bravo, Thack, my boy! Uncommon good show! But it'll never go *without a pianner!*' There was, however, no enmity between them. Thackeray declared his model to be 'not half a bad fellow;' and Arcedeckne remarked, 'Awfully good chap old Thack was. Lor' bless you, he didn't mind me a bit. But I *did* take it out of him now and again. Never gave him time for *repartie*.'

Pendennis naturally went to Thackeray's haunts, 'The Cave of Harmony' and 'The Back Stairs,' better known as Evans's Coffee-house and 'The Cider Cellars,' and at the latter heard Mr Nadab the improvisatore, who in life was known as Charles Sloman. He was intimate with Thackeray's friends and acquaintances, and in his illness was attended by Thackeray's doctor, Elliotson—to whom *Pendennis* is dedicated—who figures in the story as Doctor Goodenough, the friend of Major Pendennis. Major Pendennis's noble friend, Lord Colchicum, was sketched from the very naughty Lord Lonsdale of the day; and there was, says Thackeray, writing to American intimates, 'a friend of mine who is coming out to New York, and to whom I shall give a letter —a queer fellow, the original of the Chevalier Strong.'

Many of the journalists and men of letters in the book had their prototypes. Bungay is a caricature of Colburn the publisher, and the proprietor of *The New Monthly Magazine*, to which at one time Thackeray was a contributor. Colburn is eminent among the publishers who have missed opportunities, for he declined to commission Thackeray to finish a novel of which he was shown the earlier chapters, and which is known to us as *Vanity Fair*. It is said that the late W. H. Wills, the business manager of *Household Words*, suggested to Thackeray the publisher's reader who, 'from having broken out in the world as a poet of a tragic and suicidal cast, had now subsided into one of Mr Bungay's back shops, as reader for that gentleman.' A visitor at one of Bungay's dinner-parties, Captain Sumph, with his silly stories of Byron, was sketched from Captain Medwin, the author of a volume of dull *Conversations with Byron*. Mr Wagg, a henchman of Lord Steyne, was drawn from Theodore Hook, the author of some now almost forgotten novels, and, more particularly, of the Ramsbottom Letters in the *John Bull* newspaper. Those letters were parodied by Thackeray in *The Snob* and *The Gownsman*, weekly periodicals written and published by Cambridge undergraduates in 1829 and 1830. Thackeray actually had the audacity to put into Wagg's mouth one of Hook's own jokes. Wagg is made to ask Mrs Bungay, 'Does your cook say he's a Frenchman?' and to reply, when that lady expresses her ignorance, 'Because if he does, he's a-quizzin' yer' (*cuisinier*). Mr Charles Whibley informs us that 'Archer, the quidnunc,' whose advice is always wanted at the palace, and whose taste for cold beef the Duke himself consults, is none other than Tom Hill of *The Monthly Mirror*, whom Theodore Hook painted as Hull in *Gilbert Gurney*.

Of all the women in *Pendennis*, only one has been traced to an original. Like Becky, Blanche Amory, if, strictly speaking, she had not a prototype, at least was suggested by an acquaintance. 'At the train, whom do you think I found? Miss G——, who says she is Blanche Amory, and I think she is Blanche Amory; amiable at times, amusing, clever, and depraved,' Thackeray wrote to the Brookfields. 'We talked and persiflated all the way to London, and the idea of her will help me to a good chapter, in which I will make Pendennis and Blanche play at being in love, such a wicked, false, humbugging, London love as two *blasé* London people might act, and half-deceive themselves that they were in earnest. That will complete the cycle of Mr Pen's worldly experiences, and then we will make, or try to make, a good man of him.' The resemblance of Blanche Amory to Miss G—— was distinct enough for Mrs Carlyle to notice. 'Not that poor little —— is quite such a little devil as Thackeray, who has detested her from a child, has here represented,' she remarked. 'But the looks, the manners, the wiles, the *larmes*, and all that sort of thing are perfect.' This was almost magnanimous of Mrs Carlyle, for both she and her husband disliked the girl. 'Oh, my dear!' Mr Carlyle exclaimed when she went away, 'we cannot be sufficiently thankful.' Not that Carlyle's objection counts for much, for he was a gey ill person to get along with.

In Thackeray's remaining books—other than the historical works, of which the discussion in this article is forbidden by considerations of space—it is not so easy to trace originals. Abraham Hayward, whose elderly effigy was cartooned in *Vanity Fair*, was also introduced into *Mrs Perkins's Ball* as Mr Flam, and, Mr Locker-Lampson has recorded, like that exquisite he had curling locks, a neat little foot, a lip vermilion, and an abra'm nose. There was a prototype for Dorothea, and probably for other heroines of Mr George Savage FitzBoodle's amorous adventures. Captain Granby Calcroft lives as Captain Granby Tiptoff; and Mr J. M. Evans, one of the proprietors of *Punch*, was portrayed in *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*. Miss Baxter claims that her sister Lucy (to whom, on her seventeenth birthday, the novelist sent the verses, 'Seventeen rosebuds in a ring') suggested at least some aspects of Ethel Newcome, the sweet and wayward—'my sister at that time going much into (American) society—she was not yet twenty, and had both wit and beauty. In his picture of Ethel Newcome, as she holds a little court about her at one of the great London balls, Thackeray reproduces some impressions made by the New York girl. Some

of Ethel's impatience for the disillusions of society, its spiteful comment and harsh criticism, might well be reflections from discussions with my sister in the Brown House library, where Mr Thackeray passed many an hour talking of matters grave and gay.'

Finally comes Colonel Newcome, who, like Jos Sedley and James Binnie, was the outcome of the author's Anglo-Indian connections; like them he stepped out of the Oriental Club in Hanover Square. After visiting that institution when *The Newcomes* was appearing, a friend said to Thackeray, 'I see where you got your Colonel.' 'To be sure you would,' said the writer; 'only I had to *angelicise* the old boys a little.' It has been asserted by those who were acquainted with Thackeray's family circle that the character was taken from one or more of his relatives—from Major Carmichael Smyth, of the Bengal Engineers; or General Charles Carmichael, of the 2nd European Bengal Light Cavalry (20th Hussars); or Colonel John Dowdeswell Shakespear. It matters little from which of these the *preux chevalier* was drawn. Thackeray was at his old school, the Charterhouse, on Founder's Day 1854, when the idea struck him to make the Colonel a 'Codd' (a colloquial term for a Poor Brother of the Charterhouse). He invited a boy with whom he was acquainted to introduce him to Captain Light, an old army man whom reduced circumstances had compelled to seek the shelter of Thomas Sutton's Hospital. Many times he went to see the veteran, who gleefully told all and sundry, 'I'm sitting for Colonel Newcome.' As readers of the book can never forget, the Colonel spent the last months of his life as a 'Codd,' and it was in that quiet retreat he drew his last breath. 'At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.'

BY THE MONK'S WELL

IT was springtime in Italy. The last *tramontana* had gathered itself together and had gone shrieking across the plains. Gentle airs now rustled through the olive and ilex trees. The corn was springing up in spears of wondrous green, scarlet and gold tulips gleaming among it; the tiny brown Florentine lily, or rather iris, lifted its quaint, sweet face to the blue sky; myriad buds showed forth the promise of a very torrent of roses, twining over balustrades, pouring over walls, stone vases, anything they could find on which to cling, it seemed.

A girl sat in a *podere* (olive-garden) putting some finishing touches to a sketch of an old campanile and a caruba-tree. Every now and then she looked up from her work and listened. At length a footstep crunched on the loose stones of the paved track or *salita*, and a look of relief came over her face as a young man appeared on the scene—her husband.

'Oh Harry,' she cried, 'what a time you have been!'

'A time! I should think so,' he answered, taking off his straw hat and fanning his heated face. 'I thought I should never get away from that confounded *avvocato*. My Italian is not beyond reproach, as you know, and such a jaw-bones as that chap I have never come across; what with his whirling fingers and his jabber, I could hardly make head or tail of him. However, I have settled it, and we can have the villa whenever we like for a song, so cheap is it. I have taken it for six months, so we shall be able to put in a good deal of work, and see the grape-harvest too. I like that sketch, old girl,' he exclaimed. 'The campanile is a bit out of drawing, though.' And he took up a brush and corrected it with a few masterly strokes.

'Oh Harry, how delightful!' said his wife. 'How we shall work, with nothing to interrupt us!'

Both young people were painters of considerable merit. Married, but without what the stony-hearted consider 'encumbrances,' they devoted their lives to their art: she, a very clever water-colourist, he working in oil. They intended to devote the coming months to Italy, and had thoroughly saturated themselves with her beauties, her art-treasures, her history. Now they were able to paint out of doors, and the days were flying all too quickly.

In one of their wanderings in search of subjects for their clever brushes they had come across a deserted-looking villa which greatly took their fancy. It was very dilapidated, and it had a great extent of garden. The colour of it alone was a dream of beauty to our artists: the old stone-work; the high walls of the garden, with their decorative, broken outlines; the orange and lemon trees; the deep olive wood with the ruined chapel; the ancient well. 'It would take years to paint it,' said the young man. They determined that, if possible, they would spend their summer there, and work morning, noon, and night.

They interviewed the *avvocato* who transacted the business of the estate on which the villa stood—the *avvocato* who ground the faces of the *contadini*, the proprietors troubling themselves but little about it

or their people as long as they received the moneys for corn, wine, oil, and so on, wherewith to make ducks and drakes in Rome and Florence. Some day they too would vanish, and new proprietors would come, with new methods of grinding mayhap. The present was bad enough, Heaven knew; but the future might be worse; so plod, plod. 'Tis a hard world,' said the poor peasants as they delved and dug for bare life.

The *avvocato* was greatly surprised at the request of the young painters to be allowed to rent the villa for a few months. Who in his senses could wish to live in such a place? Who but a mad Englishman? *Ecco!* They came to terms after much talk, as we have seen; a few sticks of furniture were put in, and the young couple installed. They could, however, find no servant who would live with them in the villa; but a woman from a neighbouring farm promised to come in daily and do the rough work for them; and with macaroni, *polenta*, a chafing-dish cleverly manipulated by the young wife, and wine grown on the hillside, their material wants were amply satisfied. It was undoubtedly horridly damp! And a shiver ran down the spine of little Mrs Blake as she sought the bedroom. The olive-wood logs were wet and would not burn in the stove; but the nightingale was singing divinely outside the window in an ilex-tree whose boughs tapped against the pane, and a glorious moon was shining. Tired with their exertions, the young couple slept the sleep of the just.

Next day they set to work in earnest. Harry Blake found a subject in the garden; his wife fixed her affections on a corner of the old chapel in the adjoining wood. It was of a strange rose-colour, and a most interesting subject. She soon became absorbed in her work.

As she worked, her thoughts wandered to the probable date of the chapel, and she imagined the white-robed Dominicans flocking in to prayer. How long was it, she wondered, since the call to Ave Maria had resounded from that ruined belfry? Was it fancy, or did she really hear the muffled sound of a bell? And—no! Impossible! Did her eyes deceive her? Was not that the figure of a white-cowled Dominican standing in the cloistered way facing her? She rubbed her eyes and looked again. He was certainly there, and he seemed to stretch forth his clasped hands towards her; then he vanished round the corner of the building.

'How odd!' said Mary Blake aloud, and thought no more about it until the time for their evening meal.

'Harry,' she said, 'there must still be some of the monks living about here. I saw one when I was painting.'

He puffed at his pipe. 'You must have imagined it, darling. There have been none here for centuries.'

She was silent, and not being easily disturbed, put the thought aside.

The same thing, however, happened again next day—the same ghostly sound of the bell at the time of the Ave Maria, the same figure facing her with outstretched clasped hands.

'I shall say nothing to-night,' she said to herself; 'but if it happens again I shall get Harry to come here and see for himself.'

It did happen again next day; but this time the monk slowly advanced towards Mary Blake. His cowl was drawn over his face. She could not see his features. A strange, creeping sensation came over her. There was a deathly chill in the air. She remained rooted to her seat. He continued slowly to advance until within a few feet of her, then he threw up his cowl, and she beheld the most awful face human imagination could conceive. The man was dead; but his eyes lived—eyes lit by the flames of hell, a terrible and hideous despair on his dead face. He held out his clasped hands to her with an imploring gesture. She fell fainting on the ground.

When she recovered, her husband was bending over her, horror-stricken.

She told him what she had seen. He was inclined to be incredulous, and said she must have been over-tired, her nerves out of gear—what not. And she did not press the matter, not wishing to distress him.

That night sleep remained far from her aching eyeballs. The face of the doomed monk haunted her; a terrible pity for him was growing in her heart, with a conviction that she could help him. The hopeless agony she had seen was terrible to her. She determined she would go again to the chapel. Day was breaking, and she slept.

She made light of her previous experience to her husband, and announced her determination to continue her drawing. He, being much engrossed with his own work, gladly consented, as he thought but lightly of what he considered must have been a freak of the imagination.

She took her courage in both hands as the hour of the visitation approached.

Again the muffled bell; again the awful figure with the imploring outstretched hands approaching her. She rose to her feet.

'What do you want of me?' she said in Italian.

A faint, hollow voice, more a sound than a voice—truly a voice from the grave—breathed the words, 'Follow me.'

She saw that he was a young monk, tall and gaunt, his ashen features as though carved finely in gray stone; only the terrible eyes lived.

He turned, and she followed him round the corner of the chapel to a broken-down, disused well. There he stood, his eyes fixed on her, one ghastly hand pointing to its depths.

She approached. Then he flung up his arms and vanished.

Mary Blake sought her husband. Together they explored the depths of the well, taking every precau-

tion against foul air. It was not very deep, and it was perfectly dry. At the bottom lay a skeleton—the skeleton of a woman. With much trouble and the expenditure of many lire, the young people succeeded in arousing the *contadini* and the priest, and Christian burial was given to the poor bones, and much holy water sprinkled.

Mary Blake finished her picture, which figured on the walls of next year's Royal Academy, and the sinning monk never appeared again.

THE SCOTTISH SHALE-OIL TRADE.

By George Thow.

AN industry that is peculiarly Scottish is that of shale-oil making, and the mines are all situated within easy distance of each other in Mid and West Lothian—that is, those which survive, for this is a trade where many fell by the way. Here and there are to be seen the dismantled works and huge bings of spent shale telling where much good capital was lost, for not many years ago there was no more despondent being in the financial world than the possessor of oil-scrip. To-day the mineral-oil companies are in a state of prosperity. There are no doleful gatherings round the board-table while the chairman relates the oft-repeated tale of American competition and rock-bottom prices. In fact, as a commercial investment, the leading companies' shares are reckoned as a 6 per cent. standard investment instead of being regarded as a very speculative deal. Moreover, they are not easily had, and the new company at Tarbrax was in the fortunate position of finding its shares at a premium months before a ton of shale was retorted.

It is a high tribute to the grit and acumen of the managers and directors of the oil-companies that the lean years have been passed and the period of large dividends attained. Oil in America, in Russia, and in Roumania is not laboriously mined in the form of shale and extracted by the costly process of retorts and condensers and refineries. It gushes from the ground and converts its owners into millionaires. Sea-transit is cheap, and the result is that last year America landed in the United Kingdom two million three hundred and fifty thousand barrels. Certainly, Russian petroleum-wells at Baku suffered in the revolutionary crisis, yet six hundred and seventy-five thousand barrels arrived in this country, and in 1904 the total was one million five hundred and sixty thousand barrels.

Recognising that nothing could be hoped for by waiting for higher prices, the Scottish oil-companies decided to invoke the aid of the chemist and introduce the latest plant to turn out the largest supply of oil and by-products at the smallest outlay. Cutting down expenses has been brought to a science by the oil-works' manager. Wages have to be paid up to a certain standard, but economy can be exercised in every department in working methods; and the system of organisation at Pumpherston or Young's or Broxburn is of the most perfect nature. In the production of by-products has the chemical expert discovered a fruitful field of labour. Shale is converted into various grades of burning-oils, into heavy lubricating-oil, naphtha, cylinder and compound engine-oils; gas-oil is used for enriching coal-gas; paraffin-wax is made of the purest quality for divers purposes, including the production of the most exquisite candles; sulphate of ammonia is a very valuable by-product for fertilising purposes; and the coke yielded after the crude oil undergoes distillation is readily sold to yachts. In fact, the only products of shale the oil-chemists have not been able as yet to make money out of are the spent shale and the smell; and as regards the former, various experiments have been made to see if the material could not be used up for bricks or concrete.

Turning to figures, it may be noted that in the balance-sheets of spring 1905 of the four leading companies the gross profits were three hundred and twenty-two thousand three hundred and thirty-seven pounds. Although only about one-half of this was divided among the shareholders, yet the dividends were: Pumpherston, 30 per cent.; Broxburn, 15 per cent.; Oakbank, 15 per cent.; and Young's, 6 per cent. for ordinary shares; while the B debenture-holders received also a contingent dividend of 6 per cent., making 12 per cent. paid to them. It says volumes for the condition of the shale-oil industry a few years ago, when Young's, the first oil-company in the country, had so great difficulty in raising money to tide them over the period of stress and trial that they had to hold out special inducements to the takers up of these B debentures. As the chairman, Sir James King, stated at the annual meeting in 1905, the B bondholders came to their assistance at an anxious time when no help was obtainable from any other quarter, and for several years they saw their bonds at a considerable discount. But the return has been great. Not only are they getting 12 per cent., but their bonds were quoted on December 30, 1905, at one hundred and fifty pounds; and during that year alone the rise was thirty-six pounds.

A notable feature about the shale-oil trade is the constant striving after efficiency in working plant. Each of these four companies sets aside every year large sums out of the profits for retort renewal and depreciation. The erecting of new benches of improved retorts has been gone about in no niggardly

way. Broxburn in 1904 spent forty thousand seven hundred and forty-six pounds, and expect to benefit largely in so doing. Pumpherston and Young's have also added to their retorts, and so has the private firm who own the Philpstoun works. Marvellous it is to what perfection these important structures have been brought, especially as compared with the old types!

Electric power is playing an important part in all modern-equipped workshops. After an experience of the electric light, two of the companies last year launched into the bold undertaking of scrapping the steam-engines and introducing a complete installation of electric power. The cost to the Pumpherston company of this new departure is seventeen thousand two hundred and four pounds. For this large sum a new power-house has been built, self-stoking boilers fitted up in place of a long range of old ordinary-type boilers, and the two Peebles dynamos supply current to a large number of motors distributed throughout the works, and also down the mines for pumping and haulage purposes. One dynamo is sufficient for all the power necessary, so that there can be no risk of a stoppage through accident. A proof of the intention of the oil-directors to keep not merely abreast of the times but ahead is the fact that the first instance in the United Kingdom of a main winding-engine at a pit-head being driven by electricity is to be found at the Cobbinshaw pit of the Tarbrax Oil-Company.

A company which has fallen on evil days is the Clippens. Begun at Blochairn, near Glasgow, in 1868, a move was made to Clippens, and finally in 1881 the great works were established at Pentland, about four miles from Edinburgh. Covering sixty acres, with two mines, an immense field of shale, and ranges of retorts and refineries, condensers, and tanks, and all the innumerable appurtenances for transforming shale into oil and by-products, the Clippens works used up about four thousand tons per week, and employed fully one thousand hands. At one time large profits were made. A lawsuit with the Edinburgh and District Water Trust relative to the carrying of two water-pipes through the shalefield has led to the stoppage of the busy scene of labour, and to-day the place is abandoned and in ruins. Thousands of pounds' worth of valuable plant has been rendered worthless, and the pits are caved in and flooded. For seven years the law-case has been in hand, and the House of Lords was called upon to decide one point. Decree was recently given in the Court of Session in favour of the Clippens company for a certain sum as compensation for wrongful interdict.

Very interesting is the routine in a large shale-oil work. After the shale is mined it is broken up in breakers, and then the retorts are loaded. A charge of shale is given about every six hours, and it takes nearly twenty-four hours before the spent shale is delivered at the bottom. The old Young and Beilby type of retort would take each about thirty hundredweight per day, and four benches would deal with four hundred and eighty tons per day. The new patent retorts lately introduced have improved upon this greatly, and also in the average production of a ton of shale, which was formerly about twenty-six gallons of crude oil, three gallons of crude spirit, and twenty pounds of ammonia.

After the shale has undergone destructive distillation in the retorts, the resulting gases are passed through coils of pipes. When condensed, the oil and ammoniacal liquor are run into stock-tanks, where they are separated by specific gravity. Any gas that may be left in the condensers is passed through a 'scrubber.' The manufacture of that important article of commerce sulphate of ammonia is a complicated performance. The ammonia-water descends from a tank through a tower formed of plates provided with cups very similar in construction to those used in the naphtha-producing plant —little metal cups suspended on small rods, and having their lower edges serrated. Steam is passed in at the bottom of the tower, and this drives off the ammonia in the form of vapour or gas. This gas goes to boxes called saturaters, and is there brought into contact with a stream of vitriol. The sulphuric acid combines with the ammonia and forms sulphate of ammonia, which is discharged immediately on formation, and after being dried in a hot room is ready for packing. The shipment price is about twelve pounds ten shillings per ton.

Refining the crude oil is an interesting study. Briefly described, it may be stated that the oil is first run into a boiler, and thence into a series of three stills, where it divides into three different qualities and also leaves behind a coke of nearly pure carbon which has a ready sale. The oil is then washed in vitriol in a tank, being agitated by means of compressed air, and it then passes into a second tank where it is treated with caustic soda. All the acid tar is brought together, and the acid is recovered for making sulphate of ammonia, while the refuse tar is used for fuel in the stills. Further double distillation and treatment with acid and soda yields the burning oil for the market. The heavy oil containing the paraffin is put through a cooling-machine, and the oil, partly solidified by the cold, is pumped into filter-presses, and the scale is next subjected to a hydraulic press. The oil is by subsequent distillation and treatment converted into burning-oil, lubricating-oil, and gas-oil. The scale, after undergoing a careful process of cleansing to get all the impurities out of it, develops into that beautiful product paraffin-wax, from which the finest candles are made. All the oil-companies manufacture various grades of oils, priced according to quality.

Invention in this trade is never-ceasing, and from time to time new and simplified processes are brought under the notice of the oil-chemists by which it is claimed that large savings will be effected.

Where Scottish oil-manufacturers undoubtedly hold the premier position over all foreign makers

is in the high flash-point of burning-oil. The Government standard is 73 degrees Abel test, and at one time the American oils had a flash-point only a few degrees over that. Since then a general raising has taken place across the Atlantic. Nevertheless, the Scottish oils lead the way, and the Roumanian occupies the lowest place. The chief brands may be quoted:

	Abel Flash-Point.	Candle-Power.
Scotch Oils.		
Young's Crystal	128 degrees F.	18
Pumpherston Pearline	126 "	18
Broxburn Petroline	126 "	18
Oakbank Kerosene	126 "	18
American.		
White Rose	104 "	16
Royal Daylight	83 "	18
Russian.		
Homelight	94 "	17
Majestic	92 "	16
Rocklight Star and Crescent	90 "	15
Borneo.		
Silver Spray	88 "	16
Galician.		
Galician Petroleum	83 "	16
Roumanian.		
Roumanian Star	81 "	16

As there are abundant fields of excellent shale in Scotland, the continued prosperity of the trade seems now to be assured without any further experience of the unpleasant vicissitudes which have in years gone past been disastrous for the shareholders. Should some of the new processes become a fact it will almost revolutionise the manufacture of oil from shale. The advantages claimed are: the abolition of chemicals (and it is admitted that vitriol and caustic soda are two very heavy items in the cost-sheet), two distillations instead of three as at present, 20 per cent. increased yield of products, and improved quality of all the products. This is certainly a notable invention, if efficient in actual practice on a large scale. No matter how successful oil-companies may be, speculators are not likely again to rush into the arena. An oil-work cannot be started by ingenious advertisements. Past losses are not forgotten, and only a couple of years ago the Linlithgow company was wound up. A large capital, good shalefields, the latest machinery and appliances, and the most highly skilled employés are all essentials in this special trade; and over all must be a directorate and management both enterprising and open-handed in expenditure on improvements and keen economists in working organisation.

AT ANCIENT INVERARAY IN THE RAIN.

WRITTEN AFTER LEAVING INVERARAY IN THE AUTUMN.

Down all the years of dreaming,
Till life's last night is gleaming,
And time draws out its ebb of aching pain,
Will heart and brain remember
A bit of God's September
At ancient Inveraray in the rain.

Oh stately house and sombre,
Wherein old memories slumber,
And centuries of greatness come again;
By loch and mountain looming,
Where storied woods are glooming,
At ancient Inveraray in the rain.

Oh stately home, and splendid,
Of a mighty race descended
From a race of olden heroes without stain!
Your halls are sad and lonely,
Where silence whispers only,
At ancient Inveraray in the rain.

The sombre mists are falling,
And the water linns are calling
To the heart of desolation full and fain,
From the days of gone, dead splendour,
With memories sad and tender,
At ancient Inveraray in the rain.

At dawn or lonely even
You stand of joys long riven,
Of olden greatness dead and gone the fane;
While the nights and days come slowly
To places weird and holy,
At ancient Inveraray in the rain.

Far over Fyne agleaming
The mountain slopes are dreaming,
In autumn moods of bracken brown astain,
Of the proud and ancient glory,
Of the splendid Scottish story
Of ancient Inveraray in the rain.

And Duné Quaich is standing
Gray shore and loch commanding;
While winds are sobbing down the glen in pain
For the olden glories vanished,
And the mighty dead long banished,
Oh ancient Inveraray in the rain!

Oh heart of dream that sunneth
In deeps of fair Ishconneth,
Remembered last in mighty Argyll's pain.
Still haunts that tragic story
Of Scotland's martyr-glory,
Oh ancient Inveraray in the rain!

Oh loch of haunted splendour,
Of memories great and tender,
Of deeds that live till earth's great splendours wane!
Oh stately woods, where Ary
Steals from his glens of faerie,
At ancient Inveraray in the rain!

Oh lonely hills of bracken,
Where beauty is forsaken
Of all her joy, and love is dimmed in pain!
Around the world's great gleaming,
You draw my soul in dreaming
To ancient Inveraray in the rain!

And in its hour of dying
Will the Campbell heart go crying
For one far sight of loch and glen again?
Or will the soul find heaven
Like one fair glen at even
At ancient Inveraray in the rain?

WILFRED CAMPBELL, LL.D.

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SMALL HOLDINGS.

By Sir ALEXANDER MUIR MACKENZIE, Bart.

IT is a difficult—well-nigh an impossible—task to adjudge rightly on this question as far as our own native land is concerned. It comes up dressed in political garb periodically, as do the various epidemics. It appears on the platform accompanied by fierce denunciations of the '"proprietors" who have dared to consolidate a number of patches into livable farm-toons.' It shoots up occasionally as 'three acres and a cow;' and now the Secretary of State for Scotland defines it as from thirty to fifty pounds in value, but omits all reference to the 'coo.'* Thus the matter is, as it were, *sub judice*, and opinion on either side should be guardedly given. 'Carn't ye let it alone?' was Lord Melbourne's former way of disposing of any difficult question. No one nowadays wishes to shirk the problem of the unemployed; but it may be well to know what we are going to do, having regard to all interests involved, with care not to create a set of pauper-fed ('spoon-fed' is the term used by the *Scotsman* in relation to South African settlement) peasants or destroy any present system unless you can prove you 'have something better to place in its room,' to repeat the late Mr Smythe of Methven's sagacious remark.

It might not be amiss to ask at this time of day, 'What is a small holding?' Is it a small farm, or a small croft; and is it a holding under a landlord, or is it intended as a revival of the old 'pendicler' or 'portioner' as peasant-proprietor? As regards the first, the re-creation of small farms appears to depend on the capitalist or large landowner, who lays out his estate in farms or crofts according to the nature of the ground available for cultivation, and charges such rents as may be reasonably expected for his outlay. In most of the lowland counties land is best laid out and employment given by large farms. As regards the second, Jamieson defines pendicles as follows: 'Most farms have cottages *let* as holdings, and called *prædiola*,† and these tenants usually work for the farmer.' Portioners are the joint-heirs of the owner of a small croft or holding, the result of which is ruinous subdivision and congestion. This system of peasant-proprietorship is, therefore, to be approached with the greatest care, and does not, where practically considered, tend to the comfort and welfare of the people concerned.

In *Chambers's Journal* (1880) The 'Peasant-Proprietor Craze' was fully discussed and demonstrated to be a craze and little else, and it may be the more so under present conditions (1906). So far as the present writer is concerned, the question of the small holder to be *resuscitated* as proprietor will not be handled. It is an open question, as opined of late, whether we are not 'eighty years too late.' 'Our people will not live in the thatched hovels of the beginning of last century, with their mud floors and squalid surroundings, or be content with porridge or sowans,' and the time has gone by when the happy optimist sang:

> We was happy thegether, ma mither and me,
> Wi' her cat and her pipe and her cuppy o' tea;
> But ma auld mither deid in the year auchty-nine,
> And there's never been peace in the world sin syne.

And since 1789 there has not been that 'mickle o' peace.'

There was something 'gey an' homely' in the village patriarch, with his broad bonnet, his homespun suit; the guidwife in her mutch with broad black band and her 'cott' pulled through her placket-holes; the bairns 'wi' washit faces,' all trudging 'willingly' to the long diets of worship after a week's hard toil and privation: in fair weather well enough, in bad seasons poverty and privation in the 'but and ben' and in the land. And so, under the resistless law of change, this class has disappeared, and the rent-paying occupier has taken his place; the owner of the land on which

* Bentham. Was it not this philosopher who approved the acres but would not supply the cow?

† *Prædiolum*: small farm or estate.

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he lives providing cottage, offices, fences, water-supply, and drainage. These small crofters—besides eking out their wages, as they did in old days, by loom-weaving, 'bondage' in lieu of rent—generally employed the neighbouring small farmer to plough and sow their land for them, giving him back labour at hay and harvest, turnip-thinning and potato-lifting; and this latter condition obtains now as then. The lads in those days could 'plough and sow, reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy;' while the lassies could 'bake and brew, spin and shoo, and help the auld wife to milk the coo.'

In the writer's experience there were thirty-six holdings in his village, from twenty-five to thirty cows kept on common pasture, while thirty-five or forty women and children could turn out to help the farmer to garner his crop. 'Bondage' was charged for the use of their gardens; four or six days' labour was given for use of about a quarter of an acre of land. 'Baps and beer' were served out to the then willing workers—yclept to this day the 'weavers'—and then holders of a good cottage with loom installed, byre, and shed, and one or two acres of land at a rent fixed quite a hundred years ago, and never grumbled at from that day to this, with apparently 'fixity of tenure' to those who have kept their connection with the old settlement. The writer had the pleasure of handing back to a venerable old 'aunty' the hundredth rent paid by the excellent, thrifty, and kindly family, the Stirtons of Spittalfield.

The small farmer with one or two pairs of horses, and cultivating up to a hundred acres, held his farm—the owner providing house, steading, fences, water, and the like—on the hypothec system, by which he pledged his labour and his crop as security for his rent; a system which made Perthshire, if not Scotland, and enabled the ploughman to rise to the position of farmer, which under the latter-day system is out of the question, money security and forehand rent being always required.

The advent of the reaping-machine, the steam-mill, improved implements and manures, have supplanted the sickle and even the scythe, the four-horse mill treading round in monotonous circle, and the good, honest muck-heap or midden. 'Tak' oor lives, but dinna touch oor middens,' was the cry of many a dear old wife when the first sanitary inspector came sniffing round. 'I had the inspactur here the day, laird,' said an old character to me. 'Well, Betty, I hope you showed him a clean toon.' 'Me!' was the indignant snort. 'I gied hum a clout wi' the birk broom, and doon the rodd wi' hum!'

Sometimes the small holders were not easy to please. An old friend left my service and took a neighbour's market-garden, driving his produce to Blairgowrie. David, be it noted, was a 'Leeberal' and a profound believer in Mr Gladstone. 'See here, laird,' said he in a grumbling tone, 'ye maun stop yon forrin stuff coming in; it's fair ruin to hus gairdeners.' 'But, David,' said I, 'Mr Gladstone is a Free Trader. Yon would be Protection!' 'I dinna ken,' said David; 'but I'd gie yon Gladstone a turn at the gairdening trade himsel'.' Which proves—as in these latter days of home-killed meat—you have only to scratch your farmer to find a Tory or Protectionist, when you meddle with his returns.

A writer under the *nom de plume* of 'Yeoman' treats this question as a solution for the unemployed! Out of the hundreds of hungry men who paraded London last winter, how many have the means saved to purchase a holding and erect thereon the necessary plant? How many would guarantee a rent for a properly equipped small holding? How many, or how few, could manage a holding, work a farm, care for a cow, or even a pig? How many would be capable to work week in, week out, and provide their family with food, clothing, and fire? My own labourers think one pound a week little enough. I grant there are in the towns men who have saved enough to invest in a cottage and garden in the country; but these are few and far between, and there generally has been room enough for this class. To build a cottage for a ploughman, with garden, fences, well, and out-buildings, cannot cost less than two hundred pounds, and that is done where the proprietor provides stone, wood, gravel for concrete, and sand free; plumber and slater, with sanitary appliances enforced by Local Government Board, all extras. Lord Breadalbane tried the experiment of offering waste land for sale; but no one was found to take bare land, without house, offices, roads, fences, and the like, so that his scheme fell to the ground.

Besides 'Yeoman,' Lord Onslow finds landowning too expensive, but offers only to substitute another, or others, as owners in place of himself; he does not condescend to tell us how the general welfare is thus enhanced, or how the small holders are to succeed where a large holder fails to pay his way. Nor does he tell us at whose expense the small holdings are to be created.

A Mr Buchanan in the *Country Gentleman* writes at length of his experiment in laying out his land in small holdings; but it does not appear how this economic experiment succeeded. Each of his cottages and steading appears to have cost at least three hundred pounds—which sum, by the way, would be required in the Perth district to start a properly equipped holding—representing, without land, a rent of fifteen pounds a year, and the land is quoted as the 'best pasture-land in the districts,' worth about three pounds to four pounds an acre. The *Country Gentleman* asks in its columns for evidence how a small holder can live on his land without (*sic*) 'such aids as market-gardening, outside labour, &c.' Without pretending to be a Solomon, a Solon, a Jesse Collings, or a Sinclair, the present writer can off-hand answer the question. It is not done, it cannot be done, and no small holder or crofter has ever pretended it can be done.

In the Highlands the sporting tenants, and landlords where they are able to retain their sport in their own hands, give a full autumn's employment, while the crofters can dispose of their produce to the neighbouring shooting-lodges. Their 'wee bit stirkies' enjoy protection against the importation of foreign cattle (for which they must thank the sagacious Board of Agriculture), and are also bringing good prices. In the more lowland districts the yearly living is added to by work on estates—forestry, or fencing, draining, and embanking—necessitating almost constant employment, while the tenant-farmer always wants an extra hand for threshing, carting, and the like. Domestic service provides outlets for the boys and girls, who, nevertheless, if above the ordinary intelligence, decline to 'fixity' on the land, but aspire to the higher professions, in which, as every one knows, a goodly number of our farm and cottage bred lads and lassies show to much advantage, a thing they could not do if fixed to the soil. That class has been progressing all the time, and (*D.V.*) it shall continue to progress so long as a young Scotchman's motto be 'Forward!'

Those who know and have fairly studied the peasant question in France, Switzerland, and Italy are aware of the grinding conditions under which peasant-life is conducted. To begin with, there is a tyrannous tax or *octroi* on all their produce. The seemingly Arcadian conditions witnessed in a hurried tour in brilliant summer or autumn has its very black side if, *messieurs et dames*, you will believe the ocular and oral evidence of one who has been amongst them. Arthur Young's portraiture of the south of France and the peasants' life there is too rosy-coloured, and will not stand the test of practical experience. '*La vie d'un paysan est dure!*' said an old Provençal peasant to me; and his earthen floor, thatched roof, thin wine, sour bread, did not belie his statement, although lemons grew on the trees of his garden and his children were picking violets for the strangers.

Mr Jesse Collings, faithful to his ideas of the historic 'three acres and a cow,' has written at length on the advisability and necessity of fostering small holdings. He argues from the example of France and its peasant proprietary—strict Protectionists to a man—and quotes Worcestershire as the only County Council which has done any useful work in establishing men on small patches. We might retort that these lands and climates may be suitable enough for such experiments, but that up in the Highlands there is neither suitable land, climate, nor inclination for the people to settle themselves on the Worcester conditions with such plots as may be available farther north. Mr Collings blames County Councils for not encouraging the demand for land. But are County Councils to imitate the merchants of old, and send apprentices out to cry, 'What do ye lack? Buy, buy!' (land) truly—no irreverence meant—'without money and without price'? A snugly appointed board of office-seekers are to determine the latter even if the would-be proprietor has any bawbees for the purpose. But why, it may be asked, is State aid to be invoked for this one particular class of small, struggling agriculturists? Is there any intention of asking the owners of the excellently and scientifically equipped spinning-mills, jute-mills, linen-manufactories—ay, and dye-works, to break up their costly factories and revert to the handloom, the spinning-wheel, of the bygone century—go back from 'wheels to wheat'? Is there any help to be given to restore, in place of the prosperous bakers and grocers whose vans perambulate the country-side, the 'sugar-ball' wife's wee bit shop and her puckle groceries? In a word, is the wealth and general progress of all industries to be carried through on the small or large scale? The large farms, like the large factories, provide employment and a living wage far in advance of the struggling small holder's ability to do so. Besides the numerous cognate trades that have sprung up and provide employment, railways alone absorb a large percentage of workers—workers who have not the inclination, the training, or the time to till the land, but are 'content with their wages.'

Dr Johnson's opinion is apropos of the subject, as quoted in his *Life*:

'*Boswell.*—"Does not throwing a number of farms into few hands injure population?"

'*Dr Johnson.*—"No, sir. The same quantity of food being produced will be consumed by the same number of mouths, though the people may be disposed of in different ways. If corn be dear, and meat cheap, farmers will all employ themselves in growing corn till it becomes plentiful and cheap; then meat becomes dear. Let fanciful men do as they will, it is difficult to disturb the system of life. . . . Land, like other commodities, is an article of commerce. . . . But, if you will, let your land cheap and so get your value, part in money, part in homage."'

N.B.—The conditions under which people lived in the days of Dr Johnson would not be tolerated now. Nor would the people be content with such houses and surroundings as were the rule well within our own recollection.

Rider Haggard reports on the inability of farmers and cottagers to build or renew sufficient houses. But why make experiments when there are subjects and object-lessons close at hand? On a large, well-managed property in north Perthshire there are always some small holdings to let, as the proprietor will not allow them to be run 'into ither.' The former holders of them were, in time, to offer for the small farms in what is known as the Middle District, the small tenant-farmer from which, as often as not, taking the larger class of farm lower down.

On the Breadalbane estates a large portion of land was offered lately to whoever would take the land for ninety-nine years, and build thereon a house, offices, &c. Needless to say, on barren land, without shelter, water-supply, roads, and other concomitants of civilisation, this offer has been simply left alone.

In a well-known strath—owing to an ungrateful soil, want of good water, uncongenial climate, and the impossibility of growing crops against fierce foreign competition and *ruinous railway rates*—one after another of the small holders has disappeared, and it would take a strong and expensive administration to make them return. The stationmaster at Dunkeld tells me that, *inter alia*, there used to be a good carrying trade out of Strathbran, especially in potatoes, which is now an unknown quantity, as owing to preference to foreign shippers and competition generally the small holders cannot make a living.

The example of a settlement near Fort William, where the peasant owners live in poverty, their undrained land yielding scanty crops, and squalor being the order—contrasted with the liberal management of estates like Achnacary or Invergarry, where the owners are responsible for buildings, drainage, general upkeep, and local taxes—is not a pleasant object-lesson; whereas the contrary system seems to provide comfortable dwellings, regular employment, and a fair profit, of which sporting rents have of course much to say. A strong point, be it humbly suggested, should be made in regard to sheltered sites in contrast to the wind-swept slopes that seem to catch the eyes of the paper land-reformer. Where the prevailing winds are not broken by judicious planting it is useless to try to grow and harvest crops. The presence of sheltering woods or strips is a main factor in determining settlement of large or small holdings, and the value of the surrounding and sheltering timber must be taken into account when fixing the condition on which small holdings are to be obtained under the present or some future enactments. It may be remembered that land over seven hundred feet is not cultivable with any reasonable success. The necessary roads, bridges, water-supply, have all to be considered, and the sanitary state of small holders' dwellings will exercise the minds of District and Parish Councils, at present onerously enough charged with Local Government health regulations, which are quite easily worked through the landowners of the various large estates.

On my own 'small holding' there are plenty of instances where the labourer or ploughman raised himself from cottage to pendicle, and pendicle to farmer; and conditions are best when the three classes can exist together and provide for 'a natural promotion.' But the sons and daughters of my old friends will not till the land or milk the cow when higher wages and work more congenial to their advanced education tempt them away from Mother Earth. A strong, intelligent lad will not stay at home and work for eight to ten shillings a week, with which his father and grandfather were content. Conditions of country life are all changed, or the small holders of a hundred years ago would be still—where they are not in many cases—inhabiting their very small and uncomfortable holding with all the ancient disabilities. But, when all is told, 'let us all live and let live;' give all classes a chance; but if I mistake not, the working-class will not be recipients of State aid, but prefer to keep their own independence; and in all dealings, high and low, remember:

> There 's aye a meikle slippy stane
> 'Fore ilka body's door.*

David (a holder of cottage and garden, and doing well in absence of much competition): 'See here, laird; if there 's onything in this Ak [the Parish Councils], *I* ought to get some more land.' 'Presackly, David,' replies the laird; 'but where are you to get it? There 's Mr R. on the east side of you, and Mr D. on the west, and they will be unco sweer to gie you ony of their land; and, forby, are you to get land from Laird M. [myself] or from Mr C. or Mr R. [two small portioners in the adjacent village]? Try your own hand at a bargain wi' one of them.' Well, David succeeded in squeezing three-quarters of an acre out of Mr K., who promptly charged him at the rate of two pounds the acre, proportion of taxes, and the cost of a subdivision fence!

The great difficulty of arranging a well-balanced farm—that is, a farm where acreage is exactly equal to the number of 'horse' employed—would be insuperable were portions of land taken off the farms to be given to the small holders.

There is, at the same time, no solution in land-purchase as long as 'conveyancing' is at the rate of two pounds twelve and sixpence per cent. of the purchase price, payable to the law-agent who completes the transaction.

SHAKESPEARE AS A BUSINESS MAN.

WHAT WAS THE POET'S INCOME?

POETS are proverbially poor, and careless, if not contemptuous, of money. It is seldom that their wares command a good price in the world's market; and their popularity, when it does come, is little test of their merit. We know, for example, that Milton sold the copyright of *Paradise Lost* for five pounds, although his publisher generously allowed him altogether fifteen pounds for that immortal poem. Goldsmith, who lived nearly all his life in fear of duns, got twenty pounds for his *Traveller*. On the other hand, Constable paid a thousand guineas to Scott for *Marmion*, and Longman paid Moore the astonishing sum of three thousand guineas for that

* There is a delightful old song of which one stanza commences: 'A fig for the laird.'

forgotten poem *Lalla Rookh*. Tennyson, like all great authors, had a long period of waiting before he came into his kingdom; but latterly he drew an income of from five to seven thousand pounds from his works. As for poor Burns, a genius of the highest rank, we know how he struggled with adversity all his days, and as he lay on his death-bed wrote a piteous appeal for a five-pound note to save his wife and family from being harassed by an importunate creditor.

The case of Shakespeare has always been more or less of a mystery—so much a mystery, indeed, that foolish people have doubted whether he ever wrote the plays attributed to him, and have found it necessary to invent the fable that Bacon was their real author. But since Mr Sidney Lee, by his careful and minute investigations, threw a flood of light on Shakespeare and his times there need be no mystery about the matter. Shakespeare was a shrewd and prudent business man, who managed his worldly affairs with such discretion that he was able to retire and spend his latter days in comfort and worldly prosperity; and there is little doubt that if he had lived in later days, when he would have had the advantage of the law of copyright to protect his interests, he might even have achieved the fortune of a millionaire.

Shakespeare began pretty far down the social scale, and knew enough of the troubles and anxieties of poverty to make him careful in after years. John Shakespeare, the poet's father, was a trader in agricultural produce in Stratford. He has been variously described as a butcher, a glover, and a tanner; and he seems at one time to have combined all these occupations. For a while he prospered. He married the daughter of a wealthy farmer, and obtained some property with her. He took a prominent part in municipal affairs, and became successively councillor, constable, chamberlain, and alderman of his native town. He seems, however, to have been very quarrelsome and litigious, and was almost constantly involved in legal suits and processes. At last, through some unexplained cause, his luck turned, his business failed, he was deprived of his alderman's gown, and he got into financial difficulties and had to mortgage his wife's property. His family got free education at the Grammar School; but William was removed at the age of thirteen to assist in helping his father to restore his fortunes. In this capacity the future poet did the work that falls to a butcher's apprentice. After some five years' drudgery he took a step little calculated to improve matters: he made an imprudent marriage with Anne Hathaway, a woman who was eight years his senior; and in a short time he had three children to provide for. So far as we know, the marriage was not a happy one; it seems to have been a typical case of marrying in haste and repenting at leisure. In those early days he seems to have been fonder of sport than of work, and his poaching adventures got him into trouble. The tradition goes that, in company with some other youths, he robbed the deer-park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, was apprehended, and thrown into prison. He seems to have considered himself harshly treated by this man, and he revenged himself later by pillorying him for ever under the character of Justice Shallow in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

This unlucky episode took place in 1585, when Shakespeare had just arrived at man's estate; and next year he left his native place and his family, and tramped to London, to begin his great career as actor and dramatist. The experiences of his early days seem to have sobered him, and thenceforward he brought to the conduct of his practical affairs a mind which was singularly sane, sagacious, and prudent.

Nearly eleven years elapsed before Shakespeare returned to his native town; and he came back with sufficient money in his pocket to buy the largest house in Stratford, known as the 'New Place,' with its barns and gardens, and to set his father's affairs once again on a prosperous footing. The old man, who had been harassed with continual legal prosecutions, obtained peace at last from his creditors, was able to lift up his head again among his fellow-townsmen, and by his son's advice applied for, and after some trouble obtained, a grant of a coat-of-arms.

From this time until he finally retired from the stage, Shakespeare is supposed to have made at least one visit annually to his native town; and from time to time he added to his possessions there. In May 1602 he purchased, for three hundred and twenty pounds, over a hundred acres of land, and in September of the same year he bought a cottage and garden in Chapel Lane, opposite his 'New Place.' In 1605 he paid four hundred and forty pounds for a share of the tithes of Stratford, and in 1610 he purchased other twenty acres of land.

The question that immediately occurs is, How was this done? Where did Shakespeare get the money?

He certainly got very little for writing his immortal dramas. The price paid by the manager of a theatrical company for a play varied from six to eleven pounds, with a small additional gratuity on its first production if it was well received. For altering and revising old plays 'so as to look as good as new,' a manager might pay as much as four pounds. Mr Lee calculates that the nineteen plays set to Shakespeare's credit between 1591 and 1599, combined with 'revising' work, may have brought the poet about twenty pounds a year, or two hundred pounds in all. It must be remembered, of course, that money was then worth eight times as much as now; but, even allowing for that, the income was very small. It is important to note that in those days there was no copyright in plays. Any one who happened to possess a copy of a play was at liberty to publish it and draw the profits. Managers of theatres strongly objected to the publishing of plays for which they had paid, as they thought it would detract from the interest in the performance! Hence the explanation of what

has often seemed a mystery—the fact that so few of Shakespeare's plays were published in his lifetime with his name attached to them. Although he frequently protested against their being published by private publishers, he could not prevent their doing so; and when his reputation grew he was equally powerless to prevent them from publishing plays with his name attached which were not his work. No complete edition of Shakespeare's plays was printed till after his death; and to this day doubts exist as to the authorship of certain plays which have been attributed to him. And just as Sir Walter Scott took more pride in Abbotsford than in his literary reputation as a novelist, so Shakespeare seems to have attached less importance to his authorship of the immortal dramas than to the position he was able to hold among his townsmen in Stratford. He seems also to have inherited his father's love for litigation, for he stood rigorously to his rights in business matters; and we find that even while he was giving forth from his mighty brain such tragedies as *Othello*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*, he was at the same time, through his agent, Thomas Greene the town-clerk, suing his debtors for such small sums as one pound fifteen shillings and tenpence due to him on his money transactions!

It is evident, therefore, from what we have stated, that it was not by the earnings of his pen that Shakespeare was able to purchase lands and houses in Stratford and to rehabilitate the fallen fortunes of his family. It was as an actor and not as an author that Shakespeare made his money. In those days a good actor received about one hundred and eighty pounds a year as salary, in addition to sums received for special 'command' performances at Court. Shakespeare did not make so much as some of his fellow-actors; but Mr Lee thinks that, on a moderate computation, Shakespeare's income before 1599 must have equalled one thousand pounds a year in our day. Besides this, Shakespeare had a wealthy patron in the Earl of Southampton, who on one occasion at least gave the poet a sum of money to complete some purchase he had made.

After 1599 Shakespeare's income greatly increased. In that year the Globe Theatre was built by Richard Burbage and other actors, and Shakespeare was allotted shares in the receipts. How many shares he received we do not exactly know; but Mr Lee gives good reasons for supposing that Shakespeare drew from the Globe Theatre annually four hundred pounds as his share of the profits. In addition to this, he is supposed to have had a share in the Blackfriars Theatre; and if we add to these his salary as an actor and his remuneration as a dramatist, we find that in the later and more prosperous years of his life Shakespeare must have had an income of six hundred pounds a year, equal to four thousand eight hundred pounds in our day. It is easy to understand, therefore, how he was able to make large purchases of heritable property in Stratford, to pay his father's debts, and to keep up some style in his native town. He realised his theatrical shares several years before his death in 1616, when he left, according to his will, three hundred and fifty pounds in money, in addition to extensive real estate and numerous personal belongings.

Thus Shakespeare, the mightiest intellect the world has known, the man who of all writers displays the deepest knowledge of human character, whose brain-creations are spoken of by all the world as if they were living realities, and whose language all civilised humanity uses as the highest expression of its thought—this man was not ashamed to care for the pounds, shillings, and pence; and in his shrewd management of his worldly affairs he sets an example to men of humbler capacity.

IN HANOVER.

EVEN literature itself is not exempt from the tyranny of fashion in this world of ours, where we are told that there is no new thing under the sun, but where, nevertheless, our one idea seems to be the filling of our little earthly span with as much change and variety as possible. In our grandparents' youth, Italy and everything connected with it, its language, its manners, were considered the *ne plus ultra* of good society. Later on we abandoned the study of the Italian language, along with the pointed Italian handwriting of our ancestors; we began to learn French, have our clothes made in Paris (if we could afford it), and peruse in our leisure moments the works of Sand, De Musset, and Zola in the original (if we were able). The reaction soon set in. We returned to Nature, at least in our literature. Lured on by the example of many talented ladies, we studied the ancient herbalists, read gardening-books, tilled the soil, and who knows how many of us at this very moment are not preparing works of priceless value for the public press relating our experiences in the doing of it? And this wave of gardening activity has had at least one good effect: it has drawn our attention away from France and Italy, charming countries as these are, and opened our eyes to the fact that something interesting may be found in Germany, a country hitherto almost unexplored, and therefore condemned as being hopelessly dull and commonplace. Those of us who dwell in the Fatherland, and have a mind to appreciate its humours as well as a heart to love it dearly, owe a debt of gratitude to the

fascinating Elizabeth, whose *German Garden* has drawn British attention to the fact that a land lies near at hand where many a delightful holiday may be spent without encroaching on the well-beaten tracks by the Rhine and through the Black Forest. But it is not my intention to dwell on the charms of German travel. I only wish to write a little appreciation of a land which ought to be specially interesting to us as the cradle of the royal race which now reigns over Great Britain—Hanover, a land too little visited, too little known in story or in song, but inferior in interest and association to no other German province.

The Hanoverians are more sympathetic towards the English than is the rest of the Empire. They feel that, having given us their race of kings, there is a bond of union between us and them; and at every turn one is reminded of the intercourse there used to be between the countries by the prevalence of English names over the shop doors in towns and villages. Doubtless Grocer Waring, Butcher Russell, and Draper Lewis, German subjects though they be, are yet originally descended from some hardy British soldier who, straying over here in the wake of a Hanoverian master, was struck by the charm of the place, and stayed on. There is something English, too, in the character of the people: a certain hardy independence often very nearly allied to obstinacy, a disregard of outward opinion, a steady pursuit of a course to the attainment of an end—all qualifications which we like to believe are natural and inherent to our insular selves.

But there are few of us who stop to think what manner of men those be who dwell under the high-gabled roofs which we see peeping through here and there among the trees as the Flushing or Hook of Holland express bears us on our way towards the sea. We look out of the window at the long expanses of purple heath and distant forest which we are told is Hanover; we probably remark to our neighbour or our *vis-à-vis*, 'Very uninteresting country this,' before shutting out the view with the large pages of a week-old *Times;* and yet it is quite worth our while to sojourn for a space on these moors, and learn to know the dwellers thereon.

The house of a Hanoverian *Bauer* (or peasant-proprietor) will seem very strange to English eyes. The low walls are made of black oak-beams and whitewashed plaster, and the disproportionately high roof is of red tiles. The beams along the front of the house are generally elaborately carved with texts, mottoes, dates, and names, as in the old English houses in Chester. It is no unusual thing to find the family of to-day bearing the same name as the original builder of the house some centuries ago. In many cases they are really descended from the founder; in others the new possessors have taken on the family name along with the property. Some of the carved texts are curiously applied. Over one door the writer saw the words of St John, x. 9, in Old German, 'I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.' Another farm called Nobis had the punning motto, '*Si Deus pro Nobis, Quis contra Nobis?*' but in the majority of cases the texts are as stereotyped as those in the ordinary churchyard at home. The width and height of the door admit of the passage of a wagon loaded with hay. Driving in, we find ourselves in a vast and dimly lighted space. High above our heads is a hay-loft; on our right several cows are looking at us with the contemplative gaze common to cows of every nationality; on our left the horses are rattling their chains. Proceeding farther, we reach the kitchen. No barrier or partition separates the family from its animals. It affords the Hanoverian *Bauer* much extra satisfaction in his meals to be able, during their consumption, to gaze undisturbed on his possessions. The cooking is done on a large open hearth, the back of the fireplace being generally a carved iron plate. But, alas! the hand of the curio-dealer has fallen heavily upon Hanover, and only in very remote villages are the original old plates still to be found. A good collection of them is in the Museum at Osnabrück, the birthplace of George I., prettiest and quaintest of little towns. They are always more or less rude representations of scriptural subjects; the Hanoverian peasant, whether Catholic or Protestant—and the two religions claim an almost equal number of adherents—is ever loyal and devoted to Mother Church.

The sitting-room and sleeping-rooms open from the kitchen, the sleeping apartments being always next the part of the building allotted to the cows and horses. Many of them still contain the curious box-beds, built into a recess in the wall, with a sliding shutter at the back. This, on being pushed aside, reveals all the inhabitants of the stable, and enables the careful *Bauer* to leap straight from his slumbers into their midst should any of them require his attention during the night. A shutter in front closes in the bed from the room, and leads one to marvel how the sleeper escapes asphyxiation. These shutters are often of carved oak, black with age, and, like the fire-plates, are rapidly becoming the prey of the collector.

There are little windows all along the walls of the house on every side. Each cow and horse has its own casement, and the effect of the row of faces looking out enjoying the fresh air at such times when they are confined under the common roof is irresistibly comical. The windows in the kitchen are unique, but seem at first sight to fail in the primal purpose of windows, for they are not made to open, and each one consists of nine or ten small panes of richly coloured glass which almost exclude the light; but a closer acquaintance with the construction of a Hanoverian *Hof* reveals sliding shutters underneath which admit both light and air. The windows above are much too precious to be exposed to the ordinary risks incurred in opening and shutting; they are a sort of family tree containing a record of the house since its foundation. In the olden days the artisans who aided in the construc-

tion of the house each presented a little pane for the windows of the completed building. The first window generally contains the portrait of the founder and his wife, their names and date, and around them all the artisans are depicted, each holding in his hand the tool peculiar to his craft, after the manner of the saints and their distinguishing attributes in medieval art. In the second window the wedding of the heir is portrayed; that is to say, he and the bride are in the centre, while on their right are the panes given by the groomsmen, on the left those given by the bride's-maids, the name and date beneath each. The groomsmen always prance on fiery steeds, while the maidens hold brimming cups of wine towards them. As works of art their value is not great; as family records they must be almost priceless. These windows are all of comparatively remote date, and only exist in the older houses, for the custom became such a craze that one severe old eighteenth-century bishop at last lifted up his voice against it, and made a law that any one accepting the present of a pane should pay a fine, and so it gradually fell into disuse. I have not met with this pretty custom in any other country, but some of the Hanoverian aristocracy are now beginning to revive it. It is a fanciful notion, but as an artistic and permanent visitors' book in country houses has much to recommend it.

If one is lucky and finds an absolutely unspoilt old house, there will be many curious pieces of furniture in the living-rooms. The old carved wooden salt-box of gigantic size hangs on the wall next to the little round cask which is filled with hot water on cold winter nights and used as a warming-pan in the *Bauer's* bed. Queer wooden stands, painted all over with quaint little birds, hold the long spoons for stirring the soup in the pan, and sometimes the carved chest which once contained the trousseau of a sixteenth-century bride still stands in the ingle-nook. It is commoner, however, to find these latter degraded from their high estate and used to hold the horses' oats in the stable. But all such curiosities become rarer year by year.

A friend of the writer's once advertised for a married coachman, but found that the applicant for the situation who pleased him best was a bachelor. 'But,' said Count A., 'my coachman must be married. You ought not to have applied for the place.' 'Oh, that is easily managed,' said the coachman. 'How long will you give me to get married?' 'Till the end of October,' said the Count. 'Very well,' replied the coachman, and disappeared. Next day he turned up again. 'It's all right,' he said with a beaming smile. 'I am engaged. We are to be married early in October, and my mother-in-law has promised to come and live with us. She is a splendid worker, and so we shall save the expense of a servant.' A wedding among the peasants is, on the whole, rather a paying thing for the parents of the bride. They are expected to provide a substantial repast; but as each guest leaves a thaler (three shillings) under his plate at the conclusion of the feast there is generally a wide margin of profit. In an old book relating to past and gone Hanoverian laws, the chapter on weddings is full of unconscious humour. The number of guests among the higher class of peasants is never to exceed eighty, among the lower twenty. All superfluity of eating or drinking and lounging until late at night are strictly forbidden. The wedding presents must either be wrapped in paper or placed on a tray under a cloth, so that one guest may not see what another gives. Public counting of the gifts or naming of the givers is forbidden under a penalty of ten thalers or ten days' imprisonment on bread and water. In Hanover the festivities nowadays last from midday till dawn on the following day, and night is rendered hideous for miles round the scene by the detonating rockets which are sent off at intervals of a few minutes all the time. At spring weddings and Church festivals the door of the house is decorated by having a small birch-tree in full leaf placed on either side of it. When a whole street is thus adorned the effect is charming; but one cannot help feeling a pang of sorrow for all the little birch-trees torn so rudely from their native soil.

There is poetry as well as prose in the Hanoverian character. Wherever we go we find fanciful legends still dwelling in the mind of the oldest inhabitant and being handed down to posterity. If a group of children gather round us by the wayside, it is easy to gain their confidence and get them to repeat some of the pretty fairy tales which granny tells them on the winter evenings, when they sit spinning round the fire. The children have to work very hard, poor little souls! After school-hours they are rarely seen at play. A great many odd jobs have to be done at home before they strap on their little hide satchels, jump into their sabots, and clatter off to their lessons; and often they are kept at work till long after they ought to be in bed. 'I was working at the sausage-machine till twelve last night,' said one little fair-haired girl, with a yawn; 'but, oh, didn't I make up for it this morning! I didn't get up till six.' And she looked up wide-eyed with astonishment at her own unheard-of laziness. But, hard-working as they are, they are healthy, sturdy little things. Orphanages are not needed anywhere outside the towns in Hanover. When any child has the misfortune to lose its parents, or not to have a legal right to any at all, many willing hands and hearts are ready to care for it. There is always one or more such adopted children in a Hanoverian homestead, treated in every way as members of the family, without any thought of reward or payment. Should there be a scarcity of food or raiment, the little adopted one is thought of first of all, the children of the house afterwards. But, on the whole, the Hanoverian peasants are well-to-

do. In the district best known to the writer poverty—real grinding poverty such as one sees in England—is unknown, and the local poorhouse has only one inmate, perishing of ennui.

The children are fond of telling how they came into this workaday world; but sometimes their ideas differ on this point. In some places they tell how there is a lake away up in the mountains, 'The Lake of the Little Children,' and from there the torrent rolls them down, down the hillside till they come to the spring outside the village, where they bubble up to the top. If you want a little brother you must go and gaze down into the water, and perhaps, if you look long enough, you will see his baby-face peering up at you. But more generally they believe in the dear familiar stork, who picks a tiny infant up out of the lake as he would a frog, and flies away with it to the house where it is wanted, and there drops it, never forgetting to peck the mother so severely in the leg that she has to stay in bed for many days. On the other side of the village, away out upon the moor, there is another lake; but no kind stork visits it, and if you are obliged to pass on the way to school, then you must cross yourself and hurry quickly by, for down in its deep recesses dwells the devil himself. It has always been his favourite haunt ever since long before the birth of Christ our Saviour, and for hundreds of years he has had with him down there the unconsecrated bells of Dalme Church. For, when the first missionaries of the new gospel wandered into Hanover, and churches began to arise here, there, and everywhere, the devil was naturally very much annoyed, and what annoyed him most of all was the ringing of the bells. The master-builder had prepared two beautiful bells for the new church of Dalme-on-the-Moor, and on Christmas Eve they were hanging all ready in the new belfry. But the devil had determined that they should never ring there, and in the night he came with wind and storm, tore them down, and plunged them into his pond, where they lie to this day. If the people of Dalme had only had the bells christened before putting them up they would have been quite safe. Nowadays such a deed would be impossible, for since then all church bells are dedicated to the service of God Almighty, and have sacred mottoes around them. But the devil still revenges himself on Christmas Eve; then he rings his heathen bells deep down in the water. Those who are wise do not heed him. They cross themselves, and murmur, 'It is only the devil trying to lure us to the deep pond.'

In Protestant and Catholic villages alike the confirmation of a child is the great day of its youth. The ceremony takes place when it is between fifteen and sixteen years of age, and generally just before Whitsunday, on which day the child receives its first communion. At the confirmation the clergyman gives to each child a text from the Bible, known as its *Denkspruch*, which is to serve as its motto through life. In most cases the children have attended Bible-classes for some two years previously, so that their pastor has been able to acquire a more than superficial knowledge of each separate character. He is thus easily able to select a text which will be helpful to it through life. This custom of having one verse specially chosen from the Bible to be your own is a very charming one. Those words given at confirmation must often have helped many a struggling soul in some dark hour of sin or trouble, when he has felt 'much farther off from heaven than when he was a boy.' In many cases the *Denkspruch* is carved upon the tombstone, an appropriate memorial of him who lies beneath.

At funerals the peasants conduct themselves with the utmost propriety. In silence they assemble at the house of the dead; in silence they accompany him to his last resting-place; in silence they return to their own homes. They are not a morbid people, and only on one occasion did I encounter an old lady who, in her love of funerals and deathbeds, was almost worthy to be a Scottish peasant. The thought of death was an ever-present one with her, and for some twenty years before her decease she kept several fine oak-planks in her wardrobe to be ready for the construction of her coffin! 'Our family has never been buried in anything but oak,' she was wont to say with pride, 'and I could never rest quietly in my grave if my coffin were made of deal.' She was a strange mixture of the spiritual and the material, one of the last living retainers of an old family, who passed on with the property when the noble race died out and the estate was sold. Although in course of time she became much attached to her new master and mistress, she never forgot the old ones, and it was a comfort to her to think that their ghosts haunted the house and grounds. 'I heard the *gnädige Frau's* high-heeled shoes on the stairs last night,' she would say. 'The place will be all right as long as she is keeping an eye upon things.' That one who had such a simple faith in the unseen world of spirits could yet cherish anxiety as to the material of her coffin is a testimony to the amount of strange contradictions that go to make up the human character.

In many places throughout Hanover the old costumes are still worn, but unfortunately, as in other countries, the practice is falling more and more into disuse. Still, on high days and holidays the peasant women may be seen streaming along the shady *Chaussees* towards the towns in their gay dresses and quaint black bonnets embroidered with silver and gold. These bonnets are tied under the chin with flowery-patterned ribbons many inches wide, the ends of which are allowed to hang down the front of the dress and float almost to their knees. On all the great Catholic festivals the costumes are donned, and many a picturesque group is to be seen gathered round the porches of the old churches. There are not many costumes in the

pews of the Lutheran churches. There the ordinary 'Sunday-best' gown and hat seem to find more favour, and the one picturesque touch in the scene is in the pulpit, where the clergyman looks as if he had stepped straight out of an old Dutch picture. In Hanover the Lutheran pastors do not wear 'bands,' as in other parts of the world. Round the necks of their black gowns they have a stiff and complicated Elizabethan ruff of many starched frills, whose 'getting-up' is an art difficult to acquire and a secret known to but few laundresses. Another occasion upon which the costumes are displayed is at the yearly *Schützenfest*, the peasant Bisley, held at the principal town or village of each district. Like their South African namesakes, the *Bauers* are wonderful marksmen. They all belong to the shooting-club, and the yearly gathering to shoot for prizes ranging from a portmanteau to a cake of soap is a great event in their hard-working lives. The whole thing is conducted with great solemnity. The proceedings are inaugurated by a procession of the marksmen and the crowning of the best shot of the previous year as King of the Feast (*der Schützenkönig*). He has the privilege of choosing his own Queen, with whom he drives in a carriage-and-four, preceded by outriders in medieval costumes, to the scene of the competition. When the light fails for shooting purposes dancing begins; and the enormous consumption of beer causes the onlooker to wonder if the steadiness of the shooting on the following day will not be affected. But it seldom is. A merry dance till dawn, a short sleep, and the *Schütz* is up and ready to renew the contest, which generally lasts for several summer days.

Such is the Hanoverian peasant: honest, active, hard-working, independent, not perhaps very intellectual, but living a life of laborious days in a simple and contented spirit; ready to do his duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call him, and not troubling overmuch about the unknown world outside. In these days of higher grade education and rapid abolition of all social distinctions, it is a restful thing to dwell for a while among people of his kind. And who shall say that his is not the better part?

A CANADIAN LOYALIST OF THE OLD SCHOOL

By the Rev. R. F. Dixon.

THE uncompromising loyalty of Canadians has almost become proverbial throughout the Empire; and it is a legacy from the United Empire Loyalists, a class of men practically ignored in English history. These men were the real founders of Canada, and it is from them that the Canadian has inherited his sturdy and inflexible attachment to the British Crown, and his unbending determination to maintain the integrity of the Empire at all costs. Sufferers for conscience' sake, like the Huguenots and the Pilgrim Fathers, their departure from the United States was an irreparable loss which many of the Americans themselves are now beginning to admit. Well and truly did they lay the foundations of this mighty State, which at the dawn of the twentieth century is entering upon the full possession of her splendid heritage on the northern half of the continent, and is now assuming in good earnest all the responsibilities of full nationhood, with, however, it may be added, an undiminished attachment to the dear old flag and the immovable determination to keep it flying from ocean to ocean. The Dominion of Canada is a noble monument to those high-souled men who, for a sacred principle dearer to them than lands or gold, voluntarily renounced their all, and, turning their faces towards the wilderness beyond the great lakes, went forth the pioneers and upbuilders of a second and a truer New England.

And so the young nation's life was cradled in that high-souled loyalty of which one of their own poets has sung:

> Loyalty is still the same,
> Whether it win or lose the game;
> True as the dial to the sun,
> Though it be not shone upon.

The loyalty of the men of the first generation of United Empire Loyalists is vividly illustrated by the following incident, related to the author by one of their descendants:

Early in the eighties of the eighteenth century, a family of Loyalists, whom we will call by the name of Gilbertson, had, on the acknowledgment by England of the independence of the revolted colonies, taken up their abode, with a few other kindred spirits, on the British side of the Niagara River, about a mile above the Falls. They had left behind them a fine property in the State of New York, and had, after a long and tiresome journey through the forest, arrived at the long-sought haven with little more than the clothes on their backs.

In the hurry of their departure they had left behind them several treasured articles. Amongst these were the title-deeds of the property which had been granted to Gilbertson's father direct from the Crown for some exploit in the French colonial wars. These parchments Gilbertson especially prized, and soon after his arrival on British territory he determined to revisit the homestead, and, if possible, recover them from their place of concealment under a certain plank in the inner room of the old hewn-log house.

It was a perilous undertaking. Public feeling

ran high against the refugees. Many cases of lynching on the part of the now triumphant Republicans had occurred, and Gilbertson had rendered himself especially obnoxious to the winning party. He had held a command in that notorious and still well-remembered band of Loyalist partisans known as Butler's Rangers. The chances, therefore, were a thousand to one that if captured he would be promptly strung up to the nearest tree.

Trusting, however, to his intimate knowledge of the country, and disregarding the entreaties of his young wife, Gilbertson rowed himself over the Niagara River, and, concealing his boat under the bank on the American side, started off on his perilous errand just as the early autumn evening began to close in.

Gilbertson, it is necessary to explain, was still under thirty, of herculean build, as tough and wiry as a wild-cat, and in every conceivable characteristic the typical frontiersman.

Avoiding the occasional settlements that lay in his direct route, and travelling mostly by night, he safely arrived at the deserted and still unoccupied homestead, which, though rather remotely situated, stood in a large clearing of nearly thirty acres. After waiting in the forest until night had fallen, but before the rising of the harvest moon, Gilbertson cautiously approached the house, and soon satisfied himself that it was untenanted. He entered by the unsecured door, found everything as it had been left a couple of weeks before, and speedily secured the desired articles, including the dearly prized title-deeds. Then, wearied out, he lay down for what he intended should be a couple of hours' sleep, purposing to make his homeward start about the turn of the night.

As might naturally be expected, he slept seven or eight hours, nature's allowance for a healthily tired man. When he awoke it was broad daylight, and the sun had already surmounted the tree-tops. Springing from the bed, Gilbertson made a hasty survey of the clearing from the back and front of the house, and then started off for the nearest point of the encircling forest.

He had covered about half the distance, when two men armed with muskets, who had evidently been watching the house, rushed upon him from the forest. Levelling their guns, they shouted to him to surrender.

Gilbertson stopped, and, with a short, bitter laugh, said, 'Waal, boys, I guess ye've treed yer coon this time.' Then he threw up his arms.

The two men, one considerably in advance of the other, approached with levelled pieces, when Gilbertson suddenly threw himself flat on his face, and pulling his foremost adversary's feet from under him, disarmed him. His comrade, who had thrown down his musket to rush to the other's assistance, was promptly felled, and Gilbertson was master of the situation.

'Take your life, you rebel hound!' said Gilbertson, as he 'drew a bead' on his discomfited and cowering adversary; 'but, remember, if you come within gunshot of me again I'll shoot you like the dog you are. God save King George!'

The Yankee, as may readily be imagined, glad to get off so cheaply, took to his heels. Gilbertson, leaving his second antagonist still prostrate and insensible, plunged into the forest on his homeward journey.

Impressed with the certainty of his ultimate pursuit, Gilbertson put forth all his energies, and, refreshed with his night's rest, travelled all day at a pace which by nightfall carried him nearly half-way to the British frontier. Then, after a few hours' rest, which he snatched with his back to a tree, he started off again, travelling the whole night and the greater part of the following day.

It was just as the welcome roar of the Niagara warned him of the swiftly nearing end of his journey that Gilbertson suddenly became conscious that he was being pursued. The bay of a blood-hound and the voices of men urging it forward suddenly rang out in the clear autumnal air, apparently only a few hundred yards in the rear. Wearied and footsore as he was with his prolonged tramp, Gilbertson's heart for the moment fainted within him. Then, bracing himself up, he dashed forward, inwardly resolving, if the worst came to the worst, to make a few 'rebels' bite the dust, and not to be taken alive.

His pursuers rapidly gained upon him, and just as, emerging from the forest, the broad bosom of the Father of Waters gladdened his sight, a loud shout from behind apprised him that he was in full view.

'Halt, or you're a dead man!' shouted one of his pursuers in the familiar tones of one of his old neighbours, an uncompromising Republican and implacable hunter of Tories, known in the settlement as Black Zeke. The bloodhound, with an exultant yelp, dashed forward to pull him down.

'Halt yourselves, you rebel trash!' shouted Gilbertson, wheeling round and levelling his musket at the advancing party of eight or ten men. The worst had come to the worst. He could have faced the whole Yankee army, with the arch-traitor George Washington at its head.

There was a roar of derisive laughter from his pursuers. Nevertheless, they halted. Gilbertson was only one man, but he was armed to the teeth, and they all knew full well that he would be an exceedingly ugly customer to come to close grips with. The hound would pull him down, and then they could rush in and take him alive. For the solemn lynching of one of Butler's Rangers was a treat not to be lightly thrown away.

In another moment the hound was upon him, and with a hoarse growl leaped for his throat. Exhausted as he was, Gilbertson, however, was too quick for the brute. He jumped lightly aside at the right moment; and the dog, missing its quarry, pitched head foremost upon the ground. Before it could recover itself it had received its death-blow from the butt-end of Gilbertson's musket.

The party of pursuers had meanwhile rushed forward, and were within a few paces of their expected prisoner. The boat lay concealed about a hundred yards from where Gilbertson had turned to bay. With the fire of rekindled hope, he turned and ran for it. A bullet hummed past his ear; another tore through his hat; a third stung his cheek; but he held on, reached the boat, and leaped into it. In another moment his pursuers, breathless and with emptied muskets, reached the bank. With a slash of his hunting-knife Gilbertson severed the rope.

He had just seized the oar to shove off, when Black Zeke leaped into the boat, and throwing himself upon him, demanded his surrender. The boat, under the impetus of the shock, shot far beyond the reach of those on shore; and then ensued a life-and-death grapple between the representatives of two irreconcilable systems. As far as size, weight, strength, and age went, the two men were not unevenly matched. But Gilbertson possessed one marked advantage: he was incomparably the more active of the two. Consequently, though taken at a serious disadvantage, he soon contrived to twist himself from an undermost to an uppermost position and get his huge bony hand twisted into his assailant's collar.

'Say "God save King George!" or I'll choke the life o' yer long carcass,' he hissed into the ear of the discomfited Republican.

'Never!' came the gurgled response.

Gilbertson gave another twist to his opponent's collar, and repeated his demand. Black Zeke's swarthy visage had by this time deepened into a rich purple, his eyes were bulging out of his head, and his tongue was protruding. Flesh and blood could stand it no longer; he made an affirmative movement with one of his hands. Gilbertson immediately relaxed his hold.

'God save King George!' Black Zeke gasped forth, now thoroughly conquered. Then, as Gilbertson still kept a hold upon his collar, he asked in a quavering voice, 'What are you going to do with me?'

After a moment's silence Gilbertson replied, 'I'm going to do one of two things: take you back to your friends or go over the Falls with you. If you pass your word that I can take you back and be free to go my way, I'll do so; if not, then we'll sleep in the whirlpool to-night.'

Black Zeke eagerly gave the required pledge. Gilbertson repeated it to the little band of Republicans, who had been anxiously witnessing their proceedings from the bank. The offer was accepted, and in the course of another five minutes Black Zeke had been restored to his friends, and Gilbertson, amid the rapidly deepening shades of the approaching night, had started on the last stage of his eventful journey.

As may be imagined, Gilbertson had no inclination to linger in American waters. He bent himself with a will to the oars, and soon shot out into the broad bosom of the Father of Waters.

He had reached British waters, and the land of his adoption was looming clear before him, when he began to be conscious of a peculiar motion of the boat. He seemed, as far as one can describe it, to be moving forward and yet making no progress. Then the bank ahead of him began to recede, his boat slued round, and he suddenly became conscious that he had entered upon the very last and most imminent of all his perils. During his struggle with Black Zeke his boat had drifted several hundred yards below its mooring-point. In the tremendous excitement of his life-and-death grapple he had entirely overlooked this fact. It now flashed upon him that he had started too far down the river, and that he had been caught in the tremendous rush of the current that sets in from the Canadian side. For a moment he sat with suspended oars, stunned and nerveless. Was he, after all, after surmounting a hundred perils and fighting his way back to home and freedom against ten times tenfold odds, destined thus miserably and ingloriously to perish? But Reuben Gilbertson was not the man to despair while there remained one fighting chance in a thousand to save his life. He bent again to the oars, and bringing his boat half-round with a supreme effort, strove to reach land in a slanting direction.

Meanwhile his friends, who had descried his approach and his subsequent peril, had gathered on the bank. One man, who had procured a rope, shouted to him to make for a certain point farther down, whence it seemed likely the rope might be successfully thrown to him.

Gilbertson, it is needless to say, made a manful attempt to follow out these directions. But just as his friend threw the rope a sudden capricious swirl of the current whirled his boat far beyond its reach. A shrill cry of horror and despair arose from the little knot of Loyalists on the bank. Reuben Gilbertson, the father of the settlement, their leader out of the House of Bondage, their champion, the strong, the trusted, the enthusiastically believed in, was to be torn almost out of their very grasp and hurled into the gaping jaws of death.

To Gilbertson all was now unmistakably over. His hands mechanically relaxed their grasp upon the oars, which in a moment slipped out of the rowlocks and were swept away. For a moment he sat as if stunned into apathy. Then he was observed to rise to his feet and lift his hat and wave it. 'Thank God, I die in British waters! God save King George!' he shouted in tones distinctly audible above the horrible hungry roar of the waters.

But Gilbertson was not destined to perish. His work for king and country was not done. An equally capricious inward swirl of the current drifted his boat shorewards just close enough to be reached by the rope. He was dragged ashore out of the very throat of death, amid the shrill weeping of the women and the hoarse shouts of the men, of whom by this time the little settlement had been emptied.

Gilbertson lived to a good old age. He served with distinction in the Canadian militia in the war of 1812–14, and helped under the heroic Brock to hurl the Americans down the Queenstown Heights. His son did his part loyally and manfully in 'the '37,' his grandson was under arms during the Fenian invasion of 1866, and a great-grandson served with credit and distinction in the last Riel rebellion of 1885. Counting his father, five successive generations of one family, not one of whom had ever laid eyes on England, have adventured their lives for the upholding of the old flag and the integrity of the Empire.

And this is more or less the history of thousands of families in Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, and Prince Edward Island. Little wonder, then, that Canadians are a loyal race. As an old Loyalist, himself the descendant of one of the original pioneers, said to the writer recently, 'We've got it in our bones.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SOME 'SCIENCES' OF THE CREDULOUS.

DURING the last few months several so-called sciences which command quite a considerable following have been subjected to searching examination and inquiry under test conditions, and in every case they have broken down utterly. In France the 'science' which deals with the delineation of character from handwriting has been carefully tested, and the results arrived at by various masters of the art were as different as possible and nearly all wrong. For instance, the handwriting of a notorious murderer was diagnosed by one professor as that of a young and timid girl. Many of the delineators were wrong even in apparently so simple a matter as the sex of the subject, and in nearly every case the results were hopelessly at variance with the known facts. Yet thousands of people believe firmly in the power of a few to discover character from handwriting, and base their belief on results which cannot reasonably be ascribed to coincidence or chance. Water-divining is another 'science' which has come under the microscope of test inquiry, and the water-diviners have failed as egregiously as the diviners of character. A number of them who had the courage of their opinions and consented to be put to the test—many others had indignantly refused—were turned into a field beneath which, as they were told, water was known to be flowing. Their indications had all the charm of variety, and none were nearer the truth than a lucky guesser might reasonably expect to find himself. Here again there are thousands of hard-headed people who firmly believe in the power of a hazel switch to indicate the proximity of water, and they will point to many a well-authenticated case as the basis of their convictions. Again, the name of the believers in phrenology is legion, for what is more logical than that the various portions of the brain—each controlling a different characteristic of the individual—should be represented by a corresponding protuberance on that individual's cranium? Nevertheless, this idea of a local habitation for the various faculties is without foundation, and it has been shown that the bumps, which the phrenologist believes to be due to a bulging brain, are generally merely a thickening of the bony structure of the skull, and in reality indicate rather a deficiency of brain-substance in that particular place. How many there are who own to a belief in palmistry, based upon marvellous predictions which have undoubtedly come true in every important particular! Yet if the very least of the palmist's arrogant claims could be substantiated he would be absolutely invaluable to life insurance companies. Still, the palmist's revelations, except when made under test conditions, continue to astonish the sceptic and confirm the credulous by an exactitude which cannot easily be explained away. There are several other so-called sciences in which people believe, having seemingly very good grounds for the faith which is in them, which nevertheless fail utterly to establish themselves when subjected to rigid tests. The firm beliefs of thousands of sane thinking men and women cannot be lightly dismissed with an airy accusation of fraud.

AND A SUGGESTION.

In spite of the numerous cases of gross fraud on the part of so-called mediums, and in spite of their oft-repeated failure under test, the mysterious phenomena grouped under the heading of spiritualism are too well authenticated to be refused credence entirely. That such phenomena have been, and daily are being, observed must be admitted, though the connection in any way with the spirits of the departed may be gravely questioned. The allied phenomena of clairvoyance, clairaudience, telepathy, &c. must equally be admitted to have some foundation in fact, although what little in them is true is shrouded in such an impenetrable cloak of foolishness and fraud that careful inquiry is baffled at the very outset. But all these things have one characteristic in common with the false sciences mentioned above. The success is directly proportional to the *faith* in them which is held not only by those who practise them but also by those who sit around. Probably this explains why—although they occasionally succeed at other times—they almost always fail when placed under test by a

committee of sceptics; and this common characteristic suggests that there is possibly a common grain of truth. There are few who will absolutely deny that there is a faculty of the human mind which in occasional glimpses enables it to obtain knowledge of things which at the time are beyond the reach of any of the five senses. This faculty, which in highly developed cases is called telepathy, is believed to be possessed more or less by all individuals; and those who have studied the subject say that its successful exercise depends upon the subject's faith in his own powers. Moreover, it is probably subject to that law of suggestion which is found to govern all hypnotic phenomena. Now, it is at least possible that palmistry, phrenology, and divination either of water or character are merely telepathy or clairvoyance modified by the practitioner's own suggestion. Thus, the handwriting sage may gain telepathic knowledge which in his case will only manifest itself in connection with a piece of notepaper; and so with all the other occult scientists. In every case, it is quite in accordance with the known laws of hypnotism that failure should result during inquiry by unbelievers, for faith is a *sine qud non*. The idea is put forward merely as a suggestion, and coupled with the old recommendation: there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in man's philosophy.

TARRING THE ROADS.

In all matters pertaining to road locomotion France has been ahead of this country for some years; and it is not surprising that while we are experimenting in the treatment of our roads with dust-laying preservatives on a small scale, the roads in France are being coated by machinery at a very encouraging rate. Various means have been tried for the application of oil or tar to the surface of the roads, one of the best being designed upon the principle of the spray-diffuser familiar to most people in the toilet form as an inhaling appliance or for the distribution of scent. By this method water from the main, in forcing its way through the nozzle, draws up through another pipe a small quantity of oil or tar, and, carrying this out with it, sprays the substance thinly over the road surface. By another method the oily substance is made into an emulsion with water by the addition of some alkali such as ammonia, and the soapy compound thus obtained is sprinkled upon the road from an ordinary watering-cart. According to a recent report by Chief-Engineer Heude, the best and most satisfactory method of all is to apply hot gas-tar direct to the newly swept road surface, and this method is being used on a large scale by the aid of elaborate appliances. By the Laissaily automatic system, more than two thousand square yards of road surface can be treated in an hour. In this apparatus, which is worked entirely by steam, the semi-liquid tar from a tank-cart is automatically sucked into the steam heating-car, and in a short time brought to the necessary temperature, two hundred and fifty gallons at a time; then the boiling-hot tar is driven out by steam pressure into another tank-wagon, by which it is applied to the road during the time that a second supply is being boiled up in the steam-heater. The spreading-cart is supplied with automatic apparatus to produce an even flow of hot tar through a number of small holes on to the road, where it is immediately attacked by automatic spreading-brushes, which lay a fine coating on the surface. According to the report, the results justify the expense occasioned, and indeed it is said that the annual cost of keeping up the road is so far diminished as a consequence of the great reduction in wear that the original expense is more than compensated by the saving, the roads are freed from the dust nuisance, and they last longer with less attention.

A NEW EXPLOSIVE.

In the making of the Simplon Tunnel a new explosive was experimented with, but had to be abandoned because it produced such enormous quantities of the poisonous carbon monoxide that the air in the tunnel would have been unfit for breathing. The explosive, which is described in the *Annales des Ponts et Chaussées*, was made by soaking powdered charcoal in liquid air or liquid oxygen. The powdered charcoal—which by itself is of course quite harmless—was packed in stout paper cartridge-cases fitted with a paper tube, through which the liquid air was poured at the last moment before use, and the firing was accomplished by means of the usual fulminate cap. Owing to the evaporation of the liquid air it was necessary that the charge should be fired within ten minutes of the moment when the liquid was added; but this, so far from being an objection, constitutes one of the greatest advantages of the new explosive, for if there should be a miss-fire from any cause it is only necessary to wait a while and the cartridge may be dug out with perfect safety, for its explosive properties will have evaporated with the liquid air. The explosive is said to cost only one-tenth the price of dynamite, so that if it is in other respects as valuable as it is reported to be, it is to be hoped that the disadvantage mentioned may be overcome.

ANOTHER WAR ON FLIES.

It is gradually coming to be universally recognised that various insects which we have hitherto looked upon as being only troublesome and annoying are in reality a serious danger because of their disease-bearing capabilities. According to a note in the *English Mechanic*, the vicar of Barkingside, the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma, who is said never to lose an opportunity of slaying flies and encouraging the natural bent of spiders, is proclaiming a war on all obnoxious insects in Essex. These will include gnats, mosquitoes, harvest-bugs, and indeed all objectionable creatures from the wasp down to *pulex irritans*—sometimes called the domestic kangaroo. Mr Lach-Szyrma says: 'If only one-

hundredth of the sum used for destroying human life in war were devoted to clearing away the common foes of mankind we should all be happier and more at ease.' Everybody will wish the best of success to him and his new society.

X-RAYS FOR GRAY HAIR.

A great deal has been heard of the terrible effect produced by the X-rays on the skin if they are allowed to impinge upon it for long periods time after time, and it is now announced in *L'Illustration* that the X-rays have a marked effect upon the colour of the hair. In the course of the daily applications of the X-rays for medical purposes a doctor and his assistant were surprised to find that the beard and hair (which had grown almost white) of one of them were gradually reassuming their original hue; but they noticed, on the other hand, that the dark hair of a man whom they were treating for lupus was gradually becoming gray under the effect of the rays. After noting the various effects in a number of cases, the two doctors declare that under the influence of X-rays light hair becomes darker. It is said that gray hair which had become black under the treatment has since been repeatedly cut and retains its black hue. If substantiated, this will open out a new and valuable field for the X-rays; but in view of the very terrible skin-disease which the rays are capable of producing under prolonged exposure, extreme caution must be used in all experiments.

A PAVING-SLAB MACHINE.

The coming of the concrete is slow but sure, and gradually conservative England is beginning to realise the value of concrete blocks and slabs in the making of her buildings. A large brewery in Bishop-Stortford has been built entirely of hollow concrete blocks, and from the illustration which is before us it is far less unsightly than brewers' buildings are wont to be. The concrete blocks were made with the machine patented by Messrs Bailey and Stanton. It will be remembered that the great advantage of building with concrete lies in the fact that the bulk of the building material is found on the spot and costs practically nothing; the remaining constituent, ordinary cement, alone requires bringing to the scene of operations. Cement is used only in the proportion of one-third to one-sixth of the whole, according to the strength required of the finished brick, so that carriage, which is one of the builder's most expensive items, is reduced to that extent. A machine which should commend itself at once to the corporations of all small towns is the one designed by Messrs Bailey and Stanton for making concrete paving-slabs. It consists in the main of a strong steel box, with provision for applying great pressure to the contents. Its operation is simple in the extreme. Sufficient concrete to form one slab is placed, in its newly mixed and plastic condition, at the bottom of the box, a thin wooden partition laid over it, then a further similar amount of concrete, and another partition, and so on until the box is full. Then the pressure is applied and the whole put aside to set. After several hours the box is taken to pieces and the eight slabs of solid concrete removed and stacked away to dry. It is obvious that the slabs can be made at any convenient time and stored until they are required for use.

FERRO-CONCRETE: A CORRECTION.

Our recent note on the new building erected by the North-Eastern Railway at Newcastle was unintentionally exaggerated. By an error the area of the structure was given in yards instead of feet, and there was also a considerable over-statement as to the load for which the floor of the building was constructed to carry. The actual space covered by the building measures one hundred and eighty by four hundred and thirty feet. The total height of the structure is ninety-two feet, and it consists of basement and ground-floor where the railway traffic is carried on, and two upper floors for the storage of goods. In one of the tests to which the ground-floor was subjected a beam designed to carry a load of one hundred and seventy-one tons was weighted to two hundred and seventy-three tons. The flooring is only five inches thick, supported on twelve-inch beams—seventeen inches in all—and there are six turntables, each designed to carry 42-ton wagons.

A FOUNTAIN OF BUBBLES.

A novelty in the way of adornment for ornamental grounds and the like is provided in an ingenious machine for blowing bubbles by the thousand. The bubbles contain hydrogen gas instead of air, and rise in a glistening torrent to a considerable height before they burst. The effect on a still, sunny day is said to be very beautiful. The bubbles are blown by the pressure of the gas from a battery of nozzles arranged in rows of two dozen or so, the rows being four inches apart. By the action of the machine the rows of nozzles are alternately dipped in the soap solution, and then the gas is gradually turned on until the bubbles are formed and fly upwards. In the large machines the gas is drawn from the mains, but in the smaller ones it is provided by the action of hydrochloric acid upon zinc. The small machines, producing and liberating only a few bubbles each minute, provide attractive and inexpensive targets for air-gun practice.

UNINFLAMMABLE CURTAINS.

Reference was recently made in these columns to a method whereby curtains could be rendered uninflammable by a simple process recommended by an American professor. A British firm, the patentees of 'Non-Flam' goods, of Aytoun Street, Manchester, points out that however efficacious Professor Doremus's prescription may be, it will need to be applied to the curtains every time they are washed. In the case of uninflammable curtains

manufactured by this firm only ordinary washing would be required. The 'Non-Flam' curtains are so manufactured that they resist fire no matter how frequently they are washed. By the same firm flannelette is prepared which reduces the danger of fire to a minimum, as a light must be held to it for a considerable time before it will even smoulder.

WHAT BECOMES OF OLD HORSES SHIPPED TO THE CONTINENT?

A false impression may be created by a statement in an article upon 'Omnicarnivorous Man' in our September issue, where it is hinted that some of the sorry screws shipped from Great Britain to the Continent return in the shape of beef extract. We are glad to find, on the authority of government and public officials on the Continent, that this is not the case, and that not a single ounce of horseflesh returns to England in the form of extract of meat. The people of the Continental countries to which the animals are exported consume the horseflesh in the shape of joints and steaks; no extract of meat is manufactured there. A similar assurance was given by Earl Percy in the House of Commons in July 1905.

A STEAM COOKER.

At Dr Lahmann's nature-cure sanatorium, near Dresden, care is taken to cook vegetables so as to retain the nutritive and soluble salts, which are too often lost and thrown out with the boiling water with which they are cooked. A cooker in several compartments is in use in order to prepare the vegetables and retain these health-giving salts. A useful steam-cooker in compartments has also been brought out in this country (121 Newgate Street, London, E.C.) admirably suited for this approved method of cooking vegetables, fruits, fish, flesh, or fowl, all of which processes can be done simultaneously. It consists of a circular receptacle so constructed as to support three or four shelves, on which many different kinds of food may be placed. At the bottom of the cooker is the water reservoir. When the cooker is filled with food it is placed above a closed kitchen-range, a good oil-stove, or a gas-ring; the water is boiled continuously, and the rising steam, passing through the shelves or partitions, penetrates every article of food in the various compartments. The covers with flexible rim, on pressure, mould so tightly into the shape of the body of the cooker that the steam is retained. To avoid the risk of the cooker boiling dry, when the water is getting low an alarm is raised by means of a tube ending in a whistle. This cooker—which is also fitted with a safety-valve to prevent explosion—is in two parts: the cooker proper for small dinners and an extension when more items are on the menu.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES.

No more before our eyes the Pharaohs move
  Perplexed by Magic's arts and dreams' strange lore;
  Nor do we wish, like Sheba's queen of yore,
The wisdom of King Solomon to prove;
Nor old-world splendours do we care to trace;
  Or seek the palace where was held of old
  The royal feast when Vashti, vexed and bold,
Refused to show the beauty of her face.
Instead, we have the lilies of the field,
  The star, the shepherds, and the angel, then
  The song on high—goodwill and peace to men;
And crowds, with cripples cured, the palsied healed;
While fishers on the Galilean Sea
Hear love-set words: 'Come ye, and follow Me.'

SARAH WILSON.

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CHRISTMAS 1906.

DOCTOR WORTHINGTON'S NIGHTMARE.

By W. E. CULE,

Author of 'The Duke Pays,' &c.

CHAPTER I.

YOUNG BLESSLEY'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

My illuminating experience undoubtedly had its genesis in a simple combination of circumstances. It was my sixty-eighth birthday, and I rose in the morning with a freshened realisation of the flight of time. Some trifling symptoms incidental to such a point in life seemed unpleasantly portentous, and I found myself considering them rather gloomily. Indeed, this soberness of spirit was only partially dissipated by a comfortable breakfast and the affectionate congratulations of my wife and daughter.

The day's work occupied all my thoughts, but the same mood returned when I went to my study in the evening. Under its influence I was foolish enough to spend some little time searching my bookshelves for a reference to a certain medieval legend which I had just recalled to memory. Having found this reference, I read it with some amusement, and then put the volume aside as a thing that was done with.

Then I made an effort to throw off the shadow that was upon me. 'After all,' I said to myself philosophically, as I made up a few prescriptions for my patients—'after all, sixty-eight is only sixty-eight. It is not even sixty-nine, much less seventy. Let us do our appointed task while we are only sixty-eight.' And having finished my mixing of drugs and laid the bottles on the hall table, I closed my study door and drew up to my desk. 'Being only sixty-eight,' I said firmly, repressing a desire to rest in my easy-chair, 'I am not too tired to proceed with that little article on "The Management of Town Museums" for *The Municipal Magazine*.'

It might have been half-an-hour later, when I had completely forgotten my birthday, that I was aroused by a tap at the door.

'May I come in?' asked young Blessley.

'Do,' I replied cordially.

He was a very frequent visitor; in fact, he was engaged to my daughter Ella. He came in now with a breezy greeting.

'Sorry to disturb you, but—Many Happy Returns of the Day! And though I know you don't care for birthday presents and that sort of thing, I've brought you something that may be acceptable—as a curiosity.'

With that he laid before me on my blotting-pad what appeared to be a small pot or flask—a stout little pot made apparently of a species of greenish earthenware, and roughly marked.

'You are very good,' I said. 'But what is it?'

'I thought you would be the best judge,' he answered, smiling. 'According to the man from whom I got it, this is a specimen of very old

Indian pottery, the handiwork of the people who received Columbus when he first crossed the Atlantic.'

His further explanation was sufficiently artless. It appeared that a man had called at the offices that afternoon—Blessley was a charter-clerk at the Westhampton Docks—to see old Sir Joshua Field, the head of his firm. After the interview with Sir Joshua, this person had entered into conversation with Blessley, and had presently exhibited a relic of his travels in the shape of the earthenware flask. Hearing the claim made on its behalf, and aware of my interest in curios generally, the young fellow had purchased the article for half-a-sovereign.

'Hem!' I said, 'I won't rebuke you by quoting an old saw about a young man and his money.'

'Well,' he protested, though without conviction, 'the fellow certainly seemed to know what he was talking about. Was I taken in?'

I took up the little pot, and found it much heavier than it looked. Even if it were genuine, it had no beauty and no particular interest, and I was rather surprised that any one should have taken the trouble to preserve it. It was not my wish, however, to damp Blessley's well-intentioned interest in such matters.

'I cannot say that you were,' I replied. 'In fact, I am not familiar with that particular subject. I will look into the matter, and let you know. It was very good of you to think of me. Are you staying to supper to-night? Yes? Then I shall see you again presently.'

Perfectly satisfied, the young fellow left the room, closing the door behind him. As I took up my pen again I heard his footsteps cross the hall towards the drawing-room.

But my well-meaning visitor had naturally checked the flow of my thoughts. I wrote a few words, paused, and found myself staring absently at that absurd little pot. After another attempt I decided to rest a little, seated myself in my easy-chair, and drew the coals together in the fire-grate. I had not been seated for three or four minutes, however, before I again found myself regarding Blessley's curio, where it rested just beyond the edge of my blotter.

I felt that this was a disturbing element in the evening's record, and surveyed it with no particular goodwill. No curio collector is entirely free from the well-intentioned torment of friends and acquaintances, and it was in this way that I now began to think of poor Blessley and his gift. And presently, remembering that my first examination had been a very perfunctory one, I went to the table and took the flask in my hands.

It was certainly a very rude and primitive specimen, but that did not necessarily imply antiquity. Greatly to my surprise, however, I now made a discovery which had somehow escaped my notice before—namely, that the flask was stoppered, and that the stopper appeared to be sealed. Moreover, when I shook it I could distinctly perceive the movement of liquid within.

My interest was now effectually awakened. Going out to my surgery, I took from a drawer a good corkscrew and a bradawl which I kept there with other useful odds and ends. Then I considered the matter of breaking the seal without any great fear that I should commit an act of vandalism.

The wax was hard and brittle, but there was no difficulty in removing it. The stopper was of wood, but somewhat soft, and presented no serious obstacle. I blew the dust of the wax carefully away before I completed its removal. Then I looked for the tumbler which I always kept at my side when writing. It was still half-full of filtered water; but a second visit to my surgery supplied me with another glass. Into this, with a little curiosity, I emptied the contents of the earthenware flask.

It was a clear, colourless liquid, without a sparkle. In the tumbler, standing considerably less than half-full, it had exactly the appearance of so much water. It could not have been distinguished from the liquid in the other tumbler, which I knew to be water indeed; and, with a simple conviction of the truth, I dipped the tip of my finger and tasted it.

When I had done that I could not help smiling, and my interest moved from the stout little pot to the person who had been its owner. A clever person, traveller or no traveller, he had got a satisfactory British half-sovereign for a piece of undated and untraceable earthenware holding about half a gill of water—plain Westhampton water. He had not even troubled to colour it!

I smiled again at the adventure of my amateur antiquary, and then pushed the jar aside, together with the implements I had used upon it. At the least it had called me to a little exertion, and I felt that I could return for a while to my writing. Once more I seated myself, and took up the thread of my argument.

Ten minutes later came a pause, when I had reached the end of a somewhat satisfactory paragraph. As I read it over I laid down my pen, and by an act of unconscious habit extended my hand for my tumbler of filtered water. Seeing that it was only about a third-part full, I drank off the contents, laid the glass down again, and finished my paragraph slowly.

A moment afterwards I was lost in bewilderment. As my eyes left the paper they fell upon a tumbler with a little water in it, while the taste of that water was still upon my palate! I had emptied the glass, and yet there it was now, exactly as I had seen it last. I stared uncomprehendingly, half-doubting my eyes.

Then I saw another glass of a different pattern standing empty within six inches of the

[*Christmas Number.*

first. It was an odd tumbler from my surgery; and I suffered a distinct shock as I perceived that I had drunk the contents of the wrong glass!

CHAPTER II.

WHAT SEEMED TO BE AN EXTRAORDINARY FACT.

IT was an unpleasant mistake, for I did not actually and positively know what the pot had contained. The taste, however, now that I saw what I had done, seemed to have half-a-dozen different species of unfamiliarity. Had I poisoned myself? Some minutes of alarm and almost of horror must have passed before I could call common-sense to my aid. Then I reasoned myself into calmness.

'Well,' I said scornfully, 'you have drunk a little water. You knew that it was water ten minutes ago, and it could scarcely change its character so quickly. Are you really grown so old that you cannot keep your convictions for a few minutes at a time? Is sixty-eight such a feeble age?'

As a further step towards complete common-sense I took up my pen again, and afterwards sipped the water in the other glass. 'Decidedly,' I said with all possible severity, 'the taste is the same.' And with that I addressed myself to my work, resolutely putting behind me the little fact which had caused me so much temporary distress.

About half-an-hour later, feeling no inconvenient consequences, I laughed at the recollection of my accident, and decided to bring my evening's work to a conclusion. It must now be nearly supper-time, and I felt that I had done enough, even though I was not at all tired. Moving to the hearth, I stood there with my back to the dying fire.

My study is a fairly long but rather narrow room, and on the wall exactly opposite the hearth was a small bracket-mirror. Standing on the hearth with my back to the fire was a favourite resource of mine in intervals between my work or my reading, and it was also a matter of habit to view myself in that mirror.

It was thus that I came to look for my own reflection now. For a moment after I had focussed it I stared in an absent manner, quite without realising what I saw. Then I became suddenly bewildered. After that I turned sharply to see who it was that was standing behind me. The movement was ridiculous, of course, and I perceived it immediately. My next action was to cross the room in two strides and stare into the glass at close quarters.

I have always been a man of rapid impressions and quick conclusions. As I looked now into that familiar glass at the unfamiliar reflection that faced me, I first rubbed my eyes. When I looked again the result was the same, and then a sudden cold crept over me. With a tremendous effort of will I strove to retain command of my faculties, my thoughts.

Panting, trembling, I examined the objects in the room, striving to gain time, to consider. The desk with my writing materials, the bookcase, the revolving chair, the carpet, the rugs, the pictures: were they all exactly as usual, or not? The photographs on the mantelpiece, too—familiar faces all, many of them old and esteemed patients of mine—there seemed to be no difference, no ghastly change, in them. The marble timepiece was ticking with its old note of busy contentment, and only I was wrong. . . .

I looked into the glass again, long and fixedly. Then I glanced at my hands, felt my face, my hair, and drew a deep breath. Then I moved softly to the door and locked it.

A moment later and I had been too late. I had only turned the key when Ella crossed the hall and tried the door.

She was probably surprised to find it locked, but did not trouble to consider. With a light tap she called:

'Supper is ready, papa. Will you come?'

I tried to speak naturally. 'My dear,' I said, 'you must really excuse me to-night. I have taken up some work, and am very busy.'

There was a pause. Her surprise was evident in her protest.

'But it is your birthday, you know.'

'Yes,' I said firmly; 'but I am old and wise and sixty-eight, my dear girl. I think you must forgive me to-night.'

There was a longer pause. Ella has none of the obstinacy which has been unfairly charged to me.

'Oh, well, if we must'—— she began.

'I think you must. And, Ella, don't let me be disturbed again. I am really very busy. If I do not come out presently, don't wait for me, but go to bed. I leave it to you to explain to your mother.'

She was too sensible to trouble me after that. There was another brief silence, and then, with a laughing 'Good-night—if you *will* be so obstinate!' she turned and went back. I knew that she would put everything straight, explain to her mother that I was riding my favourite hobby, and presently forget the incident altogether. I was thankful that young Blessley was in the house!

For a little while I lingered nervously near the door, fearing that my calculations might somehow fail; but they did not fail, and I was now at leisure to think. . . .

Two hours or so later I went to that door again, and, after listening, opened it very

quietly. When I was assured that every one, including the servant, had gone to bed, I passed out as silently as a thief, crossed the hall from the surgery, and approached the dining-room.

I was so often the last to retire that the sound of my footsteps would cause no alarm to those upstairs. What I dreaded, however, was to be seen, not to be heard, and it was with a tremulous hand that I pushed open the dining-room door. The darkness reassured me, and, entering softly, I moved to the centre of the room and turned up the incandescent lights of the chandelier. After that I walked steadily to the sideboard to examine myself in the large sheet of glass at its back. Then horror and bewilderment overpowered me, and I had only time to stagger to a chair before I lost consciousness. . . .

When I came to myself I was still alone under that blaze of light. As memory returned I felt that I was just recovering from some fearful shock, and wondered what had happened. Then I rose, moved once more to the glass, and looked—looked long and steadily. After that look I turned down the lights, returned to my study, and locked the door upon myself.

Again I tried to think, but my mind was in a surging confusion. There was my mirror, with the incomprehensible declaration which my sense of touch corroborated pitilessly. And there was my room, with all its familiar objects just as yesterday, framing to-night what I knew to be—unless I had lost my reason—one of the most amazing facts in the history of the race.

CHAPTER III.

THE IMPOSSIBLE TRUTH.

MY household was a well-ordered one, and to a certain extent I could be sure of its morning's routine. The servant would be down at seven, and Ella at about eight. My wife, who was in somewhat delicate health, would rise for breakfast at nine. If she woke early and found me absent she would conclude that I had received a call in the night and had gone away quietly without disturbing her.

At seven punctually I heard the girl's footsteps in the hall—sounds which I had been awaiting with an anxiety which even now I shudder in recalling. As she approached my door I quietly opened it and appeared before her. There was no other way. Had I not thought out every step with positive agony during that long night?

It was the first crisis, and it was over instantly. The girl gave a start and a stifled exclamation, and after one glance at my face she looked beyond me into the study. The horror of a great fear rolled away from my mind. Whatever else had happened, I had not been struggling all night under the delusions of a lunatic.

'My girl,' I said in matter-of-fact tones, 'your mistress will not be down, I think, for some little time?'

'No, sir,' she stammered, in supreme bewilderment.

'Miss Worthington, I understand, will be down first. When she comes I wish to see her, though she need not be disturbed now. Doctor Worthington was called away suddenly last night, and has left me in his place.'

She took it all most obediently. I was glad that she did not happen to be a thinking creature. After a pause, she muttered 'Yes, sir,' and turned away; and three or four minutes later I heard her singing in an undertone as she polished my brass plate near the door.

Back in my study, I reflected that I had now about an hour's grace. I had long ago forgotten my fire, and the chill light of the early spring morning—it was April—was upon the gray ashes spread untidily in the grate. I had once tried to doze, in the childish hope that I should waken to nothing worse than the memory of a nightmare; but Nature had refused to aid me, and now the day looked coldly in upon the same incredible circumstance.

But for my lifelong habit of self-control I should have been a raving maniac before that morning broke. As it was, I had suffered intensely, and my mind was a confused clamour of arguments that ran in circles, always coming back to the same place. The last hour had been the longest, and it had left me tremulous and unmanned.

Now that the girl was done with, however, and one great question answered, I could attack the outstanding fact as something fairly attested. Beginning where everything seemed to begin, I turned to a volume lying upon my table and read once more the passages I knew by heart already.

It was the bare outline of a story which is sufficiently familiar—one which I had always been accustomed to regard as a fairy tale of the world's childhood, and one which is found gleaming like a silver thread in the literatures of half the globe. What the alchemists of Europe had failed to find through centuries of pathetic experiment the adventurers of the West had sought in another form in uncharted seas and pathless forests—that magic draught which should turn back the hands of time and restore to feeble age the joy and vigour of youth. This was the true and somewhat ironic history of the greatest of these adventurers, the man whose fame is the child of his failure.

'De Soto, among others, attributes the dis-

covery of Florida to Juan Ponce de Leon, who was Spanish Governor of Porto Rico. This cavalier, having grown rich by the labour of the slaves on his plantation, turned a willing ear to a romance of the natives. In the north, said they, in the unexplored seas beyond the Antilles, was an island called Bimini, possessing a fountain whose water had the marvellous property of restoring youth to the aged. So for many months De Leon sailed the seas in search of Bimini, incidentally exploring the Bahamas in his romantic quest, and also landing upon a shore whose wealth of flowers induced him to give it the name of "Terra Florida."'

Certainly this outline of a beautiful legend was sufficiently succinct, and gave every vital particular in a few words. The other volume was a pseudo-scientific work on myths and fables, and here the old story was disposed of in a singularly reasonable fashion:

'Another very popular myth of the Middle Ages was the story of the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, the legend which is said to have led Ponce de Leon to the discovery of Florida. The true nature of this story becomes clear when it is found that the marvellous fountain had earlier made its appearance in Eastern legend as one of the many attractions of the long-sought terrestrial Eden; and still earlier in time we find its root-idea in the classic story of Medea and her cauldron, while in the West it appears in the story of Bran. It is undoubtedly a very simple form of earth-myth, and describes the rejuvenation of the world at the coming of spring.'

When I had read this again, I was conscious of something akin to hysteria. I replaced the books, examined myself once more in the glass, and handled vaguely the uncommunicative earthenware pot which had been Blessley's gift. I had to weigh science and reason against circumstances in my own immediate experience, against the astounding fact which had so lately been proved beyond any reasonable doubt. And yet——

What was I to do? My mind turned from one problem to another, with the uncertainty of a demagnetised compass-needle. I had seen long ago that anything was possible except the truth. Upon that conviction I had acted in my dealings with the girl; but how far should I proceed in this course? Questions were even now preparing for me. I might answer them for an hour or so; but—what afterwards?

The absurd idea of a temporary flight suggested itself, but I shrank from it. That seemed a ridiculously extreme measure—as yet. I must await events, and try to face them in that spirit of plain, everyday common-sense which I tried to apply to all the affairs of life. After all, if the worst came to the worst, and no change took place, the truth must be told, and must prevail. The truth impossible—impracticable! Was it not almost a sin to suggest such a thing? And then I found myself lost in a maze of degraded argument and contradictory thought, staring at my own reflection until my very eyes ached.

'If you are Worthington,' I said to the face that returned my gaze—'and of course you are—no one would believe it for a moment. Last night you were sixty-eight, and you looked it. To-day you are less than thirty. Your skin is without a line; your hair is black, and the very contour of your face is unutterably changed. At the very least, you are not yourself! Your eyes are of the same colour, but they are the eyes of a young man.

'Well, there is no sense in the thing, of course. Nevertheless it is a fact, my dear fellow, and we have to deal with the fact. But it's of no use to go telling other people, is it? No one would believe it, even if you proved it. Even though it is true, it is too absurd to be believed.

'Even though it is true, it is too absurd to be believed,' I repeated mechanically. 'Why, yes, that's it exactly. And yet, in the meantime—this awkward meantime—we have to live and move and—and face facts. No doubt this is probably the most extraordinary fact a man has ever faced, but this does not absolve you from the necessity of facing it with calmness—and—yes—with dignity. You know—do you not?—that you are Walter Worthington. I do not ask you to consider what you see, but to remember what you know. And you know that it is as I say. Well, then, as long as you know it'——

Such was the confusion, the degradation of thought, into which I fell during that awful hour, though it was only a repetition of what had taken place over and over again during the night. It was mercifully ended at last by a tap at the door.

Time had passed, and my breathing-space was gone. I could only take the next step forward, so I moved to the door and opened it.

It was the girl again. Her eyes swept over me with mingled curiosity and interest.

'If you please, sir, Miss Worthington is just coming to see you,' she said.

'Ah yes,' I replied. 'Very good. Thank you.'

She went away. Leaving the door ajar, I waited, bracing myself to face the interview. A minute later I heard Ella cross the surgery, and turned to meet her.

She gave me a rapid glance with her quiet 'Good-morning' as she entered the room, but there was not the slightest sign of recognition. Perhaps she had not yet realised the improbability of my story; but surprise came at once when she found that she did not know me. She was acquainted, naturally, with some of the

younger medical men in the district, and had not expected to meet a perfect stranger in the person whom her father had 'left in his place.'

She was perfectly self-possessed, however, even in her surprise.

'So my father was called away?' she said. 'Was it to any distance?'

I had vaguely thought out some of my answers, yet I gave them with considerable awkwardness. Nor could I allow her to look into my eyes.

'It is some distance. I came to fetch him, and as he did not wish to disturb Mrs Worthington so early, I promised to wait here until he came back, and to explain his going,' I said. 'But it is a very confidential matter, and—and it is better not to mention particulars. You understand, Miss Worthington?'

I felt that it sounded very plausible, but Ella did not find it so. The fact that I was a stranger—an utter stranger—was so heavily against me! Her surprise increased as she considered my story. I knew, too, that she was looking at me attentively, and suddenly became conscious of a subtle change in her. Nevertheless, she spoke her next question without any sign:

'Are you able to say when he will be back?'

I fervently wished that I could. 'No,' I said; 'but we may hope that it will not be long.'

What more could I say? There was silence for a long moment, while I seemed to feel the atmosphere become charged with trouble and suspicion. On her part there was also something else—some sense, I believe, of the presence of the mysterious and unnatural. It was a something that would give an ordinary person a feeling of uneasiness and doubt, culminating, perhaps, in irritation or anger; but a perceptive disposition would be oppressed and alarmed.

Ella was keenly perceptive, and by this time all her instincts were up in arms. I saw it clearly, but was plainly helpless. Nor could I but admire her self-possession and apparent calmness.

'He left no special message?' she asked quietly.

It was certainly an oversight that I had not done so. I saw this at once, but also saw that it was too late to make good the omission. I was obliged to return a prompt answer.

'No,' I said. 'His departure, you know, was somewhat hurried;' and as I worked my devious way through my part I could not help wondering whether the truth would not have been possible after all: 'Ella—*I am your father!*' What if I had made that startling statement?

I had scarcely spoken my answer, however, when I saw that something had occurred. Standing against the table, she suddenly turned as pale as death. As she looked at me something came into her eyes that was nothing less than terror—a sheer overpowering terror. She swayed, and I started forward to support her.

The quickness of her recovery was marvellous. Before I could touch her she had raised a hand to ward me off. For another moment she stood still, as if considering; and then she closed the interview in a curious way.

'I must go,' she said calmly. 'I—I am afraid the coffee will be cold. Do, please, excuse me.'

Then she was at the door almost before I could open it for her, and with a faint smile had passed out.

I returned once more to my solitude, bewildered and uneasy. The interview had not been entirely successful.

CHAPTER IV.

INTERVENTION OF STADDEN.

THE intervention of Stadden, my next-door neighbour, who is a Board of Trade man, was characteristic if not welcome. We had long been to an extent intimate, and I had learned to like him for the bluff geniality he could exhibit, if not for the somewhat irascible and blustering manner of his less favourable moments.

He came quite suddenly, half-an-hour after Ella's retreat, while I was still looking vainly for a way of escape from my amazing cul-de-sac. He also came familiarly, and had installed himself on the hearthrug almost before I was aware of it. Forgetting my predicament for a moment, I had opened the door wide to him, and only pulled up just in time to check the hearty greeting which sprang naturally to my lips.

'Morning,' he said cheerily. 'Doctor Worthington's substitute, eh?'

'Yes,' I replied cautiously.

'So I'm told. Hem! Felt rather seedy this morning, you know, and thought I'd have a little tonic. Same as usual—you'll find it in the doctor's books. Name of Stadden—next-door here.'

Same as usual? I hadn't given Stadden a tonic for several years!

But before I could ask a question he rattled on carelessly:

'Doctor gone far? Out of town?'

'Not far,' I answered truthfully; and I began aimlessly to turn the leaves of one of my memorandum books as if to look for the Stadden formula.

'Expect him back this morning, eh?'

'It is very uncertain. I really cannot say.'

'Hem!' Mr Stadden plunged his hands

into his side-pockets and cleared his throat. 'Serious case, I suppose? Operation?'

'Yes,' I answered with equal truth. 'By the way, Mr Stadden, when did Dr Worthington last prescribe for you?'

'Oh, a few weeks back—perhaps three months.—Very flattering to Worthington to be called out like that. Is it an old patient?'

I began to feel irritated and suspicious. 'The fact is,' I said, 'as was explained to Miss Worthington, the matter is rather a private one. I am really not in a position to give particulars.'

There was a pause. The less pleasant characteristics of friend Stadden were called into play by that uncompromising rebuke. I only wanted to be rid of him, but he remained to ask some further questions much more directly.

'So you—hem!—cannot supply any information with regard to the doctor?'

I became more uneasy still, but I dared not look into the man's face. I went on turning the leaves as I answered coldly, with great restraint:

'I am not in a position to do so. Now, this prescription'——

But then the first blast of storm burst upon me.

'Confound the prescription, sir!' cried the ireful neighbour. 'I want to know where Worthington is!'

He was staring at me now with unconcealed agitation and suspicion. In my turn I simulated a considerable degree of anger. My dismay was natural—and extreme.

'You have no right to ask, sir. I can tell you nothing. The etiquette of the profession'——

But I never finished that formidable statement, for in an instant the thing was out.

'Perhaps, sir,' cried Stadden, moving slowly towards the door, and interrupting me in rasping tones—'perhaps, sir, the etiquette of the profession won't allow you to tell me where my neighbour is; but perhaps it will enable you to tell me *why you are wearing his clothes!*'

The question, the charge, came upon me with the force of a blow. I literally staggered as I became aware of my inexplicable forgetfulness, my fatal stupidity. My first natural movement was to glance at my garments to verify the charge; and then I looked up, my face full of stupefaction.

As for Stadden, he was almost as much agitated as I was. He had never intended it to come out so quickly, but the influence in the room which had so curiously affected Ella had also worked upon him. Because it was a mystery it had irritated him into a premature outburst of suspicion. Now he stood and glowered, almost as angry with himself as with me.

'Wh—what do you mean, sir?' I stammered at last, feebly and unconvincingly.

'I mean that you are wearing Doctor Worthington's clothes,' he stuttered in angry self-defence. 'I know them, and she knew them. She and I only want to know, you know. Of course you can explain, young man—you can explain. No,' as I made as if to rise; 'stay there, sir; stay there. Just a word will put it right, no doubt.'

No number of words could have done so. Ella's collapse was now accounted for, and I could not but admire her remarkable presence of mind under such a trial. She had recognised her father's garments upon a stranger, and had bravely refused to faint! Then she had gone to Stadden with her fearful story, and he had reassured her with a characteristic, 'Tut, tut, my dear child! don't excite yourself. I 'll just step in and have a look round.'

'I assure you, sir,' I declared, plunging deeper into it—'I assure you that I wear only my own clothes!'

He had his hand upon the door. He shook his head as I spoke—shook it obstinately; and I saw that I had made a mistake.

'Well,' he said, 'Mrs Worthington can be here in a few minutes. She will soon decide.'

Good heavens! I saw instantly that that was the one thing I was bound to avoid. My wife was in delicate health, and I had no doubt of the result if she were brought into my presence. She would see before her the face and form of the youthful medical practitioner who had made love to her forty years ago, and the shock must almost certainly prove disastrous. She was the only person in the world, probably, who would be open to conviction of the change; but the shock would precede conviction, and then'——

'Oh no, no!' I cried hurriedly, 'don't disturb—don't alarm the lady on any account. The—the doctor would be greatly annoyed. I can explain, sir—I can explain. The fact is that these *are* Doctor Worthington's garments—or, rather, that this is his coat.'

'And that vest,' put in Stadden, 'and that collar and tie! I know them!'

'Quite so, quite so, sir. The fact is, he left them for me.'

'Eh? Left them for you?'

'The fact is, we exchanged,' I went on desperately.

'Good Lord! what on earth for?'

I could go no further.

'What on earth for?' repeated Stadden quite stupidly. 'His are too big for you—and yours must be shockingly tight for him!'

'I—I assure you that they are not,' I said lamely. 'It was—it was an experiment, you know.'

There was a pause, while Stadden continued to stare. He looked at the walls of the room

as if to make sure that he was not dreaming, and then he shook his head.

'You must see,' he said, 'that such an explanation as you give is not at all—er—adequate.'

I could not gainsay him. He spoke solemnly and severely now, his face glowing with dignity, but his voice full of apprehension.

'Under the circumstances, young man,' he said, 'I demand to know—yes, I demand to know, on behalf of the family—where Doctor Worthington is to be found.'

The comedy was again fast becoming a tragedy, but I did not know that the tragedy was no farther away than my surgery. Hence the obstinate note of my answer.

'I have told you already, sir,' I declared angrily, 'that I am not in a position to disclose Doctor Worthington's business. If that is not sufficient, you must go elsewhere.'

'You refuse?' queried Stadden hoarsely.

'For the thirty-ninth time—yes!'

'Then I am forced, on behalf of the family, to call in the Law!—Inspector, come in!'

With that he swung wide the door; and, to my horror and dismay, the Inspector in charge of the nearest police station stalked solemnly into the room.

It was a tableau which had been carefully planned and dramatically executed. Stadden stood aside, panting, enormously proud of the effect; and, as for me, my discomfiture was so plain in my face and manner that it prejudiced everything that came after. My feeling of dismay was mingled with one of utter detestation of my neighbour.

The Inspector had not been trained to any part—probably there had been no time. He stood waiting, looking to Stadden for instructions, but taking an impression—a very unhappy impression—from my confusion. He was a quite intelligent officer, and I knew him well.

'Officer,' said Stadden pompously, 'this is a matter which demands investigation. Doctor Worthington has disappeared, and in the morning this—er—person—is found in his room, with a lame story of the doctor having been called away on professional work. Miss Worthington tells me that some of the circumstances are most unusual: that Doctor Worthington never finds it necessary to leave any substitute, much less an entire stranger, in his place. But the most remarkable feature of this most unusual case is that this person is found wearing Doctor Worthington's clothes!'

The Inspector looked grave, and pursed his lips. He glanced at me, and especially at my clothes. Decidedly he felt that he recognised them. By this time, however, I had recovered myself a little.

'Inspector,' I said, 'if you are discreet you will leave this house and take no notice of what this busybody says. If any one wishes to know where the doctor is, he must ask him upon his return. I am in his confidence, and he would be annoyed—very much annoyed—if I disclosed his business. Indeed, I shall be sorry for any one who makes such a disclosure necessary.'

But for my recent unfortunate discomposure this appeal might have had considerable success. Even as it was, the Inspector was impressed. As he took time to turn the argument over, some instinct led him straight to a weak place in my defence. He addressed Stadden, who was now almost at exploding-point.

'Did you say this gentleman is an entire stranger, sir?' he asked.

'I did,' cried Stadden; 'I did. An entire stranger—Miss Worthington says so—and a confoundedly impertinent'——

'I beg your pardon, sir; but don't you think that it would simplify matters a lot if he gave us his name and address?'

Yes, this man was certainly intelligent; but, having reached this point before him, I had my only answer ready:

'I absolutely refuse to do so. This is final.'

Naturally, the Inspector was annoyed at the failure of his well-meant attempt, and I believe that from that moment he regarded me as a villain. He turned to Stadden with much gravity.

'If you don't mind, sir,' he said, 'I think we will send for the Chief-Constable. It seems to me that we shall have to make inquiries—to look for traces of Doctor Worthington—that is, if the family desire it.'

'They do,' declared Stadden. 'They do. Certainly, send for your Chief—certainly. Don't go away yourself, though; you can send the man outside.'

Then I saw that there was another constable in the surgery, and yet another outside the house, on the pavement. Also, I saw that all the members of my household, except my wife, were within call, eagerly waiting for all that should leak out to them from the examination. And some half-dozen errand-boys and casual foot-passengers in the street were already forming the nucleus of the crowd that was to gather. As for my wife, she had not yet been informed, probably through my daughter's consideration for her health.

The situation bade fair to become desperate, and I suddenly resolved on a desperate remedy. If not a remedy, it was at all events the only thing I could do.

'One moment,' I said, 'before this absurd business is carried any further—to your cost. Inspector, kindly leave me with this gentleman for a minute or two. I wish to say a few words to him.'

The officer hesitated.

'Very well, very well,' cried Stadden, who was

probably not so positive of my villainy as he wished to be. 'Stay in the surgery, officer. I will hear what he has to say.—Now, sir, what is your explanation?'

The idiot! I had a tremendous task before me under the circumstances, and I must admit that I tackled it with that certainty of failure that makes failure certain. Failure was certain in any case: had I not seen this from the beginning? But now the forces against me were so much stronger than they might have been!

'The fact is,' I said with difficulty, 'that I can explain this little mystery. But I fear that the explanation will surprise you.'

'Indeed,' said my neighbour caustically, 'you are welcome to try!' For he could not forget that I had called him a busybody.

'The fact is,' I said, almost mechanically in my hopelessness—'the fact is that Doctor Worthington has not gone away. He is here!'

Stadden glared at me, and looked at every wall once more. By this time he was standing on the hearthrug, dominating the room.

'Yes,' I proceeded, 'he is here. In fact, I—I *am* your friend Worthington!'

My smile at that point must have been a very sickly one, though I had intended it to suggest that there was a glorious joke in store. Looking for its effect on Stadden, I distinctly saw his jaw drop.

'I must confess,' I went on, 'that such an assertion is a very startling one to make—very startling indeed. Naturally, you are amazed.'

For a moment or two, indeed, Stadden did look sufficiently amazed and bewildered. He simply stood and stared, until what seemed to be the only possible explanation had time to reach him. Then he began to sidle towards the door; and as I rose with the impulse to intercept him, he moved a little more hurriedly.

'Excuse me,' he said hastily, 'for half-a-minute.'

I paused, irresolute. He opened the door and was outside in an instant, closing it heavily behind him. I was so near that I heard his first agitated words on the other side:

'The man's tipsy!'

He had evidently noticed the green jar and the two tumblers on my table, and had drawn his own conclusions.

For a moment I stood almost fuming in my chagrin and wrath. Then, without seeking to hear more, I returned to my chair at the table and sat down. I could not think clearly now, but had a feeling of helplessness that was benumbing. The problem, the predicament, was not only unnatural and amazing; it was also complex and baffling.

Many moments passed before I was able to take notice of sounds in the surgery, and then it was the whir of the telephone-call that came to my ears. At once I became nervously anxious to know what was going on, and opening the door quietly, stood facing my tormentors upon the threshold.

Their momentary alarm was rather ludicrous, but they recovered rapidly. 'Well, Inspector,' I said with all the ease I could assume, 'have you got any further yet?'

'A little,' answered the officer obstinately. 'We've sent for the Chief. He'll be here directly.'

'Also,' said Stadden pompously, 'Mrs Worthington will be here immediately.'

Without a word I turned and went back to my study, closing and locking the door. Then I sat down again for just two minutes before I decided that this was not a time for waiting, but a time for acting. My wife—my wife would be here immediately!

The one thing evident was that I must not wait to see her. That dreadful tableau must not take place—at least not yet. I must have time to think, to inquire, to find a way—to—to give this wretched drug a chance to work off its effects. I also experienced a wild desire to escape, to get away, to avoid the tormentors who had gathered about me.

I looked around. The curtained French window at the end of my study opened into a small conservatory communicating directly with the garden. At the end of the garden a stout bolted door gave upon the wide alleyway sacred to servants and to the town dustmen. My enemies could scarcely have thought, up to the present, of watching this exit; indeed, they would hardly expect a stranger to know of it. Hence my opportunity.

In moments of leisure I sometimes paraded the garden with a pipe and a book, and kept an old tweed hat in the study for this purpose. In a moment I had put it on, and then I went to the curtained door, opened it without noise, and passed out through the conservatory to the garden.

CHAPTER V.

A BUSINESS-LIKE VIEW.

ALL the circumstances favoured my escape. The members of my own household were gathered in the hall watching the conference that was taking place in the surgery. My departure might easily be observed from the windows of other houses in the same block, but I had nothing to fear from casual spectators. Quite calmly I strode down the garden-path, withdrew the bolt that secured the door, and stepped into the lane.

My house was a corner residence, and a few steps to my right would bring me out into the street within a few yards of my own surgery door. If I proceeded to the left, however, I should traverse the whole length of the lane

and emerge in another street, three hundred yards distant. My natural impulse was to take the latter course, but I put it aside for reasons which mingled cunning with pure recklessness. I turned to the right, and in a moment was standing at the corner of the lane, surveying the scene of operations about my own house. That was the one and only triumph of my rejuvenation.

On the edge of the pavement lingered a group of some ten or a dozen curious people, mostly lads. They had been attracted by the presence of a constable, who was slowly walking up and down before my surgery door in apparent unconsciousness of their presence. The door itself was closed, a fact that enhanced the mystery and their interest in it. Their number was steadily increasing, and there were faces in adjacent windows and white-capped servant-maids on adjacent doorsteps. In short, my quiet and highly respectable corner was the centre of a distinct sensation.

The parading policeman came within three yards of me before he turned to parade back again. He glanced at me without interest.

'Anything wrong, constable?' I asked politely.

He was a surly officer. 'I don't know,' he replied curtly, and then he went marching back again upon his limited beat. I watched him for a few paces, gave another glance at the group of spectators, and then turned away. I could not afford to linger there until my escape should be discovered.

Without haste I walked down to the corner of the next street. When I had turned the corner, however, I moved much more quickly, though I had no particular destination before me. I was only anxious to get away from my tormentors, and some instinct led me towards the heart of the town.

It is impossible to give a clear description of my sensations. The full truth had not yet come home to me, despite my hopeless rounds of reasoning, and I seemed to live and move in a world of confusion and unreality. Things about me were dream-like, indistinct; there was even something grotesque in the contour of the very houses I passed, the familiar shop-fronts, the well-known faces. I was scarcely aware that no one recognised me. I was horrified at what had taken place. I was extremely irritated by this last incident; and yet I cherished a vague idea that all would come right presently, and even found myself laughing—positively laughing—at my recollections of recent scenes. I laughed at Stadden, at the Inspector, at the constable on the pavement. I even laughed at the idea of telling the story to my intimate friends when the incident had become a thing of the past, or when the dream was over.

In this mood I reached the main streets of the town, and passed through them. Several persons—an old friend, a colleague, a twenty years' patient—met me eye to eye and brushed past unheedingly. One of them looked back for an instant as though some chord of memory had been touched, but another glance seemed to show him his mistake, and in a moment he was gone.

Presently I quickened my footsteps, for a new suggestion had come to me. There was one man whose name had been mentioned in the very genesis of this mystery, and I would see if he knew anything that might be helpful. The man who had sold the jar to Blessley had previously visited Blessley's employer. I would see old Sir Joshua Field.

The idea gave me a foolish exhilaration. I knew Sir Joshua well, and was familiar with the eccentricities and excellences of his character. Strangers never enjoyed a first interview, but to his intimates he was something of a gem. I would visit him, get out of him all he knew, but keep my own secret; and afterwards—when the dream was over, of course—rally him upon the particulars of the interview.

I turned my steps, therefore, in the direction of the docks, and in half-an-hour stood before the block of offices that bore the name of Field & Corrie.

It was still early, but not too early for the head of the firm. He had arrived a few minutes before, and when I passed up the stone stairs I found that the house had already settled to its day's routine. In the inquiry office above, an auburn-headed junior clerk, whom I had interviewed before on more than one occasion, was good enough to inquire my business.

'I wish to see Sir Joshua Field,' I said.

No doubt there was a gulf fixed between the youthfulness of my face and the cut of my garments, and it attracted his attention. After a long stare he deigned to speak again.

'By appointment?'

'No,' I said; 'but my business is important.'

He handed me a slip of paper and a pen. I relied largely upon my own conjectures when I wrote the following under the heading 'Name and Business.' There was an amount of truth in it, and, I believe, a little humour:

'A medical gentleman, with reference to an extraordinary person who called upon Sir Joshua at four o'clock yesterday afternoon.'

The auburn junior read it twice, and looked very doubtful; but at last he came out from behind his counter and crossed the corridor to a door marked 'Private.' After a gentle tap he opened it with distinct trepidation and went in.

Two minutes later he was beckoning to me from the doorway with a newly acquired respect, and I thought I heard a laugh echo from the spaces behind him. Directly afterwards I was in Sir Joshua's private office.

The old man sat at his great table with a few newly opened letters before him. For business purposes he always dressed in tweeds, and his

rubicund countenance and bushy brows gave still clearer suggestion of a jovial country squire. He was, indeed, something of a farmer on his own estate, but he was first and foremost the keenest business man in the town. After that he was excellent company to those who knew him, with some eccentricities and a gift of humour. It was his laugh that I had heard, and there was still some trace of it upon his face.

'Good-morning, sir,' I said, treading the approaches carefully.

The old knight looked me over with distinct interest. As it turned out, he had already made up his mind about me.

'Good-morning,' he said pleasantly. 'Will you take a seat? I am not surprised to see you. You come from the County Asylum, Holmwood?'

That was my cue, and I was not so astonished that I could not take advantage of it. 'You are not surprised to see me?' I queried, avoiding the direct question.

'Not at all, not at all.' He laid aside his letters, and turned to give me his whole attention. I saw in a moment that he was proud of his own perspicacity. 'You want to know—you have come to learn—what I think of the man who called here yesterday—a little, sunburned man, with a black bag. Well, I may say at once that I am not surprised that he has found his way to Holmwood.'

The old gentleman gave something that was almost a chuckle. From that moment we understood each other perfectly, and everything moved in a straightforward fashion.

'His story was—er—so extraordinary that it awakened your suspicions?' I suggested cleverly.

'Suspicions?' said Sir Joshua. 'Well, not just at once. His story was certainly extraordinary, but he almost convinced me of its truth. It was an excellent story—an excellent story. And of course he had the proof with him.'

I was somewhat bewildered, but Sir Joshua soon enlightened me. After a glance at my face, he gave a grim smile, and I was treated to one of his characteristic sallies.

'Ah,' he said, 'that is the part that you cannot accept—you professional men, hide-bound in your—your conceits and prejudices. Within the last few years you have come to know Marconi, you have used the Röntgen rays, and you have seen the discovery of radium. And yet you cannot believe this poor fool's story when he offers you the proof in your hands—a simple story of an unusually powerful mineral spring in the West Indies.'

There was a little scorn and not a little satire in the words, and the speaker enjoyed them freely. I did not feel it safe to venture a remark, but shook my head and smiled. I felt that he would tell me everything in a moment; and, indeed, he proceeded to do so immediately. Plainly, he was full of it.

'But there—but there,' he said, having run his tilt against the profession entirely to his own satisfaction, 'perhaps we need not go into that question. It wasn't his story that made me expect to hear of him next from a lunatic asylum. It was his proposal, sir—his proposal—and the absolutely idiotic idea of life which it betrayed. Where else could a fellow so harebrained, so unpractical, so simply foolish, find his destination—unless, indeed, he got himself elected to Parliament—eh? Why, the man positively came here and asked me to give him ten thousand pounds for a draught of water from Bimini! Ten thousand pounds! And he actually expected me to jump at the offer!'

I was silent in something like stupefaction. Certainly, I was learning something now. Ten thousand pounds!

'He thought it was all settled when I believed—or seemed to believe—his story,' continued the old man grimly. 'I had only to write the cheque and drink the water. Good God! if I had done so, and it had done all that he claimed for it, where should I be now—eh?'

There was no need for me to attempt an answer. As he went on I realised more fully than ever that the man with the pot had evidently found in Sir Joshua a customer of no common calibre. I felt sorry for the fellow.

'Where should I be now,' he proceeded, warming to his subject—'eh? I should be something alive, perhaps, but I shouldn't be Joshua Field. My own clerks, my own family, would simply fail to recognise me. I should be barred out of this room. I could not demand entrance to my own house. Dash it all, sir, I should probably be arrested for being dressed in Sir Joshua's clothes and for being in possession of his watch and purse—my own clothes, my own watch and purse! I should be hauled up before the magistrates for being a person unable to give a satisfactory account of myself, for if I gave the true account I should be locked up as a lunatic; or else I should be charged with the wilful murder of my lost self, and hanged for it.'

At that moment I could not see the dreadful reality in his surmises, but that was to come later. However, he had not yet finished, and it became evident that he had thought the whole matter out with intense enjoyment.

'I am not making the worst of it,' he said. 'But there is no best in the whole prospect. All that I have worked for during nearly seventy years—I could no more claim it than I could fly! I am a director of two colliery companies, one bank, two steamship companies. What would the other men say to-morrow if I went

to a board meeting as a spruce young fellow of twenty?' The old man almost choked as he contemplated it. 'Heaven and earth! just think of it, sir! And even at the unlikely best of it,' he went on when he had recovered a little, 'even if I could persuade people of the truth, what should I be but a freak—a freak for the whole world to stare at in museums and music-halls and outside shows of charity bazaars? Besides, I should have to live all over again—suffer the same toothaches, make the same appalling blunders, or worse ones—every young man makes them—play the fool in the same or some other way. And for all that I am asked to pay ten thousand pounds! There's a suggestion for a man of business!'

I was conscious of the humour in his arguments, and began to be impressed by their logic. Carried away by his own eloquence, he rose and strode up the room and back again. He struck his clenched right hand upon the open palm of his left.

'Now you see,' he said, 'why I knew he would end at Holmwood. A man who could seriously bring another such a proposition as that—and he was certainly serious—was only fit to end there—an unpractical, day-dreaming, one-eyed enthusiast at the very highest, with no more sense of the realities of life than a—than a cat! But I gave him a clear warning. "My dear sir," I said after I had shown him the thing in its true colours, "if you are wise you will go and empty your precious water into the wash-basin in that lavatory on the stairs, and then try to get a half-crown for the flask as a curio from the first man you meet in the street. But don't tell anybody what was in it. I am quite prepared to accept your story—as a story. It is an excellent one; but that is all I can do for you. If you can find some one else to believe you and to purchase, let him do it—and God help him after! But I do not think you will find any one. He that is fool enough to be willing to pay your price, and drink your water, is too much of a fool, too little of a business man, to have made the money you want. And if you find such a one, the chances are that you'll both come to a bad end." And that's all about it.'

The old knight stopped in his stride, looked at me beamingly, and sat down. 'Lord,' he said with a certain wonder, 'what hideously short-sighted creatures those old adventurers were, when you come to think of it—those who left their bones on the Spanish Main in their search for a Fountain of Youth! If they had only found it!'

I was silent. In my mind's eye I saw a picture of the unfortunate man with the pot after his interview with Sir Joshua. He had not emptied away his water, but he had sold it, pot and all, for half-a-sovereign. And I was not surprised.

The old man glanced at the clock. He had come to the end, and my silence reminded him of the flight of time. I rose.

'Hem!' he said pleasantly, 'I am afraid that I have kept you, and that I have not quite satisfied you. Perhaps the fellow's not a lunatic—no more than Ponce de Leon was. He's only a fool. Keep him safe, sir, for his own sake. That's my advice. Is there anything else that I can do?'

I pulled myself together with an effort, and rose. 'No, thank you,' I replied with all the gratitude I could muster. 'You have told me all that I wanted—and more. I am greatly obliged to you, Sir Joshua.'

'Tut, tut! Not at all, not at all, my dear sir. The whole affair has been a tonic to me,' said the old fellow pleasantly. 'These things do not happen every day, and we must make the most of them when they do. Little could I guess what a treat I had in store when I consented to see the fellow. One never knows—one never knows. But I shall be glad of it to the last day of my life. It was exquisite—exquisite!'

He accompanied me to the door. 'Really,' he went on, 'I did not fancy at the time that the man was cracked; he spoke so reasonably and sensibly that the idea never came to me until after he had gone. But take great care of him—great care; I dare say his case is incurable. And if I can do anything for him at any time—you understand?'

'Perfectly,' I said. 'You are very good, Sir Joshua.'

'Not at all, not at all. I am only grateful. Poor fellow, poor fellow! And such an excellent story.'

He had not told me the story, but I had gathered the gist of it and was satisfied. In his great good humour he shook hands at parting, and opened the door for me himself; and then I was passing down the wide stone staircase to the street.

At the bottom I paused, trying to imagine how Sir Joshua would look if I climbed up to his room again to say, 'That excellent story was true, Sir Joshua. I am the fool who proved it—your old acquaintance, Doctor Worthington.'

CHAPTER VI.

A LOCAL SENSATION.

THE fate of Sir Joshua's extraordinary visitor was now easily guessed. Evidently a person of no great strength of character, and carrying a burden much too weighty for him, he had come out of the interview without a hope and without a convic-

tion. Perhaps he had been repulsed before by others, but I felt sure that no one could have trampled on him in just Sir Joshua's way. So he had thrown away his treasure, pocketed his half-sovereign, and had passed back into the unknown from which he had come.

So much was apparent to me; but even at this point I did not realise the weight of Sir Joshua's words in relation to myself. I did not believe that I should ever wish to bring the interview to his mind in the future; but still, the real point of all his talk was lost to me. At present I was too confused, and the circumstances were too full of the bizarre and the unreal, to allow of my thinking clearly and connectedly. Instead, I had a certain sense of enjoyment in the situation, a feeling which suggested the exhilaration of youth, and I spent the next few hours in a manner which I can neither defend nor comprehend.

For a considerable time I wandered about the docks, surveying with almost boyish curiosity one after another of the great steamers that lay at the quays. I was reluctant to go home and claim my own identity; that would mean scenes and explanations, and a deal of unpleasantness, and so it would be better to wait a little while. My impression was that things would right themselves after a time, and that for the present I must pass the hours as well as I could. So I wandered aimlessly about, communing with myself, and sometimes wondering what would happen if I stopped before a man whom I knew well, and accosted him with the words, 'Don't you know me, Jones? I am Worthington!'

In a while I found myself sitting in a small restaurant, where the fare was cheap and the company extremely mixed. 'As a stranger to our town, sir,' I found myself saying in an undertone, 'you will naturally desire to get a glimpse of the real life of Westhampton. I might take you to the County Club, or to one of our first-class hotels. I am a member of the club, and could introduce you as my friend. But this is the real Westhampton, my dear sir, and here you see the true life of the place. Here you may distinguish the accents of half-a-dozen foreign tongues, and realise the secret of the town's importance and prosperity. It is a city of exchanges, of passing inwards and outwards; a meeting-place of strangers; a hostelry for the night.'

For that moment I was two persons, holding inane conversation with myself and drifting consciously and rapidly into a state of irresponsibility. 'If you went to the club,' I said reflectively and argumentatively, 'you would have to write your name in the visitors' register. Now, how would you meet that necessity—what name would you write? You could not use my name—Walter Worthington; that would be too absurd. And yet, my dear sir, it is infinitely more absurd to have no name at all. As a good Churchman you may have some claim to inscribe yourself N. or M.; but I certainly cannot see any other way out of it.'

For a time—a long time—I acted upon the fancy that as an old resident of the city I was conducting a stranger from street to street, showing him all that was worth showing. Returning to the upper parts of Westhampton, I visited the Town Hall, the new Law Courts, and the University College, taking time to point out to myself any features of interest that they possessed, and surveying them with the appreciatively polite gaze of a visitor who wishes to please his cicerone. Now and again a gleam of common-sense came to me, and I had an uneasy feeling that I was sadly adrift and playing with a terrible truth as a child might toy with a bomb; but I only cast aside the suggestion and resumed my fooling with increased recklessness.

From the University College I turned townwards to the Museum, this being the last lion I had a mind to visit. It was in the middle of the afternoon that I passed into the building, and at that hour it was naturally almost deserted. 'All the better for our purpose,' I said with a grim cheerfulness. 'Indeed, my dear young friend, you are fortunate in more senses than one. You have not only a clear field, but you have as guide the chairman of the Museum Committee, Doctor Walter Worthington to wit.'

In this humour I passed from the picture-room to the Natural History section, where I chanced to find the old curator strolling about among the cases. In a few moments I had forgotten his proximity, but presently discovered that he was still at hand, keeping a curious eye upon my movements. In an access of recklessness I entered into conversation.

'Your museum,' I said politely, 'is not extensive, but it is choice. I may also add, as a perfect stranger, that it is well arranged.'

The old man was not ill-pleased, but he had seen enough to make him suspicious. He simply nodded, eying me still with a certain wariness.

'You have several choice specimens,' I said, 'among your curiosities. But I, if I chose, could put you in the way to secure something absolutely unique. In fact, I believe it to be the only specimen of its kind in the civilised world.'

'Indeed?' he muttered with a gleam of curiosity.

'Yes. What would you say to a small vessel of earthenware, guaranteed to have contained water from the Fountain of Perpetual Youth?'

The man's jaw dropped visibly.

'Of course,' I proceeded, with a certain reckless enjoyment, 'such a treasure as that would require to be fully guaranteed before you could classify and label it. Now, what kind of guarantee would you consider satisfactory? Would the sworn statement of a member of the Museum Committee serve the purpose—the chairman, for instance—Doctor Worthington, is it not? Well, here you are: "I, Doctor Walter Worthington, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, do hereby solemnly declare that to my certain knowledge this vessel contained a quantity of water from the fountain known to the ancients as the Fountain of Perpetual Youth." Would that fill the bill?'

But the man had had enough, and was already moving away. As he went he cast a suspicious glance behind him, and I saw at once that the Museum was no longer a suitable refuge for me. After a few moments, therefore, I went jauntily down the stairs again and into the street.

It had been dark some time now, and I was sensible of the cold in the night air that pierced through my clothing. It was necessary to walk, but from the beginning I had another shelter in view. The Free Library and Reading-Rooms would not close until ten, and I could find a certain warmth and comfort there for a while longer. Afterwards—well, I could not guess what would happen afterwards; and I thrust aside the suggestion that I should think through the whole cycle again. There was no time for me but *now*.

As I hurried through the brilliantly lighted High Street, my eye was suddenly caught by the contents bill of an evening paper. It was our *Evening Mail* that announced in unmistakable terms a local sensation:

'REMARKABLE MYSTERY AT WESTHAMPTON.

WELL-KNOWN DOCTOR DISAPPEARS.

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES. POLICE BAFFLED.'

The heavy type did not at first suggest a personal interest in the matter for me. I read the lines with the kind of local curiosity which I had often felt before in similar circumstances. I began to wonder what professional rival of mine had got into trouble, and smiled pleasantly at the extraordinary statement that the police were 'baffled.' Suddenly, however, I experienced a shock as of revelation, purchased a paper, and hurried on again.

In the Free Library I sought one of the less-frequented tables. The magazine before me, I remember distinctly, was the *Journal of Education*. There I opened my paper and read with vivid interest that a most mysterious and sensational incident had occurred that morning in connection with myself. The police, it seemed, were reticent up to the present; but it was known that I had disappeared from my home during the previous night in a very unusual manner. Moreover, in the morning a stranger had been found occupying my study—a stranger who had failed to give any reasonable account of himself, and had suddenly made his escape. The police had been called in at once, and were now making strenuous efforts to trace both Doctor Worthington and his mysterious visitor. And below these lines was a paragraph marked 'later':

'The mystery in connection with Doctor Worthington's disappearance begins to assume a very serious aspect. Outside inquiries have failed to obtain any trace of the doctor's movements during the night, either in the streets or at the railway station; and it seems highly improbable that one so well known in the town could have gone far without leaving traces. The mystery has created a painful sensation in the neighbourhood, and further developments are awaited with growing anxiety.'

There were also some interesting notes concerning my personal record and my public offices; but there was a distinct and praiseworthy reserve in the matter of details. I folded the paper and put it away, and examined the situation with growing agitation.

My first sensations were not altogether unpleasant. I fancied that the joke was assuming formidable proportions, but did not realise that it had ceased to be a joke at all. Presently, however, something struck like a chill through the confusion of my impressions, and I found myself curiously sobered. 'Disappears.' 'A well-known doctor disappears.' And those biographical details, too—would they not have been more correctly placed if they had been attached to an obituary notice? There was something sinister in that 'disappears'—there was a finality about it that was emphasised in a somewhat uncanny fashion by the particulars contained in the last paragraph I had read.

My soberness developed into a growing uneasiness, and in a few minutes I began to feel myself less the hero of a sensation than the victim of one. I blamed the idiocy of Stadden, the indiscreet conduct of the police, the sensation-hunting proclivities of the newspapers. It certainly looked as though events were in train for something more than a nine days' wonder, a sensation—a ridiculous, absurd sensation—that might very conceivably have unpleasant consequences. A certain amount of publicity was all very well—it can even be very useful to a professional man; but I knew as well as any one that notoriety is a very different thing, and that to become a laughing-stock for even a single day may mean nothing less than ruin.

It will be seen that even now I had not fully realised my desperate situation, though the recognition of it was drawing nearer. I was concerning myself with the details surrounding the mere discovery of the fact, while the fact itself and its consequences had not yet been faced or comprehended. I cannot excuse this state of mind, but I can explain it by asserting positively that under the circumstances it was perfectly natural. Any one else in my place would have acted in a similarly foolish way.

How long I sat there I do not know, but presently I was out in the street again. The suggestion had suddenly intruded itself upon me that it was unwise to remain in that brilliantly lighted room while all the police of the town were looking for me. Without exactly knowing why, I resolved to turn in the direction of home.

It was colder now, and the cold gave me a singularly forlorn feeling. I was accustomed to take every comfortable precaution for my health, and here I was now without a greatcoat and with no means of obtaining one. The reflection made me angry and impatient.

Suddenly, on the first of many street corners, I came face to face with another newspaper placard, lurid with sensation and suggestion:

'WHERE IS DOCTOR WORTHINGTON?

IS IT

FOUL PLAY?

STARTLING SUGGESTIONS.

LATEST PARTICULARS.'

I did not buy the sheet this time, but, after gazing at the lines with mingled anger and disgust, passed hastily on. I did not know what I was going to do, but was conscious of a strong desire to end the muddle at once. It had already gone too far.

But my troubles were only now developing their real seriousness. Imagine my sensations, on searching the vicinity of my own house, to find a dense throng of people spread across the street in front, and another equally dense crowd around the corner by the surgery door. Two or three police officers passed up and down, pressing the front rank back from the pavement, and now and again quietly advising them to go home. There was no reply to these orders, only the silence of curiosity, the anxiety to witness some fresh development. The majority of those present had been brought up from the town by the newspaper placards, but many were residents of the adjacent streets. The house itself was dark, except for a light in the surgery.

This development had the effect of taking all the anger out of me, and leaving in its place a growing dread. Any idea of entering the house and asserting my identity dwindled away to nothing, and for the first time I began to be conscious of an impression *that I had lost my place.* As I stood and watched, and gazed up at the darkened house, I began to see that somehow my world had been shattered and destroyed. I could not—I dared not—step forward and claim my rights. The step required a moral strength, a resolution, that I did not possess.

I found safety for my person as a stranger in a crowd of strangers. Mechanically, I even asked a question of a young artisan whom I found beside me:

'Is there anything fresh?'

'No,' he replied; 'they haven't found him yet.'

'Found whom?'

'Why, the old doctor. Not a sign of him!'

'No,' said an idler who stood just before me. 'And perhaps it won't be much good when they do find him. And they let the other fellow go, when they had him right under their eyes. Opened the back door he did, and just walked away!'

'Went out the same way as he came in, no doubt,' said the artisan. 'I fancy people about here will take care to lock up safe to-night.'

In a moment the conversation became general around me, proceeding on lines that chilled me with horror and disgust. Quickly separating myself from the group, I made for the fringe of the crowd, and at last worked myself clear.

The direction I unconsciously followed led me away from the town towards the outlying suburbs and the country. I had not gone far when a cold rain began to fall, giving a finishing touch to the process of disillusionment which had lingered so long. As the first drops fell upon my face I paused instinctively, and asked myself whither I was going. Then I saw that, whether I turned back or went forward, I had nowhere to go. I was sick and sore now, and unutterably tired; but I was walking aimlessly into the darker reaches of a quiet, tree-sentinelled road where there was no sound but that of my own footsteps and the drip of the rain. I could not go back, for had it not been sufficiently proved that I had lost my place in the world? I could not go forward, for all my interests were in the past.

That sense of desolation is simply indescribable. Nowhere to go, no place to claim as my own! Walter Worthington had had his niche in the world, in society, in the ordered life of the town, the home, the family. I had nothing, for I could not claim what was his. Homeless, nameless, friendless, penniless, I was a wretched miracle-manufactured waif, a superfluous atom in the world. Significantly

enough, my first discovery of the change had forced me to lock myself away from my daughter's eyes, to shut myself out of my own family circle. The next result had been my expulsion from my own study—my separation from my work, my house, my all.

Realisation came in a flood as soon as my depression had opened the gates to it, and I saw what had really taken place. I had destroyed Nature's order, and she had no place for me. I could not imagine that any one would really believe my story, and render up to me the place that was mine; and I saw now that even if they did so, even if I could by irrefragable proofs establish my identity, my lot would be a terrible one. I would simply be a butt, a freak, a focus for the ignorant curiosity and the incredulous wonder of the whole human race. Then the horror that lay in my family relationship—the unnatural and ghastly conditions that must now overshadow the lives of all who loved me: no, it was impossible that I should live to face them. And this was youth, the Return of Youth, the priceless treasure which had been the lodestar of men through all the ages! It had been left for old Sir Joshua to prick the bubble, and I was proving the bitter experience which his wisdom had avoided.

Nameless, homeless, friendless, placeless, I walked for a mile or more down that long road in the dark, facing at every step some new and terrible aspect of my predicament. It seemed just as well that I should go on so for ever, for I had no better object to seek, no better journey to take. That dark road without a destination was symbolical of my new existence. Somewhere behind were the lights of the town, the lights of my life; and then I thought of all the things that I had gathered about me in the course of years, the matters that had grown to me as the furniture of my niche in human existence. And now I had begun a life empty of everything that makes a life, but filled with loss and desolation and memories.

Presently the horror of it all began to overpower me, to give me an impression of unreality. For a time I could not have said whether I was walking that road or not, whether the sounds of my steps were real sounds, whether or not I touched my own flesh and clothing with my numbed fingers. It was something of a nightmare—a nightmare of awful loneliness. It could not be true—that was impossible; but I must know the truth at once if I wished to retain my reason.

Then came a mood of desperation, curiously influenced by the arguments of a faint hope. It was time that I woke up and found this awful experience nothing more than a bad dream. In any case, why should I go on when I had no place to go?

I began to retrace my steps, and presently saw once more the lights and pavements of the town.

CHAPTER VII.

'HAPPY RETURNS.'

'YOU must go to your own door,' I told myself, 'and open it with your own key. In face of everything, you must claim the place which your life-work has gained for you. This ridiculous situation must be combated with all the powers of which you are possessed, come what will. However contrary to reason and experience, the truth must be believed. You must claim your home, your life, your identity, against all comers. It is an amazing and tremendous task, but you must do it. Why, man, it is the only hope you have!'

Doggedly I tramped back to my own house. It was very late now, and the persistent rain had long ago dispersed the crowd of sensation-hunters. I stood for a while among the shadows on the other side of the street, and saw that the house was entirely dark and silent. Then I crossed the road and inserted my latch-key.

In another moment I was in the hall, my heart thundering with my emotion, my hand trembling so that I could scarcely close the door behind me. With great caution I moved to the right, towards my study; and it was at that point that a sudden light flashed into my face and a hand gripped my shoulder.

'Stand still, please,' said a voice.—'Turn up the light, Jones.'

At the words the gas-jet in the surgery before me flared up brightly. I was confronted by three constables, one of whom was Foster, my tormentor of the morning.

'Is this the man, sir?' asked one as I stood before them.

'This is the man,' said Foster, in quiet triumph. 'The Chief thought there was just a chance that he might come back here, though I did not expect it myself.'

This was my testing-time. I felt that I needed all the resource of which I was possessed.

'Foster,' I said plainly, 'if you are not quite a fool, and if you wish to escape serious trouble, you will send for the Chief Constable at once. I wish to see him, and I will remain in my study until he comes.'

With that I shook myself free and passed into the other room. The men, who had not come into direct contact with me before, were surprised and impressed. As for Foster, his plain common-sense told him that his course was clear enough.

'Very good,' he said gruffly. 'You can sit

here. I will stay in the room with you. The garden doors are locked and guarded.—Jones, telephone for the Chief and for a cab.'

My own chair stood near the hearth, and I sat down in it without giving a glance to the other objects in the room. Foster left the door slightly ajar, and then stood watching me impassively. I heard the telephone used, and then there was silence for a period, during which I did my best to prepare for the coming interview. Then came a noise of wheels and of footsteps, the opening of a door, a whisper in the surgery, and the Chief Constable entered the room.

I knew him well, as a gentleman, a man of thought and resource, grave, military, and practical. Now there was something reassuring in his nod and in the way in which he removed his gloves and laid them neatly upon the table. I stood up to face him.

'Captain Mackenzie,' I said, 'I asked these men to send for you, my story being far too extraordinary to be discussed with subordinates. I want to know why they are in my house.'

The Chief gave no answer, but still looked at me gravely.

'The truth,' I said, 'is capable of being proved. I am Doctor Worthington.'

There was no sign of astonishment. Captain Mackenzie nodded.

'Of course,' he said, in the most matter-of-fact way, 'you can explain certain circumstances.'

'I can,' I replied. 'I am Doctor Worthington. That I appear to be some one else is due to a most remarkable and almost incredible happening. Last night I drank a small quantity of water which had been brought from the Fountain of Youth, in the West Indies. And this is the result!'

But even while I spoke with such assurance the whole pitiful absurdity of the story seemed to rush back upon me and overwhelm me. I could not but hesitate and falter, and though the Chief gave no sign I knew that nothing escaped him. In growing agitation I began to argue.

'If I am not Doctor Worthington,' I said with a feeble smile, 'perhaps you can point out some one else who is. Or you can tell me who I am. But really there is no need for beating about in that way. What is so convincing as a fact? And here is the fact before you. After all, my case is not so very marvellous—it is not so marvellous, even, as the Röntgen rays, or—or Radium, or the National Telephone Company. It is simply a plain geographical truth that at last the much-talked-of and long-sought island of Bimini has been found.'

I was struggling against a dreadful, a paralysing consciousness of the sheer silliness of my whole argument. Despair began to replace my brief-lived resolution, and I saw that I could go no further with words. There was one resource, and this could scarcely fail me. The last card must be thrown upon the table.

'I did not wish to trouble my wife now,' I said, 'seeing that it is so late, and knowing that she is not strong. But she alone can settle this matter, and I must ask you to call her.'

There was a pause.

'You saw Miss Worthington this morning?' suggested Mackenzie placidly.

'That does not count,' I said quickly. 'It is necessary to call some one who knew me forty years ago.'

He appeared to reflect, and I saw hope in the calmness and patience with which he considered the point. His decision gave me intense relief.

'There is reason in the request, sir,' he said thoughtfully. 'Of course, I try to look at this affair from your point of view. If you are ready, therefore, we will go now. A cab is still at the door.'

'Go? Where?' I asked blankly.

'Mrs Worthington could scarcely stay in this house—after what has taken place. She is with friends. If you will come at once, however'——

I concluded immediately that my wife must have gone, prostrate and ill no doubt, to take refuge with the Menzieses, leaving a home that had become the centre of vulgar curiosity for the whole town. With a new realisation of the horror that had swept down upon our quiet life, I rose.

'Of course,' I said, 'of course. I did not think of that. I will come at once.'

I picked up my hat, and the Chief gathered up his gloves. Then we were out in a moment, and an officer was opening the door of the cab for me. Some whispered directions were given as I got in, and then the Chief entered after me, with the Inspector. I felt that I had now approached the last stage of my terrific nightmare. The cab started with a jerk.

It was some minutes before I observed that we were going in a direction I had not contemplated—that we were, in fact, on our way out of the suburbs and driving towards the country. A question came to my lips, only to be checked there in an access of despair and terror. I struggled against the conviction of treachery, but it was not to be repulsed. In the same moment I remembered old Sir Joshua's warning.

'Where are you taking me?' I asked suddenly, in a voice that was hoarse with emotion.

There was no answer, but the Chief laid his hand upon my arm. The movement was

intended to reassure me, but the touch seemed to be a touch of iron. It completed my breakdown.

'I will not go,' I cried. 'I am not mad. I will not go. Don't take me to Holmwood; take me to my wife. I tell you I am not mad, and I can prove it!'

But still there was silence, still that touch of the relentless hand. The perspiration broke out upon my brows, and I knew that the climax of my terrible experience had come. I tried to rise, but the hand pressed me back into my seat; and just as I realised the full horror of my situation the noise of the wheels died away, and the whole environment of my adventure began to fade and vanish.

. . . . . .

'Sir,' said young Blessley half-shyly, 'I came to your study half-an-hour ago to wish you "Many Happy Returns." When I opened the door, however, you were positively fast asleep.'

We were at the supper-table now, and I was realising, for perhaps the first time with such vividness, the warm atmosphere of home, the positive joys of my lot, the unspeakable happiness of being a commonplace old man of sixty-eight. My wife and daughter were smiling affectionately at my confusion.

'So I came away,' proceeded the young fellow, as he took an oblong box of a familiar aspect from a chair. 'Now, however—I know you don't like presents and that kind of thing—but here is a little something from'——

'Not from Bimini!' I muttered, almost involuntarily.

'I beg pardon—from Havana. I had them from one of our captains weeks ago, and have kept them for this occasion. And you won't find them any the worse for not having paid duty.'

I thanked him warmly for his gift. It was all the more grateful to me because it was so different from the wretched earthenware pot of which I had only dreamed. Then Ella began to ask questions.

'You don't often sleep at your desk. Mother says you looked greatly relieved when she called you.'

'Yes,' I replied. 'I had had a bad dream—a very bad dream. I dreamed that I had grown young again; that, instead of being sixty-eight, I was only thirty.'

They were considerably mystified, failing to see why a dream of recovered youth should be a nightmare. Undoubtedly there are many others who labour under the same difficulty, and who are drawing to the end of their journey under the vain impression that rejuvenation would be a blessing. And it is for their enlightenment that I have devoted to this history a number of hours which might well have been given to really useful work for the *Municipal Magazine* or the *Journal of the Society of Antiquaries*.

WHEN THE SNOW IS ON THE SILL.

A SIMPLE meal though this may be
  Of bread and butter, luscious honey,
And dainty cup of fragrant tea,
  I feast besides on that which money
Can never buy; for though the chill
  And stormy wind the snow is piling
In deep'ning drifts upon the sill,
  Yet, winter's dreariness beguiling,

Come pictured scenes of sun and shine:
  I hear again the bee's loud droning,
The rustling corn, the lowing kine,
  The quail's monotonous intoning;
I see the furrow brown and bare,
  The budding green, the slim stalk bending,
Quaint shadows dancing everywhere
  In rhythmic fantasies unending;

Behold the grain in bounteous sheaves
  Upon the field of stubbly yellow;
The splendour of the crims'ning leaves,
  And o'er the resting earth the mellow
And dreamy light of purple haze;
  Now from the rip'ning fruits distilling
Come spicy odours—autumn days
  The promises of spring fulfilling.

So, on my board, the loaf of wheat,
  And the aroma of the clover
In golden butter stored, and sweet
  White honey culled by light-winged rover
'Neath summer skies from myriad flowers,
  Are now to mind these scenes recalling,
While chill winds blow, and storm-cloud lowers,
  And snow on roof and sill is piling.

ELIZABETH ROLLIT BURNS.

THE COUNSELS.

BY ANDREW MARSHALL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF ANTONIO DE TRUEBA.

CHAPTER I.

'NEIGHBOUR! Neighbour!'

'What is it, Señor Anton?'

'Will you oblige me with a little salt?'

'If it were beaten gold! What! are you going to be a cook?'

'No, indeed, señora; but I have picked up in the street a rather flavourless story, and I'm going to see if I can season it a little.'

'What notions you have! Well, whatever it is, here is the salt; and if you want more'——

'Many thanks, neighbour.'

'Don't mention it, Señor Anton.'

Well, sir, this fellow was a soldier whom they called Juan Kick, not because he was in the habit of 'kicking' or cavilling or raising objections; but, seeing that he never 'kicked' at all, his captain, whose orderly he was, and who was very fond of him, was always repeating to him, 'Juan, kick!'

Juan got his discharge, and made up his mind to go back to his native town, which was a long way off, and where he had his wife; for it should be mentioned that, as he was little affected to objecting, he married very young the daughter of the sacristan of the town, without considering that that might happen which in fact did happen—namely, that he might be drawn for the army, and that he and his wife should suffer the dismal affliction of seven years of separation.

Juan danced with joy for two reasons: first, because he was going to see his wife, whom he had not seen for seven years; and, second, because he would return to his town with thirty thousand reales.*

That Juan should have a wife needs no explanation, for a wife is easily got; but that he should have thirty thousand reales decidedly needs one, for thirty thousand reales are not got so easily as a wife.

When Juan was with his garrison company in Jaca, his master sent him to the Pyrenees with a letter for an officer of carbineers who was stationed on the frontier.

'But, sir, I 'll get lost in these deserts, because I don't know the road.'

'Wherever you be, do what you see,' answered his master.

Juan set out with his musket on his shoulder to defend him, and with this counsel in his memory to guide him, and trudged on and on till he came to the foot of a mountain. It was very hot, and he sat down under a tree to rest himself and see if any one might pass to show him the way he had to go. He looked up to the hill-top, and discovered a man moving along the height leading two pack-mules.

'"Wherever you be, do what you see," the captain told me. I see that muleteer is going over the top of the mountain, and consequently that is the way I must go,' said Juan to himself; and he set off uphill just as the muleteer was disappearing over the summit.

No sooner had Juan reached the top and begun to go down the other side than he came right upon the muleteer, who was resting in the shade of some trees.

The muleteer, who suddenly saw a soldier appear before him only six paces off, jumped up like a shot, and, leaving his pack-mules, fled through some brambles down the hill.

Juan saw that the fugitive was a smuggler; and taking hold of the reins of the pack-mules, he led them along, and continued on his way till he met the captain of carbineers to whom he was carrying his master's letter.

The pack-mules were loaded with very valuable smuggled goods, and Juan pocketed a few days later a third part of the value of the prize, which the law gives to the capturer.

This is where the thirty thousand reales came from, which Juan's master was keeping for him when he took his discharge.

CHAPTER II.

JUAN has exchanged his musket for a staff, his leather belt for a silk sash, and his cartouche for a tin box. Behold him half-sad and half-glad as he takes leave of his captain—sad because he likes his captain very much, and glad because he likes his wife very much more.

'*Hola!* Well, then, you 're going?'

'Yes, señor, my captain, if you please.'

* About £300. The Spanish real is the twentieth part of a dollar, and therefore worth (if silver were at par) about twopence halfpenny. The coin is now almost out of use; but the common people like to reckon in reales, as some sums are stated among us in obsolete guineas.

'Juan, kick! Kick much, for to live you'll require it all!'

'Captain, if you would give me, before I start, one or two good counsels for the journey you would make a man of me.'

'Let's see. What kind of life do you mean to live when you get home?'

'To live as God may ordain, with my wife and my father-in-law.'

'Your father-in-law is a man who knows how to live?'

'What can I say, captain? He studied for the Church, and just when he was ready to be ordained he cut his own head off by getting married, as I did, to a young girl who died when my wife was born. As the Church threw him out, he got the post of town sacristan; but he has little to live upon, for, as the proverb says, the sacristan's money comes singing and goes singing.'

'And your wife—she lives with her father?'

'She should be living with him.'

'What! you don't know for certain?'

'No, señor.'

'How, then—she doesn't write you?'

'Not never, captain.'

'And how is that?'

'Because since I took the musket she never knows where I am.'

'And why haven't you written to tell her?'

'I can't write.'

'But, man, you could have got some one to'——

'Yes, señor; yes, captain. But when a man's dictatin' he has to kick'——

'Juan, kick! If not, you're a lost man!'

'Captain, if you would give me a couple of law advices I would have them by me to use like that time I caught the smuggler.'

'Good counsels are worth a good deal of money.'

'I know that, captain, as the one you gave me in Jaca was worth thirty thousand reales to me.'

'Then we'll make a bargain. I'll give you a good counsel; but you'll have to give me for it ten thousand of the thirty thousand reales I'm keeping for you.'

'*Canario*, captain! ten thousand reales is too much!'

'But if you don't go well counselled you'll lose your money, and perhaps your life too.'

'You are right, captain. Give me a counsel, and keep ten thousand reales.'

'Well, this is the counsel: "When you find a short way, shorten the way."'

'I'll keep in mind that counsel, captain. But you might give me one more.'

'I've no objection; but it will cost you another ten thousand reales.'

'It's very dear, captain.'

'You know already that my counsels produce thirty thousand reales each.'

'That's true. I'll have another little counsel, then; and you can keep another ten thousand reales, if it can't be less.'

'The second counsel is this: "Don't allow your tongue to poke into affairs of other folk."'

'It's a grand counsel that, captain, worth a hundred times more than it costs me.'

'But, look, to go fully provided, you want another yet.'

'You might be able to give me an extra one.'

'What I will give you extra, if you give me for it the rest of the money you have remaining, will be a gold *onza* for the expenses of your journey, and three fine, big, rich pies for you to eat with your wife and your father-in-law when you get home.'

'No, no, captain. To be left, as you may say, without a copper, after being *propidario* of thirty thousand reales—that's very poor music.'

'Have you never heard that three is a lucky number?'

'Yes, I've heard that.'

'Then apply the saying.'

'*Canario!* But come, captain, you're not making me a very royal offer.'

'See, Juan, don't be foolish. The money will do you no good, for, with the head you have, you'll be robbed of it, or lose it, or misspend it, before you reach home. And they can't rob you of the counsels, nor can you misspend or lose them.'

'*Canario!* That's a fact too. Give me another counsel, then, and let the rest of the money pay for it.'

'Then listen to the third counsel: "Do nothing till you've thought twice, and from your pillow asked advice."'

'Captain, I don't understand that counsel; for, to follow it, a man couldn't even smoke a cigarette without passing a night by the way.'

'Man, you don't need to take a counsel so literally. It only means that before deciding a serious affair—as, for example, avenging a wrong—you should think well over it.'

'Now, now I comprehend, captain.'

'Well, then, here are a gold *onza* for the road, and three rich pies, which you must not begin to till you reach home, so that you and your wife and your father-in-law will eat them together—a pie for each beard.'

'Thanks, my captain, and God be with you!'

'Juan, kick! kick! And—a good journey!'

CHAPTER III.

JUAN KICK, as soon as he set out, engaged a shaded seat in a wagon going to his district, and journeyed and journeyed, with his box under his arm and his treasure of counsels in his memory, resolved to put these in practice as soon as

occasion arose. When he reached the foot of a long hill which the high-road ascended by many windings, Juan remembered the counsel, 'When you find a short way, shorten the way,' and saw that the moment had arrived for making use of it.

'I'll see you again soon,' he said to the driver. 'I'm going up this way.'

'Take care! Only wild-goats go that way.'

'There's no short way without labour to pay,' cried Juan, and he scrambled and scrambled up the short-cut till he got to the high-road again, when he sat down by the roadside to rest and wait for the arrival of the wagon.

The wagon took a long time, and Juan had already given up hope of it, when at last he saw it coming.

But what was his surprise to see the driver with his face all bloody, the guard with his arm broken, passengers bruised all over, and driver, guard, and passengers all lamenting the misfortune that had happened to them! The misfortune was that, at a turn of the road, a band of robbers had rushed out on them, beaten them, and robbed them of everything they could carry off. Juan Kick shed tears of gratitude when he thought of his captain, whose counsel had saved him from this calamity, and continued on his way.

As Juan now took all the short-cuts which turned up, he got far ahead of the wagon, and, miscalculating his time for arriving at a good inn, night overtook him in an uninhabited part of the country, with no dwelling in sight. At last he discovered, not far off the road, a small tavern; and, although the place had a very ill look about it, he decided to pass the night there.

He rapped and rapped at the door, and at last a villainous-looking man with a candle in his hand came out to open to him.

'Is this an inn?'

'Yes, señor.'

Juan entered and sat down by the fireside, where the landlord, who was the only person to be seen, was cooking a hare. Juan thought of asking him why he lived all by himself in such a lonely place. But he recollected the counsel, 'Don't allow your tongue to poke into affairs of other folk,' and confined himself to asking if he could have anything for supper.

'We'll sup together on this hare, with some bread and wine,' answered the landlord.

When the hare was cooked the landlord placed a small table near the fire, went to a corner of the kitchen, raised a trap-door, and called out in a commanding tone, 'Come up!'

Although Juan was stout-hearted, like all the uncultured his hairs stood on end at seeing and hearing this, for all the terrible stories of murderous innkeepers which he had heard in his childhood came to the help of his imagination. His terror got to a dreadful pitch when he saw begin to rise up from the hole which the innkeeper had just opened a horrible skeleton covered with loathsome rags, whose sunken eyes stared at him as if terrified.

The skeleton was a woman, and she squatted down timorously beside the trap-door.

Juan Kick was on the very point of asking the innkeeper who this miserable woman was, and how she came to be in such a wretched state, when he remembered his captain's counsel, and held his tongue.

Innkeeper and guest sat down to supper, the former at his ease, the latter in terror, and both without saying a word.

Now and then the innkeeper threw to the skeleton a scrap of bread or a bone, which she eagerly devoured.

Supper ended, the innkeeper got up, and with a rude push drove the skeleton into her den. Then he fastened the trap-door with an outside latch and sat down quietly beside the fire.

Once more Juan found himself assailed by the temptation to ask the innkeeper why he treated the wretched woman in this way; but again he remembered the second counsel of his captain, and swallowed down his words.

Soon afterwards the innkeeper and his guest lay down to sleep.

But do you think the guest closed his eyes that night with such a panic at the bottom of his heart? No! Nor his nostrils either! Juan Kick for the first time in his life passed the night kicking.

So, when God brought the dawn, he paid his reckoning, and, taking his bundle, prepared to depart.

'Well, what sort of night have you passed?' asked the innkeeper.

'First rate.'

'You leave pleased with my house?'

'Why not?'

'Did you notice nothing unusual, then?'

'Won't you shut up, man?'

The innkeeper threw himself on Juan Kick with open arms, and Juan Kick started back alarmed and prepared to defend himself.

'Don't be afraid, my friend,' cried the innkeeper, almost weeping with joy. 'Let me embrace you. You are the man I have been looking for these four years. You have brought peace to my house. You have saved mankind!'

The tone in which the innkeeper spoke was so quiet that Juan Kick yielded to his embrace and kiss. But what he could not understand was how he had saved mankind. The innkeeper, however, was not long in dissipating his doubts.

'My wife and I lived in peace and in the grace of God in a town near by, when, by

reason of the neighbours meddling in our affairs, we began to quarrel, and to have a row every day that upset the house. The result of these squabbles was that my wife was coming to hate me, and one day I intercepted a letter to her which showed that she was next going to be unfaithful. Then, half-mad with rage, I swore to be revenged on my wife, and to kill any one whatever who meddled in the concerns of my house, till the day when I should come across a man who would in no way concern himself with them. I came to this lonely place, shut my wife in the cellar, and I have stayed here four years. I have killed and buried in my wife's prison every man who entered my house, as I would have killed and buried you if, like the others, you had mixed yourself in my affairs, asking me what did not concern you.'

And while Juan stood dumfoundered between horror of the innkeeper and of the danger from which the captain's counsel had saved him, the man ran to the trap-door, opened it, and cried in an affectionate tone, 'Come up, dear! Come up! Thou art pardoned now. Now thy punishment and mine are over. Now I am free from my oath. Now thou shalt leave for ever the dungeon and rags. Now we are going to our pretty house in the town, and I shall set fire to this cursed place.'

And the spectre came up from her cellar weeping with joy. And the innkeeper, after taking from a chest a rich dress, set to work to take off her rags and dress her in beautiful clothes; while Juan hurried from the inn without having recovered from his terror and astonishment.

As Juan crossed a hill, where he lost sight of the inn, he looked behind him and saw that it was in flames, and a man and a woman—the woman leaning on the man—were walking towards a town whose spire he could faintly see in the distance.

CHAPTER IV.

JUAN KICK, trembling with joy, at last caught sight of the belfry of his native town, and heard the bells chiming the orison.

The author of this tale knows by his own experience what a man feels on seeing again after a long absence the church spire that overshadowed him and the bells that cheered him when he was young; but he does not dare to profane the holy and sweet thought by explaining it superficially in a three-for-sixpence tale, having already consecrated to it a book sprinkled, if not with the sparks of his genius, at least with the tears of his eyes.

The joy of Juan Kick found itself very soon disturbed by a fear. 'Who will tell me,' he exclaimed, 'that my wife is not dead, or that she has not become unworthy of an honest man's love?'

The last doubt hurt him even more than the first. Ah, what an egoist and arch-egoist is malicious humanity!

Night had already closed, but there was a lovely moon. Juan's house, or rather the sacristan's, was at the entrance to the town. Part of its front looked on a garden. In the garden there was a leafy hazel, and in it Juan hid himself to see who would enter or leave the house, or to hear who might be speaking in it.

Presently the door half-opened and a priest appeared, who, muffling himself up in his cloak, said in an affectionate voice to a woman, 'For a very little, dear,' and went away.

Juan put his hand to a clasp-knife that he had bought in the first town he came to after leaving the before-mentioned inn, and hesitated between cutting to pieces the priest or his wife.

But suddenly he remembered the counsel of his captain, 'Do nothing till you've thought twice, and from your pillow sought advice,' and he stopped short, resolving to postpone such a serious business as the avenging of his honour till next day.

But it was needful to dissemble, so as not to frustrate his hope.

He leaped from the garden to the door and knocked at it. His wife came down to open, and, at once recognising him, threw her arms round him with a thousand tender caresses.

Juan made a pretence of responding.

'Unkind one!' cried his wife. 'Seven years without writing or telling us whether you were alive or dead!'

'You did the same.'

'What a cheat! Father and I have written you more than twenty letters, and you never answered one!'

'Because I never got them.'

'But we addressed them to Juan Garcia.'

'But everybody calls me Juan Kick.'

'How ridiculous these nicknames are!'

'And where did you address the letters to?'

'To where you might be found.'

'But I've been always there.'

'Oh my! that's funny. But you want your supper, don't you?'

'So, so.'

'We'll have supper as soon as ever father comes in.'

Juan's wife, who was still very young, finished preparing the supper and set the table. Just then there was a call at the door, and the girl took up the lamp, saying, 'It will be father,' and went down to open.

Think of Juan's rage at seeing come up the stair a priest undoing his cloak, and he seemed to be the very same that he had seen leaving

the house a quarter of an hour before. Throwing to the winds his captain's counsel, he drew his knife, when suddenly he gave a cry of joy, dashed the knife on the floor, and rushed to clasp the new-comer in his arms. It was his father-in-law, the former sacristan, who had been ordained priest in his absence! They all sat down to supper, and Juan brought out the pies his captain had given him, and began to tell of the three counsels which had cost him thirty thousand reales.

On the whole his father-in-law did not think the counsels dear, but his wife was in no end of a way when she understood that he might have brought thirty thousand reales and didn't bring a penny. You just try to make these lady-wives understand certain things! Nevertheless, the lady-wives are not altogether stupid.

'Well,' said Juan, 'let us try my captain's pies. He told me they were very rich.' And, cutting his, he found ten thousand reales in gold inside.

His wife and his father-in-law hastened to open theirs, and both saw ten thousand reales in gold glittering in their hands. No need to say that the supper was jolly, savoury, well seasoned!

What is *not* seasoned, what comes out as flavourless as when I met with it in the street, is this story; because—ah, what a head I have!—I forgot to put in it the salt my neighbour gave me!

AN ENGLISH YEAR.

THE almond and the apple, the bending bullace spray,
Shed showers of purest petals before the end of May.
A little while of budding, a little while of bloom,
And then the spring is over, and ended all too soon.

A wealth of sweet confusion, the lily and the lime,
With heavy scent of ripened hay, of tiny honeyed thyme.
A burst of happy singing, a few short weeks of sun,
The hum of dreamy insects, and summer days are done.

Bright crimson of the creeper, the poppies in the corn,
With cobwebs, and the dripping dew to kiss the fields at dawn;
Rich days of purple hillside, of cloudless August skies,
Few weeks of thundery harvest, before the autumn dies.

Cold wind of wet November, soft snows of latter days,
White hoarfrost on the holly by muddy country ways.
The naked yellow jessamine, and hardy Christmas rose,
Short days of scarlet berries, and then the winter goes.

Twelve months of endless wonder, an ever-shifting chain,
Of sun to make the whole world glad, of cloud, and snow, and rain.
Full fragrant flowers of summer, ripe autumn grain in ear,
Uncertain days of varying joys, a changeful English year.

M. F.

A REFUGE IN THE WEST.

BY F. C. ARMSTRONG,

AUTHOR OF 'BETWEEN TWO,' 'TWO LETTERS,' &c.

CHAPTER I.

MISS RAINSFORD looked from the library window, a happy woman. She felt that life had little more to give, for her beloved nephew was now a full-blown rector while as yet he was in the early thirties. His foot was on the first rung of the ladder of fame, and surely a man of his abilities was bound to mount to the top.

True, this recently acquired promotion did not mean overmuch wealth; nor was the rectory a very magnificent abode, only it was quaint and interesting. Therefore, it was no wonder that Miss Rainsford smiled as she surveyed the pleasant prospect below. From the hillside she looked down upon a beautiful land, far-reaching woods stretching away to the foot of a range of broken hills. Out of the woods nearest at hand rose up picturesque chimneys and a suggestion of peaked gables. 'An old manor house,' she thought, while visions of charming neighbours rose in her mind's eye.

So absorbed was she in her day-dream that she did not know her nephew was beside her until he threw an arm round her shoulders.

'Not yet tired of the view, Aunt Rho?' he asked gaily in his pleasant voice.

'I was just wondering if the lord of the manor lived in that house amongst the trees,' she replied.

'No, he does not; he can't afford it. The place is let to some strange folks who arrived shortly after I did myself. I postponed my parochial visit until you came, as there are ladies, I believe—wife and daughter. Suppose we make the duty-call this evening? It's a beautiful walk through the woods.'

'And a beautiful afternoon,' replied his aunt.

'Then you'll come?' he cried gaily. 'I long to have the thing over.'

Dermot Rainsford loved the aunt who had been all in all to him ever since he came from India, a fragile little orphan, to be nursed and cherished by the tender-hearted woman, who, having seen love and hope pass by, centred her whole affection upon the child of her brother who lay dead upon a frontier battlefield, while his poor young wife glided out of life for sorrow within the year. She lavished her affections upon the child, who grew up with a heart to value her devotion and to return it by an affection deep and strong.

Down the hill and into the woods they went, talking about the new life which had opened before them both.

'Of course your home will be with me,' said the young man.

'Of course it will be nothing of the sort. You will marry,' she returned.

'I'm not of the marrying kind,' he said laughingly. 'In old Trinity they called me The Misogynist.'

'You haven't met the right girl, Dermot.'

'I don't think she has yet been born; at any rate, she hasn't crossed my path. Hallo! look there.'

They had entered a grove of tall pines whose straight trunks stood up in long vistas like the pillared aisles of a great cathedral. Golden rays shot through them, and a little wind murmured in the whispering roof of branches. In and out through the dappled light and shade moved a white figure, slim and tall—a girl in a white dress, wearing a shady hat; a graceful girl, like a tall white flower. She had not perceived them, but moved away until she seemed drawn into and absorbed by the deeper recesses of the wood.

'A very pretty figure,' said Miss Rainsford.

'Miss Bentham, I suppose,' her nephew returned. 'I heard she was young.'

Out of the shades they emerged upon a wide avenue which led to the great door of the house. It was a handsome and imposing building, albeit rather a confusion of styles; very ornate—too much so, perhaps, Miss Rainsford thought as her nephew rang the bell.

The servant who opened the door was Eastern, albeit clad in somewhat slovenly livery of decidedly English cut. 'Yes, Mrs Bentham was at home,' he said, his dark eyes surveying the visitors keenly.

The room into which he ushered them was handsomely furnished, but there was a lack of neatness about it which distressed the orderly mind of the lady. Books, newspapers, magazines, all of the most frivolous type, lay scattered about; cushions were flung away upon handsome sofa and pretty lounge; a scarf, a broad-brimmed garden-hat, gloves, and a sunshade

lay upon one of the tables. And Miss Rainsford set her lips. No, the girl who could leave her sitting-room in such disorder was not the kind of which she could approve, no matter how charming a figure she made while wandering in the woods.

A lady surged up out of an easy-chair to receive her guests. Yes, she was a lady; but—her handsome dress was all in disorder, her hair switched up into an untidy knot, her shoes down at heel. Her face was decidedly pleasing, for she had good eyes and a pretty smile; but Miss Rainsford set her lips even still more closely as the lady rose and advanced to meet her.

'I'm afraid you caught me napping,' she said, with an unfamiliar ring in her voice, an accent which was new to the ears of both aunt and nephew. 'We ain't just settled into the place yet. It does take such a bother to get things put straight, you know; and, then, it's all strange to me—not being English, you know.'

At this moment the door opened. The white lady of the woods stood on the threshold, regarding them with startled eyes.

'My step-daughter,' Mrs Bentham said, a look of extreme relief passing over her face.

There was not a trace of resemblance between the slattern in her easy-chair and the trim, graceful figure which advanced with cultured ease to welcome the visitors. She looked like a nymph of the woods, fair and slim, with golden-brown locks straying lightly round her broad, low brows, under which her eyes shone deeply, delicately blue as sapphire skies or summer seas; they were so blue that even Dermot the Misogynist noted their colour. Her face was daintily modelled, and her complexion so perfectly toned that in her heart Miss Rainsford said, 'A very beautiful young woman, and I have seldom seen so sweet an expression.' Somehow, the whole aspect of the room altered as she stood in their midst.

'I suppose you have been wandering in the woods as usual, Lalla,' said the elder lady.—'My step-daughter thinks she never can have enough of the trees.—Isn't that true, Lalla?'

She made reply in a voice that was like the song of a bird, while Mrs Bentham was fussing with the bell-pull.

'I want Said to let your father know the rector has called,' she said.

'But I will tell him myself,' cried the girl. 'He is in the library?'

'Of course,' the lady answered, somewhat sharply.—'Mr Bentham spends all his time in the library,' she added, turning to her visitors.

'A student perhaps?' Miss Rainsford remarked.

'Oh, I don't know. I never bother. "Let every one go his own way" has always been my motto,' the woman replied peevishly.

'Musty old prints are his delight, and horrid smelly bottles and things. He pores over them for hours. I wonder he hasn't blinded himself long ago. Oh, here he is!'

Aunt Rhoda thought she had never seen father and daughter so unlike. The man was heavily built, and but for a confirmed stoop in his shoulders would have been tall. Heavy-browed he was, with curious shallow, shifty eyes that were always looking over your head, or under your feet, or at the fireplace—anywhere but directly into your own. Long, lean hands he had, with dexterous-looking fingers deep-stained with some obstinate chemical. But the man possessed a quiet and gentlemanly address. He 'knew his manners,' as the good lady concluded; while the girl—— Why did those blue eyes tug at a closed door in her heart? Where had she seen eyes that caught and held you like those, before? Ah, with a swift choke in her throat, she knew! Yes, as she took the tea-cup which the flower-soft hand presented to her, she remembered eyes as blue and hair of just that rich brown, that looked powdered with gold; and from that moment her heart went out to the young stranger for the sake of all that had been denied to her, years ago, when she too was young and fair.

Dermot and the master of the house talked, while Mrs Bentham made furtive attempts to put her disordered dress into something like order, and Miss Rainsford exchanged opinions with the girl.

'A queer family,' Dermot remarked as he walked home.

'The man and his wife are odd, if you like,' Miss Rainsford said somewhat sharply; 'and the girl out of the common, but she is charming.'

'I didn't talk to her,' Dermot replied.

'That was foolish, young man,' said his aunt tartly.

'Did I not tell you I was not a lady's man?' he laughed. 'I wonder if you could find your way home alone? There is a poor old soul living on the edge of the wood whom I must see this evening.'

'Well, as there is no lion in the path, and the rectory-gate is directly in front of me, I dare say I can reach home safely,' laughed the lady.

So they separated, he striding along a path that margined the wood; and she, glad to be alone, mounting the hill to the white gate.

That girl's face—why did it 'stir the Hades of her heart'? Why had it set her thinking, thinking of a part of her life that was much better left in the grave to which her better sense had condemned it years ago? The girl was utterly unlike her father. She had not a feature in common with him; and where did that wonderful likeness come from? Bah!

she was a silly old goose. She must not allow imagination to run away with her; but—but she liked the girl. She must see more of her. Meantime she must get home, and see what she could do in her boy's parish. She was certain he could give her plenty of work.

Days grew into weeks; summer touched its prime. The visit to the Manor was returned in state. Mrs Bentham, a slattern no more, wore the most perfect of costumes, fresh from the Rue de la Paix; but the girl came in her simple white frock.

After the visitors left, Dermot made a remark which pleased his aunt.

'Miss Bentham is a young person with ideas,' he said. It was not much, but it showed that he had ideas too. 'She has offered to try our old organ, and see what can be done with it,' he said.

Miss Rainsford smiled. 'A very happy thought,' she replied.

'I suppose you know that Seaford is coming to read with me?' He began a new subject. 'It will be work and pleasant companionship for us all.'

'I hope he won't waste his time by falling in love with our beautiful neighbour,' cried the lady.

Rainsford pondered the saying. As the days went on it seemed to cling to his mind. She had the organ carefully repaired, and moreover, in the absence of the village schoolmistress, who was also organist, she presided at the fine old instrument, much to the delight of a music-loving, half-Welsh congregation.

He was not usually a man who took much heed of a woman's looks; but somehow or other his aunt's words had caused him to look more closely at this girl than he had ever looked at any woman before. But what folly it was! It didn't matter a hair one way or other whether a girl's eyes were blue or brown, if she had a good expression and she herself was good. But the blue eyes seemed to follow him persistently. The azure of the sky above him brought them to his mind, just as the billowing white clouds hanging high in air recalled the sweep of her white gown. He grew almost angry with himself.

'I hope I am not turning silly in my middle-age,' he said as he walked quickly along the path that led to old Betty's cottage, trying not to hope that Miss Bentham might be there. If he wished it at all, surely it was only because he had something to say to her about the organ.

Betty was a thankless old body, hard and coarse-minded; but the young rector had reached a soft spot in her heart.

'My youngest one would have been just the age with you,' she said wistfully more than once; and the man was touched.

Mother-love is a great mystery.

CHAPTER II.

IT was pleasant in the woods that afternoon. The air, spicy with breathings from the pines, caressed his face as he went along. He banished all vain imaginings, and yet he glanced round him more than once. Hitherto his mind had never run upon such things as meetings in greenwoods with fair young ladies. Nay, but if the fair young lady came to him smiling, with a basket piled high with good things in her hands, surely it was only good manners to take the burden from her and carry it to its destination.

They talked about poor Betty. 'Poor old soul! who could wish her to go on living in pain and want?' he said.

'It does seem hard that any one should suffer as she does,' the girl replied, with a compassionate ring in her voice.

'When you are as old as I am you will learn that there are more tears than smiles in this old world of ours, Miss Bentham,' he said.

'Ah, but I know,' she made answer, her breath coming quickly as her head drooped. 'My own life has been far from plain sailing. For one thing, I have been always a motherless girl, Mr Rainsford, and that means a great deal.'

'I can understand,' he replied quickly. 'I also was early orphaned; but then there was Aunt Rhoda. She mothered me—my good angel!—all my life.'

'She looks exactly like it!' the girl cried. 'But I had no Aunt Rhoda. I went from school to school from the time I was quite a little child—Germany, France, Brussels, Geneva—never more than a few years anywhere. I never had a home until I came here. I am beginning to love the woods dearly. I call them "my refuge."' And she laughed.

But the man's fine ear detected a sadness in the sound. 'Mr Bentham is a man of wide knowledge,' he said somewhat vaguely.

'Have you seen his collection of prints? I believe it is quite unique,' she said with sudden interest.

Dermot replied that he was afraid he knew little or nothing about such things, as that part of his education had been neglected.

They walked together towards the open meadow lying beyond the grove. White clouds went slowly trailing across the depths of azure overhead, and Dermot thought of the broad white lids drooping over fathomless blue eyes in the fair face at his side, the face that still had the child's simplicity in its tender beauty. Ah, was he to see that unawakened expression alter—the child turn woman? Somehow, the thought stung him. He turned away with an

abrupt farewell. Was he turning a fool in his mature years?

Afterwards old Betty told a crony that 'for sure the pa'son was fairy-struck that day, not just knowin' what he was sayin' like.'

Lalage Bentham went home through the woods. All unseen by her, a man was lurking in their depths, a man who watched her as she moved along, and who slid cleverly from tree-trunk to tree-trunk at her nearer approach. The man was well dressed, and had a certain swagger of gentility about him; also, a common sort of comeliness which, vulgarised and coarsened by signs and tokens of a fast life, was more repulsive than ordinary ugliness. He wore too much jewellery, and wore his hat pitched at an angle that enhanced the coarseness of his features. In a word, a man utterly out of keeping with his surroundings, his very presence an offence to the quiet harmony of the woods.

Lalage wandered slowly on, all unconscious of any presence. She entered the old gardens by a door in the thick yew-hedge, and loitered there. The man, with a muttered, 'By Jove, I say!' expressive of intense surprise, pulled himself together, and went round the hedge to the front walk. He boldly approached the great door, which stood wide to the sweet air. 'He keeps open house,' he laughed as he rang the bell.

Out of the dimness of the great hall the silent feet of the Eastern man brought him face to face with the new-comer. 'Hello!' and a muttered word either in a foreign tongue or some rogue's patter made the dusky-faced servant block his way.

'Stand aside, you Toby fellow!' the new-comer cried sharply. 'Isn't the boss on view?'

'What brings you here?' the other demanded, still blocking the way.

'Business. What else, you black rascal?' the man cried. 'Out of the way. No monkey-tricks with me.'

With evident reluctance Said led the way down a dark passage, pausing before a closed door, which opened with a reluctant noise.

'Hey, boss! here I am, turning up like a bad penny,' cried the new-comer in a hilarious voice as he stepped across the threshold.

The tall, gaunt man started up from the desk before him. As he stood with his back to the light, his face was entirely concealed from his visitor; but the tone in which he welcomed him did not betray much pleasure.

'So you have found your way here?' he said constrainedly.

'You see, so I have.' His joviality might have been assumed, but it was very marked. 'Got a snug berth of it here, eh?'

'I am very busy,' said Bentham, 'time and light being precious.' He held back from his visitor, who advanced towards him.

'I have brought you a big thing, boss,' he said, facing him. 'Black Toby there wasn't for letting me in; but here I am, and here I stays until I get the job done, and you're the man can do it.'

'That depends upon the kind of job it is,' Bentham said, as he pointed to a chair and hastily drew a sheet of blotting-paper over the drawing which lay on a sloping desk. Beside it were strange and unfamiliar-looking implements — magnifying-glasses, a heterogeneous mixture of things — over which the strange man's eyes swept with a knowing twinkle.

'At the old work, Fred?' he asked sneeringly. 'You haven't given it up?'

'I told you I had done with such work,' Bentham said coldly.

'I know; so you did, and ran away and hid. But, you see, the other chap isn't in it with you. He's a bungler—sure to be caught out the first bowl. You have the finished touch. You can do the trick like no one else, Boss Fred, and you'll gather in the spondulics with a swoop. 'Pon honour you will.'

Bentham made a contemptuous gesture with his flexible hand. 'I don't want them,' he said.

'I say,' cried the other in surprise, 'how have you done it? Turned gentleman at large, with a country house, drivin' your carriage, visitin' the county families, asked here and there; while we poor devils are out in the cold. And, moreover, with a handsome gal sprung from nowhere.'

'Miss Bentham, my daughter, has returned from Germany. I wish her to take her proper place in the world,' Bentham said; but an ominous grayness was showing round his mouth, and his eyes looked dangerous.

'Your daughter! Man alive, you haven't been married over five years!' cried the other incredulously.

'Miss Bentham is the child of my first wife,' the man answered icily.

'Oh ho! Never knew there was a previous Mrs B.,' said the younger man. 'But of course'——

'You never knew anything about my early history,' Bentham cried sharply.

'Well, we needn't quarrel over the gal, old man. I ferreted you out—with a lot of trouble, I can tell you—because there was no one else to be trusted. Now, will you do it for us? It's a sure card. There's thousands in it.'

'If it's the old game'—— Bentham was beginning; but the other stopped him.

'Now, what could it be but the old game?' he cried. 'Your hand hasn't lost its cunning, and you wouldn't have the heart to leave the boys in the lurch. Point o' fact, it's only myself and Pete Blake and another that's in it. Old chum, you won't go back on us this once? At least, I don't calculate you will.'

There was a slight menace in the tone. The

man's quick ear detected it. The gray ring spread wider round his mouth; his eyes were dangerous.

'I told you I had given up the work,' he said. 'You must look elsewhere.'

'But the worst of it is there isn't any elsewhere,' cried the other. 'I tell you that foolchap made such a botch of a job last week that we burned every trace of it. Fact! Think of the loss! Men like you, real artists, don'tcher know, are hard to find. Help us this once. You'll get your share, and—— See now, I'll never let one of them come near you again.'—'Until the next time,' he muttered to himself.

He opened the little portfolio and spread it before the older man. His trained eye went over its contents. The grayness left his face. His fingers twitched. 'Your man must have been a tyro indeed if he bungled over such a simple piece of work. A child could do it,' he said.

'But we didn't let him have a go at these,' cried the stranger. 'When he muffed the others we were shy of letting him smell them.'

The man took up the papers and inspected them carefully. 'It will be the last time—the very last, you understand,' he said.

'I understand perfectly—the very last,' answered the other, thrusting his tongue into his cheek unseen.

'How many do you require?'

'Why, the whole boiling,' he said in a tone of surprise. 'Every blessed one.'

Later on the unwelcome visitor came swaggering down the passage and into the hall. Said was squatting in his usual corner, gazing abstractedly before him. 'Let me out, nigger-man,' cried the other in his blatant voice. 'The boss has turned his back on us all, and is to live the life of a country gentleman, is he? Oh ho! I could tell another story if I liked. You haven't seen that day dawn yet; neither have you beheld the last of me. Let me out, you black Toby, you'—— And he made a bit of rough play with the slim, agile figure, but drew back with an oath; for the Arab servant had flashed out a long curved knife in the dusk of the hall, and was menacing him with blazing eyes, silent, swift, dangerous as death.

But the knife went hastily back into its sheath hidden in the man's bosom. He was bowing low to a white figure which seemed to bring the sunshine with it, as Lalage Bentham walked across the threshold out of the evening glow, a breath of purity, white as her trailing draperies, into a place of darkness and evil-doing.

The stranger lifted his jaunty hat; but, had she observed it, his face was ghastly. That long knife had been such a real thing, lifted as it was with all the fury of a half-civilised nature to weight its blow.

Miss Bentham scarcely noticed the cheap swell; but she did observe that Said was disturbed, and her kind eyes questioned him.

Intuitively he understood. 'A traveller, with jewels,' he said in an explanatory tone which cut the listener's ears like the knife the speaker bore.

CHAPTER III.

WOODFOOT was in a flutter. Lady Narramore, chiefest amongst the chosen of the county, gave her annual garden-party. Her entertainment was what the very smart people called 'mixed,' and therefore crowded; and through the throng of all sorts and conditions the Benthams moved, a remarkable trio: the man gaunt and tall, with bowed shoulders and spectacled eyes; the woman ill at ease in the crowd; and the girl, whose beauty drew all eyes—clad in simplest white, she was without doubt the prettiest girl within the gates. And, 'Who is she?' 'Where does she come from?' were whispered from lip to lip.

The murmurs reached the ear of young Lord Twyning, eldest son of the House, exciting his curiosity. He took a skirmish through the crowd, in the course of it coming upon a group which took him by surprise: the new rector of Woodfoot (who, he had heard, was a 'good sort'), a handsome elderly lady with white hair, another person dressed like a fashion-plate, an odd-looking man, and a girl whose back was turned towards him as she carried on an animated conversation with a pleasant-faced youth.

Twyning started forward. 'Why, it's Jack Seaford!' he cried.

The other stepped forward. 'High Jinks, by all that's delightful! Old man, I quite forgot you belonged to these parts!'

The two shook hands, laughing gaily, boyish laughter, good to hear. 'Make me known to your friends, Jack,' said the young host; and Seaford introduced him to the rector and his aunt. Afterwards he found himself leading the loveliest girl his eyes had ever beheld to the big marquee where his mother sat in state.

Lady Narramore was gracious, claimed nationality with the Rainsfords, and almost made Mrs Bentham feel at home before she turned to welcome other guests.

There was dancing afterwards. Lalage Bentham enjoyed herself. It was a new experience to the girl, whose knowledge of life had been gleaned in foreign boarding-schools and from books. She was engaged for every dance, Lord Twyning being her partner frequently. But for all that she felt a sense of relief when it was over, and things went on much as usual;

because life slipped in an easy groove for her when these gaieties had been left behind. If Dermot Rainsford allowed himself to think of her at all, it was as a strange offshoot from an unpromising stock. Yet the Benthams were inoffensive, and went through their daily life just like other people.

But the girl kept to herself. She developed new interests in her simple country surroundings, and spent much of her time in the old garden. It was rather a surprise when Said came one afternoon, as she worked amongst the flowers, to tell her that Lord Twyning was at the house, and had asked especially for her. She had enough of the coquette in her to see that her dress bore no tokens of her task amongst the weeds. It was a very simple frock, just dark-blue linen, with some soft white lace about the throat—a costume which Lord Twyning thought perfect as she entered the room in which he was lamely endeavouring to make himself agreeable to Mrs Bentham. The youth had lived as much as most men of his age, and the girl enjoyed his chatter. It was something entirely new to her.

But as he rode away there was a puzzled look upon his face. He only went as far as the rectory, where Miss Rainsford received him with a simple grace which contrasted strongly with the elaborate 'fine manners' of his late hostess.

It ended in his remaining for the evening with his old friend. They had a whole volume of mutual remembrances to talk over, Rainsford enjoying the boyish interchange of reminiscences and the chance allusions to mutual friends scattered far and wide over the Empire.

'By the way,' Twyning broke in suddenly upon the records of a light-hearted past, 'does any one know where these Benthams came from? I was calling at their place to-day. The girl is quite unlike the others.' He glanced at Rainsford, who gave an almost imperceptible start.

'They are absolute strangers,' he said slowly. 'We took them on their merits, knowing nothing more.'

'So did the mater when she asked them to her big gathering,' Twyning answered. 'They appear to be well off.'

'They are well off,' Rainsford said. 'The father of the family is an amateur engraver, so far as I can make out. He has a wonderful collection of prints, worth, I should say, several thousand pounds. I rather like the man; he is odd, and not very polished, but decidedly clever and entertaining.'

'Have you met him, Jack?' Twyning asked.

'To tell you the truth, I would much rather look at his daughter,' laughed Seaford.

'Granted,' Twyning replied; 'but I want to recall something to your mind. Do you remember our dropping into a big music-hall one night while we were at Woolwich together? It wasn't in Woolwich, however, but somewhere nearer the big town.'

'Of course, I do. We were surprised to find it so much better than we could have expected,' cried his friend.

'We were. There was a wonderful conjurer there, a fellow who seemed to make the things on the table walk about. I never saw such sleight-of-hand. I remember I thought the fellow ought to have been with Maskelyne and Cook; he was quite up to their mark. There was a woman along with him—a clairvoyant; do you remember her?'

'Why, certainly! She told a lot of queer things in her sleep. Made some good hits. She was a big-boned, black-haired woman, rather handsome of a sort,' Seaford said.

'Would you recognise her again?' his friend asked, with a slight laugh.

'I declare I don't know,' the young man returned. 'She was big and coarse, and horribly dressed in yellow.'

'There was a dusky servant also,' Twyning went on; 'a fellow who handed the conjurer things, and helped him in a general way.'

'I remember that also—a very 'cute-looking black fellow.'

'I recognised the man and woman to-day,' Twyning said slowly.

'Where, in the name of all that's wonderful?' cried Seaford, while Rainsford moved uneasily in his seat.

'At Woodfoot,' Twyning replied quietly.

'Why, nonsense, man!' Seaford was absolutely indignant. 'You must have been dreaming.'

'I was not. There was no mistaking the woman once I saw her in the full light—the very voice was the same; and the man had a scar on his cheek which I distinctly remember. Just go and have a look at them yourself.'

'I rather think the Benthams have lived abroad for some years,' Rainsford said slowly. 'Miss Bentham told me she had only just returned from Germany. I feel inclined to take her word before the evidence of any chance recognition.'

'I would never dream of connecting her with the others,' Twyning said. 'She does not appear to belong to them at all; but I could swear to the two. The woman is improved—smoothed down, it seems to me; but the man is exactly the same.'

'Now, look here, High Jinks,' cried Seaford hotly, 'I never thought you had a touch of the private detective in you.'

'My dear boy, I didn't do it a-purpose, as we say. The knowledge forced itself on me, and I felt I must tell somebody. Don't for a moment imagine I will shout my discovery upon the house-tops, or even tell my mother. It just

came in my way. I felt I must tell somebody,' he repeated.

'Even granting that you have not made a mistake,' Rainsford said quietly, 'what have we to do with the private lives of our neighbours so long as they are quiet, orderly, inoffensive? The Benthams having fulfilled all these requirements, why should we be the first to throw stones? Miss Bentham is a very great acquisition to the parish; and even if Mr Bentham has taken for his second wife a lady connected with the music-hall stage, why should we think the less of her when she makes a worthy member of our small society?'

'My dear rector, it shall go no farther,' Twyning said frankly. 'Only, it amused me. It was a surprise, you see.'

He rode home shortly afterwards, and Rainsford spent a sleepless night. But he did not tell his aunt anything about the discovery, and he was very much disgusted with himself for allowing it to make such an impression upon him. He wished Twyning had not discovered the road to Woodfoot. He scarcely acknowledged the reason for so wishing to himself, but he wished it all the same.

The railway station was at a little distance beyond the church, at the end of the village, the woods running up to the little red-roofed buildings in a triangle of cool shade. Dermot had gone to the cathedral town on the morning after that disturbed night. He had business which ought to have occupied his mind; but an uncomfortable sensation which linked itself with the well-being of an absolute stranger thrust itself upon him at every moment. What had he to say to the Benthams? They were isolated members of his congregation; and, even suppose the girl had interested him, what did it matter, in the face of his more important duties? He was glad to get through his business early, and to be able to catch the only train from the Metropolis which stopped at Woodfoot station in the afternoon. He jumped into a carriage as the train slackened speed. One passenger was already there, a variant of the 'cheap swell' type, one almost unknown in this remote neighbourhood.

Dermot scarcely glanced at his companion in the carriage. After a few moments he utterly forgot his existence. Rainsford was thinking—thinking. It pained him inexpressibly to know that Lalage—he had grown quite familiar with the classical name, and had ceased to half-resent its associations—was not as other girls. He must make the thing plain to Seaford now, who openly professed the strongest admiration for her beauty. Of course the lad would recognise the fact that a music-hall artiste was not the most fitting chaperon for a girl gifted with such rare loveliness; and she was set in the midst of many dangers. Stop! how had he arrived at that knowledge? He could not tell; yet it seemed to force itself upon him with greater and still greater insistence as the train sped on towards his destination.

What subtle telepathy struck between him and that unpleasant-looking man in the opposite corner—that man whose very presence was an offence? How could he tell that, at the moment when his thoughts were filled with vague, and even tender, longing to save this fair young girl from danger, that other was thinking of her after the manner of his kind? Had the two men been aware of the strange link between their innermost thoughts they would have been surprised.

When the train stopped at Woodfoot station the man waited until the clergyman had left the platform, and then took the short way to the Manor through the woods. He had a wonderful memory for locality; in the varied career behind him there had been moments when that quality stood him in good stead, when a moment's hesitation as to a turn to right or left became a matter of at least liberty.

Said was not in the doorway when he arrived at his destination. A trim housemaid admitted him with evident reluctance, but he strode to Bentham's door and entered with a noisy laugh. 'Here I am again, old boy,' he cried.

Bentham's face, as he lifted it from the paper before him, certainly did not express any very great pleasure at the sight of his old friend. The girl thought there was a swift look of anger and a little more in his expression as her master recognised his guest. 'I did not expect you,' she heard him say, and then the door was banged rudely upon her.

'Eh, you aren't ready? Why, you didn't use to take so long over what you said yourself was only a trifling job,' the man demanded, throwing himself into a chair uninvited, and making himself thoroughly at home.

'The things were finished a week ago,' Bentham replied very quietly.

'Well, that's right. You ought to have told me. I'd have come down at once.'

'There was no need. They went to London last night by the late mail.'

The younger man swore. 'You never trusted them in the post?' he cried. 'I thought you knew better than to do such an idiotic thing.'

'They are on their way to Paris by a sure hand,' Bentham returned slowly.

'That gal of yours? He, he! I thought you wouldn't let her waste her time in idleness, you cunning old dog! Had her educated to the nines, so as to bring fresh blood into the ring! Oh, you are a deep one, you are; and to think of your coming the high and mighty over me the last time I came: "Miss Bentham must take her proper place in the world." Ho, ho! and she'll do it, too. A gal like that will carry everything along with her; especially a gal of your training.'

[*Christmas Number.*

The older man's face assumed an expression not good to see.

'I told you before to leave my daughter out of the question,' he said with deliberation. 'She is at home, and shall take her proper place in the world; but it is not a place of which she need be ashamed. She will never touch the pitch with which you would fain darken her — the pitch which is your native element.'

'Oh come, I say, boss, that's a bit too thick. When it comes to blacking, why, aren't you the blackest of us all yourself?' The younger man leaned forward in his chair and glared at his companion. 'Case of the pot and kettle, my good fellow, eh?'

'You must not take my daughter's name upon your lips in connection with the set to whom you belong, Kimber,' Bentham said sternly.

'Well, if you aren't turning on us fairly, old man!' Kimber laughed a laugh that was not pleasant to hear. 'You'll be rounding on us to the Home Secretary one of these odd-come-shortlys if we don't look out.'

'You need never dread exposure,' Bentham returned. 'But my daughter must be left out of everything, even in your thoughts.'

'I don't think we need be afraid of you,' Kimber said deliberately; 'the best guarantee we have of your being safe is that you are too deeply in yourself. But there, we always were good pals, you and I—and you won't go behind with us now. How did you send the tissues?'

'They went by the most trusted messenger,' he answered slowly; 'the man who assisted me with them—Said.'

Kimber thrust back his chair with a sudden rush. 'What!' he cried; 'what! You sent that nigger rascal to—to the boys in Paris! He's a French subject! Suppose he's caught?'

'He will not be caught. I decided it was best to send the—ahem!—tissues direct to the Paris house. The governors will use discretion in sending them round.'

'You send the subject round a little too much yourself,' Kimber said roughly. 'Speak out. You sent that fellow with the plates up his sleeve to Froment and La Junesse because you wanted to cut our profits, eh?' He spoke fiercely. 'Didn't I say you would round on us on the first opportunity? I saw it coming. I said to Bertie that you wanted to shake us off when you vanished as if the earth swallowed you up body and bones half a year ago. You were going to live abroad, to lead a different sort of life, to cut the whole concern. Oh, you were, were you? You thought to leave us in the lurch, knowing there wasn't one of us could do these fakements like yourself. Where you got the money to do it is a mystery to me, unless you are carrying on your game under-ground, with Said at your elbow, and gathering in all the winnings to your own hand. That's it: you'll get the biggest haul over these bills by going direct to the Frenchmen. You'll spoil our little game, will you? What if I can spoil yours out an' out? You may bet your life I have it in my power. Suppose I went straight to that parson-man who is such a chum of yours, and told him who and what you are—a—a'——

'Hold your tongue!' Bentham leaped to his feet. 'I have not betrayed you, despicable lot as you are. I have not gone back upon you in any way. If I have sent my trusted servant direct to my employers, what difference does it make with you—with any of your gang'——

'There—your gang! As if you weren't bossing the show yourself, and as thick in it as any of us!' cried Kimber, purple with passion. 'Your gang! he says.' The man appealed to the quiet room, with its concentrated light and assembled retorts and cylinders. 'Didn't I know he was ready for it. The next move is to Scotland Yard. I know it; but that's a game two can play at.'

'A game at which I will never play,' Bentham said quietly. 'How often have I to assure you of that? The story of my troubled past is dead and buried. Let it lie.'

He was standing with a hand upon the table beside him, looking down at Kimber, who, leaning forward and grasping the arms of his chair, glared into Bentham's face in a fury of rage that was hideous to behold. The coarse comeliness of his face had turned into the ghastly horror of hate and fury. He looked as if he could have leaped upon the other and torn him with hands of wild-beast hate. 'Let it lie!' he blurted out. 'Let you lie as you please. Live a lie, fatten on a lie, while we are fighting for life and death. Is it a likely thing, I'd like to know? Let you live here on the fat of the land. Where the money comes from I can't tell; but I suppose you are working the old oracle after some new fashion, some game you are keeping from the rest of us, being too much of a hound to share profits with old pals who never saw you want in old times. Oh, I know you! Let it lie, forsooth! You have fallen into a good thing, and'—he swore a furious oath—'if you don't go shares there'll be a blow-up, sure as you're standing there'—he gasped for breath—'a blow-up that will knock the daylights out of you and the daughter you are determined to set in her proper place in the world—the dock beside you!'

There was a momentary pause in the outpouring of the man's loathsome rage, and through that pause came the sound of a light tapping on the door. Bentham started. The eyes that had not blenched before the tempest of words fell a moment as the door opened, and

Lalage Bentham, clad in white, and with a bunch of roses in her hand, stood upon the threshold.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR a moment she stood, a swift look of surprise passing over her face.

'Step in, miss,' cried Kimber, quickly recognising the fact that fate was playing into his hands.—'Introduce me in proper form, Fred,' he added, without removing his glance of insolent admiration from the girl's face.

Bentham, who for the moment had stood irresolute, detected the menace in the man's tone. 'This is Mr Kimber, an old acquaintance, my child,' he said in his slow, formal fashion.

The man advanced to Lalage's side, extending a podgy hand. 'Acquaintance!' he cried mockingly. 'No; but an old chum of many years' standing—eh, Fred?'

She touched the repellent hand with her finger-tips, and the man turned vindictive eyes upon Bentham's livid face.

'Shall I tell her the sort of friends we've been, old lad?' he demanded.

Without heeding the question, Bentham addressed his daughter. 'Did you want me, my dear?' he asked in his usual level tones.

'No, father,' she cried. 'I only came to say that tea was ready. I did not know you had a visitor. Mr Rainsford has been here.'

'He has left?' Bentham inquired hastily.

'Yes,' she said simply. 'After all, he only came to make a trifling request. I will not disturb you further.'

'No disturbance at all,' interrupted Kimber with a freedom of manner which brought a pained flush to her face. 'You needn't run away. I'm only too delighted to make your acquaintance. Your father kept you too close, miss; he should have made you known to his friends long ago.—You should, you sly old dog. Ha, ha!'

Bentham's face, livid before, turned dead-white; there was a glitter in his eyes which was dangerous.

'It's all right now, Miss B.,' Kimber went on. 'Your father has made the amend.' He pronounced the word after his low English fashion. 'He's asked me to stop for a day or two and get the hang of the place into my head. Part of the country I would call interesting, now.' He spoke with a leering familiarity which made the girl shrink away.

Bentham spoke for her. 'It is a very quiet spot. You would find it dull,' he said in his measured tones.

'Nothing could be dull in such company,' he returned, still with that offensive look at the girl's face.

At this moment she recognised the man, who was lounging in what he might have considered a 'telling' pose against a chair. This was the person whom Said had told her was a travelling jeweller; and how could such an individual be an intimate friend of her father? Could it be possible that Said had deceived her? A sickening sense of something wrong grasped her by the throat and made her heart beat. Said was her trusted servant. Her father had often told her—nay, the man himself confirmed the tale over and over again—of how he had carried her in his arms, a lovely missie-baba; how he had found a place near her first school and watched over her in the fair Swiss town which hung dimly in her memory. And then, to have a common person, with such very objectionable manners, an inmate of their home for an indefinite period! Surely there must be some mistake.

The eyes that searched her father's face found no intelligence there. That it was paler than usual, and that the eyes had more surface-glitter, told her nothing. For a moment she stood looking at him; then he spoke:

'You said tea was ready. We will follow you. Go, my child.' His voice was formal and stilted as usual; it betrayed nothing.

She flitted away.

'How ever that gal happens to be yours, she's worth telling a lie for, anyhow,' Kimber said. 'Tell you what, old boss, I'm goin' to stop here until I get to know her pretty well too. Don't cut up rough, old boss. I wouldn't fight against fate if I were you; it's a clear case of give and take. If you want to split upon us, there's two to play at that game; and, don't you know, you have a longer score behind you than your humble servant.' He gave the man a dig in the ribs, and his low laughter was like the hiss of a snake. 'You'll have to grin and bear it for a day or two until I see how best we can come to terms. It isn't a drawn game yet, old man.'

Bentham looked only a little more gray and ghastly than usual as he ushered his unwelcome guest into the drawing-room, which Lalage had made so bright and pretty. He trusted that the girl had prepared her step-mother for the advent of this unexpected arrival. Anyhow, she was a stupid woman, and sometimes stupidity makes for virtue.

He knew that a volcano was seething under his feet—that a word from this man would knock into the dust the fabric of respectability which he had so carefully constructed round his daughter for twenty years. There was a faint consolation in the fact that ruin to him spelt also destruction to the traitor. Kimber could not take revenge upon him without ensuring detection for himself, no matter how carefully he went to work. But there was little sociability in the small party gathered round

that tea-table. Mrs Bentham blundered amongst the cups and saucers, and Lalage only attended to her father's wants. When she had performed her duty she went to her own room, and stayed there until dinner-time.

That meal was not altogether a success. The man tried to make himself agreeable; but it was a failure. Mrs Bentham did not even laugh at his racy anecdotes—some of them just verging upon the unsavoury. Lalage did not appear to listen, while Bentham himself sat grimly attentive to the wants of his guest, whose table-manners were not of the highest class.

The ladies left the dining-room early, and Mrs Bentham was alone in the drawing-room when the men followed their example. She made no excuse for her step-daughter's absence.

At breakfast the unwelcome guest endeavoured to draw the girl into conversation. She was never a voluble person, although she could talk, and talk well, upon occasion. Breakfast is a trying meal in a general way; tempers are apt to be on edge, and nerves either over or under strung. Mrs Bentham was 'droopy,' a state of things rather usual with her; her husband morose; while, without doubt, their guest was irritable.

At last Mrs Bentham spoke. 'What time are you going to the rectory, Lalla?' she asked.

'I promised to be there at eleven,' the girl answered without lifting her eyes. 'We are to be at Narramore Chase at half-past one.'

'Hey! Narramore Chase,' cried the stranger. 'Didn't know you was anywheres near that place. Great lady the Marchioness. Wonderful diamonds, and a pearl rope worth ten thousand pounds. Heard of them, Fred?'

'I have seen the pearls,' Bentham said quietly. 'Lady Narramore wore them on the day of her garden fête, to which we had the honour of being asked.'

Kimber sat back in his chair and looked with astonishment at the speaker. 'You—were at the Marchioness's party?' he cried. 'Ho, ho, ho, that was a start!'

'Lord Twyning has called here.' Mrs Bentham bristled up as she made the assertion.

Kimber, still lying back in his seat, laughed the more. 'Oh ho, what an old fox you are, boss!' he cried. 'Baiting traps. Oh ho, ho!'

Bentham's head was bent above his plate; but the hand which held his knife trembled, and the supple fingers closed sharply on the white handle. The man went on laughing, while Lalage rose from her place.

'You will excuse me, mamma,' she said, and glided away.

Kimber's face grew thunderous.

'So I'm not fit company for that bit of a girl, Fred?' he demanded. 'She runs away at the first opportunity every time she can. It isn't friendly—'pon my soul it isn't; and, I say, you must let her understand that I won't put up with it.'

'My daughter is, and shall always be, her own mistress,' Bentham said.

'See here'—Kimber smote the table with a thump that made the china ring—'see here, we must come to an understanding, you and I. I won't stand any more of this high-flying bunkum. You aren't going to bluff me much longer, I swear.—Sit still, Eliza, till me an' your man has it out.'

Bentham rose to his feet, and opening the door, bowed his wife out of the room. Then he turned with white, set face to his foe. 'Whatever you have to say to me shall be said in the privacy of my study. The ladies of my family are not to be drawn into any vulgar dispute.'

The man laughed coarsely. 'Ladies!' he cried contemptuously. 'When did your wife turn a lady, I 'd like to know? Since you gave up the'——

Into the room glided, on soft, noiseless feet, the tall, slender figure of the Arab servant. His face was set as a mask; there was not a touch of life in it save and except that the eyes were on fire. He made a slight gesture to his master, but turned on the man, confronting him with a swiftness which made him step back.

'I followed when I heard you were here,' he said in a penetrating voice that scarcely rose above a whisper. 'You insult my lady? You sit at meat with her? No, you go—I command. I, Said Abbas, I say "Go," and you go. Now, this moment—this moment. You hear?'

'Who are you, you black thief, to order your betters about—you dog?'

Kimber was livid with rage; his eyes seemed to retreat into his head and narrow to flickering points, while his lips drew back from his white, cruel-looking teeth. 'What mystery is there about this house that we don't share? Don't you know I could send the two of you to quod for life? It would have been a hanging matter a while ago.'

'I care nothing. You dare not do what would crush you and the rest of them. The master knows. He can laugh. He dares you; I dare you.'

The man broke into a tempest of furious language; but Bentham put a hand on his arm. 'You know Said speaks the truth,' he said. 'Come, Kimber, don't let that confounded bad temper of yours get the better of your judgment. To round on us would mean too much, as you know. Let us talk quietly. Come to my study, and allow the servant to clear the breakfast-table.'

Growling like an angry dog despoiled of a bone, Kimber followed his unwilling host down

the corridor to the room which Bentham had fitted up for his own use; Said following.

Once inside the door, he threw himself into a chair and coolly produced his pipe. Let him be a thorough scoundrel, he had the virtue of courage, and, in a sort, a cool head.

'Come, now'—he spoke in his usual jaunty tone—'it's no use for us to quarrel—not a bit. Better work harmonious, as before; but on terms—I say, on terms. I know plenty,' he nodded, 'maybe too much for the peace of mind of some of us; but I want to know more.' He stuffed down the tobacco with a finger already deeply stained with the seductive juice. 'Here I find you—Boss Bentham, as you choose to call yourself—settled in a fine country-house—carriages and all that—asked round to houses you never got into through the hall door before. Hallo! no, you never took to the risky business. Left that to younger men like me.' And he laughed. 'I say, I know this sort of thing can't be done for nothing; and you aren't running tick—that game 's played out. I say, then, shares in the spondulicks that must come from somewhere. It isn't from those faked-up prints you poke your nose over day in, day out; that couldn't do it. Where does it come from? Tell me that.'

'That is just what you will never know,' Bentham said in a tone there was no gainsaying.

Kimber struck a match and lit his pipe. 'I'm not so sure of that,' he said. 'I'll not leave this house until I do know. I've got the whip-hand of you, and I'll use it. That girl shall tell me. I have a way of making her peach.'

Said's hand was in his bosom, hidden amongst the folds of the semi-oriental costume he wore; but it was Bentham who spoke.

'My daughter knows absolutely nothing of my affairs,' he said quietly.

Kimber stared at him. 'Nothing?' he demanded. 'Nothing? Not who you are? Not that the name you bear isn't your own by a long chalk? Not that you have been in quod—done your three years, by Jove? That you were on tick for two, and still—— Eh?'

Said had advanced to his side. 'If I see you speak to my lady you shall suffer,' he said in that penetrating semi-whisper which was full of significance.

'Bah, you black Toby!' Kimber said contemptuously. 'What could you do? Who would mind a black man in any court in England? You're a fool for your pains, you are.—So the gal don't know, she don't? Well, then, I think it a pity she should be kept in ignorance. Ho, ho!'

'She shall never know,' Bentham said.

'Sha'n't she? Now, look here,' he swore, 'if you don't tell me where the money comes from, if we don't go shares, I'll tell her every blessed ha'porth I know about you, and it's not just a pretty record—so it isn't. Shares, I say, and no more nonsense between us. I was always straight and open with you. What do you go for to do? I give you a good job—would have had my little profit out of it; but no, you must needs send the things away off to the Frenchmen on your own account! Was that a fair do between friends? You bag my commission on the tissues, and expect me to look pleasant over it! Is that fair and decent, or isn't it a mean, low bit of work that any man with a bit of honour in him would scorn?'

Bentham went to his desk and took from it a package of bank-notes. He exchanged a few words with Said in an unknown tongue, then turned to Kimber.

'Said tells me he has brought over two thousand francs as payment on this job, the last I shall ever touch. I happen to have the money by me. Here it is—eighty pounds, all I have in the house for current expenses. You are welcome to it. I will not touch money made in that way again.'

Kimber stretched out greedy hands for the notes. 'Not flash?' he asked quickly.

'You are an expert,' Bentham returned with a slight sneer, while Said's eyes glowed like coals of fire.

Kimber laughed. 'Well, you appear inclined to do the decent thing in one way at any rate,' he said. 'I'll just take these tissues for a stop-gap; but I'll get to the bottom of the mystery somehow—I'm not the sort to be hoodwinked too far, old boss. Now, about this gal of yours'——

Said stepped forward. 'Miss Bentham's name is not for lips like yours,' he said. 'Already you have seen all you are to see of my mistress. Go!'

A sudden remembrance of that slightly curved knife, and the furious eyes flashing over it, checked the words upon Kimber's tongue. Moreover, eighty pounds to fill his pockets unexpectedly was not a sum to be despised. He might make a good bit more over this job. And for the present—well, he rose from his seat.

'Old boss, it's too late in the day for us to split; but a fellow must live. I'm not in love with country life, although I'd like to see a bit round the place here. I suppose it's better for me to cut my lucky and be gone. No fear but I'll come back another time. I don't like to lose sight of my friends. So long.' He patted the breast-pocket of his coat with a significant gesture. 'Old boss, you do the genteel trick when you're put to it, I'll say that much for you.'

He swaggered out of the room as he spoke,

and from the end of the passage saw Lalage step into a low pony-chaise and drive herself away.

He walked to the village. There was no train to London for several hours, but a small local one was waiting at the platform. Eh, what? It went close to Narramore Chase. There was a station just at the park gates? Well, it might be worth while to take a look round. He stepped into the train just as a good-looking young man jumped into a first-class carriage next door—a very well-set-up, agile lad in white flannels, with a pleasant, open countenance.

The station at Narramore was almost in the far-reaching park. It was only a flag-station, and trains stopped when there were visitors to the Chase. Kimber and the flannel-clad youth were the only persons who got out. The London thief hung back. While Jack Seaford, with his tennis-racket swinging lightly in his hand, went swiftly up the long winding avenue to the house, Kimber loitered in the woods—'to get the hang of them,' he said—and then made for the open walks which intersected them. The park was larger than he anticipated. Mounting a rise in the spreading green, he saw the great white façade of the house towering up amongst its terraces, a vast extent of building, highly ornate, with a lake to mirror it in front, and a wooded hill for background.

He descended from the little rise, and on his way to the wide avenue encountered a friendly gamekeeper—a fellow with a dash of gipsy blood in him—who enlightened the new arrival upon many points that had puzzled him.

Meantime, in the stately dining-room, Lady Narramore was entertaining her house-party, with the addition from Woodfoot Rectory. Her son had requested her to ask Miss Rainsford if she would bring that beautiful Miss Bentham along with her; and now he was sitting by the girl's side, talking to her in that lowered tone of voice which makes itself audible to one pair of ears alone.

But regarding her from his place at the hostess's right hand, Dermot Rainsford observed the trouble in the beautiful blue eyes, and wondered.

After luncheon coffee was served upon the terrace above the tennis-courts; and a man hiding amongst the ornamental shrubs below felt his mouth water at the gleam and flash of the silver coffee-service carried round by two tall footmen.

'Old, for a wager, and worth double what a new set would be,' he thought, as he watched with hungry eyes.

Lalage Bentham was there in sight. There were two or three other girls, but none of them carried herself with the gracious dignity of the white figure whose every movement he watched with devouring eyes from his hiding-place.

There were many young men in white flannels also flitting over the smooth turf. Faint ripples of gay voices and laughter reached him in his lair. It was a picture of life such as he had never imagined it to be. Ease, comfort, luxury, pleasure, all honestly come by: a beautiful thing lived in the eye of day, with no dark corners, nothing to hide, no reason to hang the head and slink through byways. For a moment he felt sick with unexpected longing; and then the evil heart asserted itself. What made him to differ from those slim, white-clothed youths? How were they one whit more deserving than himself? He was ten times as clever as the best of them, he knew. He could walk round every one of them if it came to a trade. A cruel hatred swelled within him, a bitter resentment against the social code which reckoned one man better than another just as he had money or had not; a fierce desire to level all class-barriers, and drag every one he saw over there on the tennis-ground or the terraces into mud as black as that in which he had wallowed ever since he ran away from the training-school in which the guardians of his native parish had placed him. Ah, ha! there was one amongst them whom he could so drag down—smirch, blacken until she was a fit companion for himself. There was satisfaction in the thought, and before he was many days older it would be an accomplished fact.

CHAPTER V.

CONSTERNATION reigned at Narramore. The famous pearls, which had for generations been the pride of the family, were stolen from the Marchioness's dressing-room in broad daylight, and the theft was not discovered for many hours after it must have occurred. No stranger had been seen about the place. In fact, no strange person could have been in the house save and except that lovely Miss Bentham, whom every one admired, and of whom nobody knew anything. Even she had not been, so far as any one knew, farther into the house than the great dining-room. The robbery must have taken place when the servants were at tea. Up to that hour Lady Narramore's second maid had been sewing in the room next to that in which the dressing-case stood. A few trifling trinkets had been also taken; but the priceless pearls were the only things mentioned in the papers, which rang with the robbery next day.

The telegrams which went flying all over the country brought a small revenue to the post-office; but although a whole army of detectives

came from all quarters and pervaded the land, nothing could be discovered. Only, Said Abbas went to London, and——

Well, it was but the faintest stir of the lips, but the merest breath, that went abroad.

Slight as it was, it set Dermot Rainsford's Irish blood aflame. Who dare mention the robbery in the same breath with a woman's name? He walked to Woodfoot Hall with a tempest in his soul such as had never disturbed his life until this day, when Seaford so much as hinted at vague possibility. It had arisen amongst the Narramore household, no one exactly knew how; but he would trace it home, brand the liars as with a hot iron, make them bite the dust, even if it were Twynham himself or the haughty Marchioness. As to the Marquis, having had the misfortune to marry a masterful woman, he did not count. Rainsford had silenced the words upon Seaford's lips after a fiery fashion which had much amazed that youth. He had not breathed a word to his beloved Aunt Rho. The fire it had kindled in his bosom amazed the man, to whom such ardent feelings had hitherto been a mystery. He felt he must see her—must tell her that if she ever needed a champion——

He stopped short in his hasty strides through the pine-trees. What did it mean? The sweet, somewhat sad—nay, rather pensive face: why was it ever present with him wheresoever he went? Why did his thoughts turn to her at every spare moment—nay, at moments which were not spare—why? A mist floated amongst the pine-stems, soared upward in a soft cloud like incense; his heart throbbed until it seemed to choke him. He had laughed at what he called idiotic nonsense in other men. Could it be possible—— Champion her? What way? One way! He leaned against a tall silvery tree-bole, and seemed to lose and find himself. Yes, that was it. He would, he must do—what? Again a mist floated before his eyes. He had not thought of this—and yet it was the only way in which he could prove his faith in her. Yes, he would ask her to be his wife. He wanted her. With that sweet presence always by his side, what might he not make of the beautiful life which had been given to him? If only she could think of him so! Ah, but she had already leaned on him, had told him so much of her inner life. Was he breaking confidence in taking an advantage? He started forward, because here she was coming through the light and shadow of the woods, with those little fleecy mists floating round her like angel's wings. He pulled himself together, and met her with his usual frank 'Good-day!'

And yet there was a subtle difference in his tone and in the way in which she returned his greeting.

'I was on my way to the rectory,' she said abruptly, scarcely appearing to know that he was still holding her hand.

'Coming to see Aunt Rho?' he asked, her fingers still in his.

'I was going to see you,' she said, lifting her eyes to his face in a direct look of appeal. 'Oh, Mr Rainsford, I have been in such perplexity!'

'You have?' he asked, such a great yearning to tell her all that was in his heart coming upon him that it cost him almost agony to keep silent.

'Can you spare me a few moments? You are on your way to poor old Betty I know,' she said still more earnestly; 'but—I'—— Tears were in her eyes; they looked more beautiful than ever, and the man's heart grew hot in his bosom.

'I was going to your house,' he said, drawing her hand through his arm. 'I wanted to see you—and your father,' he added, with a break in his voice. 'But you first.'

She looked at him with absolute fear in her eyes.

'You—some one has told'—— she faltered.

He did not know what to say. No one had actually told him anything. Only Seaford had muttered a vague suspicion.

'I only know one thing, Lalage.' He held her hand on his arm. He shook from head to foot. The tremor passed to the hand lying under his. She drew back; but he went on. 'I only know one thing,' he repeated. 'That is, that I—want you to be my wife. I—never—I am not what is called a lady's man. I am no maker of phrases; I must be straight, and do things after my own fashion. I know you want some one to take care of you, and to shield you. I am that man. Ah, I can't put into words what I know I ought to say; but, there, I tell you the whole truth. I want you for my very own—my honoured wife, Lalage.'

She drew quite away from him, and in wide-eyed amazement, but with flitting colour in her face, gazed at him. 'You, Mr Rainsford—you who are so good, so devoted to your work! You! Oh, it is impossible! You know nothing about me. You—you see my surroundings. You must know that there are mysteries everywhere; and yet'——

'Dearest!' he drew her to him gently—'dearest, perhaps I know more about you than you imagine. It was ever since some knowledge of your surroundings came to my ears that I made up my mind to take you away from them all—that is, if you are willing to come to me, dear.' He was keeping himself in hand. What right had he to hold her, to—to kiss those quivering lips, until they belonged to one another? And, after all, who was he to win such a prize? 'You are you,' he said in a deepened voice, 'the only woman who ever won a thought from me. Do

you think that your surroundings matter? I do not want them, but you'——

It was her turn to lean against that tall silver fir-tree now, her turn to shrink away and cover her face. 'I can't,' she faltered. 'Oh, I can't! It is too much to believe. You, so good, so much above me'——

'Nay, nay, Lalage, not that. Only the man who wants you; only the man whose life would be a blank without you. Dear, will you come to me? I am ready to stand between you and all the world; to be your protector, your champion through life and death.'

He was talking nonsense, and he knew it; but even that consciousness was sweet. He came nearer to her. 'I will go to your father and tell him that I have your sweet consent,' he whispered, bending over her; 'tell all the world, Lalage,' he continued passionately.

She did not answer, yet a proud flush mounted to his face and his eyes shone. There are little gestures that are more eloquent than words, and love is a teacher of many things.

Hand in hand through the misty woods they went, those two who had so strangely found each other, and Lalage told her true lover all she knew of herself and of her strange parent.

'My mother? Yes, I remember her after a vague, disconnected fashion,' she said. 'She left me at school, or rather under the care of some good, kind women at Zurich—I think they must have belonged to some Order. I remember them as being always dressed in black-and-white. Said, our Arab servant, lived in the town and looked after me. I don't remember when we left Zurich. Father came and took me away, and as I wore black frocks for a year I suppose mother died about that time. I was placed with an English family at Caen, and was very happy. Afterwards Mrs South, the lady who took care of me, brought me to a school in Dresden, and my life for years was a record of steady work. Six months ago father came to tell me he was now independent and we were to live in England; he also informed me of his second marriage. We wandered about for a time, and at last father found this beautiful home, where'—her face flushed deliciously—'I met you.'

Lover talk looks meaningless set down in black-and-white. At last she said, 'Now, I must tell you what has troubled me so much—oh! more than I can say. A dreadful man, who claims acquaintance with dear father, and who appears to have some hold upon him, has been coming and going at the house. He stayed with us last week; and, only this morning, I remembered that on the very day those pearls were lost he mentioned them at breakfast. Everything he said or did was dreadful; but I was horrified at the way in which he spoke about them. Could he possibly be—be—the person who took them? I know father turned him out of the house; and, look here, I made a sketch of him from memory.'

She placed a little square of pasteboard in Dermot's hand. He started. In a few strokes she had set the man, living, breathing, on the paper. He recognised the likeness at once.

'Lalage, you are a genius!' he cried. 'I travelled from St Merthyrstowe in the same carriage with a man so like this sketch that he must be the person you mean. That was the day before Lady Narramore's luncheon-party.'

'The day you came to tell me when we were to leave the rectory? Yes, surely you must have met him in the wood?'

'I bicycled round by the road,' he returned. 'Strange how I took an instinctive dislike to that man while we sat in the train together!'

'Could you not put this sketch into the hands of one of the great detectives who are, I hear, at Narramore?' she cried. 'It might lead to something, and at least release dear father from an acquaintance who is hateful to him. If I could only make my father the happy, contented self he was when we first came here I think I should be the happiest woman in all the world.'

'You dearest one!' he said softly, 'how shall I make amends to you for your past?'

'You will not lose time over this sad affair?' she said a few moments afterwards, although she was thrilling and trembling, and a great light of happiness shone in her beautiful eyes.

It was like stepping down from the skies to things of common earth when he glanced at his watch.

'I have just time to catch the afternoon train,' he said. 'I shall see you again this evening. Meantime, tell your father. Ask him if he can spare you to me.'

Out of the new and beautiful world that love had opened to him, the man hurried through the woodland paths, and reached the station in good time.

'A clue?' cried Twyning in amazement. 'My dear fellow, how in the world did it fall into your hands?'

Rainsford was silent; he would not bring Miss Bentham's name into the matter if it could be avoided. 'Let me see this Scotchman who you say has an almost superhuman knack of getting to the bottom of mysteries,' was his reply.

'He's strolling through the woods with a young fellow in my father's employment, to whom he has taken a singular liking,' the young man replied.

'Can you send for him? I feel as if there was not a moment to spare,' Dermot cried.

Twyning despatched a messenger. Then he

shoved a box of cigarettes within his guest's reach.

'Have you seen much of the beautiful Miss Bentham? Do you happen to know more about her than what meets the eye?' he asked carelessly.

Rainsford's eyes flashed at the easy tone. 'I know one thing,' he said proudly. 'I want all the world to know it also: Miss Bentham has honoured me by promising to be my wife.'

Twyning threw himself back in his lounge-chair and gazed at his companion in amazement.

'By Jove, she has!' he cried.

'Naturally, you are surprised,' Rainsford said somewhat sternly. 'I, however, think it better that you should know at once. I wish all the world to know the fact.'

'Of course, of course, my dear fellow, and I congratulate you upon winning so beautiful a bride,' said his host. 'Miss Bentham is calculated to shine in any society.'

'I feel myself a very fortunate man, Lord Twyning,' Rainsford returned proudly. 'Is this your detective coming up the garden-path?'

'Of course, yes. Strange fellow, he never seems far out of the way.—Come in by the window, Mr M'Nichol.'

Through the open French window stepped a slim, agile-looking youth. At the first glance you would have placed him in the earliest twenties. The face was youthful to boyishness, mild, kindly; only the acute glance with which he measured his men contradicted the rest of his pleasant face.

'Mr M'Nichol, this is the rector of Woodfoot, the adjoining parish. Some curious information has come in his way which may help you in your search for the missing pearls.'

M'Nichol bowed to the clergyman. 'Really, sir, information does sometimes turn up in most unexpected quarters,' he said in a cultivated voice and with an acute glance at the person he addressed.

Rainsford saw that he was older than he looked, that the penetrating eyes saw far into the character of the person he addressed, and also that he was well used to the society of gentlemen.

'It is a little sketch of an objectionable person who has been seen about in my parish,' Dermot said, drawing the portrait from his pocket-book. 'It was done from memory.'

The detective took the scrap of cardboard, looked at it for a moment, and laughed a low, significant laugh.

'Flash Sydney,' he said. 'Who would have thought he could be in it? Can you give me any information as to this little sketch, which is full of cleverness, I must say—so much done in a few strokes—beautiful, I call it'—and Mr M'Nichol looked at the little picture with half-closed eyes and head to one side—'quite charming. But how has it come into your possession, Mr—Rainsford, I think you said, my lord?'

'Yes, Mr Rainsford,' Lord Twyning returned, not, however, aware of having mentioned Dermot's name. These detectives appeared to know everything.

'Remember, what I tell you is in the strictest confidence,' Rainsford said. 'The name of the young lady who made that sketch must not appear in the matter at all. I see you recognise its likeness to some well-known person.'

'I do, Mr Rainsford. The person is one of our cleverest and most adroit thieves—cracksman, swindler, forger—I don't think there is a crime short of murder that this gallant youth has not had a finger in for a very long time; and yet so supple, so adroit is he that it has been impossible to put salt on his tail. We know he has been mixed up in a dozen little affairs recently. Those foreign securities thrown on the market only a few days ago—well, they were so cleverly done as to defy detection until one of them fell into the hands of another 'cute customer, who landed it at the office yesterday. We know that Flash Sydney has a finger in that pie, but we have still to forge the connecting link. This may lead up to it. You say he was in the country last week?'

'It is not quite a week since he came from London, at least in the London express, along with me,' Rainsford replied.

'Hem! Before the loss of the pearls?'

'The day before,' Rainsford replied.

'He stayed in the place then?'

'Yes, at the house of a friend of mine, the father of the young lady to whom I have the honour of being engaged,' Rainsford returned proudly.

'Ah, dear, dear! A well-known resident?'

'Not quite that. The gentleman brought his family to Woodfoot Hall a few months ago, just after I myself arrived at Woodfoot Rectory.'

'And the name might be'—— asked M'Nichol insinuatingly.

'Bentham,' Rainsford returned briefly.

The detective rubbed his chin slowly. 'Bentham—Bentham,' he mused. 'I can't say I ever heard it before. No, I'm sure not. Quite strangers, eh?'

'Quite,' cried Lord Twyning. 'But I think it would be well to tell you one queer thing I thought about the man.—No, Rainsford, I won't be positive, but it would be as well to tell M'Nichol everything. It might strengthen our clue.' And he related what he called his discovery.

The clever, capable hand went to and fro over the shapely chin with its almost boyish curves. The blue-gray eyes took a pensive,

even a sad expression. 'Ah, do you say so?' he said in a faint voice. 'You imagined? Well, there are such things as accidental likenesses—witness the book that has taken the world by storm. Well, well! A clever conjurer; and the lady, his wife you say, assisting him? Dear me—very odd; but you may have made a mistake. It is quite possible.'

Rainsford rose to his feet.

'I must catch the return train,' he said with a feeling that there was a mountainous mystery behind that detective's innocent face, and even wishing he had not mixed himself up with the matter at all; and yet, what could he do? Her name must be cleared from all touch of suspicion, let the cost be what it might.

'I think I'll accompany Mr Rainsford on his way back,' M'Nichol said very softly. 'I should like to see the place. Is Mr Bentham a person of studious habits now?'

'Very much so,' Rainsford replied, as Lord Twyning rang the bell to order a trap to be sent round from the stables.

M'Nichol never appeared to ask a question, yet at the end of their short journey he had found out everything he wished to know.

At the railway station they separated, and the detective, looking like a country innocent, had a drink at the refreshment-room bar, a conversation dashed with a slight flirtation with the young lady who presided there, whose pretty locks and their elaborate arrangement were an offence to the staid matronhood of the little place. He walked away with a pleased expression on his simple face. He had found out something he wished to know. For Kimber had also drunk at the bar, and offended the pretty waitress by a freedom of manner which she resented. He had found the little trifle out in the easiest possible fashion. He strolled through the woods, darkening now in the late August twilight, came in sight of the house, noted the low window lurid with a powerful white radiance unlike either lamp or gas light. He came near enough to see into the room, and went away with an enigmatical expression on his face. Perhaps he had discovered more than he had expected.

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Despite the great joy filling her whole being, Lalage was not at ease in her mind. Her father kept himself shut up in his study, and refused to see her. Her step-mother had developed 'nerves.' One night Lalage was summoned to her bedside to find her in strong hysterics. Altogether, while she was all aquiver with her newly found happiness, there seemed to be a cloud upon the household.

But Aunt Rhoda took Lalage to her motherly heart, kissing the girl's lips with tearful blessings.

'You seemed to come to me out of my own past—out of the world I knew when I was young and fair. I wish—oh, how I wish!—I could know your mother's name. Could you make your father tell you? There—there—the folly of it! I know it is only a chance-likeness, dearest child; but it gave you a place in my heart long before I hoped you would become my very own.'

And for the first time in her life the girl knew that the precious Home Love for which she had always hungered, and which had seemed almost an impossible thing for her to attain, was hers to have and hold.

CHAPTER VI.

SHE spent most of her time at the rectory.

Dermot could not see her home on this particular evening; he was obliged to visit his bishop, and could not return until late. But over the tea-cups the two women who loved him talked about him until both hearts were glowing. Through the exquisite close of a September evening the girl went by the familiar path and feared no evil. She paused by that dear silver fir-tree against whose stem she had leaned on that day of days—the crowning day of her young life. Oh, sweet and tender memory! She put her arms round the silky stem and pressed her cheek against the smooth bark.

'Wouldn't you like something better to hug, my dear?' said a coarse voice, as the man called Kimber stepped from behind the tree and barred her way.

She leaped back, but stifled the cry that rose to her lips. She would not show fear, although the man looked dangerous, and she was quite alone.

'I am here, my young lady, and I won't go until I have said a few words to you that will make you sit up, you saucy minx, and maybe bring your nobleness down and make you feel very small beans indeed.'

She was perfectly calm and self-possessed. Her courage rose as she faced the man unflinchingly.

'I refuse to have any conversation with you,' she said, 'now or at a future period.' She turned on her heel.

He uttered a coarse laugh. 'You 'll have to hear what I say, and there 's a pretty fair share of it, before all 's said and done,' he answered, with an oath. 'Do you know who you are, young woman? Who your father is? Hey, you bluff it bravely, but you can't bluff me. You ain't so darned innocent—not you,' and he drew a step nearer.

'I know perfectly well who my father is,' she said proudly.

Kimber bent almost double and uttered a

coarse roar of laughter which jarred horribly upon the silence of the woods. 'Oh ho, ho!' he shouted, 'Miss Innocence, Miss Queen of Bluffers, you do the trade well, my dear. Carry it off splendid, so you do! In fact, you do it a bit too well. Bah, you little fool, do you expect to measure your wit with me?' With a swift and unexpected rush, his vile, hot breath was on her face. He was leering into her angry eyes. 'I'll get payment for my news,' he said. 'Come, no nonsense; you aren't one bit better than the rest of us.'

She was young and vigorous. The arm that could wield a tennis-racket with force could hit out strongly, and she hit out now. The man staggered, reeled, fell at her feet; but Said was standing over him, with the blue flash of steel high above his head, prepared to strike again.

She caught his arm. 'Said, O Said! how did you come here?' she cried.

'I followed'—— He pointed to the man lying between them, who was moaning as he grovelled at their feet, with blood gushing from a wound in his back.

'Oh, have you killed him?' she cried passionately.

'I hope it.' The savage was in her faithful attendant's eyes and fierce voice. 'Let him die, the cur, the hound, the son of dogs and serpents!' he cried as he touched the prostrate man with his foot.

'No, no!' She was down on her knees. 'Not that, Said. You must not let him die.' She was tearing off the man's coat; and Said, with still the same savage glare in his eyes, bent down and helped her. The knife had cut deep, but the shoulder-blade was not pierced, and life was in the fellow still. 'We must get him to the house. He has been father's guest.' She panted as she tried to bind up the gash and stay the gushing blood.

'To the house of the man he would ruin?' Said said sternly.

To the utter amazement of both, another man was coming towards them, a slim, boyish figure, walking on light, alert feet. A face looked on them through the green shadows of the wood that was youthful, simple. Some young farmer of the neighbourhood, Lalage thought, although she had never seen the good-humoured, somewhat simple face before. But Said started back, a gray pallor came upon his dusky skin, while the savagery in his eyes became accentuated by fear.

'Oh dear me! an accident?' said the new-comer, as he also bent over the wounded man. 'Fell on something sharp, did he?'

The patient moaned, and surely the word he muttered in that gasp was not a prayer.

'We must get advice. Dear me, how fortunate it didn't happen to you, miss!' and the candid gray-blue eyes were lifted to the lovely face at first with a blank expression in them; but the look turned to one of frank bewilderment. He had not expected this.

'I saw it happen. It was done in defence of me,' Lalage said quickly. 'My faithful servant, who has been with me from infancy, struck down the man who—who was—who had'—— She burst into hot tears, while the new-comer with dexterous fingers drew together the lips of the gaping wound, and showed Said how to hold them together, then out of a portfolio which he took from his pocket produced sticking-plaster and a small bandage.

The girl recovered herself quickly, being ashamed of her weakness. 'Oh, you are a doctor!' she cried. 'How fortunate!'

'I'm a man of many trades, Miss Bentham,' he said, standing up and facing her. 'Hadn't we better get this poor fellow moved to the nearest house—your house, I suppose?' He looked at the Arab, whose face had become set as a stone; it was the face of one who feels that the game is played to a finish, and who braces himself for the worst.

'Oh, sir, Said did it to protect me!' Lalage cried, as Kimber staggered to his feet, weak and faint from shock and loss of blood. There was also in his face the hunted horror that was turning Said's dusky countenance gray.

'Said, is that your name, my friend?' The stranger who had so quietly possessed himself of the situation just cast one swift glance into the dark, clear-cut face, and looked away.

'I am Said Abbas-ben-Yusif. I come from the desert. I have been her servant always,' said the Arab, 'since she was a little one I could carry on my arm.'

'And you have served her now. You know this man?' The innocent, simple country-farmer face had altered strangely. The masterfulness in it took the girl by surprise. The tone of his voice, quick, impelling, commanding, sent the blood to her heart. Was she on the verge of an unknown land, a land of discovery? 'We had better get this fellow into bed,' said the stranger. 'Miss Bentham, I must ask you to stay with us. I have reason,' he said rapidly, half-leading, half-carrying the wretched man, who seemed suddenly to have collapsed into limpness, whose gray and ghastly face was abject in its terror, while his chest rose and fell in quick pants like one who had been running a race. 'You know the man?' the stranger repeated. 'You know him?'

'I have seen him,' she said—'seen him more than once.'

He drew a scrap of pasteboard from his pocket. 'And doubtless seen this also?' said the strange man.

In the quick glance he cast upon her she understood. This was the detective whom her own hand had set on the man's track.

Said looked at her with a strange expression

in his eyes. 'You did it,' he uttered in a broken voice—'you!'

'Yes, yes,' M'Nichol returned, while the man whom he was supporting gave a muttered oath, and an almost demoniac expression passed over his face. 'Miss Bentham was perfectly right. Suspicion had been cast upon her by the lying tongue of this man's gipsy confederate. Again the wounded man groaned. 'Easy, sonny,' said his supporter; 'you haven't very much farther to go, you know, and the game 's up.—Said, I 'm one of a half-dozen come to harry the nest, the little refuge so admirably planned by Boss Fred Smithson—I believe he has been calling himself something else for any time within these twenty years — personation — a trifle of forgery.—But you, you rascal'—and he shook the wounded man—'you overstepped yourself when you dressed up as a housemaid in the keeper's lodge the other day, and made your way into Narramore Chase. Oh, you think I don't know the whole story, all the ins and outs. The poor girl's character 's gone. —I say, look to that young lady. This appears to have come upon her with a surprise.'

Said sprang to Lalage's side. 'She has known nothing—kept shielded from all,' the Arab cried hoarsely. 'She believed in—in—the boss. I know—knew all along—but for her sake'——

'Here we are. You see, the rest of us were in before me,' said M'Nichol as they approached the house.

The door stood wide; two men in uniform were on the threshold, two more inside. M'Nichol nodded in reply to the salute with which they greeted him as he came up the low steps of the porch. Somewhere inside the house a woman was shrieking wildly. Lalage lay inert in the arms of her faithful attendant. The servants were huddled in a terrified group in the end of the hall.

M'Nichol called one of them forward. 'Look after your young lady,' he said in a tone of command. 'See that you send for the rector of Woodfoot at once. She must be taken away.'

But Lalage roused herself and stood upon her feet. 'No,' she said; 'take me to my father; my place is with him.'

At this moment Kimber sank down on the floor, fainting from abject terror as well as loss of blood. Said stood with folded arms, a statue cut in bronze.

One of the uniformed men stepped forward. 'This way, miss,' he said; but M'Nichol went to her side.

'Come with me, Miss Bentham,' he said gently. 'I cannot tell you how sorry I am for the position in which you find yourself. I have sent for Mr Rainsford.'

The colour poured over her marble-white face. 'You should not have done that,' she said in a hoarse voice. 'I have no wish to see him more. Why drag him into the mud?'

The man gently put his hand below her arm as she tottered to fall. 'Come, come, Miss Bentham,' he said, 'you are not in this job at all. Not by a long way. Come to—to Fred Smithson; he used to be in our books, but I believe he has changed all that. Come.'

He drew her gently towards the morning-room, where, guarded by another tall man in blue, her father sat huddled up on a couch.

'Father, father, father!'—she was hanging round his neck, her beautiful face uplifted to his—'oh, what does this mean? Surely, surely there is a mistake, it is all a mistake?' she sobbed. 'You will come out of it clear as the day.'

He kissed her forehead tenderly. 'My child, I bless you for your beautiful faith in your father,' he said in his stilted manner. 'But this is no place for you. You must leave me to struggle through this painful business alone. Go to your step-mother, my dear; she is weak and unfit to face a difficult situation. I shall soon be freed from all suspicions, all troubles. Trust me.'

The appealing glance he cast at M'Nichol said plainly, 'Suffer her illusion to continue,' and the gallant Scotchman, who had a fair young Highland wife at home, and to whom beauty in distress always appealed forcibly, sent back an affirmative reply with the swift twinkle of an eyelid.

'I must ask you to go to Mrs Bentham,' he said gently to Lalage. 'We must get forward our preparations for immediate departure.'

But her hands clung to her father. 'You will not part us in this hour of need?' she implored.

'Reluctant as I am to be harsh, young lady, business is business,' M'Nichol said. 'I must do my duty. Of course, if you and Mrs Bentham choose to come up to London I can't prevent you.' He cleared his throat. 'If I might offer any advice, it would be that you should remain here for the present.'

'I will go with my father,' she said, holding her head high. 'I cannot forsake him in his hour of need.' Her eyes blazed with a courage which surprised the detective. 'I have faith in my father,' she said proudly. 'It is that dreadful man who has maligned him. Could I believe one word of all the horrible things he said to me?'

'What did he tell you?' Bentham asked quickly, a leaden pallor spreading over his face.

'I would not sully my lips by repeating what he said,' she answered haughtily. 'I did not believe one word—that is enough.'

Quick words were interchanged between the prisoner and the Arab, who was standing close

at Lalage's side. Said took the girl's hand and lifted it to his forehead.

'Come, my lady and mistress,' he said, his voice husky with feeling. 'This is no place for you—has never been a place for you.'

'Eh?' cried M'Nichol, swiftly turning upon the Arab. 'We must have some talk, you and I,' he added, as Said gently led the girl away.

The Arab made a graceful gesture with his hand, and they were gone.

'Now then, Mr Fred Smithson, Signor Sasselli, Don Frederigo Rammez, and now Frederick Bentham, Esquire of Woodfoot Hall, Westshire, you and I have some little matters to talk over between us,' said M'Nichol, his whole aspect altering. 'You see the game is up. You have run a pretty long rig, and how you managed to do it is more than I can tell. You began long before my time; but it's all over now. You had better make a clean breast of it. You won't gain anything by silence. Who is that girl? Not your daughter, I'm prepared to swear.'

'I am not prepared to admit anything,' Bentham said steadily; 'neither are you the person I would choose for confidant. My daughter's affection for me is enough to prove her relationship.'

M'Nichol laughed. 'Fine talk,' he said. 'Well, I suppose you will not incriminate yourself, and perhaps you are right; but the whole story is bound to come out, and I'm ready to back my opinion for a pony that you're in for a life-sentence.—Hallo, there! Fullwood, Dick, Pantlin, have you made the search?'

Three men in blue entered the room. They had evidently been waiting outside.

'We scoured this room first,' said the chief of them. 'Found the plates, some flash money, and a despatch-box; also a safe in the wall.'

'Well, have you come upon Lady Narramore's pearls?' M'Nichol asked.

Bentham started up. 'I know nothing about them,' he said vehemently. 'I have not touched flash work for years. I never dirtied my fingers with burglary—never.'

'No, I never heard that charge against you,' M'Nichol answered. 'We had an idea that although you weren't in it you might have helped to conceal the things; but that's only a side-issue. What you are wanted for at present is the forged securities which have been thrown on the market. We received some little information. Well, it came by a side-wind, and led up to more than we expected—such things often do. It all came through a little sketch of your unwelcome visitor, Flash Sydney.'

Bentham started. 'Who took the sketch?' he demanded, his face growing deathly pale.

'It was given to me by your rector, Mr Rainsford,' M'Nichol said easily. 'I believe a clever young lady took it, and presented it to him in order to rid you of a troublesome blackmailer.'

Bentham collapsed and said no more, until they had left Woodfoot behind and were flying to London in the night express.

'The house of cards which took so long to build securely fell at a touch from the hand it was raised to protect,' he said, like one awaking out of a dream.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was not until late in the morning following the cataclysm at Woodfoot Manor that news of it got abroad.

In a fever of anxiety, Dermot rushed through the familiar woods to the aid of his beloved. But the house stood silent and forsaken amongst its quaint gardens; there was no sign of life, and it was some time before his repeated knockings met with any response. It was a sleepy man in blue who opened the door at last. He said the ladies had left by the early train. He was sure they had gone to London. Yes, he had been left in charge of the place. There had been a terrible break-up. That old un was a rare bird! They had been after him at Scotland Yard for many a day, and never could catch him. Why, there were twenty charges against him. Law bless you! he was a master-hand at making flash notes, a past-master at coining. There wasn't a currency in Europe he couldn't copy to the life; while for paper money he was unequalled. And faking old prints, and putting old marks on new silver, oh, a tip-top hand all round he was; but the last thing crowned all: foreign securities so well done that the very men who examined them couldn't tell the faked ones from the real. The ladies weren't in it. They were ladies through and through. Gave no trouble at all.'

Dermot went home with a heart of lead. Aunt Rhoda comforted him.

'There is some mystery at the back of all this, some mystery that will be cleared up satisfactorily,' she said. 'That darling girl is high above it all.'

'Do you think that for one instant my faith in her has wavered?' he cried almost indignantly. 'Never that, Aunt Rhoda.'

'I know,' she said with a smile that only hid a sob. 'Go to London; seek her out. Go and bring her back to me.' Her eyes were full of tears.

'I will go by the next mail,' he said.

By midday a letter reached him. It was written in pencil, with many breaks in the irregular lines. He kissed the page before he tried to decipher the hasty scrawl. It began abruptly: 'I had not time to write before we left this morning. By this time you know all—oh, the

terrible truth! Now, in the train that carries me out of your life for ever, I write to send you my last farewell.' There was a broken stroke here, as if the hand holding the pencil had swerved from its hapless task. Dermot's heart yearned over the writer in her deep distress. 'I know too much—all the world will know it soon. Oh! you cannot take the child of a felon to your heart and home, Dermot. I will not bring shame, my shame, upon you. It is good-bye, and good-bye for ever and for ever. I must stand by my unhappy father, by the woman to whom he gave his name. He was not always thus. Once he was a great gentleman, well known in the world; but a legal flaw deprived him of his fortune, and he sank. He was a great traveller and explorer, and now—now he is the occupant of a felon's cell. But he is my father, and I love him. I will stand by him to the last; therefore good-bye, and good-bye for ever.' As a pitiful afterthought she had written on the over-side of the blurred sheet of notepaper a hasty, 'Pray for me.—LALAGE.'

He handed the note to his aunt. 'It could never make any difference to me,' he said. 'She is herself, no matter what her father may have been. I will start in an hour.'

'Right!' said his aunt.

Dermot went straight to Scotland Yard. He saw M'Nichol.

'Why, yes, of course you can see the old man,' he said with a laugh. 'A sanctimonious old blade, and very much on his dignity. I don't know where the wife and the young lady have hidden themselves; but I'm sure to find out in a day or so.'

Armed with an order to visit the criminal, Dermot went to the prison, to find the man whom he had known as Frederick Bentham just the same as he had been in the days of their first acquaintance. He laughed at the idea of conviction. 'The unfortunate chance of an accidental likeness has caused the imbroglio,' he said. And, even while he spoke, the young clergyman knew he was uttering a lie.

A day or two afterwards M'Nichol wired to him, 'Come at once.'

The great detective met him at the prison. 'You'll find a change inside,' he said. 'Since the boss had an interview with an old fellow from Lincoln's Inn he has come down several pegs. He'll own up to a lot, unless I'm far wrong.'

But when Dermot entered the room the man to all appearance was just the heavy father of melodrama which he had ever been, only now he slightly overacted his part.

'You are interested in—ahem!—the child of my affections, Mr Rainsford,' he began, after his usual stilted manner. 'In my present position, with I scarcely know what to expect in the immediate future, I think it would be only right to confide in you. You have won the heart of the being most dear to me in all the world; that is one claim you have upon my confidence. You are also a clergyman, and therefore entitled to hear my confession, if you choose to call it so.' He looked down at his hands for a moment. Dermot saw that in one of them he held a stylographic pen, with which his fingers played nervously.

'That young lady,' he said, the words falling slowly from his lips—'that young lady is the dear child of my affections, which is her only title to call me father. She is no child of mine. I never had a child.'

Dermot could scarcely suppress the 'Thank Heaven!' which forced itself to his lips.

The man glanced up. 'It is indeed a great cause of thankfulness to me as well as you,' he said.

'It would not have made the slightest difference to me,' Dermot cried, speaking the truth from his heart; but still it was a wondrous relief to find he was not to have a convict father-in-law.

'Upon my soul, I believe you,' the man answered, a faint flicker of something not unlike moisture in his hard eyes. 'It is only due to such perfect affection to be well aware of the whole truth. No half-truths will suffice.'

Dermot said he was prepared to listen.

'Then, sir, you shall hear the whole truth and nothing but the truth,' Bentham said, settling himself in his chair. 'Sir, my father was a citizen of repute, while my mother—— Well, I inherited my Bohemian proclivities from the female side. My father vainly endeavoured to bring me up in the ways of truth and decorum. He taught me his own craft, and the first use I made of it was to alter the figures on a cheque which he gave me to lodge in his account. It was admirably done; but I got five years' hard labour for the job, and it killed my respectable father. All that was good in me came to the surface while I was under restraint. I was set free in three years. Meantime, after my father's death, my mother, who was left with a comfortable annuity, had returned to her former friends. Amongst them I found congenial companions.

'There was in the inner circle of that set a young man of better education, better manners and appearance, than the rest. Strange to say, there was a most curious resemblance between us. We became fast friends, and shared many wild adventures, always keeping within the bounds of the law—at least, contriving not to be found out. Well, suddenly, he vanished from amongst us, and I missed his company, which was of a more elevating kind than that of the rest. One day I had a communication from him, and at his desire called upon him at his hotel. He was altered—very much altered. I subsequently heard he had been, as we say, crossed in love. Well, well, he told me that by a

singular stroke of fortune he had suddenly become rich. He had never expected anything from the uncle whose vast fortune had come to him just because the old man had left no will. It seems that his father and this brother were unlike in every respect, and never had been on friendly terms; but the son of the wild brother was sole heir to all the money. And now, being so rich, he had made up his mind to travel. He requested me to be his companion. Of course I closed with an offer which exactly suited my circumstances. There were troubles. Well, well, they were trifles which matter not.'

He paused, again toyed with the black cylinder in his hand, and shook his head. 'Mine was not an exemplary life, Mr Rainsford,' he said slowly. 'We started for the Continent before entering upon our wider range. Finding many things that pleased us where we were, we loitered about for a longer time than we had anticipated, a time not wasted by me, because, being naturally quick at picking up a language, I became familiar with French and Italian, conversing readily in both languages. To be brief, we were some years idling about from one end of Europe to another, and at last found ourselves in Algiers. I must not forget to tell you that we had drawn much amusement out of our strange resemblance to each other. In Arab dress, when we reached northern Africa, it was impossible to distinguish us apart.

'We started for the desert, our caravan being large and amply supplied with all possible luxuries, for Bentham, Frederick Bentham, was free and open-handed almost to a fault. We might have penetrated to the interior but for an accidental encounter which changed our whole plan. We fell in with a second caravan, that of an English engineer in the employment of the French Government. This man proved to be not only a countryman but an old acquaintance of my companion. More, it was he who had stolen away the affections of the girl upon whom Bentham had set his wayward heart. Ahem!' The man paused and drew a deep breath. 'The English engineer was in deep grief,' he went on, 'for, only on the night previous to our encounter, his wife had died, leaving him with a six-months-old babe. The two men mourned together over the deceased lady; and Bentham, always generous, seeing that the widower was compelled by his agreement with the French Government to go on with the work in hand, offered to bring the child back to London, where he pledged himself to place her in the hands of her mother's relatives. Well, sir, it did seem to me, at the least, a quixotic offer; but Bentham would listen to no remonstrance of mine, and therefore we started upon our return journey burdened with the child, her nurse, and Said, her Arab bearer, who had also been devoted to her mother.

'An awkward incident occurred while we were still beyond the confines of civilisation. A mere handful of Bedouins attacked us, and we had a sharp encounter. Bentham was badly wounded and died, quite alone with me, for the rest had ridden on with the precious infant—ahem!' Again the man paused and toyed nervously with the pen. Rainsford wished he would put it down. He pulled himself together and went on. 'I was left alone to face a difficult situation, and I must confess I never found myself equal to such things. I did what any man in my position must inevitably have done. The death of the master would mean a fearful cataclysm in the desert. The servants might turn round and kill us all; so I decided to possess myself of Bentham's signet and some other trifles, to personate him for the remaining part of the journey, and to be guided by circumstances afterwards. All Bentham's papers were in my possession. As his confidential servant, I knew his most secret affairs; therefore everything came easy to me. Of all our caravan, Said was the only one who had the smallest doubt of my identity; and he, for a consideration, held his tongue. We crossed to Europe—Genoa it was. There, the nurse being an Italian, I left the child, hastening to Paris, where, to my infinite surprise, I found a summons to London awaiting me in my new character of Frederick Bentham, the great banker's wealthy heir. Mr Rainsford, that visit to Lincoln's Inn threw down my castle in Spain, shattered it to atoms. For, while I disported myself in the gay city, Mr Ormsby, the engineer, had sent home by another hand a box of papers found amongst his wife's possessions. In the box was a deed of settlement made by Charles Bentham, deceased, which conveyed to the child or children of Laura Saville, the only daughter of his late friend John Saville, every farthing he possessed, provided she married any person other than his nephew, whom he designated a felon and the friend of felons. Sir, I was simply struck dumb. The old gentleman who told me the story, and who showed me the fatal deed, was sorry for me. He never questioned my identity, never for a moment. Under this infamous deed I was left an annuity of five hundred pounds a year—a beggarly pittance.

'Then I related the story of the caravan, of the finding of the child, and the death of her mother. Upon which the old gentleman, who must have seen my affection for the infant, made me an offer. He said, as I seemed such an altered man, he would leave the girl in my charge; that there would, of course, be a good allowance made for her—augmented later by a substantial sum for her education. I made inquiries as to the future of

the money in case of the child's death, as infant lives are precarious, especially abroad. He very promptly replied that the money would go to her father, and in case of his decease to certain charities which he named. Well, we came to an agreement. Her father, I said, had practically left the child in my hands. I would regard her as a sacred charge, do my duty by her, fit her for her position in the world, and when she came of age see that she entered society under the best auspices. A double portion was added to the amount settled on me by my supposed uncle, and the bargain was completed. I returned to the Continent and placed the child in safety with some good Sisters at Zurich, whose terms were not specially high. That I did my duty by her you yourself can testify.' He waved his hand. 'My subsequent life does not matter,' he went on in his stilted fashion. 'Perhaps it was not what it ought to have been. Perhaps I sought augmentation of my small means—which were wholly inadequate to my expenses—in diverse ways and places by strict-thinking people not considered quite respectable; but the child was always carefully looked after. Said, who was never very far away, saw that she was well and happy. In the course of my career I met my poor wife—a good, harmless creature, not a lady, as you can see, but faithful, and blessed with a kind heart. That was about five years ago.

'And now, sir, I come to the present day. In the April of this year Lalage came of age. I brought her to London, presented her to the old men who had charge of her fortune, and who, I must say, had discharged their duty in the most—ahem!—exemplary manner, her money having almost doubled in their hands. She fascinated them both. They gave me great credit for the way in which she had been brought up. They found for me the quiet home to which I hoped to bring her, and where, secure from all my former acquaintances, I resolved to lead a new and happy life. Sir, Fate was too strong for me. Another strong situation offered itself. Professional vanity tempted me to—my fall. A man, the lowest and most unworthy amongst the set in which I had been led to entangle myself through my most unhappy mother, discovered my "refuge in the west," and now'—he shrugged his shoulders—'now, I am here.'

He was silent for a moment; then, lifting his head, went on: 'Sir, I would speak about my poor wife, who is blameless. A small income secured to her, and a little home in some retired suburb, would make her perfectly happy. She is a creature of simple tastes. I think that is all I have to say. This'—and he handed a small packet of papers to Dermot—'this is the address of the lawyers who have charge of—ahem!—Lalage's fortune. Go to them and explain the position in which you stand with regard to her.'

He stood up and looked Rainsford steadily in the face. 'You are the first really good man I have ever known,' he said, 'and I leave in your hands the only pure thing I have ever loved. Good-bye.'

'Not quite good-bye,' Dermot said. 'I will come to-morrow.'

Looking steadily into his face, the man said slowly, 'Yes, you may come to-morrow.'

Dermot left him standing by the small table.

A great load had been lifted from his heart as he passed out into the open air. M'Nichol met him in the yard.

'He kept you for a long time, that old scoundrel!' said the detective, with a laugh. 'But I'm ready to bet a round pot o' money he hasn't told you half the truth.'

'He told me all I wanted to know,' Dermot replied.

'I know, sir, the young lady isn't his daughter. Of that I was sure the first time I set eyes on her. Her real father hasn't behaved too well in the business; but he may be able to explain. If he had put the matter into our hands years ago we could have cleared the whole thing up. But it was cleverly done—about as cleverly as it well could be. It began long before my time. I wonder how much the old vagabond confessed. Did he tell you that he murdered his master? That black fellow cleared up the whole matter. Terror that he and the child would follow the father made him hold his tongue at the time; afterwards he kept silence, fearing that if Smithson knew he had hold of the right end of the story he would not have the slightest scruple in sweeping him out of the way, and then who would look after the girl? I was not surprised when he confessed to his silence. You see, the poor chap knew nothing about English law; he was not even aware of Miss Bentham's real position. He only worshipped her with a slavish affection, and would gladly have died to save her from injury. But did the old wretch tell you that the reason he fell into straitened means was that he sold the annuity left to the man he impersonated by the uncle, who knew his brother's son to be a thorough scoundrel? Because the real Frederick Bentham was a bad lot, although he did offer to do an unselfish thing for the sake of the woman he loved. Did Smithson tell you that there wasn't a greater scoundrel within the four seas than himself? No, I'm sure he didn't. All the world will know his history soon. Here's the address you want, sir; and if you take my advice you'll carry the young lady out of London as soon as possible.'

Dermot left himself no time to debate the question. Half-an-hour later he was standing on the doorstep of a dingy house in the West

Central district. He shuddered when he looked at the roof which was sheltering his darling. If he could help it, she should never pass through that shabby street again. A frowsy woman admitted him. 'Yes, Miss Bentham was at home,' she said as she ushered him into a dingy sitting-room, and left him to his whirling thoughts.

He waited, it seemed, a long time before the door opened; and then Lalage stood transfixed upon the squalid threshold, her face strangely drawn and pale, but flushing up in a moment when she saw who it was that came to her with outstretched hands.

'I said it was good-bye for ever,' she faltered, drawing back.

But he caught her and drew her into the room, closing the door fast behind her.

He scarcely knew in what passionate words he told her all the deep thankfulness that was in his heart, together with as much of the dark story as he thought she was able to bear.

'And I have been deceived all along!' she said falteringly. 'My real father is alive! It seems almost incredible.'

He never could recall the words in which he told her that she must come with him, that she must trust him implicitly; and to this day he does not know how he managed to hustle her away from the wretched hole in which her step-mother, as she still called Mrs Bentham, chose to hide. But he succeeded in carrying her off to the quiet hotel in which he had been staying. Once she was safely under the roof he despatched a telegram in the most imperative mood to Aunt Rho. She must come to London by the next train.

When he returned to the hotel, M'Nichol was waiting to see him. The news which he brought turned Dermot's blood cold.

Bentham—Smithson—by whatever name he chose to call himself—had passed beyond men's judgment. The man who brought him his food at the proper time had found him lying dead on the floor of his cell.

'Poison, sir,' the detective said in an awe-struck whisper, 'hidden in the pen he had been carrying about him for a considerable time. He must have known that exposure was sure to come sooner or later.'

So there was no sensational trial, and there were no astounding revelations to tickle the ears of the public and swell the sale of the Yellow Press. There was just a quiet funeral, a secret burial in a remote corner of a poor cemetery. Strange to say, two women were present—two women who parted at the grave-side never to meet again.

But strange things had been happening in the quiet flat which Miss Rainsford hired the day after her arrival in town—strange things, which had far-reaching results.

The little lawyer from Lincoln's Inn arrived there one morning with a letter to Lalage. 'Miss Ormsby' was the name outside.

She read with amazement a passionate plea for pardon on the part of the father whose carelessness had thrown her into the false position from which her true lover had rescued her.

'If I could hope for pardon from the child to whom I have done such a cruel wrong,' the man wrote, 'I would go and beg it at your feet. All my life long I have done such reckless mischief that I bow my head for shame. Grief for your mother's loss it was which impelled me to part with you at the first; then for years I was planted in Central Africa, where no child could have lived. You must not be hard upon me. I never can forgive myself; but I hope and pray that my child will forgive the mischief I did to her unawares. I had not the slightest suspicion of the truth. It was not until all this story came to light that I had the slightest doubt of the man's identity. When Mr Fairleigh and his partners were deceived, how could you blame me?'

The letter rambled on for a whole closely written page, and the girl read it with a throbbing heart.

'Is my—Mr Ormsby in London?' she asked as the old lawyer sat dangling his hat between his knees, and looking at her furtively from time to time.

'To the best of my belief he is walking up and down the gardens at the present moment,' the old gentleman informed her. 'We have known him by correspondence for several years; an Irishman, my dear young lady, very erratic, very impulsive, and also very charming. He, like the rest of us, took it for granted that everything was as it ought to be. We made many inquiries about you during your nonage. We found that you were being very well looked after — placed with people of undoubted respectability. Your guardian was justified in bestowing the name of Bentham upon you. It was so arranged in the deed of settlement. We were aware of your guardian's marriage at the time it took place. From time to time he disappeared; but we never had a suspicion of what those disappearances meant, and, being a very clever scoundrel, he always managed to keep clear of the law. He did it to the end. Now, my dear young lady, will you see your father? He certainly has not acted well, but there are many allowances to be made for a man of his character. I may as well tell you that he has managed to make and keep a pretty considerable amount of money. I really believe that if he had returned to his native land poor he would never have made himself known to you.'

'Of course I will see him. He is my father, my only living relative. I have nothing to

forgive,' Lalage said with a deepened note in her voice.

'Ahem!' the lawyer replied, 'as to that, my dear young lady, there might be a diversity of opinion; but no matter. You will receive Mr Ormsby?'

'Most certainly,' Lalage returned.

With an old-fashioned bow, the little man departed, and Lalage rushed to Aunt Rhoda.

'It is my father—my real father—who has asked if I will see him! Oh, my dear, my real mother, can you imagine a father asking such a question? And—and—that dry old stick of a lawyer tells me that he is rich, and—and—that if he had returned home poor he would never have made himself known to me. Is it not all strange and wonderful?'

'Your real father?' Aunt Rhoda answered slowly. 'He will not take you from us? He cannot influence you?'

'Oh, Aunt Rhoda! take me from you—and—and—Dermot? Never, never! You are all the world to me; when everything went to pieces round me you stood firm. You must come with me now, and support me through what must be a trying moment. Come!' There was no great joy in the girl's face as she drew the woman whom she had grown to love so dearly into the pretty little drawing-room. She was shaking in every limb. Her colour went and came. 'My father—my true father,' she was saying to herself as she crossed the threshold, while Aunt Rhoda upheld her with a strong arm.

She did not look up as her feet crushed the soft carpet inside the door, but the arm on which she leaned quivered like a vibrant string. The strong woman swayed as if a fierce wind were sweeping her from her feet.

'You!' cried an unknown voice—'you!'

She looked up. Aunt Rhoda stood against the door-jamb. Her arms dropped by her side; her face had gone gray. 'You!' she faltered back again—and the ring in her voice was something which the girl had never heard before—'Clarence Ormsby!'

'Rhoda—Rhoda?' The question in his voice startled the girl, who felt herself caught and swayed in a tempest of unexpected emotions.

'I am as always, Rhoda Rainsford!'

Aunt Rhoda was recovering herself far more quickly than the man who stood facing them both, with such a look of wonder and perplexity on his face that the girl was struck dumb. They had both forgotten her existence.

'I never thought to see your face again,' said Miss Rainsford, with her voice at its usual level.

'How could I hope that it was into your hands my child had fallen?' the man said brokenly.

'You cared but little for the welfare of your child.' There was a thrill of passionate reproach in the musical voice, and Lalage clasped the firm arm again. 'She is with us—one of us—our own—quite our own; and nothing can separate her from us—no change of time, no fickle will,' Miss Rainsford said with passionate meaning.

The man sank his head. 'I deserve everything you can say to me,' he said. 'No one knows that better than I do myself.'

'You cannot excuse yourself; it would be impossible.' Her words struck like ice upon the girl's brain, and the man winced under them.

'Aunt Rhoda, be merciful!' she pleaded into the woman's ears. 'We all need mercy; we all make mistakes.' The arm on which she leaned trembled. 'He is my father,' she whispered.

Rhoda Rainsford looked down into the beautiful face lifted to her own in tender supplication. She bent and kissed the white forehead.

'This is your daughter,' she said in an entirely different tone—'your daughter, who is my child by adoption and affection.'

The man came forward.

'I could not receive her from hands more deserving,' he said disjointedly, as he took the girl into his arms; and she, looking straight into his face for the first time, saw that her father was a man with the remains of very great personal beauty; that eyes blue as her own were looking down upon her; also, that those eyes were dim with tears. So, resting in his arms, she put out a hand to Aunt Rhoda. 'You will forgive everything,' she said, only understanding half her words included, 'because we are all one family now?'

It was Ormsby's hand which clasped that of a woman who leaned against the door and wept—wept tears thawing the ice of years in a heart which this man's fickleness had broken long ago.

. . . . . .

When Clarence Ormsby found time to relate the story of his life his daughter found many extenuating circumstances in the narration. A galling chain of poverty bound the young man in the days of his fiery first love. That, and a nature easily moved—a wandering fancy perhaps—led him away from his early faith. Light on the surface, the deeper side of his nature was slow to assert itself; but, despite his passionate love for his wife, the wild grief that had almost upset his reason after her tragic death, the old love held its place in his heart. A man of moods, he had been swayed hither and thither all his life, even while he threw himself into the great work he had in hand, and thought of nothing until it was accomplished.

For years he had been detained at the Court of a semi-barbarian monarch, and during those years his child was growing into her

sweet girlhood unaware of his existence. She was safe, he told himself. By-and-by he would escape from his honourable bondage, he would return to civilisation, take her out of Bentham's hands, and make a home for her in the old country. But when he ceased to be under restraint in the half-savage Court, the Government which he served begged him to remain as its representative, and as the career promised well for his future, he consented to stay. Then he discovered mineral wealth. He became rich, independent. The thoughts of his daughter became sweet to him. He wrote to the man whom he believed to be best entitled to look after the child, who had, in a certain fashion, robbed him of his inheritance; but the letter remained unanswered. Then he was recalled to France. Glad to break away from a lengthy exile, he retired for ever from public affairs, and came to England just as the whole story of the supposed Bentham's crimes had come to light.

M'Nichol had visited the firm of lawyers having charge of his child's interests, and told the senior partner enough to make that dry little gentleman shrink with horror. It was the knowledge that everything about his dark past must inevitably come to light, that he was to be confronted with the father of the girl whose guardianship he had stolen, whose rightful guardian he had murdered in the desert, which impelled the hardened felon to disclose the facts of the case, as far as he dared do so, to Rainsford, and then make an end of all, so far as this life was concerned.

What might have come to pass in the future when he wanted money from his supposed daughter no one could conjecture. It was just possible he might have induced her to make a part at least of her fortune over to him, or even the whole of it; and then—— Well, so long as Said lived she was comparatively safe from actual danger; although M'Nichol, who understood the criminal nature in all its dark windings, was almost sure that the man grown old in evil deeds would never have turned away from them; that the peace and security of his 'refuge in the west' would have palled upon him, and some terrible outbreak been the result. However, he was beyond it all now.

It was after the quiet wedding which crowned Dermot Rainsford's life that Flash Sydney was brought to trial and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

Lady Narramore's pearls were restored to their owner, to her great delight. It was Said's last act in connection with a life the criminality of which he only half-understood.

On the eve of the wedding which meant so much to Aunt Rhoda she had a few words with the bride.

'You were stolen from me,' she said, kissing the face which had regained all its sweet bloom under the influence of the happiness which wrapped her round like a garment—'stolen from me long before you were born; but life has been merciful, and made you mine more completely.'

'My father'—the girl faltered—'you were the girl he has told me of—the girl whom he loved before he met my mother, whom he never forgot, and whom he regrets to this day.'

Aunt Rhoda's face turned pink. 'He told you that?' she said with a catch in her voice. 'He told you'——

'Ah, yes. He said there were obstacles that could not be overcome, and so he drifted away and married my mother. Yes, he told me everything: how a man whom she liked, but feared, was tormenting her to save him from a life of almost crime, and she was so miserable about it all that he could not help himself. So they were married, and then the man appeared just when my mother died, and swore to take care of the poor little baby. Ah, there must have been a great deal that was good and true in poor Mr Bentham!'

Aunt Rhoda had not the heart to undeceive her, and to this day Lalage Rainsford never suspects that the man who had stood in her guardian's place was a murderer and an impostor.

'My dear child,' Aunt Rhoda said, ignoring the girl's words, 'the moment I looked into your eyes I knew. I wondered how it could have come to pass; but I gave up thinking about it, and went on loving you—loving you. You are my own now, and all is well.'

Yes, all is well. The old Manor House amongst the woods is a happy home, where peaceful lives are lived in the open eye of day. There are no secrets there, and the lovers of old time are the best of friends, meeting at the fireside, bound by common interests and common love. Dermot is not ambitious. He has given up the rectory to his curate; and Aunt Rhoda comes and goes, a woman whose life is full. Ormsby wanders about a good deal; but his home is with the daughter whom he loves. And Said—Said, bent, white-headed, venerable—lives on to carry in his arms another lovely little maiden, whose blue eyes are like those he loved and still loves with such passionate adoration; and the precious daughter of the house returns his love with interest.

Meantime, in a little flat in Battersea, Mrs Bentham is happier than she was in the days when she played at being a county lady. The criminal with whom her fate was linked has been succeeded by so many other guilty celebrities in the passing of the years that his strange career has been quite forgotten. Only Said remembers, perhaps because he knew him best.

[*Christmas Number.*

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